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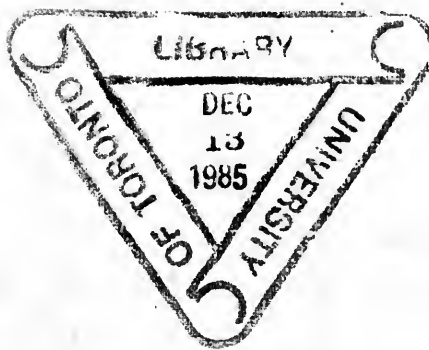
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No. 1.

MERRY DAYS WITH BOW AND QUIVER.



So LONG as the new moon returns in heaven a bent, beautiful bow, so long will the fascination of archery keep hold of the hearts of men. I can demonstrate this fascination, and can give the reason why it exists. But first a word as to the fact of its existence. Since the publication in this magazine for July, 1877, of an article on archery, I have re-

ceived nearly five hundred letters of inquiry, and men have come hundreds of miles to see what manner of bows and arrows I use. You have but to mention an archer or archery to your friend and immediately his interest is aroused. He may scoff at the bow and sneer at the arrow; but he will inquire and show curiosity. Hang a long-bow and a quiver of arrows conspicuously in your hall or library, and you will soon discover that no exquisite painting or bit of statuary will receive more attention from guests than will be accorded to these ancient weapons. No doubt if one could procure a shell strung with gold and silver cords, after the fashion of the old time instrument wherewith the gods made music, the same fascination would attach. Indeed music and poetry sprang from the bow as did the goddess of wisdom from the head of Jove. The bow is the old first lyre, the monochord, the first rune of fine art, and is as inseparably connected with the history of culture as are the alphabets of the learned languages. What the fragments of Sapphic song and the Homeric epics are to the literature of to-day, the bow is to the weapons of to-day. When a man shoots with a bow it is his own vigor of body that drives the arrow, and his own mind that controls the missile's flight. Not so with gun shooting. The modern weapon is charged with a power acting independently of muscular operations, and will shoot just as powerfully for the schoolboy or the weakling as it will for the athlete. The Sapphic songs were the natural music of love; the Homeric epics were the natural out-pourings of a great strong, self-sufficient soul, surcharged with inspiration of heroism; and when Apollo is represented with drawn bow he is the symbol of the natural perfect physical manhood in an attitude displaying its highest powers and graces. It is curious to note how surely the bow and arrows have found their way into the hands of all wild peoples whose mode of life has made physical culture a necessity with them, and it is equally interesting and significant to discover that among these wild peoples a chieftain is invariably chosen on account of his ability to draw a mighty bow. We are nothing better than refined and enlightened savages. The fiber of our nature is not changed in substance; it is polished and oiled. The wild side of the prism of humanity still offers its pleasures to us, and it is healthful and essentially necessary to broad culture that we accept them in moderation. Sport, by

which I mean pleasant physical and mental exercise combined,—play, in the best sense, —is a requirement of this wild element, this glossed-over, physical, heathen side of our being, and the bow is its natural implement.

One day last summer my brother and I were practicing archery on a green lawn, when a miserably clad and hunger-pinched tramp approached us. Rags and dirt could not hide, nor could hunger blunt the edge of, a certain manliness of bearing as he touched his torn hat and paused near us. Could we give him a bite to eat or a few pence to buy him a cheap dinner? He was very hungry. The old story. We sent the lad who was scoring for us to my house to inquire if any cooked victuals were in the pantry, and then resumed our shooting. The tramp stood by watching us. Finally, as if impelled by an irresistible interest, he said:

"Archery is a noble sport."

We turned and looked at him in surprise. He waved his hand in a peculiarly graceful way and said in a sad voice:

"On Brighton sands I have seen good shooting? I have shot there myself."

"In England?" inquired Will.

"Yes, I am a gentleman," he replied.

Will smiled doubtfully.

"Would you let me shoot once?" he asked. There was sincerity in his voice.

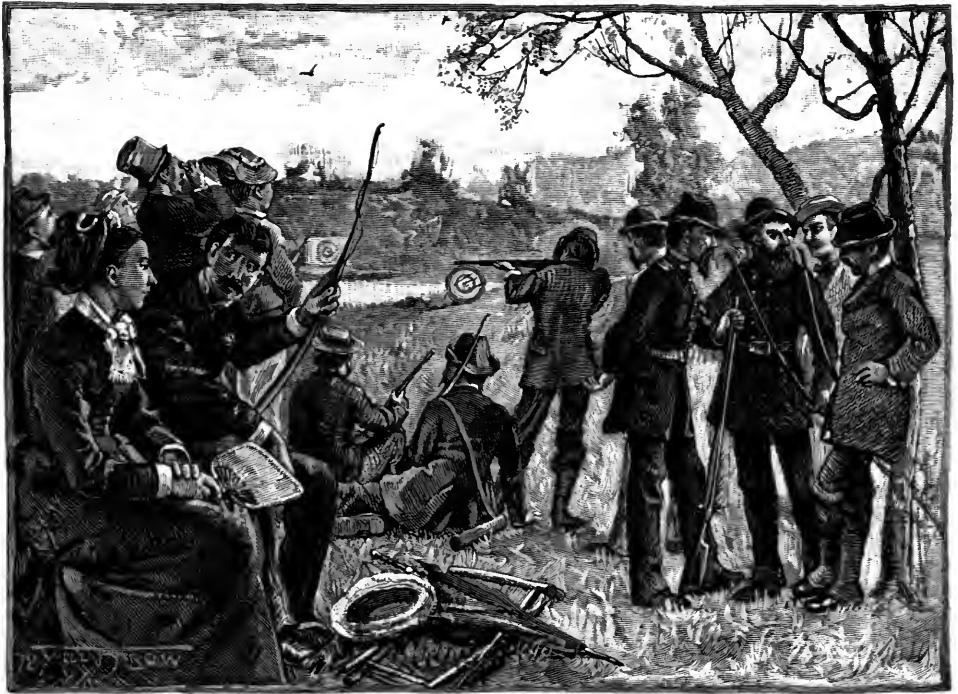
Will handed him his bow and an arrow. He took them eagerly, almost snatching them. For a moment he stood as if irresolute, then quickly fixing the nock on the string, drew and let fly the shaft. The distance was forty yards, and he struck the gold in the very center.

Will looked at me, and at the tramp, and then posted off to the house, and returned with a bottle of my Scuppernong wine and a tray of biscuits and tongue, with which that archer tramp did most ravenously regale himself. I mention this little incident to clinch my theory. Neither poverty, nor shame, nor hunger, nor dissipation, nor anything but death, can ever quite destroy the merry, innocent, Arcadian, heathen part of our nature, which takes to a bow and arrows as naturally as a butterfly to a flower.

It is the object of this paper to present archery in such a way as to make success in its practice easy of attainment by all who may take the trouble to read and follow the rules laid down. No one who once gets fully into the charm of bow-shooting, will ever be able wholly to abandon it; but one may fail to enjoy fully the exquisite sport

by falling into bad habits at the beginning of his practice. The first thing to learn is how to choose a bow. To do this, ascertain your strength of body, fingers, and arm; for nothing will so effectually spoil your opportunities of becoming a good archer, as attempting to master a bow too powerful for your muscles. The left forearm, the right shoulder, and the three first fingers of the right hand are apt to be injured by overstraining at a too powerful bow. Just here it may be well to remark that bows do not always shoot in accordance with their strength. The elas-

is now in my possession. It is a bow made in India, and worked over in London by Mr. Philip Highfield, the best bowyer in the world. It is of snakewood, and has a nearly semicircular groove in the back, instead of being made flat there, as is usual in Mr. Highfield's manufacture. Its weight is but forty-four pounds, and consequently it is too light for my use. With it, however, I not long since defeated the best rifle shots of a crack military company, shooting the bow's point-blank against that of their rifles, winning the target by a score of 530 points against 464, with the wind cutting



THE BOW-RIFLE MATCH.

ticity of the bit of timber of which it is made has much more to do with its true value or power than the mere resistance the bow may chance to offer when drawing it. I once demonstrated this to a doubting friend by repeatedly shooting farther with a forty-four pound bow than it was possible to shoot with a seventy-pound one that we were testing. A clear, sharp, quick recoil when the string is loosed, is the one sure test of a good bow. Such a one will always give a result in exact proportion to its drawing power, and will be found to shoot regularly and evenly under all circumstances. The best bow I have ever seen

sharp across the range during the whole of the shooting.

Of the match just alluded to it may be interesting to speak somewhat fully, as I presume such a contest never before came off in America, and has no doubt been of rare occurrence anywhere. The Montgomery Guards, a military company under command of General Lew Wallace, is a rifle organization holding among its members some fine shots, the general himself being about the best. For the double purpose of securing a day's excellent sport, and of testing the bow and rifle at their respective point-blank and corresponding proportion-

ate ranges, I sent General Wallace a friendly challenge to shoot under the following conditions: 1st, bows to shoot twenty yards against the rifles at one hundred; 2nd, bows to shoot thirty yards against the rifles at two hundred, and also forty yards against the two hundred yards' range of the rifles; 3rd, no bows over fifty pounds weight to be used. This last stipulation was on account of the breaking of my heavy bow just before the match, which necessitated shortening the bow-range from 25 yards, 40 yards and 60 yards, down to 20, 30 and 40 yards as above. The result of the match was a victory for archery at each distance over some magnificent rifle-shooting by General Wallace and Mr. Frank Snyder and Mr. Edward Voris, of his company. Captain H. H. Talbott, Will H. Thompson and myself, were the bowmen, and though Mr. Voris, of the rifles, made a score of seven successive bull's-eyes, still he was beaten by each of us. When it is considered that this was the first regular target-shooting we had ever attempted, it will be seen that it was not bad shooting though it did fall far below the best English practice.

Taking up the scores of General Wallace and myself, which were the best, a comparison discloses the following facts:

GENERAL WALLACE'S SCORE.

At 100 yards, the point-blank of his rifle.	193
" 200 " " " " "	109
" 200 " " second round " "	156

MY SCORE.

At 20 yards point-blank of 44 lb.-bow	200
" 30 " " " " "	184
" 40 " " " " "	146

It will be seen that at the point-blank range of the two weapons the scores are nearly the same, there being but seven points difference; while at forty yards my score is thirty-seven points better than one of the general's 200 yards scores, and ten points less than his other 200 yards score. It would seem from this that the bow is quite as accurate within its range as the rifle is within its range at proportional distances.

But leaving the rifles and all other modern weapons to take care of themselves, we will now examine the results of the bow-shooting alone. Out of the thirty shots I delivered at forty yards, ten of them would have hit a rabbit placed where the gold of the target was, which is killing one rabbit out of three shots at forty yards, with a

forty-four pound bow, under all the circumstances of a public match, with the wind driving sharply across the range. Taking up the score of Mr. Will H. Thompson, who made the highest number of points at twenty yards, it shows that at thirty shots he would have killed twenty-six rabbits. Taking the score of Captain Talbott, it shows that at twenty yards he would have killed twenty-four rabbits out of thirty shots. It is but fair to estimate that at forty yards, with sixty-five pound bows we would have added twenty per cent. of points to our scores. One thing was very noticeable in our shooting: nearly all of our arrows struck just the height of the gold, the line of our hits being horizontally ranged across the center of the target, as a rule. This was owing partly to the wind, and partly, no doubt, to the excitement of the bowmen on account of the novelty of the situation.

This match shows also that target-shooting is one thing and bird-shooting quite another thing. Will and I, who rarely miss a bird at ten paces, found it impossible to keep inside a nine-inch circle with our shafts in target-shooting, at twenty. We find it vastly harder to play a respectable game at archery on the lawn than to strike down a wood-duck or a hare under the ordinary circumstances of still-hunting. Of course, after a little practice, we will easily find the target's gold, with the light beautiful arrows of Mr. Highfield; but I fear that every inch we gain on the lawn will be an ell lost in the woods, when we come to take up again our two-ounce hunting arrows! But every one cannot get away into the hunting grounds of the South and West, wherefore many must be content, if they pursue archery at all, to take their weekly bout at rovers or clout-shooting, or, better still, the thirty shots at a four-feet target standing sixty yards away, which if shot in turn by a pleasant company of five or six gentlemen and ladies make up the most charming of all games where strength, skill and grace are combined in every action. Sixty yards may seem a long range for ladies to shoot, but after a little training it is easily reached by the most delicate. In England the ladies frequently shoot a hundred yards with great accuracy. On the walls of the Royal Toxophilite banqueting room was made the following inscription: "A match was shot at Mr. Wyborough's, Branhope Hall, Yorkshire, at one hundred yards, between Miss Littledale, Mr. Gilpin and Mr. Wyborough, in which Miss Littledale was victorious.

During the shooting, which lasted three hours, Miss Littledale hit the gold four times, and, what evinces superior skill, the three last hits made by Miss Littledale were all in the gold." It was the "Woodmen of the Ancient Forest of Arden," a most

cratic country this need not be the case, though I apprehend that even here clubs of archery will in some way mark the culture and wealth of the towns or cities wherein they are established. There is nothing in the sport to make it a permanent favorite



QUEEN MARY AS DIANA (WILLIAM AND MARY). FROM ETCHING IN "THE PORTFOLIO" AFTER ORIGINAL PAINTING BY SIR PETER LELY.

exclusive association of archers who first admitted ladies into the circle of their grounds as competitors for the magnificent prizes of their matches, and the result set forth in the above inscription was the legitimate fruit of the innovation. A lady won the prize by hard shooting at one hundred yards!

Archery, as a game, has always been patronized by the gentle and aristocratic circles of England, so much so, indeed, that it has come to be regarded there as almost exclusively a patrician sport. In our demo-

with the rude and rowdy elements, while there is everything in it to captivate the wild side of all refined natures.

As the time is at hand when archery will be as popular in America as it is in England and Wales it may be well to call attention to some of the old and honored rules of the craft. First then, green, gold and silver have always been the colors and the metals prized by bowmen for their badges and ornaments. A gold or silver arrow, a gold bugle-horn or a rare bow decorated with knots and handle of green silk plush

and ribbon have been the favorite prizes at their matches for the last two or three centuries at least. In August, 1802, the Royal Kentish Bôwmen had a match on Dartford Heath in which the prize was a magnificent bow from India with a quiver of twelve surpassingly beautiful arrows, the whole valued at fifty guineas. This was a prize worth a hard contest. The distance shot was one hundred yards, and George Maddock Esq. was the winner by an arrow placed exactly in the center of the gold.

The center of all archery targets must be gilt and is called the gold. Around the gold and covering the rest of the target are four concentric rings which, counting from the inner one out, are colored respectively red, white, black, white. The gold counts 9, the red 7, the inner white 5, the black 3, the outer white 1. The size of the target

grass and be hopelessly lost. The best targets are those sold by Messrs. Peck and Snyder of New York City; but excellent ones may be manufactured by making rolls of timothy or blue-grass hay ten inches long and four inches thick, well bound from end to end with cotton twine, and so placed together and sewed with strong thread that a solid cylinder ten inches long and four feet in diameter is formed; this must be covered closely and evenly with strong white canvas or drilling. Over one end of this cylinder stretch and sew fast the painted target face. The result will be most satisfactory.

The best English authorities on archery—among them, Mr. Hansard, in his book on the subject—recommend that the weight of an arrow be graduated according to the following table:



ROBIN HOOD AND HIS MERRY MEN.

for ordinary distances, say sixty yards and under, should be four feet in diameter, with a nine-inch gold, and it should be so set that when shooting at it your face will be about a foot above its center. But if the grass of your lawn is not closely cut then the lower your target is set the better. For if you miss by over-shooting a target set high your arrow will fly far in the tall, thick

Distance of target.	Silver weight of arrow.
30 yards.	5s. 6d.
60 yards.	4s. 6d.
90 yards.	3s. 6d.
120 yards.	3s. 6d.

But my experience and judgment have led me to use the same weight of arrow at all distances. I am sure a length is more easily kept by this rule, for if you shoot the

same kind of arrows at every distance you have but one thing, viz, elevation, to regulate; as in shooting you draw with the same power at every shot, no matter how near or far the target may be. The High-field arrows, best footed, with whole horn nocks and beveled bodkin points, with a weight about equal to 5s. silver are to my mind as near perfection as can ever be made.

The best bracer, or arm-guard, is made of heavy harness-leather and lined with quilted green silk. It is furnished with green bands of elastic tape with which to fasten it, by means of hooks and eyes or buckles of metal, around the left fore-arm. The only shooting glove I ever use is a close-fitting one of lisle thread.

Every archer should have a belt with a quiver attached, large enough to hold easily six or eight arrows. When the belt is buckled around the waist the quiver should hang pretty well back on the left side.

When an archery club or association is formed and a constitution and by-laws agreed upon, one of the first things to be done is to adopt a uniform for the members. A green coat with buff or gold lining, a scarlet waistcoat and buff trousers, a broad felt hat with the right side of the brim pinned up with a tuft of ostrich or heron feathers floating over its crown, and fancy top-boots, make up a showy suit for a gentleman. As for the ladies, who can doubt that they will manage to deck themselves prettily for the meeting of their clubs? The following is Mr. Hansard's curt description of the dress worn by the ladies of the society called "Harley Bush Bowmen": "Robe, a judicious arrangement of white and green, white hat and feathers, shoes of grass-green. The bow and quiver slung gracefully over their shoulders." A broad green sash and belt worn with any dress whose colors will suit it is as near a uniform as a lady will need. The uniform ordered by the Prince of Wales for the Royal Kentish Bowmen consisted of "a grass-green coat, buff linings, buff waistcoat and breeches; black collar to the coat, uncut velvet in winter and tabby silk in summer, with yellow buttons." The only uniform of the Derby and Reddleston Archers is a "green coat with a black collar and a button inscribed D. A. for Derby Archers." Indeed "green is the color of the craft." The old English bowmen were a wild, jolly, rollicking set who met in the depths of the green May forests to drink and shoot and listen to merry songs such as Maid Marian

and Allan-a-Dale used to sing, and it was their fancy to trick themselves in green and gold. Robin Hood and Friar Tuck and Little John are the patron saints of archers, who, to this day, have in them something of the wild-wood-roving spirit which of old made the English forests the scene of many a jolly meeting and many a day of incomparable sport for men who were as lawless as they were generous and brave. Spring and summer are the seasons for archery, and the green and gold are for gay flower and vivid leaf, to make the archer, in dress as well as in spirit, a harmonious part of out-door nature.

From a long list furnished by Mr. Hansard in his "Book of Archery," I transcribe the following names of English, Welsh, and Scottish societies: "Woodmen of the Forest of Arden," whose prizes shot for by the lady members are a gold bugle, a gold arrow, and a turquois gold knot; the "Hertfordshire Archers,"—prize for ladies a gold heart, enriched with a bow and shaft set in diamonds; this was first won by the Marchioness of Salisbury, afterward by Lady Cornwall; the "Archers of the Abbey of Bury St. Edmonds;" "South Saxon Archers;" the "Royal Sherwood Archers,"—ladies' prize, presented by the Duke of Sussex, a gold bracelet of rich design, first won by Mrs. Colonel Wildman; the "Royal British Bowmen,"—prize for ladies a superb gold medallion, presented by the Prince of Wales, and first won by Lady Cunliffe at Acton Park, shooting thirty, sixty, and seventy yards; the "Richmond Archers," Yorkshire, who "have selected for their target-ground a beautiful spot on the banks of the Swale, opposite the venerable ruins of St. Agatha's Abbey"—prizes, silver arrow and silver cup; the "Herefordshire Bowmen" who hold their meetings at Moccas Court, near Bradwardine, the seat of Sir George Cornwall, Baronet. At their breakfasts, given at Archinfield House, near Hereford, between two and three hundred guests have often been invited. The "Royal Toxophilite Society" have their quarters at Regent's Park. The principal prize is presented annually by the Queen. This society owns a magnificent banqueting hall in the old English style, and the grounds are beautifully ornamented. Speaking of the banqueting hall, Mr. Hansard says: "The interior is fitted up with elegant simplicity. In the center of the apartment stands a range of oak dining-tables sufficient to accommodate the members on their occasional festivals.



THE ARCHERY CLUB ON A LARK.

dering as sweet a little stream as ever bubbled over gray boulders and variegated sand. Of course I was one of the party. It would indeed have required urgent business to have kept me at my office that day!



To the left on entering is a lofty antique chimney-piece of oak, with a dial in the center. The windows, opening on a broad veranda which encircles the whole edifice, are of richly stained glass, proudly decorated with the heraldic bearings of its founder, his Majesty, William IV., and the Earl of Aylesford. * * Massive shields of carved oak, emblazoned with devices emblematical of archery, adorn the ceilings of this interesting apartment; and around its walls are placed a range of Aschams, ornamented with crest and coronet, as well as the colors and pattern of each archer's arrow-mark." There these merry archers are wont to meet and have a royal time; "and there they live like the old Robin Hood of England, and fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." Some of the archery meetings in England a few years ago were on a scale of grandeur scarcely ever equaled in public displays of any sort.

Until lately, in the United States, archery has been confined to here and there an individual enthusiast, or a little family group, whose targets are never seen by any but most familiar friends. Now that the "ice is broken," and a few societies have been formed, it may well be expected that before this summer is over some pleasant matches will have been shot in the country.

In June, 1877, a merry little company of ladies and gentlemen left my home for a short run into the country, having in mind a day's shooting in a great dusky wood, bor-

One of the "attractions" of the occasion was the huge farm-wagon in which we took

passage. The ladies were compelled to mount upon a dining-room chair, and thence upon the "hounds" of the wagon, and scramble, with our help, over the green-painted sides to their seats on the extemporized cushions of straw. I assure you we were a sight for the plow-men and other rural folk whom we met on the way. No doubt they inclined to question our sanity. But we drove on, nevertheless, down hill and up, through long lanes between green orchards and greener clover plats, now dipping into dense shady woods, and anon rattling out again into the sunlight with a yellow cloud of dust behind us, a vision of sport before us, and a merry clash of happy voices around us.

There was a sweet spring of cold water in the midst of our chosen ground, and a low sward of blue-grass carpeted the earth, overshadowed by magnificent walnut, tulip, and maple trees. Birds sang everywhere, the brooklet brawled hard by, and the merest swell of wind brought to our senses the odor of wild-flowers, and that delicious aroma of certain decaying wood called by the western country-folk sweet-knot. A goblet of spring water, washed down with a thimble full of wine, made us ready to begin the day's shooting. I forget what

was our score, but when the time came for casting up our totals to ascertain to whom the victory belonged, one of our ladies was reported absent. She was soon accounted for, however, as a moment later she emerged from a green thicket, up the little glen above the spring, bearing in one hand her bow, and in the other a rabbit, quite dead, with her

Elizabeth's time. After lunch we renewed our sport, shooting at rovers up and down the green level of the brooklet's bank, pausing now and then to watch the shoals of minnows, or pairs of sun perch disporting themselves in the liquid lights and shadows of the dimpling water, or snatching a long-range snap-shot at a green heron or wary



DRAWING THE ARROW (THE STATEN ISLAND CLUB).

arrow still sticking through its shoulders. I think her feat of archery caused her more regret than pleasure, for she declared her intention never again to shoot at living thing. But in killing that rabbit at twenty paces, she did what would have been a year's boast of many a fine lady of Queen

king-fisher. I wish my archery-loving readers many summer days like that. Our voyage home in our lumbering land-ship was as pleasant as cheery company and the soft twilight could make it. Just as we re-entered the suburbs of our little western city, the full moon, like a great golden tar-

get-disk in the sky, was shining on the glorified rim of the east, with star-points all round it like the arrow-marks of an unsuccessful archer.

Butt-shooting is a favorite game of archery in England. As its name indicates, a wall of earth is used for a target, and the center is marked by a white circular bit of pasteboard pinned on the face of the butt. The distance for gentlemen's shooting is usually 100 yards, that for ladies' 50 or 60 yards. The use of the butt is to catch the arrows that miss the white, so that they may not be lost by "snaking" in the grass. Mr. Hansard quotes Dr. Nott as saying that "the ancient public butts (the fields) were, in general, so thronged with archers, particularly at holiday times, that they raked up the surrounding turf, by the very arrows that missed, in such a manner as never to suffer the grass to grow there." Where the distance of shooting much exceeds forty yards, a marker becomes necessary, whose business it is to stand a few paces to one side near the butt, and by the following described signs indicate the effect of each arrow. Mr. Hansard says: "For the best arrow, the wand is shaken thrice above the marker's head. The second ditto, the same toward the ground. When the paper is pricked, he uncovers and bows, for the outside circle once, the white twice, the pin (that fastens the pasteboard to the butt), thrice. For over arrows, the wand moves briskly upward; for wide arrows, horizontally; for short arrows, downward. Such appears to have been the usage of centuries." In the Veel manuscript it is said that Queen Elizabeth "used the long-bow, and was, in those days, among her servants so good an archer at the butts, that her side by her was not the weaker." Many places in England formerly devoted to archery, but now given over to agriculture, are still called butt-fields. Perhaps the best appointed and most famous archery ground in the world is that of the Woodmen of Arden, though the Royal Toxophilites have expended more money upon theirs.

But how shall one become an expert and graceful archer? The answer to this question involves a concise outline of the theory and practice of bow-shooting. In my papers of last year in this magazine I gave such an outline. I may condense it all here in two words, *intelligent practice*. Study your bow and the flight of your arrows. Note the defects of your shooting and consider how

to mend them. If your habit is to shoot too low, see if you do not place your arrow-nock too high on the string and *vice versa*. If you shoot continually on one side of the target, note if your string be straight on your bow, and see if you do not twist the bow, at the point of loosing, with your left-hand. Labor to acquire steadiness in drawing, and, to do this, never over-bow yourself, *i. e.*, use a bow rather under than over your strength. It is a common mistake with beginners to place their mark too far off at first. A good way is to set your target ten feet from you, and shoot at it till at that distance you can hit the gold every shot; then remove your toe-mark, say, three feet further from the target, and as soon as you can hit the gold regularly, move again, and so on, until by daily practice and increasing the distance slowly, you have grown able to do close shooting at twenty yards. You may then begin to increase the distance three yards daily, till you are shooting sixty yards; and as soon as at this range you begin to prick the gold now and then, you may attend the public archery meetings with confidence. But you must not expect to become an accomplished archer without long and severe training. Like rowing, boxing, walking, base-ball, and all other manly sports, archery demands abstemiousness and discipline. This was well understood by the rulers and lawgivers of Great Britain in the days of her highest military glory, when a few thousand stalwart archers were laying the foundations of her people's liberties by hard shooting on many a bloody field. On the military target grounds, all distinction of rank, blood or office was lost, and yeomen and patrician mingled freely together, vying with each other in speeding the shaft. By a statute of Henry VIII., any man under the age of twenty-four years was forbidden to "shoot at any pricks, except they be rovers, whereat he shall change at every shoot his mark, upon pain to forfeit for every shoot doing the contrary, four pence. And that no person above the said age of twenty-four years shall shoot at any mark of eleven score yards or under, with any prick, shaft or flight, under pain to forfeit for every shoot, six shillings and eight pence." The object of this vigorous statute was to force all English bowmen to train at from two hundred and twenty to four hundred yards! In battle, at the latter distance, the English long-bowmen were able to do wonderful execution. It will be seen that the law, as it applied to young men under the age of

twenty-four years, had for its object precisely what is necessary to make an archer able to shoot with confidence at all ranges at which the exigencies of the chase or war might make it necessary to use his weapons.

The requisite to good archery hardest to acquire is utter concentration of thought and sight upon the object to be shot at—this more particularly at the exact point of letting go the arrow. Mr. Hansard thus graphically and accurately describes the true method of shooting: "Again, I remind you that drawing and loosing are to be performed together. Grasp your bow with the firmness of a smith's vice; draw steadily, until the steel pile of your arrow rests upon the knuckle of the bow hand, while the thumb of the drawing hand grazes against the upper part of the right ear. That instant of time, in which the sight suddenly concentrates itself upon the target's center, whilst every other object grows dark and indistinct, is the critical moment of your aim. Loose then, without a second's pause, by gently relaxing the fingers." How often I have experienced this growing "dark and indistinct" of all surrounding objects, as for a second I stood at full draw in the act of letting go an arrow at game! You are sure to hit when this happens, for your aim is absolutely accurate. Those marvelously perfect archers of old had, no doubt, the power of commanding this condition at will. It is the condition for which all bowmen should strive, and to which many may attain by judicious and regular practice. Shooting at a light by night-time is considered an excellent way to acquire the habit of concentrating one's sight on the object.

It is very difficult to find any rules at all applicable to every archer's condition. What will serve the turn of one would be impracticable for another. This much I venture: an hour's earnest practice each day for a month will make any one feel like an archer, and three months of such work will make him a fair shot at thirty yards. The longer the distance at which you can successfully practice, the better bowman you will be; for "he that can do good far shooting can do good near shooting"—at least, so runs the saying among the craft. And, in truth, this long-range shooting is, after all, the beautiful part of archery exhibitions.

Mr. Hansard relates that the elder Mr. Waring was seen to strike "twenty successive arrows into a four-foot target, at the distance of one hundred yards. In the space of one minute he has likewise shot

twelve arrows into a mark two feet square, at forty-six yards. Mr. Crunden, now the father of the Toxophilites, aiming the same number of arrows at a sheet of paper eight inches square, put in ten successive shots



A PRIZE SHOT.

at thirty yards. And lastly, two other Toxophilites, Messrs. Troward and Green, clapt each two arrows at the same end into a six-inch-square paper six score yards off."

After this, no man need say that the bow is a mere plaything. Such shooting is rarely beaten by good riflemen off-hand from the shoulder.

Mr. Hansard recommends rabbit-shooting as a means of acquiring a quick, ready aim. I have had great experience in hare-shooting, and whether it is a good thing as a

training-lesson or no, I can vouch for the rare sport it affords. Broad-headed arrows must be used for this purpose; for though a hare is very easily killed when struck in the head, a bodkin-pointed arrow may cut right through its heart without stopping it before it dives into its burrow to die. Speaking of hare-shooting, a writer in a Western journal, reviewing my former article on bow-shooting in this magazine, took occasion to call me a pot-hunter, because I told of shooting hares in their forms. A little reflection will convince any one that it is more difficult to hit a hare with an arrow, sitting still, than to kill the same running, with an ounce of No. 8 shot from a fowling-piece. I cannot exactly see the force of the expression "pot-hunting," in this view. But, for the benefit of those very qualmish sportsmen who shoot two ounces of shot from an eight-bore gun and never kill a hare sitting when anybody is looking, I would say that for several years my brother and I have killed most of our hares running. Nor is this all. We have killed a great many birds on the wing. To prepare ourselves for wing-shooting, we practice at six-inch balls thrown from a trap. But of course we never shoot at a bird flying if we can get it to sit still long enough for a shot.

I do not pretend to compare the bow, for mere death-dealing certainty, with the shot-gun nor yet with the rifle. It is because guns are *too* destructive that I the more strenuously advocate archery.

In order that those ladies and gentlemen in America who have adopted archery, and who read this, may know when

in their practice they are approaching the score of a good English team, I will transcribe one or two of the individual totals at some English matches—distance 100 yards.

Names of Shooters.	Score.	Hits.	No. of Shots.
Mr. Marsh (of Clapton)...	286	70	210
Mr. Moore (West Serks)...	285	75	210
Mr. Watts	253	unknown	210

The last of the above scores was made in a high wind. So, whenever you are shooting 100 yards, and out of seventy hits count 250 or upward, you may be sure you are doing well. The target used was four feet diameter with nine-inch gold.

But I wish to encourage wild-wood archery, as well as the target game and matches. If ladies do not care to shoot at



SHOOTING HARES BY MOONLIGHT.

birds, and I confess it is better for them not to like killing anything, let them go to the woods, the close-shaven meadows or the sandy beech, and shoot—at rovers. There can be no prettier sight than blessed my eyes not long ago, when I saw a beautiful lady accompanied by her boy, both armed with tasteful bows and quivers, leisurely strolling through a maple grove near their home, shooting at whatever offered a tempting mark. But the birds were not alarmed, for no shaft flew at them. The prattle of mother and child was sweeter than any bird-song.

In my other paper I described how Will approached and killed a heron. Let me now picture him, as he appeared to me once, in the act of shooting at a green-winged teal, on a shallow little Florida lake.

I was wading down a narrow shoal lagoon, and had just crept softly through a dense line of giant water-weeds and grass, when I chanced to spy a lonely teal some hundred or so yards off, and at the same moment Will appeared on a point of hummock and prepared to shoot at the bird from the cover of a clump of palms. It would be a pleasantly bizarre painting which would truthfully represent the scene in all its peculiarities of feature and color. The archer's attitude, his dress of greenish tweed, green belt and quiver of red and white feathered arrows, his broad drab hat with looped up brim, and the vivid tints of the foliage against which he appeared, made a strikingly picturesque composition of novel outline and gay colors. Each separate stem in the cluster of palms had been caught in the embrace of a rubber-tree, and at the top, the fronds and feathers of the one, and the clear green leaves of the other of the trees thus almost hideously bound together produced a strange effect, while curious parasites clung here and there in the network, the fiery fingers of the empiphytes pointing in every direction, like spikes of real flame, and down among the roots grew rank ferns and spears of variegated sawgrass, all interwoven with flowering creepers and strange weeds. In the foreground a weedy lake, with just enough water to swim a fowl; in the background a solid wall of foliage; dark avenues on this hand, leading away to blackness; on the other hand bright glimpses, the merest hints of green savannahs or grass prairies. Will threw himself into the position of an archer at 'ready' and drew a light hunting-arrow to the head. The teal was full 60 yards from him, and sitting quite still; standing thus in the attitude

of a full draw for a long shot, an archer, if he be at all natural and sincere in his work, always presents a striking picture of perfect muscular and mental tension. The right foot is planted firmly, the left advanced nearly a half pace, with the upper portion of the body slightly leaning backward, the left arm thrust out almost straight on a line with the shoulders, the face turned square over the left, and the right hand drawn above the right shoulder, in the position of that of a boxer ready to strike a straight blow, excepting that the arrow-fingers are a little elevated, being on a line with the ear. The features are rigid, and give every evidence of intense concentration of thought. The eyes are fixed eagerly, almost fiercely, on the point of aim. You see the muscles, knotted on the right shoulder and arm, quiver a little under the powerful strain, then for a second or two, settle into utter rigidity. The time is come. The recoil follows sharply on the loosing of the string, and the arrow, with a sound once heard never forgotten, cuts the air like a ray of light. For the few moments occupied in delivering his shot, I watched Will with all the pride a master feels when a favorite pupil at last surpasses him. His work was perfection. Self-control, deliberate movement, steady nerve and a faultless poise, marked him an accomplished archer. He was a fine figure, fitly framed in the setting of flower-spikes, and grasses, and ferns, and palms,—a merry bowman in a merry tropic land.

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at his array!"

But, after all, he did not hit his bird! Here, however, comes in the beauty of archery. He hit so close to the teal, and so hard, that the water flew in little jets of spray all over it, and, in an ecstasy of convulsive flight, away it went! That miss was almost equal to a hit in its pleasurable effect on the bowman and the observer. I took off my hat and hallooed my applause, till the forests rang again, and some long-legged aquatic birds awoke from their dreams in the tall grass, and flapped lazily away across the lake.

I wish it understood that, in relating these hunting experiences, I purposely select the longest and best shots we have ever made, and that the innumerable short-range hits and the misses at every distance, are passed by in silence. My object is to give practical examples of the possibilities of archery. From my experience I have been

drawn to the conclusion that forty yards is about the fair medium range for accurate shooting with the long-bow, and that one hundred and twenty-five yards is the extreme distance for anything like probable success at game as a rule. At twenty-five

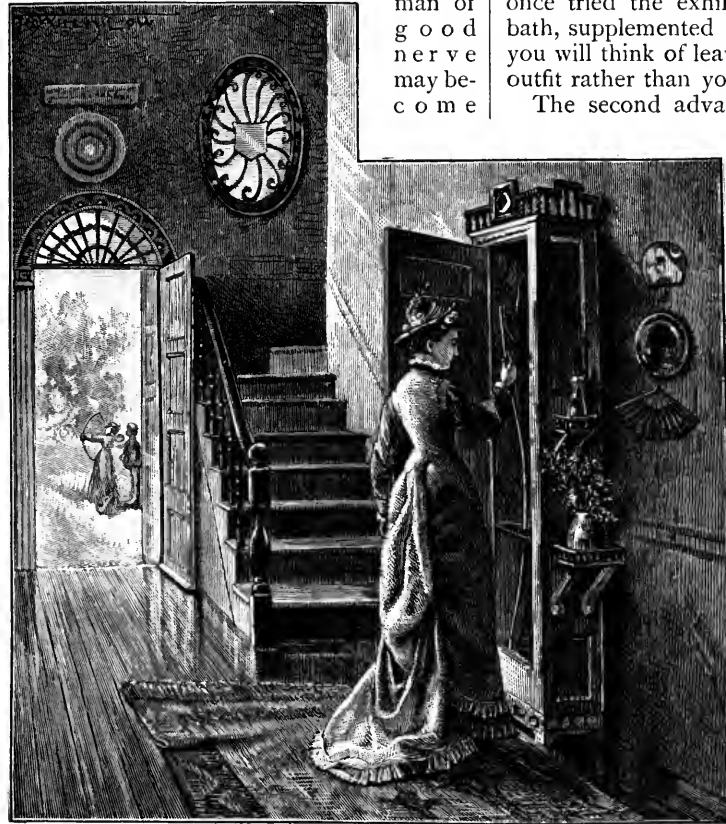
yards a man of good nerve may become

every motion tends to expand the chest and stimulate the vital centers by promoting free circulation of the blood, and deep, healthful respiration. This, in the pure air of the country or sea-side, is the best possible medicine for persons whose delicate chests give warning of pulmonic weakness. Having once tried the exhilarating effect of a sea-bath, supplemented by an hour's shooting, you will think of leaving off any part of your outfit rather than your archery tackle.

The second advantage possessed almost

solely by archery as a game for ladies, is the development of muscular power necessary to success in its practice. Even a very weak bow will, if used constantly, soon double a lady's strength of arm and chest, thus adding symmetry and grace to her figure, reducing tendency to corpulence and rounding out attenuated muscles.

A word about how to take care of archery tackle. A good bow is much harder to get than to spoil. When you have obtained one you must realize the importance of keeping it as long as possible. There is but one way to do this. You must



THE ASCHAM.

absolutely certain of his mark. As to the force and penetration of an arrow, they vary of course with the strength of the bow; but sixty pounds will drive an ounce-and-a-half broad-headed arrow through a deer at the shoulders seventy-five yards from the archer, whilst the same power will send a light bodkin-pointed shaft through a turkey or goose at one hundred and fifty yards.

Turning again to archery as a game for pastime and recreation, I wish to press advantages over croquet, badminton, lawn-tennis, and all like games. First, it requires no stooping, which, for ladies, is a deleterious thing to health, as it tends to compress the vital organs and to interfere with digestion and the circulation of the blood. In shooting, you stand erect and

have it, at all times, as dry as tinder. Moisture or the hint thereof must never touch even its outer coat of varnish. "How then do you hunt with the bow in all kinds of weather?" you pertinently ask. I am not talking of hunting-bows now. I am speaking of those beautiful and valuable things made by Mr. Highfield, mentioned before in this paper. As to hunting-bows to stand all kinds of weather, a home-made one of mulberry-wood is the best possible, and in fact such a weapon is little inferior to the best lance-wood or lemon-wood, English make. A cover of heavy green baize is considered best for a fine bow, and a well-lined ascham is the place in which to keep it. What is an ascham? It may be a plain walnut or oak box, or it may be one of the costliest bits of hall fur-

niture. It must be tall enough to receive the longest bow, and roomy enough to contain the archer's entire outfit. The ornamental finish may be of the richest kind of carving, done after designs to suit the owner's taste. The interior may be arranged on any plan to fitly accommodate the bows, arm-guards (bracers), clout-cards, quivers, arrows, belts, trophies and knickknacks pertaining to shooting, and a peep into it will always be a pleasant treat to visiting friends. An ascham should always be lined throughout with strong green woolen cloth to exclude moisture, though I have never in any work on archery seen this spoken of. One thing is sure, a fine backed bow will soon spoil by being left uncovered in a room where a constant fire is not kept, no matter how apparently dry it may seem, and as most of the best English self-bows (so called) are made of two pieces glued together at the handle, the same effect is wrought upon them as upon the backed weapons, by an imperceptible accumulation of moisture destroying the power of the glue. It was from this cause that Will and I lost each a fine strong bow, just before shooting the match with the rifles, which compelled us to use bows entirely too light for the purpose. A plain ascham of the style indicated in the drawing can be made by any cabinet-maker or carpenter.

A bow should have put on it a coating



A BUTT.

of fine oil varnish or French polish as often as its surface indicates the slightest tendency to a fracture of the gloss put on it by the bowyer.

A hunting-bow, to stand exposure to every kind of weather, may be of any kind of bow timber, but must be kept constantly saturated with oil. My practice is to dry my bow thoroughly every night when in the woods, and then rub it for a half hour with a woollen rag soaked in boiled linseed oil, which has had a little tallow and bees-wax added to it; but the oil is well enough by itself. Hunting-arrows, also, must be attended to just as carefully as the bows. A thick coat of rubber glue between the feathers will keep out moisture from the glue that fastens them on, and the stele (*i. e.* the shaft) may be oiled.

But the real bowman is as much so by birth as the real poet. He intuitively knows what to do for the safety of his favorite weapons. Indeed the whole process of archery is more easily learned than taught. The finer shades of its most difficult achievements, such, for instance, as that of nicely allowing for the effect of the wind upon an arrow's flight, are caught by the inexplicable operations of experience and memory, and are often so cleverly executed by the expert that the result seems something next to unaccountable. To note this, go stand near the target and let a good bowman place himself sixty yards away. Let the wind be pouring heavily across the range at about right angles with the line of his arrows' flight. Watch him narrowly now as he makes ready to shoot. His left hand, clasping the bow, is elevated so that the arrow makes an angle of several degrees with a horizontal drawn through the archer's right hand, and its point also sets in toward the wind, so that when loosed, if it should fly off at a true tangent, it would miss the whole target far above and to the side next the wind. Surely, you think, that shaft can never touch the mark. But when the cord rings, and the arrow springs away, you see the line of its flight,—a trajectory double-curved,—and with amazing accuracy it drops with a dull thud right into the very gold. One must have a perfect judgment of distance, the strength of his bow, the weight of his arrow, the resistance of his arrow-feather to the wind, and the force and direction of the wind-current, all at once, to do this. But time and again you will see it performed by a good bowman, with as much ease as if he were shooting with a rifle.

Let us go, now, and take a few shots by way of commencement. The weather is fine, and somehow I feel as if every shaft will find the gold.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"PLEASE, ROXY, DON'T LET HIM GO."

CHAPTER XXX.

LOVE AND GRAMMAR.

On the day following Roxy's infare, Mr. Adams took Mr. Whittaker down to Miss Rachel Moore's rooms, and, in defiance of all the customs of the time, was married privately, with no witnesses but Mark and Roxy. Miss Moore would have liked a little more of ceremony, a few friends, and some little show. But when Mr. Adams told her that people of their age would better be married without any nonsense, she answered, "Very likely, very likely, my dear Mr. Adams! che-he-he."

On the night of the infare at Bonamy's, some of the young fellows who were not invited, showed their wit by perpetrating a transposition—that joke that is as old as sign-boards themselves. No doubt in Babylon sign-boards were changed round at

night so as to make good Assyriac puns and other such jokes.

And what mischievous boys probably did in Babylon in B. C. 1841, that they certainly did in Luzerne in A. D. 1841. For Mr. Adams, on the morning on which he was to be married, found over his shoe-shop door a sign which read, "Miss Moore, Millinery and Mantua-maker," and Rachel Moore came near snickering her head off with mingled shame and pleasure to find "T. Adams, Boot and Shoe-maker," at her place of business. It was characteristic of Adams that he let the signs remain as they were that day. Only he had the wedding earlier in the day, telling Rachel that when they were married the joke would be spoiled. To which she replied that she thought it very likely indeed. At any rate she willingly conspired to spoil the joke.

But the old man was resolved that the

joke should go no further. Hearing that he was to be shivered that night, according to the usage by which widowers, and old maids, and all whose weddings are eccentric, are serenaded with skillet lids, and "dumb-bulls," and "horse-fiddles," and bells, and tin pans, he put a stop to it in his own fashion. He borrowed a double-barrel shot-gun, and carried it ostentatiously down the main street. When Tom Pilman, the rough who led all such serenading parties, saw him pass, and hailed him with: "Hello, Adams! What you going to do with that gun?" he made answer, "We're going to have a serenade at our house to-night, and a coronor's inquest in the morning." The empty gun stood peacefully in a corner that night, and there was no shiverer.

Mrs. Rachel wanted to continue her business, and Adams gave consent. There was a dignity and authority about her position as modiste, which she did not like to surrender. She thought she would rather keep "help" to do the work at home, and go on as usual, dealing in ribbons, and bonnets, and general intelligence. Only her husband stipulated that her sign must be changed.

"Millinery and Mantua-maker," he said, sneeringly. "Why, you aren't for sale, Rachel, are you?"

"Very likely, Mr. Adams," she said, in a blissful and absent-minded titter.

"Why, Rachel, you must have lost your wits!"

"Very likely. Che-he-he!"

"But the sign must be changed so as to read 'Milliner and Mantua-maker.' Don't you think it ought to be changed?"

"Very likely. The 'Miss' ought to be changed to 'Mrs.' now. Che-he-he!"

Poor Miss Moore had dreamed so long of that change.

"That would make you Mrs. Moore," said Adams. "Aren't you going to take my name?"

"Oh yes! I forgot. I'm Mrs. Adams. It seems so strange to change a lady's name—che-he—for the first time, you know. Now you're used to it, you know. Oh! I forgot—che-he—he—men don't—che-he—he—change their names, do they?"

Adams gave up making her understand his scruples of grammar, at least until she should recover from the idiocy of her honeymoon. He had the sign changed, however, and Mrs. Rachel Adams read it every time she approached the little shop, in a glad endeavor to impress it on her own mind

that her reproach among women was taken away, and that she was an old maid no longer, but on a par with any other "Mrs." in town.

In the matter of finding a help, Mr. Adams consulted Jemima, whom he met in the street. Did she know anybody that he could get?

"Yes, I 'low I do," she answered.

"A real good-tempered person and trustworthy?" asked Adams.

"Awful trustworthy, and crusty enough to keep you company any day, Mr. Adams."

"Well, who is it?" said the shoe-maker. "If she'll only quarrel with me, I don't care. I'd like a little quarreling, and you can no more quarrel with Rachel than you can with sunshine itself. Who is it that you mean?"

"The fust letters of her name's Jemima Dumbleton, and she's got a powerful dislike to the male sect in particular, and to most men in general."

"Would you leave Henrietta?"

"I'd ruther leave'r not. I dislike the male sect, but Henrietta I dislike on her own particular account. She's too good for me."

Adams was pleased to get Jemima, and immensely gratified at having a chance to defy Mrs. Hanks at the same time. Poor subdued Mrs. Rachel was shocked. To brave Mrs. Hanks was too much. But Adams told her that now she was his wife, she must hold up her head and show her independence, or Henrietta would run right over her. "You're a married woman now, Rachel," he concluded.

At which Rachel smiled audibly, and answered, "Very likely, my dear."

CHAPTER XXXI.

AN ATTEMPT TO FORECLOSE.

THE little teapot of Luzerne society had been agitated during the two weeks of preparation for the marriage by surmises in regard to the ulterior purpose of Colonel Bonamy in consenting to Mark's wedding Roxy, and even offering him help conditioned on his marriage. To pious people it seemed a special interference of Providence in favor of Texas. But not so to the sage and sagacious Lathers. He knew nothing about Providence—he felt distinctly his moral inability to understand God's way of doing things, though if he thought about God at all it was doubtless as one who was a good

deal shrewder in carrying his selfish ends than men were in achieving theirs. To him God and the devil were playing a series of games, and though the former might now and then let the latter gain a few points, it was only for the sake of making the play interesting, and of finally beating the devil into utter bankruptcy and locking him up in perdition for a thousand years. But if Lathers could not see through the ways of Providence so well as some of his townsmen, he thought he did know something about Colonel Bonamy.

"I say, watch out fer the devil when he is playin' possum," said Lathers. "But what the dickens Colonel Bonamy's doin' now, I can't see. Him help the missionary work? Not him. That aint his side of the question. Wait till you see this game out. Wait till he begins to play the aces he's got up his sleeve. Now, liker'n not the old man's goin' to git married to some young wife, er run fer Congress, and he wants Mark away off among the Egyptians in the land of Babylon, an' the like. I'm purty good at guessin', now,—I've knowed Colonel Bonamy nigh onto twenty-four year, an' he's powerful deep. Now you jest watch out fer him, will you, and see ef he don't do somethin' like I say."

But Lathers was far out of the way. Colonel Bonamy began to urge first on Mark and then on Roxy that they should postpone their journey.

"Better put it off till New-Year's. It isn't safe going to that climate so early," he said.

But the enthusiastic Roxy was hard to manage. Mark was impatient to be away, as any active-minded young man is impatient to set out upon the achievement of his purposes. He would have yielded readily enough however, notwithstanding his impatience; for, since his father's management of Nancy, he felt a certain confidence in the friendliness of his purposes. But the dire danger of souls without a shepherd oppressed the soul of Roxy. It was pleasant to her to enjoy, here in her own town, the devotion of Mark, the fine-looking young husband of her heart; but, because it was pleasant, the austere girl was eager to surrender it. Perhaps, too, there was in her mind some latent dread lest an easy temper like Mark's might not hold firmly fixed a severe resolution not immediately put into execution. So she resisted energetically, and with success, the influence of Colonel Bonamy's persuasions on the mind of Mark. If he did

not go at the time appointed, Roxy urged, the bishop would not want him at all. Indeed, this uncertainty and complexity of motive drove the straightforward Roxy into an irritable energy of temper which was a surprise to herself. She longed to be where she could act again directly toward a definite aim.

All the time that this discussion was being waged, and Colonel Bonamy was seeking some means of detaining Mark without a point-blank refusal to keep his agreement in the matter of furnishing money, Mark was supposed to be engaged in studies preparatory to his ministrations among the Texans. Wesley's "Sermons," and Watson's "Institutes of Theology" were especially prescribed; but to a man of Mark's animal spirits and glowing feelings, the clear-cut and severely unrhetoical sentences of Wesley seemed uninteresting, while the long-linked reasoning of Watson, by which it was clearly demonstrated that foreknowledge was not fore-ordination, even where God himself was the foreknower, was decidedly dry. He liked better a copy of Maffit's "Sermons," then fresh from the press, and full of far-resounding bombast about the stage-fixings of the day of judgment. But he managed to get on in the arduous task of reading Wesley and Watson, by dint of reclining laboriously on the bed, while Roxy sat by the window and read to him, putting something of the fire of her own enthusiasm into Wesley's grave and simple diction, and changing Watson's abstruse speculations almost into poetry by the illumination of her imagination.

On Sundays, Mark exercised himself in preaching in the country school-houses. The young missionary was quite the lion, and the crowds of listening people that came to hear him, and, above all, the eyes of his young wife, stimulated him to addresses of much warmth. They seemed to Mark far better than Wesley's.

Meantime Colonel Bonamy drew the reins tighter on his son. Now that Mark was married, he could not go to Texas on the pittance the church would pay, and the father had some difficulty in remembering that he had made any definite promise in the matter. At most, he could not raise the money before midwinter, and as he did not believe in their going to the South until January, he was not going to hurry himself. People who were going to be dependent should not be too domineering about it.

Slowly, as the old colonel began to hint that preaching in Indiana would do just as well, Mark perceived his duplicity; and, by degrees, he came to understand that his father had not intended to have him go to Texas at all. No man of Mark's spirit likes to be managed, and when once the scheme by which he had been encouraged to marry for the sake of keeping him at home dawned upon him, all his pride and combativeness were carried over to Roxy's side of the question.

"I am going to start to Texas by the 'Duke of Orleans,'" he said one day, with great positiveness. "She will leave Cincinnati about the middle of October."

"Well," said the old man in a whining drawl, under which he always covered any expression of defiance—"Well, if you go in the middle of October, instead of waiting until the time I have set, you must not expect me to keep you from starving. You'll have to look out for yourselves."

"That's just what we've made up our minds to," rejoined the son. "If we can't live on what missionary money we are to have, we will scratch for a living, like other poor emigrants."

"You can't pay your traveling expenses out there," said the old man.

"By selling my horse, and some other things, I can get there."

"And ride afoot when you get there, eh?"

"Well, I'm going. That's the long and short of it."

"Well, you can go to the devil, for all of me," said the old man, turning sharply away.

Mark was resolved not to be the dupe of his father, and Roxy, for her part, was rather pleased with the prospect of extreme poverty in the mission work. It filled her ideal. Indeed Colonel Bonamy was in every way disappointed in Roxy. She did not seem at all afraid of him, nor in the least conscious that she had married above her station, and she showed a resistance to his domineering will that was beyond anything he had imagined possible. His interviews in private with his daughter-in-law were a succession of defeats. She even showed, on occasion, a temper that seemed to him quite inconsistent with her general saintliness.

But Colonel Bonamy had not yet "played out his game," as he phrased it.

"Mark," he began, as they two sat together in the office one day, "you never asked me how I came out with your Rocky Fork girl."

"She's none of mine," said Mark.

"She shows rather strong proofs of your liking for her. You don't give your watch-seals and Testaments to every young convert, do you? Now, if Nancy were to bring a suit for breach of promise of marriage, these things might play the deuce with you. And she would have done it if it hadn't been for me. I kept the facts out of Lathers's hands, and I had hard work to keep her from coming in and making a row at the infare. If you and Mrs. Roxy are too stubborn, I don't know but that I'd better just let things take their course. I think you'd hardly set out on a mission to Texas with such charges against you." The old man emphasized this with a sinister laugh, very provoking to the other.

"You'd look well, setting such charges a-going against your own son," retorted Mark, reflecting that his father's family pride was protection enough from the execution of that threat.

But he was not at ease. Secretly he feared Nancy. Since his wedding, he had twice seen her at a distance in Luzerne, and had turned out of his way to keep from meeting her. This fear of Nancy was alone enough to determine him to get away to Texas by the next New Orleans boat. But at the same time, he dreaded an open break with his father. He knew the old man's love of mastery, and he did not know how far it might carry him. He no longer insisted that he was going, whether or no. The senior was lulled into security by his silence, believing that the enemy wavered, and that he should yet carry the day. And as days went by, with no visible preparations for his son's departure, the colonel thought that he was gaining time; and, since the others did not speak of it, he treated the matter as though it were tacitly settled as he wished.

But Mark had secretly sold his horse, had sent word by a friend to the captain of the steamboat "Duke of Orleans," then lying at Cincinnati, asking him to stop at Luzerne to take him and his wife aboard. Roxy's preparations were all made, but she did not like the secrecy which Mark enjoined. She could not bear to do right as though she were doing wrong.

As the time approached for him to depart, Mark felt that the storm would be all the more severe when it did burst upon him, and that he could not much longer keep the matter a secret, for all the brethren in the church wanted to know about it, and

they would wish to hold a farewell meeting on the coming Sunday. But he was relieved of all debate on the way in which he should communicate the matter to his father, by the accident that Lathers heard of the sale of his horse, and forthwith sauntered into Colonel Bonamy's office.

"Is Mark reelly goin', Colonel?" he began.

"Do you think he is, yourself?" retorted the old man, with a sudden suspicion that Lathers knew more than he did.

"I don' know what to think," said the sheriff. "Sometimes it seems like as ef he wuz, and then ag'in more like as ef he wuzn't."

"I'd a little rather he'd stay, Major, but I suppose he'll go," said Bonamy, affecting indifference.

"Did you know he'd sold his hoss and saddle?"

This was a thunder-clap to the colonel, but he did not let Lathers see the inward start it gave him.

"I believe he has sold several things. He didn't consult me, and I haven't asked who bought it."

"Done kind o' on the sly, wuzn't it?"

"He's a fool if he does things on the sly from me. He'll have to depend on me when he gets out there."

"Well, I heerd Ben Plunkett sayin' that he'd bought, but wuzn't to say anything about it till the time come. An' I thought a father ought to know what's goin' on in his own family."

"Oh, well, I know pretty well, Major, how the land lies. If they will be fools, let 'em. It's no lookout of mine."

Lathers left the office, but he was gratified to observe from the next street-corner, on which he had taken up a stand of observation, that the colonel went home soon afterward.

"Mark 'll ketch it now," he chuckled, all his innate love of mischief being tickled by the consciousness of having exploded a mine at a safe distance from himself.

Colonel Bonamy was bitterly disappointed at having all his ambitious hopes of Mark overturned, and doubly chagrined that the whole village had now guessed out his motive in consenting to Mark's wedding Tom Adams's daughter. In conceding so much, and in employing all his art to defeat Nancy Kirtley, he had only rendered his own humiliation the more complete.

He found Mark and Roxy in their own room, in the midst of preparations for going, and poured upon them, for half an

hour, the fiercest and most sarcastic things he could say, all uttered in his irritating, whining drawl. Mark was a coward, the colonel snarled. He had meant, if they *must* go, to keep his promise. But a man guilty of sneaking disobedience and ingratitude toward his father, wasn't fit to be a missionary. He would corrupt the people of Texas. It was in vain that Roxy tried to take the blame upon herself; the colonel's aristocratic gallantry did not forsake him for a moment. He gently waved her aside, and continued to berate Mark; for indeed he knew well that a wife would rather be scolded than have her husband denounced. Mark did not receive this lecture in the meekest way. Even Roxy could not restrain him, and he replied with a vehemence that brought both the sisters into the room.

Seeing that he prevailed nothing, and having wrought himself into a passion that put diplomacy out-of-doors, Colonel Bonamy, who gave himself credit for his dignified forbearance in not speaking a rude word to his daughter-in-law, did not mind saying words—sometimes with a keener edge for her than a personal insult would have had.

"It was of much use that I interferred to keep that Kirtley girl from giving you trouble," he said to Mark. "She would have stopped your wedding if I had let her. Didn't she stand out behind the garden and storm at you and Roxy by the hour on the night of the infare, and didn't it take both Whittaker and myself to quiet her?"

Mark turned pale at this, but extreme anger generally puts on an appearance of calmness.

"You know there is no truth in what she says, and yet you throw out innuendoes here in the presence of my wife and my sisters. We will leave your house right off, sir, and never sleep here again."

But here Janet caught hold of Mark, and then of her father, and then of Roxy, and begged them not to part in that way. She carried her tears and sobs round, and they were effectual. For, if a man will not listen to a crying woman's entreaty out of pity, he may yet yield because he hates a scene. See, for example, the story of the unjust judge.

"Mark's going away forever," pleaded the tender-hearted Janet. "Now, don't send him off this way. Don't go to-night, Mark. Please, Roxy, don't you let him go." And then she stopped and sobbed on Roxy's neck, and Roxy began to feel that

her burden was more than she could bear. She had strengthened herself against poverty and barbarism; but what are poverty and barbarism to scolding men and crying women?

"I didn't send him," said the old man. "It's only his way of treating his father." Then, softening a little, he said: "Come, Mark, don't let's quarrel any more. Of course I know the Kirtley story is all a lie. I oughtn't to have mentioned it, but you are so stubborn. Don't leave the house; it'll make trouble."

Without waiting for a reply, Colonel Bonamy went out, reflecting, with considerable satisfaction, that, go where she would, Roxy would be nettled by thoughts of Nancy Kirtley, and that the knowledge that Whitaker had heard Nancy's story, would multiply the trouble. The more he meditated on it, the more did he think his allusion to the Kirtley matter a master-stroke. "She'll be sorry she ever crossed me," he said.

Still, he could not but see that he had lost ground by his passion. He had set all his son's pride and anger in favor of going, and he had given the stubborn Roxy new motives for seeking a mission in Texas without delay.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE OVERTHROW OF BOTH.

THE oldest son of the Bonamy family, the namesake of the father, had "turned out bad," as the village phrase ran. He was vicious from the beginning. Much money and many beech switches were wasted in vain attempts to beat the Latin paradigms into him against his inclination. He was sent away to boarding-school after awhile, but the education he got there only made matters worse. When at last Colonel Bonamy stopped giving him money in order to throw him on his own resources, he preferred to live on other people's resources and so became a gambler, in New Orleans, the Sodom of that day; after shooting a fellow-blackleg in an affray he sailed thence to Brazil and was never afterward heard from. The second son, a lad of promise, died in childhood. It would be hardly fair to say that all the old man's affection had centered itself in Mark. All his family pride and fierce ambition were concentrated in the boy. He rejoiced to discover in him as he grew up a fine force and fire in declamation, which was lacking in himself. He was sure that with his own

knowledge of law and his shrewd "management" he could, by the help of Mark's eloquent delivery, maintain his ascendancy at the bar to the last, and bequeath to his son the property and the distinction of the family. This was his whole dream of immortality. He had looked on Mark's Whiggery as rather a good thing—both parties would be represented in the firm. He was rather glad of his sudden religious turn for the reason assigned in Watts's hymn, that it would save him "from a thousand snares, to mind religion young." When he got old he could take care of himself. At present Colonel Bonamy thought it a good thing in that it would check a tendency to dissipation that had given him uneasiness. He had thought favorably of Roxy in turn as an antidote to the Texan fever, and as one likely to make an economical wife, and restrain all wrong tendencies in her husband. For Colonel Bonamy hated all sin that interfered with success and no other. But now this Texas fool's-errand was a rock likely to wreck all his hopes and send him into old age disappointed and defeated.

Is it any wonder that during the last week before the coming of the "Duke of Orleans," every sort of persuasion, scolding, contention, persistent worrying and continual badgering were put in force against the young people, to weary them out of their purpose? Offers of property, persuasions by Mrs. Hanks, coaxings by Janet, remonstrances by Mr. Adams, were brought to the front through the scheming of the colonel. But in vain. Roxy would not disobey the heavenly voice for any entreaty; and Mark also good-naturedly credited himself with much martyr-like endurance. He had gone too far to yield now. Though, indeed, lying lazily there in the quiet coolness of the old brick house, listening to the rustle of the poplar leaves, hearing the old long clock ticking slowly its sixty beats a minute, soothed by the "chook, chook!" of the red-bird under the window, and the distant music of the blue-bird on the fence-stakes, flattered by the loving devotion of the most superb woman he had ever known, there were times when he wished that he and Roxy might give over the hardness of Texas and remain in the comfort and dignity that surrounded them. He might even have proposed the matter tentatively to Roxy had it not been for a fear of annoyance from Nancy Kirtley. He was young and active and at times zealous. Toil and hardship he could endure, but annoyance,

entanglement and perplexity were grievous to him.

As for Roxy, she was in ever deepening trouble. Her father's scoldings and persuasions disturbed, her aunt's preachment angered her. She could not look at Bobo, whose education must now be arrested entirely, without the bitterest regret. The poor fellow seemed to have caught some vague notion of the impending trouble, from words he had heard.

"What will Bobo do when Roxy's gone?" she heard him repeat dejectedly, but whether he fully understood a saying that he echoed in this way she could not tell. Sometimes a sharp pang of doubt crossed her mind whether it were her duty to leave the little garden of Bobo's mind to cultivate an unpromising patch in the great wilderness of heathendom. But then the great thought of soul-saving perplexed her logic as it has that of many another. Bobo would go to heaven anyhow, but how about the people in Texas? Then, too, there was Mark's ability of which she more and more felt herself the keeper. She must not thwart his great destiny. But in all these perplexities she had to stand alone. She could not support herself on Mark; his heroic resolutions leaned more and more for support upon her. She could not go to Twonnet. There was no one to ask.

Colonel Bonamy was restrained by his conventional gallantry from scolding Roxy, but no gallantry kept him from scolding at her. And no gallantry checked the innuendoes of Amanda, who held Roxy a sort of intruder in the family. But Amanda heartily hoped that Mark would take himself off to Texas if he wanted to go. She did not care to have either him or his wife at home to interfere with her mastery of things. And, indeed, the haughtiness of Amanda did not disturb Roxy so much as the tearful entreaties of Janet, whom she loved now with her whole girl's heart. Janet came into the place that Twonnet had occupied. She had so taken her color from Roxy that she had even braved her sister's scorn in making an attempt to take up the teaching of Bobo. But no patience or tact less than Roxy's could effect that.

Along with all of Roxy's other troubles she found herself a prey to what seemed to her a mean feeling, and this was a new and bitter experience for one struggling to lead the highest and most ideal life. She was unable any more to think of that dark Kirtley girl with composure. It pained her

to recall how lustrous were her black eyes, how magnificent her *tout ensemble*. What truth was there behind Colonel Bonamy's hints? Had Nancy Kirtley any claim on Mark? Her growing knowledge of the vain and self-indulgent element in her husband's disposition did not re-assure her. The only feeling in her heart that rivaled her religious devotion was her passionate love for Mark, and in proportion to her love was her desire to be sure of her entire possession. Lurking in a dark corner of her mind into which she herself was afraid and ashamed to look, was a suspicion that served as a spur to her pious resolution to carry the Texas mission into execution at once.

The farewell meeting was duly appointed to be held on the last Sunday that Mark was to be in Luzerne, but on Saturday morning Haz Kirtley's dray rattled up in front of Colonel Bonamy's door. The drayman called Mark out and told him that "the w'arf-master had just heerd from the 'Duke.' She laid all last night at Warsaw takin' on a hundred bar'ls of whisky, and would be down this evenin' about four o'clock."

So the farewell meeting must be given up. Haz was to call for the boxes and trunks at two o'clock that afternoon.

As for Nancy, she was not capable of forming any plan for detaining Mark except that of trying to regain her influence over him, and this seemed impossible since he steadily avoided meeting her, and she was dreadfully afraid on her part of a collision with the Colonel. But when at last she heard that Mark was about going she determined at least to gratify the resentment of wounded vanity. She put the Testament and the watch-seal in her pocket and took her stand on the wharf-boat at noon. When all the curiosity-seekers and all the church members should stand around to tell Brother Bonamy good-bye, she would make her speech, exhibit her trophies and thus "send that hateful Adams girl away with the biggest kind of a bumble-bee in her bonnet." And so for hours she paced up and down the wharf waiting for the arrival of the "Duke of Orleans."

The persistent Colonel Bonamy had not shown his usual self-control in his present defeat. Perhaps this was because it was the most notable and exasperating overthrow he had known; perhaps some oncoming nervous weakness—some gradual giving way of brain-texture—in a man of sixty, whose

life had been one of continual strain and excitement, had something to do with it. At any rate he now lost all self-restraint; and, what was the more remarkable, even something of his sense of conventional propriety. He stormed, and at last raved, at both Mark and Roxy.

"Never expect me to help you. Never expect me to write to you. Never come back here again. I will not have anything to do with you. You are no son of mine. I renounce you, now and forever!"

"Oh, please, sir," said Roxy, "please don't feel that way. We are only trying to do our duty. Mark loves you, and I love you. Please forgive us for giving you so——"

"Begone!" She had taken hold of his arm in her earnestness, and he now shook off her hand as though it were a snake. For either because there was a possibility of feeling on his part, or because there was not, Colonel Bonamy could not endure to have any appeal made to his emotions. "Begone! I don't want to see or hear of you again. Get out of the house at once!"

It was already time to go. Mr. Adams stood gloomily on the wharf-boat, waiting to see his Iphigenia sacrificed. He would not go to Bonamy's, because he thought the family had a sense of condescension toward him. Mrs. Hanks had taken Bobo to the river to see Roxy leave. Jemima was there. So was Twonnet, with her little brothers and sisters; Adolphe was throwing sticks into the water, in order to hear Bobo chuckle at seeing these tiny rafts float away on the broad current. There was an ever increasing crowd on the wharf to see Mark leave. Mr. Dale, the Methodist preacher, and the chief brethren were there; and Lathers stood alongside the melancholy and abstracted Mr. Whittaker, explaining to that gentleman the good Presbyterian influences under which he had been reared, and how his mother had raised him in the nursery and admonition of the Lord, like Mary Ann, the mother of Moses, and the like, you know. And ever as the crowd increased the Rocky Fork beauty, with that precious bumble-bee in her head which she meant to put in Roxy's bonnet when the time came, slunk away down one of the aisles between a row of bales of hay, where, half hidden in the obscurity, she could keep a good watch for the arrival of Mark and his wife. And several people in the crowd busied themselves with suggesting that Colonel Bonamy would not come to the wharf. Grandma Tartrum had

been seized that very day with an attack of "the rheumatics," and had to deny herself the fun of seeing the departure. But she had sent a faithful reporter in the person of her little grandson, Zeb, whose natural gift for eavesdropping and nosing had been much sharpened by judicious training.

The last struggle almost overcame even Roxy's constancy. What right had a son to tear himself away from an old father? It was a hard law that a man must hate father and mother for the Lord's sake. It was to her like performing an amputation. All her strength was gone, and there was yet the awful parting from her own father, and the farewell forever to Bobo and to Twonnet, in store for her. She hesitated. Mark was not so much affected; he was accustomed to suspect an ulterior aim in all that his father did, and he doubted the reality of his anger. It was but for a moment that the heart of Roxy faltered; then the duty of leaving all for the kingdom of heaven's sake, the Macedonian cry of lost souls in the wilderness, the loyalty to her Christ-service, all came back to fortify her resolution. Meantime Colonel Bonamy, having given rein to his passion, could not or would not restrain himself, but raved like a man demented.

"Tell me good-bye, wont you?" pleaded Roxy, going up to him at the very last moment, with the assurance of one who was born to exert an influence on people.

"I will not! Out with you!" cried Colonel Bonamy in a hoarse staccato.

Bidding Amanda and Janet farewell, Roxy turned to Mark, who had become calmer as his father grew more stormy. Mark's intellect always grew clearer and his will more direct in a time of trial. With perfect quietness he took leave of his sisters and started out the door, never so much as looking at his father. The carriage had been ordered back to the stable by the wrathful colonel, and there was nothing now for the young people but to walk to the landing.

"Good-bye, father Bonamy," said Roxy, turning her head regretfully toward him as she reached the door.

The old man turned. Whether he meant to speak kindly or fiercely Roxy could not tell. He only said "Roxy!" and came toward her. Mark, knowing his father's pertinacity, trembled inwardly, with a fear of some new form of attack. Would the old man say more about that Kirtley matter? But as he held out his hand to Roxy, he reeled. Mark ran toward him too late. He

fell at full length upon the floor, unconscious. Mark lifted him to the bed, and Roxy stood over him, with a remorseful feeling that she had somehow struck him down herself.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE "DUKE OF ORLEANS."

At a little before four o'clock the "Duke of Orleans" came around the head of the island. She was one of the typical "lower country" boats of that day. The mail boats were built light of draught, and, for that time, swift of speed; the stern-wheelers and the insignificant, old-fashioned "chicken-thieves" were still lighter. But the lower country boat was heavy in build, deep in draught, slow in the revolution of her wheels; with a sturdy, bull-dog look when seen in front, and an elephantine solemnity of motion when viewed at broadside, the wheels seeming to pause at each semi-revolution. The lower country boat of that day defied all time-tables. She started whenever she was ready, and she stopped as often and as long as she found occasion. The arrival of a New Orleans boat at the wharf of one of the river towns at this time of the year was a great event. It was only in an exceptional season that there was water enough in the channel for such craft above the falls of the Ohio in October.

Now that the boat had actually come around the island, the fact that Mark and Roxy were not anywhere yet to be seen was a great disappointment to people on the wharf. They were, perhaps, to be cheated out of their spectacle; they would not see Roxy's tears, nor any of the other entertaining things they had a right to expect. Mr. Adams moved testily to and fro, fearing he knew not what. Twonnet strained her eyes up Ferry street in vain; Granny Tartrum's boy, Zeb, was exceedingly active in the effort to find out what it all stood for; and the wharf-master's little brown dog dashed about in a way that showed how keenly he also felt that a crisis had come, and that something ought to be done. The "Duke" approached with majestic tardiness, her captain ringing the great bell on the hurricane deck in a slow and imperious fashion. He rang five great taps, which were echoed faintly in the distant hills. If he had stopped at three, it would have signified that he intended only to send out the yawl for his passengers; but the five solemn tolls were the sign of a landing. Then the

boat "rounded to,"—brought her bow round so as to point her head upward against the stream. The line was thrown out to the wharf-boat and caught by the wharf-master, who, with Haz Kirtley's help, quickly took a turn with it round the check-post. This important operation was vigilantly superintended by the little brown dog, who, with tail in the air, ran around the check-post till the line was made fast, and then dashed away to attend to the running out of the "walk-plank."

Here was the boat and here the baggage; but the passengers were not. But now came galloping down the street an old negro, appendage from time immemorial of the Bonamy family, who rode his plow-horse to a most unwonted speed as he sat with legs projecting forward and outward, holding to the reins of his bridle with one hand, while he gripped the mane with the other to keep himself from being thrown by the awkward plunges of the stiff old animal. This spectacle set all the small boys laughing at Uncle Bob, and the attention of the crowd was divided between the negro and the steamboat. Reining his horse in the very edge of the river, the old man called out:

"I say, dah! Is de doctah on boa'd dah?"

The doctor was soon brought to the front of the crowd on the wharf-boat.

"I say, dah! Doctah! de cunnel's done had a stroke, or sumpin. Tumbled right down in middle ob de flo'. Git on heah and go quick. Be mighty spry now, I say, else ye wont see no cunnel when ye git dah. He done be dead afo' ye git dah."

The doctor took the negro's place, and the horse was soon charging back again through the town, while the steamboat captain with reluctance pulled in his line and left without his passengers. The crowd felt that a serious illness on the part of Colonel Bonamy repaid them but poorly for their disappointment; but they fell at once to making the most of it, by disputing whether it was Colonel Bonamy who had been struck by Mark, or Mark who had been struck by apoplexy. Granny Tartrum's little boy ran home breathless to tell about it; and, rheumatics or no rheumatics, the old lady felt herself called upon to hobble into the street and assail the passers-by with all sorts of questions about the case. Who struck whom? What was it? Was he likely to live?

As the facts came to be known with clearness, some folks thought it a sin and a shame for a son to disobey his father, and

be the death of him in that way. Pretty Christian he was, wasn't he, to be sure, now, for certain.

Some of the more lugubrious were sure that it was a judgment. Wasn't Uzzah slain for putting his hand upon the ark of God? Didn't Ananias and Sapphira die for lying? Colonel Bonamy'd learn not to oppose God, and it was good for him, and served him right besides, and was no more than he deserved, over and above.

Nancy went home, carrying the bumble-bee with her, but vowing she'd pay 'em up. She somehow looked upon Colonel Bonamy's stroke as one of the means taken to defeat her by the family. But she'd pay 'em up, yet. Give her half a chance, and she'd git Mark away from that Adams girl. Roxy Adams wasn't no great shakes, that all the town should turn out to see her off, now. It might better have been herself than Roxy. She wouldn't have minded going to Texas with Mark.

And Whittaker, who had observed Nancy's curious behavior on the wharf-boat, went home, putting this and that together, troubling himself with forebodings about Roxy's future, and with griefs about his own disappointment, and with questionings whether he had done quite right or not. He, at least, had a bumble-bee in his head, for he walked the floor of the upper porch half the night.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A MONITOR IN MASK.

THE next day after the passage of the "Duke of Orleans" being Sunday, Mother Tartrum contrived to keep the most conflicting rumors a-going in regard to the condition of Colonel Bonamy. She stood at the gate all day, hailing the negro messenger, the doctor going, the doctor returning, and everybody else, in turn, hearing where they had information, or thought they had, and telling her latest, where they had none.

On Monday morning Whittaker rose, after a sleepless night, and thought it his duty to call at Colonel Bonamy's, and inquire after his health. If, perchance, he were dead of apoplexy, the minister could condole with the family, and if he were better, he might sympathize with the patient. Anyhow, he would have a chance to speak with Mark about his plans of life, and he might happen to meet—say Amanda, or Janet, or—or well, yes, but that was not to

be desired at all; though he might, by some strange accident, see Roxy herself. He did not admit to himself that the dull agony that had kept him awake the livelong night, promised to be quieted a little, if that he could but look into the face of Roxy, and hear her voice.

It was Roxy whom he met at the door, and who was startled at the wan look of his face. She asked him to sit on the vine-covered front porch, and she told him, in answer to his inquiries, that Colonel Bonamy was lying quietly asleep in his room at the right; that he had had a stroke of paralysis from apoplexy; that his right side was quite powerless, but they hoped he would recover. She was dressed in a fresh calico, and her exertions for the sick man had brought back a little of the wonted look of peace, benevolence, and hopefulness to her face. When she could act in the direction natural to her, she was happy—when her energetic spirit was thwarted, it became an energetic temper; and the conflict between her irritability and her conscience produced the most morbid fitfulness of disposition. But now she could act with certainty and in straight lines again.

"You will not go to Texas yet?" said Mr. Whittaker.

"We do not know anything about the future. Our duty is very plain for the present." And Roxy put an emphasis on the last words that expressed her content at present release from the complexities of her life since her marriage.

"Good morning, Mr. Whittaker," said Janet. "Papa is awake now, and we can't understand what he wants. Roxy, you'll have to come. He says he wants 'Roly,' or something of the sort."

With a hasty "excuse me," and a "good-morning," Roxy disappeared through the hall into the room of the sick man.

"Poor pappy!" said Janet, adhering to the older speech of the country in saying "pappy," "he is unable to speak plain, and he forgets the names of things. But Roxy guesses what he wants, and he wont have anybody about him but her. I suppose he meant her when he said 'Roly' just now. He calls me 'Jim.' But the doctor thinks he'll get well. If he does, it will be from Roxy's nursing."

Mr. Whittaker rose to depart, but just then Mark came out, and the two walked down between the Lombardies together. They were a fair contrast,—Whittaker's

straight form, rather light complexion, studious and scrupulous look, with Mark's well-nourished figure, waving black hair, and face that betokened a dangerous love of ease and pleasure. He told Whittaker that this stroke of his father's would perhaps do away entirely with the project of going to Texas. He would have to take charge of his father's business until his recovery.

"You will probably enter the ministry here in Indiana then?" said Whittaker.

"I don't know what I shall do."

Whittaker thought he saw that Mark's plans were already turning to other things. For, indeed, Mark felt that now he was relieved from any committal to the public or to Roxy in the matter of ministerial work. He would rather enter upon the tempting field of activity opened up by the passing into his hands of his father's business.

The sight of Roxy had been a pleasure to Whittaker, but five minutes in the sunshine only makes a coal-pit the blacker. He went home, thinking that, after all, paralysis of the body was better than his own paralysis of heart and purpose. But to shake off his lethargy was a difficult thing. His congregation was small, and did not occupy his time. His efforts at study were vague and vain. He had been fond of dabbling in language-study, but even his love of languages had died within him, and he turned the leaves of his dictionaries and thought of Roxy, and dreamed of might-have-beens without number.

On the afternoon of this same day, he sat with his head leaning out of the window. There was a copy of Bossuet's "*Oraisons Funèbres*" by his side, but even that *funeste* reading could not attract his attention. He had too real a sense of the fact that life was indeed *néant, néant*, to care for Bossuet's pompous parade of its magnificent nothingness. For Bossuet manages to make nothingness seem to be something grand and substantial—even royal. One would be willing to be a king, for the sake of feeling this sublime nothingness and vanity that he describes so picturesquely.

Whittaker was leaning thus out of the window, and dreamily gazing at the pale green sycamores that will grow nowhere but fast by the rivers of waters, when there lighted on his head with a sudden blow, a paper ball. He started, looked upward. There was nothing to be seen but the garret window in the gable above. But he had hardly looked away before another ball

descended upon him. He knew very well what sprite had thrown them. He looked away again, this time with a smile; then turning his eyes upward again, he caught the third paper missile full on his nose, and got sight of the mischief-full face of Twonnet, just as it was disappearing, with a sharp little cry of "Oh!" at seeing where the ball had struck.

"You are caught," he said, and then the blushing face re-appeared, looking exceedingly sweet, draped as it was by long curls hanging forward as she leaned out of the window, like Dante Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" looking out of heaven.

"I wouldn't have done it," she said, "but you look so like a funeral to-day. I don't like to see you that way."

"How can I help it, Twonnet?"

Her face was serious a moment. Then she laughed.

"To think that you would ask advice of such a giddy rattle-pate as me. Everybody knows that I'm only a mischievous little fool with a shallow head, and besides I'm only a child, as you know. See here!" She held a doll out of the window. "I've never quite given up doll-babies yet. I keep this old thing hid away in this end of the garret where nobody else ever comes, and I slip up here sometimes and play with it till I feel like a goose, and then I go down-stairs and try to be a woman. I wish I had sense enough and I would give you some advice."

"You've got more sense than you pretend to have. It might have been better for two or three people if I'd followed your advice and not Highbury's, before. If you wont hit me with any more paper balls I'll listen to anything you say. Some things are revealed to—little children."

"There, you call me a babe! That's worse than all. Now the advice I have to give is serious and I'm not ready yet. You ought to hear it from some one older than I am." And she withdrew her head.

Whittaker wondered what she meant. Was she waiting to frame into words what she had to say? Or, was she trying to get courage to say what she thought? Or, was she making game of him as she had of Highbury?

In a minute there appeared at the garret window the face of an old woman in frilled white cap and spectacles and a red neckerchief. The face seemed wrinkled and the voice was quivering and cracked. The words were uttered slowly and solemnly

and with a pronunciation a little broken with a French accent.

"You must not think about her now. It is very bad. It will do harm to everybody. Get to work and put far away these evil thoughts and wishes that can do no good. She is his and you *must* not think about her."

The head had disappeared before Whittaker could realize that it was but Twonnet in masquerade. He felt vexed to think she had guessed the secret of his thoughts. Then he was lost in wonder at the keen penetration and deep seriousness hidden under this volatile exterior. And he was annoyed that she had ventured to rebuke him, a minister, and to imply that he was likely to go wrong. Then he honestly tried to see the truth of what she said. At any rate he resolved to think no more of Roxy.

But when the human mind gets down hub-deep into a rut of thinking, it is hard to lift it out. He could not study, or walk, or talk, without this numb paralysis of wishing and thinking creeping over him. It was in vain that he studied the tables of Italian definitions hung about his room. He could not remember them. He preferred reading Petrarch's sonnets to Lady Laura, which he had forbidden himself. This struggle went on for two days. Twonnet did not take any notice of it. She laughed and sang French *rondeaux* and English songs, and gamboled with the children, and chatted in superficial fashion with Mr. Whittaker, and scolded at things about the house that went wrong, until he was more than ever puzzled by this doubleness. He could not explain it, and he contented himself with calling her in his thoughts "that witch of a girl." He would have been yet more perplexed had he known that after her merriest laughter and her wildest frolics with the children, and her most bubbling and provoking banter, she would now and then elude the little sister "Teet" in some dark corner and escape to the garret where she could have a good cry under the rafters. Then she would take

up the old doll and caress it, saying, as the tears slowly dropped upon it:

"Nobody cares for *me*. Everybody loves Roxy because she is good. But nobody loves Twonnet—poor, wild, foolish, empty-headed Twonnet. Nobody loves me but you, old doll."

And all this in the teeth and eyes of the fact that Dan Barlow, the newly arrived young lawyer, had walked home with her from church the Sunday evening before, and that more than one other would have offered her company at any time if there had not been a sly twinkle in her eyes that made them afraid of Twonnet's ridicule. But she cried in this inconsistent fashion and declared that nobody loved her. And five minutes after she would be dashing about the house, broom in hand, singing in a wild, reckless, cat-bird-like cheerfulness:

"Every lassie has her laddie,
Ne'er a ane hae I."

But beneath all this mirth and banter of the girl, Whittaker knew now that there lay the deep seriousness of the woman. How deep and serious her nature might be he could not tell. Conscience, shrewdness, courage—these he had seen. What else was there? At any rate he knew that Twonnet was expecting something of him. The vivacious, incomprehensible Swiss prattler had become a monitor to the grave minister, all the more efficient that she said no more than enough. So it came to pass that the soul of the man awoke and said to itself: "Whittaker, you are bad. You are thinking and dreaming about another man's wife and what might have been. This is a good way to be worthless or wicked. You must get to work."

And after a good lecture to himself he said to Twonnet:

"I am going to start a school."

"That's good; I will go. But I am a dull scholar. I hate arithmetic and all my teachers hate me."

That was all the response he got.

(To be continued.)

LISSY.

"BLESS me!" said Mrs. Zib, "bless me!" As she was always desirous of being blessed, and also given to express such a wish concerning others, I was not alarmed at her abrupt speech, but simply experienced a certain quiet amusement as I looked from my pillow at her. She was small and spare, with sharp features and little, keen eyes,—never handsome at the best of times; but now, as she sat in the low rocker beside the stove, with nothing on her black-stockinged feet, and the rest of her dress a short gown and petticoat, with a remarkably plain, peaked night-cap on her head, she might fairly have claimed a distant relationship to the witch of Endor. "Bless him!" she continued, peering at the small, week-old bundle of humanity on her lap; "he's got the stomach-ache. Let Auntie rock him a little. There! there!" with an inimitable rising and falling inflection on each word. "He did have pain, so he did. There! there! Now he's quieting. My, only a quarter past two! Well, I declare!" with a surprised look at the watch on the stand.

"Only a quarter past two, Mrs. Zib? Dear, dear! Methought I heard a voice cry, 'Sleep no more! Macbeth doth murder sleep!'"

"Ha!" she said, looking quickly at me, as if I needed a strait-jacket. "Bless you, hadn't you better take your medicine, child? You haint got no fever, no chill, or nothing?"

"No, Auntie; I was only repeating something Shakspeare said. He used to write a little,—had some books printed. Did you ever read them?"

"Never," with a strong congratulatory emphasis. "Never read no novel stuff in my life. I've never read nothing but sometimes a newspaper, and the Bible, and a hymn-book of a Sunday. Fact is, I never had the time, and never had no books. I never went to school a day after I was ten year. I was sixteen when I married Lorenzo, and you guess we had a hard pull to get the farm, and pay for't, and keep the children in food and clothes. They came as near together as steps in a ladder, and the farm was poor at the best, and we was unlucky losing stock. I know one year a distemper carried the sheep off, and one of the cows overlaid her calf, and the best horse of the team broke his leg. As I said to Lorenzo, there was old Squire Demarest,

with money in the bank and never a child to save for, and I did think as how it would have been more fair-like for Providence to have taken a slice out of his things, for he never would have felt it.

"Then, to beat all, 'Renzo was took down with rheumatiz and fever. Goody gracious! looking back over it all, I don't hardly see how we pulled through. It's quite a satisfaction to think the worst is over, though Lorenzo never could have any satisfaction of it, poor man, for he died just as the farm was clear. The children was quite a good size when I first took to nursing and doing odd jobs at times for the neighbors. Lizzie, she was big enough to do the common work and see to father and the children, and when I got home again I mended and scrubbed for dear life, and fixed everything up square again. 'Renzo, he was willing I should go. He was always willing to have me earn an honest penny, poor man. Never foolish like some men, thinking their wives hadn't a right to do for themselves.

"That's a queer, old-fashioned pitcher standing there on your mantel, child. Makes me think, for all the world, of one they had over to John Wilkes's. Keep it there for a curiosity, eh, because it's old? My, I'd rather have one of them beautiful big green vases from the dollar store in New York, than that ugly thing, with those naked children running over its sides. It is for all the world just like Granny Wilkes's pitcher. Many's the time I've given Lissy a drink out of it. 'Just a little water, Aunt Becky, please,' she'd say; 'I'm so very, very dry.' Poor creetur, it's many a long year since. But 'taint no trouble for me to see her now in my mind as she was then, with her big, brown eyes, and thin face, and them long, thin hands o' hern.

"She was Granny's son Jake's wife. Granny and Jake was a couple, now I can tell you! I don't know which would go the furthest to get a cent. They was rich, too. There was two hundred acre of land in the farm, lots of stock, field after field in wheat and grain, a good water privilege, and plenty of good timber. Granny was a master hand to work,—always busy, and always proud of telling how much she did. She was a sot woman in her way,—sotter than any body I ever knew, except Jake, and he was bad enough. Granny and he always got

along good enough together, though; they both worked and saved right along steady. Jake was quite on in years—thirty, I guess—when he married Melissy Drake. Lissy was a nice, plain girl; nobody ever found any fault with her, that I knew on. She used to make dresses, coats, pants and vests for the neighbors, and was handy funeral and wedding times. Folks said Jake had a good wife, though some kind o' wondered how the match come about. How did Jake look, did you say? Well, he wa'n't a bad-looking man, by no means. He was tall and kind of spare, with black hair and eyes, and a small, straight nose. Somehow, I remember his nose, it was so straight,—came out sharp as a line in his shadder on the wall, as I used to look up at it from my mending on an evening.

"I suppose Lissy thought considerable of him when he was courting her; he could be quite pleasant when he had a mind, but laws! it takes living with folks to know 'em. Folks is uncertain creatures.

"Lissy Drake was in luck to marry him, so people said generally, and so she was, if being up to the elbows in work, and having a sot old woman to criticise all she did, was luck, commonly speaking. Granny was one of them folks as never give you any praise. She had her good traits too. Many's the woman she went cheerfully and tended to when she was sick; but then, as I said, she was so uncommon sot.

"Lissy settled down quiet as you please. Jake drew the reins pretty tight after they were man and wife. She was busy with this and busy with that, and found her hands full, I reckon. Some of the folks felt a little hard because she didn't return their visits and give 'em the chance to come again, but the truth was Jake was too mean to have company on account of the extra victuals; and I leave it to you, what woman of spunk was going to have company come and give them nothing better than rye biscuits and apple-sauce? So by-and-by, she got so she didn't go anywhere but to church,—she was a professor,—and tired out and peaked enough she looked sitting there in the pew between Jake and his mother.

"Folks talked though, how she wore the same bonnet a whole year, which wasn't needful for folks in their circumstances; but Lissy kept her own counsel, and though 'twas said she never had one copper to spend and had to go to Jake if she wanted so much as a pair of stockings, she told no

tales. Si Smith, the boy who worked there, used to tell his mother some things, and Mis' Smith—we was neighbors—she told me, not in the way of gossip, but we both liked Lissy and kind of mistrusted she was better off as Lissy Drake than Mrs. Jacob Wilkes.

"Si went in all of a hurry one day, his mother said, to git a hammer out of the closet on the left hand side of the stove, and there set Lissy on a chair by the window, her head in her hands, sobbing fit to break her heart.

"She didn't hear him first, she was so taken up with grieving, but when she did she started up all of a flutter and actually tried to laugh a little. 'I'm a big baby Si,' she says, 'crying for a headache,' and with that she burst out crying again and threw her apron over her face. Si said he would have given his only dollar if he could 'a' said something to cheer her, but he could only hurry and git the hammer and go.

"Mis' Smith said she guessed if Lissy had said she was crying for a heartache she would have come nigher the truth.

"It was in November that Jake drove over to our house one day—we lived only four mile from the Widder's—and asked me to go over home with him for a couple of weeks. Lissy had a boy-baby two weeks old, and wa'n't able to be around yet, which seemed to hurt Jake's feelings mightily, and Granny was down every other day with the fever an' ager, and it was killing-time, and everything to see to, and if I'd come he'd do the fair thing by me. Of course I went over; our hogs were killed and salted, and the sausage and head-cheese made, and I knew Lizzie could get along alone for a while, and I calculated I could earn enough for a Sunday suit around for the children. Lissy was ever so glad to see me, and so proud of her baby, which was a big bouncing boy, but I could see she was sore in mind about not getting well quicker. 'Jest you never mind,' I says, when we were alone together, 'and don't let me hear another word about your setting up in bed to mend the clothes; if you haint earned the right to take it easy for a while, nobody has; jest pet your baby and be satisfied.' With that she broke out praising the baby to me. 'He was so sweet,' she said. 'Did I ever see a brighter looking child for his age? Oh, she loved him so! he was all her own! mother's precious angel!'

Granny, who had just come in to get

some clothes out of the cedar chest, turned around short and sharp, hearing Lissy go on like that.

"Don't be a fool," she said. "I thought consid'able of Jake when he was little, but I never said such foolish stuff about him. Some folks lack sense."

"Lissy only hugged the baby closer and kissed it. She never was a hand to talk back.

"I wanted to know, when Granny and I were out in the kitchen alone, what the doctor said about Lissy.

"Doctor," says Granny, touched like. "As if I don't know more about sickness than half the doctors! Lissy haint the ambition to pick up, that's the whole of it. There is that baby, two weeks old, and there she is content to lie abed and be waited on, jest now in killing-time too! I was up on the ninth day when Jake was a baby and did all my work when he wasn't three weeks old."

"All folks aint alike," I says, consid'able riled.

"Poor Lissy, they didn't fuss or fix up anything to tempt her appetite.

"She needs some delicacies," I said, right out, the next day after she had tried to eat the victuals Granny sent in to her and failed. "Pork and buttermilk aint the fare for her, or rye bread either. Git her some chocolate and wheat bread and oranges, I'll answer that she'll never get well if she don't eat more than she does now."

"Tut, tut, Becky," says Granny, who was frying pumpkin bread on the griddle. "Don't take foolish, fancy notions; common victuals was always plenty good enough for me, and so they are for Lissy, if she only thought so. Some folks don't know what they want."

"Come, come, mother, hurry up with that bread," calls Jake, who was a-setting drumming his knife on the table; "I've got to be off with that load of apples jest as soon as I can."

"And don't you forget to buy your wife some wheat bread and a cake of chocolate and some oranges, when you are in Rye," I said boldly, knowing the only way was to take the bull by the horns. "And now, Granny, I'll take the skillet and poach Lissy an egg; may be she'll relish it."

"Eggs are three cents apiece," says she, a little riled.

"Coffins are dearer," I says, cracking the shell.

"When Jake come home from Rye that

night with those apples turned into hard cash and clinking in his pocket, I was curious to see if he had got anything for Melissy. There was a cake of chocolate, sure enough, a loaf of bread, and *one specked orange*. Gospel truth, child.

"Well, Lissy drunk the chocolate and eat the bread crumbled into it, but she didn't grow a bit stronger, and then Granny took a new wrinkle.

"Twa'n't good for Lissy to give suck to the baby," she said, "or have it with her. It was actually losing flesh, for Lissy's milk wasn't good for it; she had brought up Jake by hand, guess she could his baby. So she'd take him away entirely from his mother." So she takes the little fellow out in the kitchen away from Lissy.

"I'll do Granny the justice to say she didn't do it out of spite or ill-nature. But she was sot in her way, you know, and really thought she was doing the best thing. But it did seem to me awful hard on Lissy. Oh, how she went on! She begged Jake to interfere and let her have it.

"Just leave it in the room with me," she said. "Let it lie here on the other side of the bed so I can only look at it. I'll feed it myself; an' it sha'n't have my milk if it hurts it. Oh, Jake! I will die if you take my baby from me. If ever you did love me a little, coax Granny to leave me my baby."

"I suppose Jake thought it was tantrums, and besides he wanted the baby, seeing it was a boy, to thrive, and he couldn't understand Lissy's feelings, for he himself cared nothing about seeing and handling little babies, so he just loosed Lissy's hands off his, and says, gruff-like,

"Don't make a baby of yourself, Liss; mother knows what's best," and goes out, and I had that crying, wild creature on my hands. I declare I never knew Liss could take on so. She got hysteriky and went on so I was frightened for her. "Even God does not feel for me!" she screamed out once, but she was sorry for saying it a while after, and she told me she had prayed to Him to forgive her."

"Did Granny give in and bring the baby back to her?"

"Bless you, child, no, if you'd known how uncommon sot in her way Granny was, you'd never 've asked that question.

"We were powerful busy after that, what with killing and the extra work, but once a day I found time to carry that child into Lissy's room for her to see him. It seemed as if she was fairly crazy with joy then; she

never minded me, only just looked at him and kissed him, and talked to him, and the little fellow actually nestled in her arms as if he was happy at being by her.

"But Lissy didn't chirp up a bit, and when I went back home I told Mis' Smith I actually couldn't make out what ailed her. It didn't seem to be consumption, it was a gradual weakening of the whole system. 'It's heart troubles, you may depend,' says she. 'Si has told me things,' and then the aggravating creetur stopped right up and wouldn't say another word. It was all of two weeks before I found time to go over to the Wilkes's again. I had Lissy on my mind, though, every day, and one Saturday, after I'd been frying doughnuts,—mine were always so light and puffy that 'Renzo and the youngsters couldn't allow that they ever had enough of them,—I jest made up my mind to go over and see how she was getting on and take her some fresh cakes. Father was going over to Rye with corn and I rode as far as the Widder's with him. He would be going home again about nine, so I could have quite a visiting spell.

"But, bless me, how Lissy had failed! I saw it plain the moment I set eyes on her. Not that she was pale—her cheeks had a bright crimson spot on 'em, and her eyes shone like stars; but she was so wasted, so worn. She began right to me the minute Granny was out of the room, in a heart-broken sort of way.

"Some days Granny never brings the baby in to me at all,' she says. 'Never once when she's very busy; and I just lie and listen to hear it cry, or make some sound. Aunt Becky, it aint for my good: it's killing me!'

"I didn't wait to hear no more, but just started off for that child; and jest then, as luck would have it, in came Mis' Jones from the mill and her daughter, to see the folks and spend the afternoon, and of course the baby had to be showed round and talked over. Lissy hadn't no eyes for anything or anybody but that little thing. She watched greedy-like when they was handling it, and talking about its weight and its looks. And then she says to me, panting-like, '*I can't wait!* I haven't had him for two days. Oh, let me have him!' And I just laid the child by his mother, and says, 'Granny, take the folks out in the kitchen; Lissy don't seem fit for company to-day.' And I went out, too, and sot with them awhile, for Mis' Jones could tell the neighborhood news always.

"I slipped in the room again, after awhile, to see how Lissy was getting along, and there she was, a real happy look on her face, and the baby a-sleeping quietly, close to her breast. So I went out again, and says to Granny, 'Let the baby alone; he is asleep;' and I helped her get tea early, for Mis' Jones had quite a ways to go.

"Now, though Lissy didn't seem actually to be long for this world, yet nobody thought of her dropping off sudden. Leastwise, I never did when I took her tea in to her, with something a little extra on her plate, on account of company. She didn't seem to want to eat, and wouldn't take her arms from round the baby. So I thought I'd let her have her way; poor thing, she didn't get it often. I thought, though, she was talking to me when I turned to pick up a crumb I had let fall; but she wasn't. She seemed clean to have forgot me, and was saying slow-like, 'O Father, for Christ's sake, let me have my baby in heaven!' Them's just the words. Then she said something about the sun setting early, and spoke about her own mother, who had been dead for a long spell. It was odd talk, and I turned to look at her sharp. Sure enough, she was going. The shadder was on her face!

"I had them all in in no time. But she never spoke again, and somehow we never thought to take the baby from her till it was all over. And may be something or other frightened him, for he cried pitiful when we took him away. But there was the sweetest smile on Lissy's face. I never could understand why she, of all people, should die smiling.

"She was buried two days after; had a big funeral, for the Wilkeses were known by most everybody. They had a deal of trouble, though, to get her grave dug, the ground was frozen so hard. Somehow, I couldn't feel sorry that she was gone. She was a professor, and seemed to me she was best off in heaven. As for Jake, he never was a hand to say anything, so nobody could tell how he felt about it. He married again, though, jest a year to a day after. But, as I was going to say, it always struck me as curious that Lissy's baby followed after her so soon. Granny did her best for it; but somehow or other, though it was a nice, healthy-looking child, it went all of a sudden; and if ever you saw anything that looked like an angel, it was that little creetur after it was laid out in Granny's parlor, and Granny seemed more upshot by its going than I would have believed. They laid it

right alongside of its mother, and neither of them graves had a tombstone for a long spell.

"But my, your eyes are like two moons, child! No more sleep in them than any-

thing! Tell you something more? Bless you, not another word do I tell you this night. Put the baby by you? Yes, I will; and now go right to sleep. Bless you!"

THE ASTRONOMER.

HE dwells not on the common earth,
He breathes of a sublimer breath,
He marks the wandering comet's birth,
He sees the planet's fiery death.

When first the star of evening glows,
Then, looking through the purple gloom,
Like Persian gardens of the rose
He sees the fields of heaven a-bloom

With starry clusters, all unseen,
Set on the brow of utmost night,
That in their loveliness serene
Shine only on his favored sight.

Entranced, enrapt, he reads the stars;
This spirit, flame-like, fills his breast;
What wonder, should it break its bars
And leave his body here to rest!

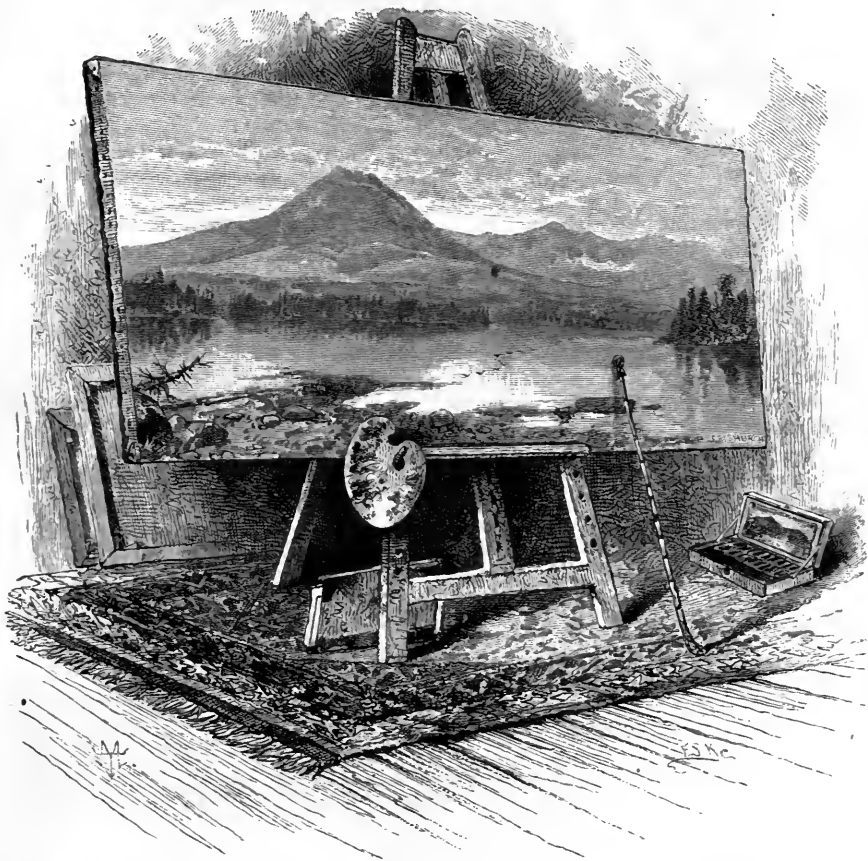
Wrought up to speechless ecstasy,
How easy were it now to spurn
The bonds of life, and soar away
Where those eternal beacons burn!

Fear not! Ye do not know what chain
Binds him to earth with links full strong.
Art has no balm for Love's sweet pain;
E'en now he thinks his vigil long.

Far in the lowly valley gleams
Her light, who, patient, waits for him,
And all the lore of starry dreams
Whene'er he glances there, grows dim.

And ere the touch of morning charms
To gold yon dark and clouded west,
He sinks within her faithful arms,
Like the tired eagle on his nest.

CAMPS AND TRAMPS ABOUT KTAADN.



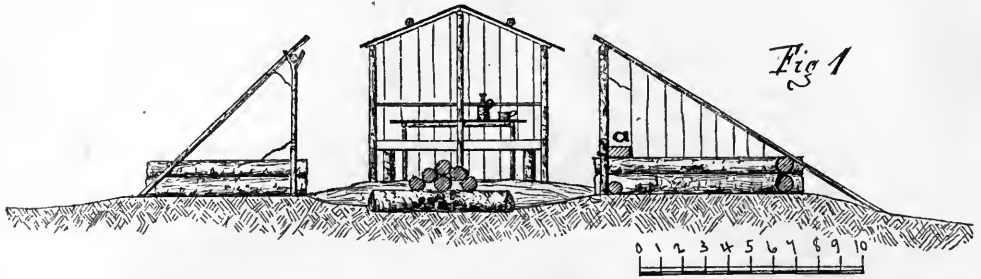
KTAADN, FROM THE SOUTH SHORE OF THE LAKE.—FROM A STUDY BY F. E. CHURCH.

THAT noble mountain Ktaadn,* towering grand and peculiar out of the vast and undulating forest of northern Maine, its lofty head a pyramid with ragged apex as of a volcano, its ever luminous face looking serenely southward and mirrored in a hundred lakes, its huge body lying leagues along to the north and plowed into gorges by the glaciers of æons,—Ktaadn and its retinue of magnificent domes, sole representatives of the primal continent,—all these have been sung by the poet and portrayed by the painter. We shall not follow Winthrop in

his artistic descriptions of this scenery, nor Thoreau in his intimate searches in forest life and frontier art and custom, nor even essay a sportsman's picture of wood and lake delights; but try to present a practical view of camp-life, with interspersions of tramp and camp incident and observation.

Imagine that you are fifty miles from any railway, twenty-five from the nearest highway, and thirteen from a practicable footing for any apparatus of transportation other than human legs; that you have come to stay a month; that your party, some of whom are not strong, is to be wholesomely and plentifully fed, and protected against rain, frost, and probably snow; that the forest affords no other habitation or subsistence to you than to the wild animals about you; that game is uncertain, and fish, while large enough, indeed, to delight the sports-

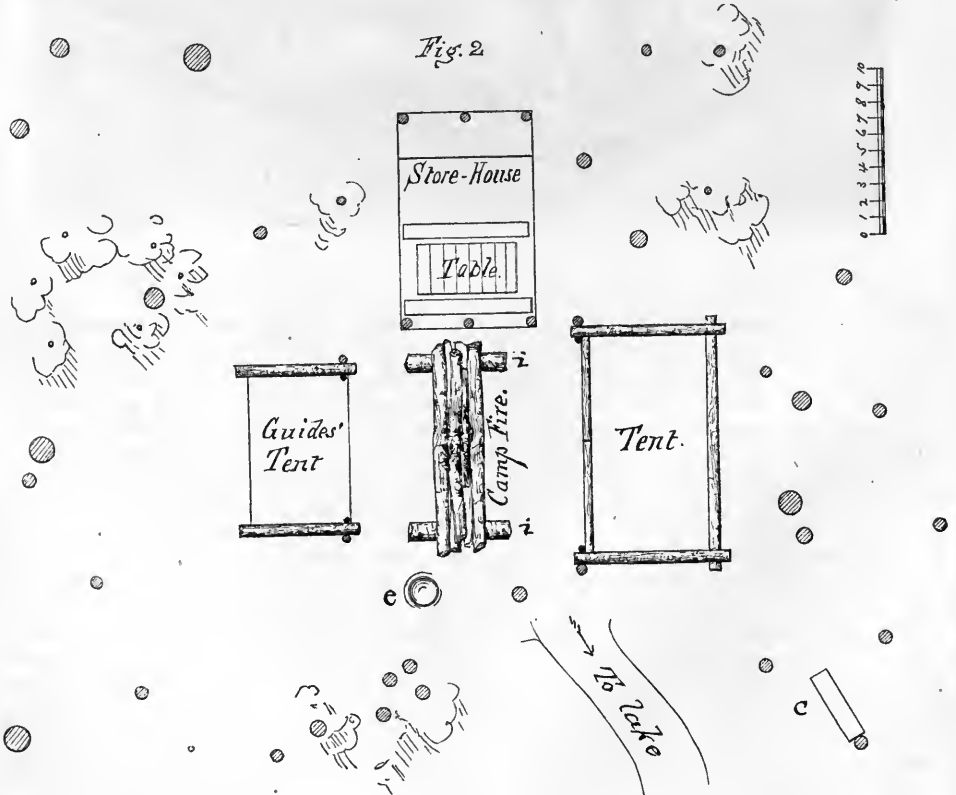
* The orthography—Ktaadn—is not that of the maps; the Maine State College people, who ought to be allowed to name their own mountains, insist upon "Ktahdin." But those eminent authorities, Thoreau and J. Hammond Trumbull,—the latter our best expert in Indian nomenclature,—prescribe the spelling here adopted.



CROSS SECTION OF CAMP.

man, are not plentiful enough to insure subsistence;—fancy this, and you will indeed have come short of a lumberman's idea of roughing it; but you will have put yourself in a puzzle over two propositions—1st, as the woods provide little, much must be carried in; 2d, as little can be carried in, the woods must furnish much. The resultant of these opposed ideas may be expressed by the following formula:—skill \times pork + blankets = success. Skill, in the form of experienced and strong guides, transports itself and the other necessities; pork means heat and tissue in the smallest compass;

warm and water-proof clothing are obviously indispensable. This is an expression of the essential in its simplest form; but it is quite practicable to add common supplies which the tonic air of the woods will turn into luxuries,—it is a mere question of more guides to do more “backing.” Hard-bread, tea, sugar and a few lemons (anti-scorbutic) are indispensable; beans, wheat flour and baking powders, potatoes, rice and a few raisins (a little sweet is so sweet in the woods), should be taken where transportation is not too difficult. Indian meal, canned meats and vegetables, and butter, furnish



GROUND PLAN OF CAMP.

the means of occasional luxuries. With regard to spirits, rum is probably the best adapted, and, while a little is necessary in case of exhaustion or chill, and often has a hygienic importance, it is a very serious mistake, as the hardy lumbermen well know, to use it as a stimulant before exertion, or freely at any time. It is the out-of-door life that gives endurance and elasticity. A specification of our food supplies as well as of the necessary utensils and proper clothing, will be better appreciated after an account of

two high on three sides, and the ends are covered with thin boards split from white cedar logs, or with birch-bark or boughs. The roof is a piece of heavy cotton cloth soaked in brine to protect it against the sparks of the camp-fire, and supported on poles. The front is quite open to the fire, not to speak of the rain. The ground forming the floor is smoothed off and covered thickly with small boughs of evergreen; upon these the rubber and woolen blankets which form the beds are laid.



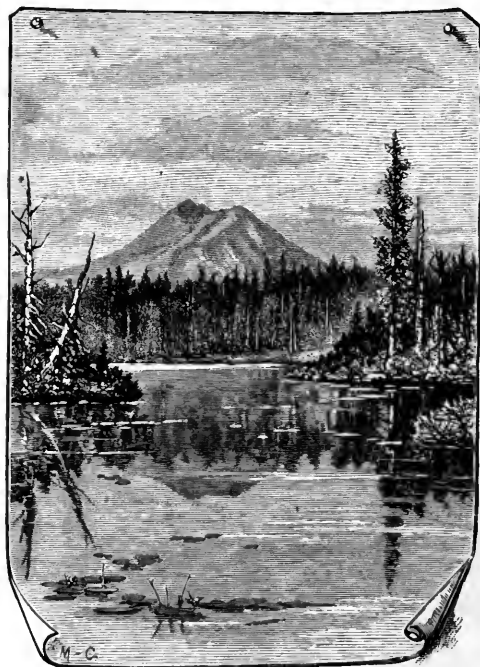
NIGHT VIEW OF THE CAMP.—FROM A STUDY BY F. E. CHURCH.

our daily life; but the latter should be preceded by a short description of the camp.

The natural essentials of a permanent camp are, 1st, convenient proximity to water; 2d, a forest to shield the works from the sun, and the tents and the fire especially, from heavy winds; 3d, a level bit of ground having as dry a nature as may be, and some natural drainage. The artificial essentials are, a camp-fire and a tent for the party and another for the guides. To this may be added a tent to be used for putting supplies out of the rain, and also for putting them out of sight. The working drawings and the night view so fully illustrate the arrangement and construction of our camp, that little other description is required. Fig. 1 is a cross section through the center of tents and camp-fire. Fig. 2 is a ground plan and a horizontal section of the surrounding trees. Permanent tents are "logged" a foot or

The "Deacon's seat," a, Fig. 1, answers almost every other purpose of domestic furniture. Our store-house and dining-room was constructed of round sticks, roofed and covered at one end with white cedar "splints." The wash-stand was at c; the bean-hole, e, will be further referred to. The camp-fire is laid on two "hand-chucks," i, i, or on two suitable stones, and consists of logs from four to fourteen inches in diameter and eight to fourteen feet long. Three-quarters of a cord of wood are burned per day. Lying in a three-sided tent, wrapped in blankets and water-proofs, with one's feet a length off from such a fire, is protection against any sort of bad weather, and yet it realizes every advantage of being out-of-doors. A temporary tent may consist of a mere cloth or of boughs laid upon inclined poles, or it may be logged or otherwise re-enforced according to the weather. Smaller parties sometimes prefer

the "A" tent. Works like ours may be built from standing trees, in a day or two, by three expert guides. Our camp was



KTAADN FROM CREEK AT WEST END OF LAKE.—FROM A STUDY BY L. DE FOREST.

placed some thirty rods from Ktaadn lake, and a good path was cut to it through the underwood.

And now, having put our habitation in order, let us wander down to the lake shore in the placid afternoon. How grandly Ktaadn lifts its huge pyramid to the sun, which, standing right above, pours a flood of brightness down all its fretted flanks, illuminating every weather-beaten ridge and deepening every torrent-bed and chasm. Vast as is its height, wild as are its gorges, when angry clouds brood over it and tempests howl in its caverns, Ktaadn is not forbidding. Rising like a king clothed in purple and without a peer, standing at the head of his noble retainers in a vast and habitable domain, he so conveys the impression of splendid guardianship, that we contemplate his majesty with awe indeed, but with trustful admiration.

We are a party of six excursionists and five guides. Four of us are artists, whom we will call Don Cathedra, Don Gifaro, Herr Rubens, and M. De Woods. Two of us are professional men,—M. La Rose and myself, Mr. Arbor Ilex. Don Gifaro is a

fisherman of fishermen, whose long legs stalk forth before the dappled dawn, and whose rod makes obeisance to three-pound trout not a few. Don Cathedra, still the same faithful student of nature, beguiles the leisure hours with innumerable stories and jokes; and what things he can't make or mend, with the materials and tools at hand, I will not venture to state. Melting up bird-shot and an artist's paint-tube in a spoon and soldering a leaky tea-pot, was a minor achievement. La Rose cooks a trout and fries a potato in a way which Baron de Brisse might copy.

At seven P. M., September 4th, we boarded an Eastern Railroad sleeping-car at Boston. We breakfasted in Bangor and dined in the village of Mattewamkeag, on the European and North American Railway, fifty-eight miles further, where we met our chief guide and bought our heavy supplies. Wedged with our *impedimenta* into two wagons, we jogged twenty-five miles to the northward,—the last five through a continuous rain-storm,—and slept in the outlying settlement of Sherman. On the bright morning of the 6th, we and our roughing baggage were packed into a four-horse, springless wagon, with the running gear of a gun-carriage and the side-grating of a bear-cage. The significance of this construction soon became obvious. Upon driving some half-dozen miles to the eastward, we suddenly rose upon a crest where Ktaadn and its retinue of lesser mountains

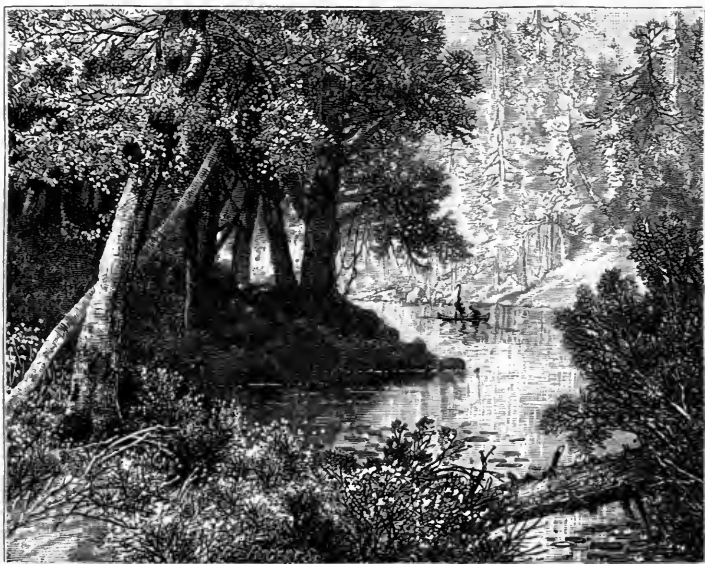


DON CATHEDRA ON "SOFT SAWDER."

burst upon our view,—a revelation of grandeur and beauty all the more impressive because the previous scenery had been so tame. At noon, away out beyond the precincts of permanent habitation, we had our first out-of-door dinner. Our sportsmen cast in Swift Brook for trout, without success—it was a bad time of year; but a slice of pork toasted on a forled stick, a piece of hard-tack, and a cup of milkless tea were, thus early in our quest of healthy appetites, more palatable than a *ragoût* at Delmonico's had been a few days before. Then came the tug of transportation. The excursionists, excepting myself, walked on; two guides and I stuck (with difficulty) to the wagon, upon a road consisting of a slit cut through a dense forest, over a tract of stumps, mud, thinly corduroyed swamps,

success, but canoeing with great satisfaction. This whole territory, except a few tracts, was burned over forty years ago; some of the new growth is already good timber, and here and there a dead monarch stretches his huge form across our path.

A canoe ride two miles up the east branch was to me as delightful as it was novel. Our stalwart guide fairly lifted our larger "birch" with its four passengers over the shallower rapids. A short tramp through the forest brought us before sundown to our first encampment on the "lower crossing" of the Wasatiquoik, twelve miles from Sherman. The wagon had started across the peninsula and broken down. The baggage was, after some delay, got over by sled and on guides' backs. It was eight o'clock before we had supper, and not a trout rose to



EAST BRANCH OF THE PENOBSCOT.—FROM A STUDY BY H. W. ROBBINS.

and granite boulders. After about a mile of personal tumbling, now upon, and now underneath, a sprightly barrel of crackers, and embracing a sack of mess-pork to keep from sliding overboard as the craft went upon her beam-ends over some extraordinary boulder, it suddenly occurred to me that walking in the majestic woods was one of the most tranquillizing of human occupations, so I sauntered on alone. The forest was broken only by "the farm" or "Hunt's," where hay and vegetables were raised in the early lumbering days, now a temporary habitation. Here, on the east branch of the Penobscot, I found our party fishing without

beguile the time. The camp was hastily prepared in the dark, so that our first night—a cold one, on uneven ground, thinly strewn with boughs—had the decided flavor of roughing it.

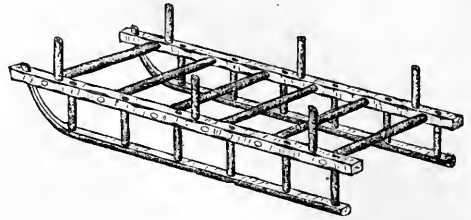
Next morning, the 7th, we witnessed the construction, in two hours, of a sled or "jumper," by means of an ax and a two-inch auger. At ten o'clock the baggage was bound to two jumpers and started off by four horses, our party of eleven, on foot, forming advance and rear guards. So we tramped over hill and occasional swamp, up the Wasatiquoik valley, stopping as much time as moving, occasionally holding the craft from capsizing, and

prying her over fallen trees, stumps, and rocks. Much of the surface of the country is a mass of granite boulders of every size. Where disintegrated stone and vegetable mold have accumulated for ages, the road is practicable for wagons; but on slopes, where the filling has washed out, it is amazing to see a horse get over it at all, especially when he has to drag soft wooden sled-runners over the serrated edges of big stones. Our teams were so blown by noon that we—the rear guard—stopped to bait them, and took occasion to dine ourselves; we had got as far as dessert (hard tack fried in pork fat), when the advance guard came straggling back to be similarly comforted.

The rest of the road presented still steeper pitches, deeper bogs, and more entanglingly strewn rocks. One of our horses, a straggling, raw-boned "missing link," afforded us no little tugging and plenty of amusement, in our fruitless efforts to keep him right side up and his various members comparatively collected together. Along toward evening he quite abandoned the transportation business, flinging himself in wild gymnastics, and finally he slid off the side of a corduroy and sank up to his middle in the muck. After we had tugged at him for half an hour, during which time he maintained a strict neutrality, we convinced him, by means of a birch rod, that he must take a hand in the encounter, whereupon he roused up and floundered out. We waded the "upper crossing" of the Wasatiquoik at dusk, having traveled eight miles; the advance guard had already prepared a camp. We had at supper that excellent sauce which I need not name, and with pipes, a cheerful fire, a mild punch, and plenty of good stories, the evening passed pleasantly away.

Next morning we got a fair start, and by noon had made the remaining five miles to Ktaadn Lake, which we should have done the day before. After we had pried our unfortunate horse out of several holes in the first mile of road, and the other one had shown symptoms of collapse, we abandoned the jumper and sent the team back. Meanwhile, one horse of the other jumper having distributed most of his shoes and gone out of service, his companion dragged the vehicle alone up many steep pitches, and was only dismissed, with our blessing, when the jumper had left its starboard runner on a rock. So we had a chance to find out how wonderfully easier it is to walk light over bad roads than to lug twenty pounds of baggage. The guides spent the afternoon in "backing" in our wraps and a day's pro-

visions. We dined by the dam at the foot of the little lake,—one of the many difficult but unremunerative works built a few years ago to "drive" logs,—and got into a temporary camp for the night. De Woods had



A JUMPER.

the honor of taking and cooking the first trout—a handsome pounder. Walking to the head of the lake, one and a quarter miles (the width is two miles), we found two fine, sandy beaches, adapted for bathing and landing the canoe, and apparently in nightly use as a promenade for moose and caribou. The shore is generally rocky; where streams enter from the mountain water-shed, it is a swampy thicket of spruce and white cedar.

The 9th was a good day as well as a fine one, and we made and moved to our permanent camp. Some of us wandered to the inlets with our rods, and the guides "backed" provisions from the stranded jumpers. The morning of the 10th broke clear and mild. We celebrated it by a feast of pork and beans.

The bean-hole, that principal base in camp topography, is made large enough to take in an iron pot; and when the hole is heated to a cherry-red by a big internal fire, and when the pot is filled with parboiled, yellow-eyed beans and a cube of pork with fat and lean in proper strata, and when the pot is set in the hole for the night and covered with coals, then begins a beneficent tissue-making alchemy which transmutes the humbler food into ambrosia fit for Mount Ktaadn, if not for Mount Olympus.

The fishing along shore now began to abound chiefly in chub, and Don Gifaro, the epicure, was beginning contemptuously to dub this ever-ready-for-breakfast fish as "Ktaadn trout," while at the same time Don Gifaro, the sportsman, was silently determining where the real "fish" lay. All in good time, an ancient and dilapidated raft was discovered, and as soon mounted by the Don, De Woods and La Rose, who poled and paddled it with no end of work to the previously determined spot. After

an hour's fishing, La Rose's bare hands taking the place of a landing-net, they returned laden with trout; seven fish weighed over ten pounds, and one was a three-pounder, twenty inches long. Meanwhile a guide had shot a brace of partridges, and our style of living was rapidly assuming the Madison Square type. I give all concerned the benefit of two experiences I acquired this day: first, don't lay a trout in a frying-pan of red-hot fat with your fingers; second, when you do, get a distinguished artist to paint them with white lead and turpentine; it prejudices one against a warm tone in art, though the ultimate repose of the composition is charming.

The mountain was now growing in our sight, and our artists were already making

with autumnal color. In front, on the near opposite shore, abruptly rises Mount Turner, its flanks dense with primeval hard-woods, the green interspersed with daily deepening red and yellow, and its summit a thicket of evergreens. Twenty miles away on the right, and most beautiful of all, the Traveler, —a flattened dome, rising higher than the loftiest peak of the Catskills, grand and symmetrical indeed, but lovely, as I see it far away in the soft, rosy sunset, when Ktaadn has put on the darker robes of evening. Such appears to be the view from our camp-shore; but as I look over my shoulder at the canvas of my companion, I realize how inadequately it can be described in words.

The three fishers next day stuck to the

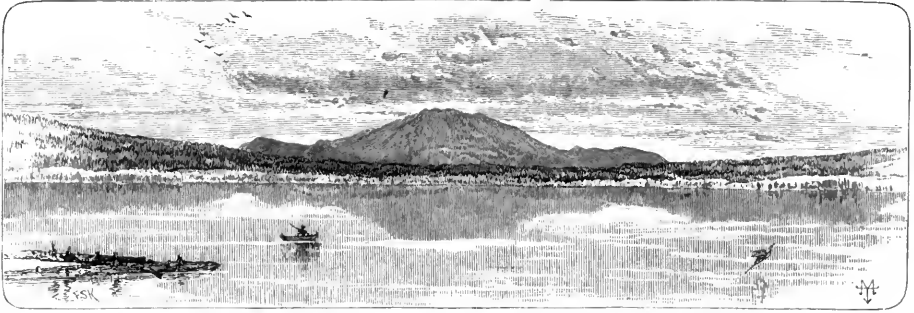


THE MISSING LINK.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. W. ROBBINS.

finished pencil studies and catching the ever-changing tints. Few views of mountains in any country exceed that from the southern shore of Lake Ktaadn, in combined grandeur and beauty,—the great pyramid, ten miles away on the left, ever changing in the varying moisture of air and shadow of cloud, brilliant and rosy in early sunshine while twilight still broods over the valley; each rock-rib, and rift searched out by the full blaze of midday, opalescent in the mistier air of afternoon, and then a harmonious mass of blended purple and blue outlined against the sunset and mirrored in the lake; its foreground a densely wooded plain of dark evergreens, broken here and there on the margin by tangled underwood of every hue of green, already richly flecked

raft, with reasonably good sport. To their great relief, our chief guide, John Sanford, stalked in at supper-time with a birch canoe on his back; it had 20 feet length, 30 inches beam, and 11½ inches depth; it weighed 80 pounds dry, and 100 wet, and he had lugged it five miles. Don Cathedra, this morning, performed his celebrated feat of baking a three-pound trout in hot ashes. The fish, just as taken, was simply washed, wrapped in a buttered paper, buried in a bed of ashes, covered with hot coals, kept in *just long enough*, and properly seasoned.

The 12th was as lovely and warm a day as the preceding had been, and the artists were busy with studies of the mountain. I had the opportunity—a most interesting experience—of seeing Don Cathedra make



THE TRAVELER, FROM SOUTH SHORE OF KTAADN LAKE.—FROM A STUDY BY F. E. CHURCH.

many of his sketches, of observing the bold and rapid manner in which he caught all the characteristic colors and effects of the landscape.

But our life, pleasant as was its routine by day, was not mere sketching, fishing, and tramping. The evening meal, with its liberal fare and its rousing appetites, its jokes and its relation of the day's experiences, and then the lying at ease before the glowing camp-fire, with its pipes, and punch, and stories, and the dropping off of one and another in sweet, healthful sleep, without the formality of "retiring"—these are scenes of which the memories will last like those of Ktaadn itself.

On the bright, clear morning of the 14th, Don Cathedra, Rubens, and De Woods, with two guides bearing supplies, penetrated the trackless wilderness of Mount Turner,—a tangling and difficult progress through primeval forests, to gain what the Don had imagined to be the grandest view of Ktaadn. While the rest of us were con-

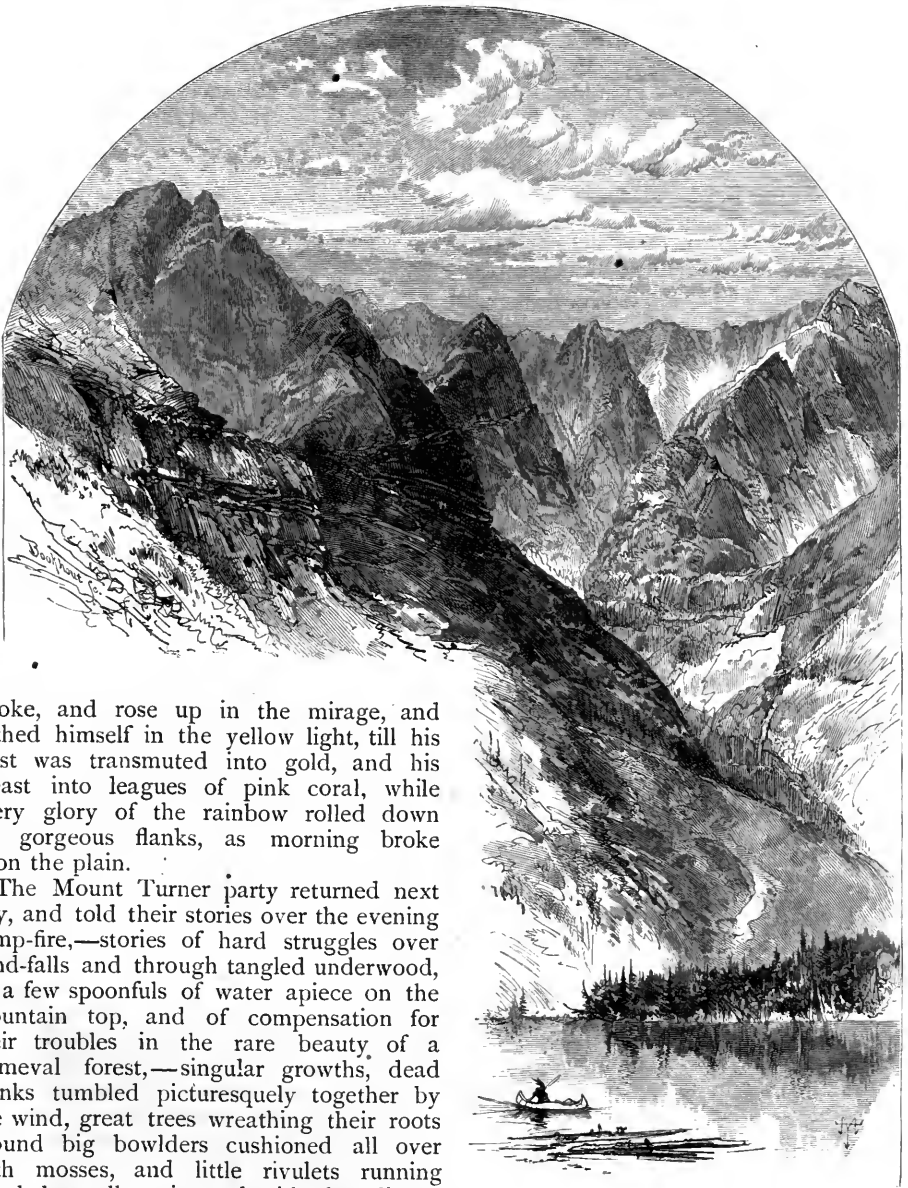
soling ourselves for our loneliness, about dark, with a rice pudding composed of two raisins to one grain of rice, and a ravishing sauce,—a thoughtful study by La Rose,—uprose De Woods in our midst, pale as an apparition. He had preceded and lost his party, ascended a peak of Turner, and being without provisions, descended after four o'clock and waded a mile of lake to escape the entangling thicket of the margin.

This day the canoe was appropriated to the Turner party, and Don Gifaro, after wasting his artistic sportmanship awhile on the six-inch chub of the shore, threw down his rod, and, for the first time, took up his palette, and a noble study he made.

The sunrise of the next day was like opening the book of Revelations. While everything was lying asleep in misty twilight, suddenly the lurking leaden clouds in the west blushed as the east flung them its salute across the sea, and wreathed themselves in rosy garlands upon the brow of the monarch. And then the monarch



WOOD INTERIOR ON MOUNT TURNER.—FROM A STUDY BY F. E. CHURCH.



A VIEW IN THE GREAT BASIN.—FROM A STUDY
BY F. E. CHURCH.

awoke, and rose up in the mirage, and bathed himself in the yellow light, till his crest was transmuted into gold, and his breast into leagues of pink coral, while every glory of the rainbow rolled down his gorgeous flanks, as morning broke upon the plain.

The Mount Turner party returned next day, and told their stories over the evening camp-fire,—stories of hard struggles over wind-falls and through tangled underwood, of a few spoonfuls of water apiece on the mountain top, and of compensation for their troubles in the rare beauty of a primeval forest,—singular growths, dead trunks tumbled picturesquely together by the wind, great trees wreathing their roots around big boulders cushioned all over with mosses, and little rivulets running out below, all variegated with the glistening white birch and the great bronzed and many-tinted leaves of the moose-wood. The Don pronounced the view of Ktaadn “grand, but not pictorial.” When rallied about getting lost, De Woods simply told the story of the Indian found wandering to and fro in the wilderness, against whom a similar charge was made. “Lost!” growled he; “Indian no lost, Indian *here*; wigwam lost.”

On the morning of the 16th, Don Cathedra and I, with two guides, started toward

the Great Basin, lying in the mountain in rear of the pyramid. Two other guides had preceded us, with provisions for the whole party; they were to return the same day, and to go up with the others in the morning. I started earlier, not expecting to be able to make the whole ten difficult miles in one day, but after various halts, we reached the Basin at 5 P. M. and pitched our camp. Being too tired to sleep, I lay

for hours in this solemn amphitheater, watching the moon-lit clouds drift over its ragged summit, but not yet appreciating its vastness and its awful grandeur, for the night was singularly mild, and there was no sound but the soft sighing of the wind in the evergreens, as an occasional current circled round the Basin. I was yet to hear the sounds and see the sights of that great gulf.

The first half of our journey was through a comparatively level country, over the remains of an old lumbering road. While there was much good walking, there were occasional swamps over which the footing of stumps and slippery logs was made still more precarious by a low growth of shrubs, which quite concealed it. Getting over these places brought a stress upon the temper as well as upon muscle and nerve. The remainder of the way to the Basin was chiefly a line of spotted trees, which gradually led up the lower flanks of the mountain, but wound in detail over steep pitches and through tangled thickets. There were occasional "wind-falls," which were difficult to penetrate or to get around, and where the blazed line was easily lost; and there were rocky stream-beds to be climbed on all fours. A point two miles from the Basin reveals a magnificent view, both of the mountain and of Ktaadn Lake and its surrounding hills. Much of the forest has been harmed by neither fire nor ax, and is full of beautiful pictures.

The body of Ktaadn extends, in bulk, some ten miles to the north of the pyramid. Its east side is gouged out in two enormous chasms—the Great Basin and the North Basin, the depth of which does not appear to the beholder from Ktaadn Lake. The Great Basin is a horse-shoe shaped gorge, some three miles in longest diameter and above a mile deep. Its floor is a plateau, a thousand feet above the general plain, embracing a forest and a little lake. The less precipitous northern lobe is divided from the southern by a "horseback." The southern lobe of the Great Basin, not visible from Ktaadn Lake, is an amphitheater a mile in diameter. Its formation is not only magnificent, but surprising, in that it occupies the whole interior of the pyramid. The huge head of Ktaadn is hollow. But its hollowness only adds to its pictorial effect. It is the twofold wonder of our eastern scenery,—our grandest mountain inclosing our grandest gorge,—and so associating in one harmonious whole the effects

of Sierra peaks with those of Colorado cañons.

At the foot of our camp is the little Basin Lake, a thousand feet long and half that width,—cold, clear, and as azoic as the granite cliffs that rise out of its shore. Around it lie drift boulders of every age, and huge rocks, split from the mountain, like monolithic houses tumbled together by an earthquake. Over the smaller *débris* many-colored foliage creeps up into the rifts, and towering above and beyond is the ragged granite precipice, half a mile in sheer altitude. On such a grand scale is everything here that distances are deceptive. What was apparently a mere belt of trees on the opposite shore, is a forest more than half a mile deep, through which we followed up a picturesque stream-bed to the foot of the cliffs.

Don Cathedra was most fortunate in visiting the Great Basin on this seventeenth day of September—one day out of a hundred. It was gloriously bright, and yet there was moisture enough to give the most charming atmospheric effects. The Don made many studies, and worked diligently all day with pencil and brush, catching the effects of golden and rose-tinted rocks at sunrise, the yellow foliage creeping up the dark purple ledges on the shaded side of the ravine, the dim line in the atmosphere between the light and the shadow, falling diagonally down the eastern cliff, the wild and ragged slides and stream-beds on the illuminated west slope, the picturesque foreground of autumn-tinted hard-woods and dark evergreens reflected in the lake—that wonderful association of grandeur in mass, with exquisite beauty in detail, such as one can rarely see among all our Appalachian mountains. In the midst of our musings, suddenly an avalanche came tearing down the precipice,—enormous rocks bounding from ledge to ledge, bursting and scattering as they struck, throwing out white clouds like cannon smoke, and finally lost in the crashing forest below. The long time occupied in the descent gave evidence of the enormous height of the precipice.

But the afternoon brought a rapid change of scene. As the party from Lake Ktaadn came straggling in, a storm—which can be so quickly brewed on a mountain-top—had no sooner thrown its shadow upon us than its substance followed in wind and rain, driving us into the little temporary tent while the guides were preparing a better one. During the intervals in the storm, our



KTAADN LAKE FROM THE SLIDE IN THE BASIN.—FROM
A STUDY BY H. W. ROBBINS.

united exertions resulted, before dark, in a logged tent, well shielded and floored with boughs.

We supped, and packed our supplies and ourselves into night-quarters during a drizzling rain, choked and blinded every few minutes by clouds of smoke, which the eddying wind flung in every direction, and secretly brooding, every one, over the probability that the equinoctial had caught us in that meteorological whirlpool, Ktaadn Basin.

At midnight, Pomola, the deity of this domain, who had so sweetly beguiled us into his den, gave us a taste of his wrath. Being at the tempestuous corner of the tent, I was roused from my dreams by a ripping and a snapping of things in general, and awoke to find the roof gone, the protecting boughs blown over, a torrent of rain pouring upon us, and the last embers of the camp-fire nearly extinguished. The guides' tent had quite disappeared in the gust. But before the general eye had perceived the situation, the ever-ready John had pulled back and fastened down our flapping roof, and given an impetus to the fire. Then there was a general re-adjustment in the

tent; the edges of underlying rubber cloths were propped up so that water would not run in, and overlying wraps were ridged so that rain would run off. Always excepting that old campaigner, Don Gifaro—he wasted no time by waking up and fooling around in the dark. I got hold of the tea, and slept with it the rest of the night under my water-proofs, and somebody else did the same with the sugar.

Next morning we hung out our blankets, and they got alternately dry and wet in the radiation of the camp-fire and the intermittent drizzle. We reconstructed our tent, and the guides, who had got thoroughly soaked, built a new shelter. Whatever good thing the weather did not do for us that day, it did stimulate our appetites, and Don Gifaro, La Rose, and I worked ourselves up to the highest pitch of gastronomic excitement by describing various well-remembered good dinners, and making out a *menu* for a subsequent celebration of our tramp. I am half tempted to copy it here, but it wouldn't do in these times of enforced economy to let loose such a flood of epicurean science.

On the cool, bright next morning, we early got ourselves into a broad good humor by frizzling ham and ourselves before a roaring fire. The efforts of the toaster—screwing himself into all sorts of uncouth shapes to shield himself from the heat—were so grotesque that our artists soon dropped the forked stick, and took up the pencil.

Ascending the mountain was the prescribed work of the day, and we made an early start. It soon became so warm that we strapped our coats and waistcoats about our waists (the best way to carry weight, as John Gilpin knew), and scrambled up a dry stream-bed, over every form and size of rocky impediment, till we reached a "slide," which I supposed might conform to the angle of repose; but the unscientific way in which Ktaadn rocks will arrange themselves, overhanging rather than receding, I leave succeeding tramps to account for. It was a hard and exhausting scale, but by no means a harmful one, when there were plenty of rests. We ascended a slide in the north lobe of the Great Basin,—the lowest part of the mountain, and yet so high that lichens were the largest growths,—and there we found what is called the table-land, but which is, in fact, a gradual slope toward the west. Here Don Cathedra and his guide left us to explore

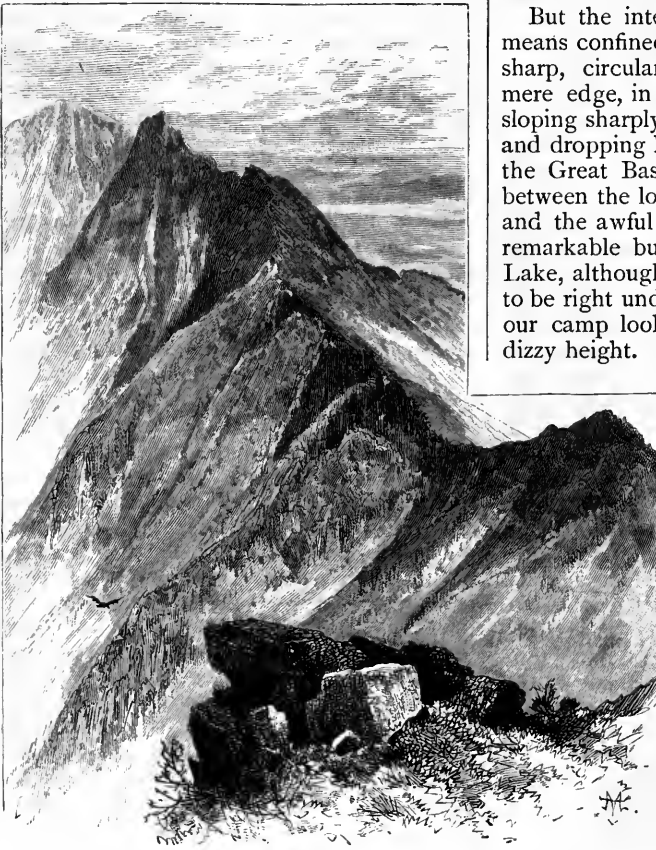
the comparatively undiscovered North Basin, and we proceeded up a gradual but rugged incline, now through entangling shrubs, now over patches of huge rocks tumbled together, until we at last reached the summit of Ktaadn.

I have seen many stretches of splendid landscape from many mountain tops, but to my thinking the view from the top of Ktaadn is the most remarkable and the most beautiful I have ever seen. It was, on this peculiarly bright day, a panorama of exceeding splendor. The groundwork of the whole visible landscape is a vast wooded plain, broken in the rear of Ktaadn by a few bold and picturesque hills, bounded on the south-western horizon by the grand group of the White Mountains, and interspersed everywhere with innumerable shining lakes—Moosehead in the far distance, Chesuncook, a river expansion, Millinocket with its hundred islands; and on the other side, our own little Ktaadn lake, and Mount Turner and the Traveler looking so small from our towering height.

But the interest in the scene was by no means confined to the distant outlook: the sharp, circular crest of the mountain—a mere edge, in some places but a foot wide, sloping sharply down on the west and south, and dropping half a mile perpendicular into the Great Basin on the east,—the contrast between the lovely prospect on the one side and the awful gulf on the other, is not only remarkable but startling. The little Basin Lake, although more than a mile off, seems to be right underneath, and the forest about our camp looks like a grass-plot from this dizzy height. Up this ragged cliff, clinging

to toppling stones and scaling the almost vertical rocks, climbed De Woods and La Rose, the athletes of the party; but I am happy to say that they could not go down the same way, and that they were properly scolded for risking their lives in the very place where we had seen an avalanche crashing down the day before.

The descent was even more tiresome than the ascent,—and upon staggering into camp quite exhausted, a stew of ducks, upon which John



CREST OF KTAADN.—FROM A STUDY BY S. R. GIFFORD.

had been lavishing his art all day, and then a quiet subsidence into a long, refreshing sleep, were not the least delightful events of the occasion.

The night of the 20th was a memorable one. Don Gifaro, Rubens and De Woods were to leave us next morning, and as we helped them pack by the camp-fire light, it suddenly occurred to us all that this was the beginning of the end of our delightful excursion. We sat up talking over our adventures, and promising ourselves many happy returns, till the unprecedentedly late hour of ten o'clock. After a rainy night, in the dismal dawn, we bade a sad adieu to half our party; and it was not without some emotion that we watched their receding figures until they vanished in the mist, leaving us alone in the wilderness.

The remaining days of our camping, although we could not get used to the vacant seats, were full of pleasant incidents. La Rose kept our table loaded with splendid fish, and Don Cathedra and I sketched from morning till night, producing some of our finest studies. The Don manipulated the brush and the palette, to be sure, but as I held the umbrella and generally supervised the work, I feel justified in the foregoing use of the pronoun. The aspects of the mountain were now surprisingly various and beautiful. Our equinoctial storm was chiefly a wind storm. One day it drove the Great Basin all full of clouds, and they poured out of the apex like steam out of a volcano; and when they were luridly lighted by the setting sun, the scene was extremely wild and gorgeous. One bright morning, the whole crest of Ktaadn was covered with snow, and also a part of the interior of the Great Basin, visible over the edge of the crater; this great, white, shining surface, contrasted with the purple mountain and the blue sky, made a picture of remarkable beauty.

And so, day after day, the mountain and the forest grew more beautiful. But the end must come; and on the 25th, with great reluctance, we broke camp and started back to Sherman *en route* for home.

The altitude of Ktaadn has been variously reported. Professor M. C. Fernald of the Maine State College, has lately made some barometrical determinations which are more complete and trustworthy than any which have preceded them, and from his interesting monograph we learn that the mountain is 5,215½ feet high above the sea. The railroad at Winn, between Bangor and

Mattewamkeag is but 205 feet above tide, so that Ktaadn towers nearly a mile above the general surface of the country. Professor Hitchcock makes Ktaadn Lake 790 feet above the east branch at Hunt's. The altitude of Hunt's I do not find recorded, but as the east branch is navigable by canoes up to this point, and as the whole country appears generally level, it is safe to say that Ktaadn rises three-quarters of a mile straight up out of the immediately surrounding plain. Professor Hitchcock calls the precipice in the Great Basin 3,000 feet high; our own barometrical measurements gave 2,600 feet.

The geological questions which arise concerning Ktaadn are most interesting. Dr. Jackson and other early explorers are of the opinion that the glacier passed quite over the top. Professor Hitchcock states that the shape of the basin with its loose, angular rocks, like those known to be above drift action on Mount Washington, and the absence of *striae*, and of rounding and smoothing on the higher ledges, is proof that the drift did not reach the summit. He describes the drift boulders at the foot of the west side as fossiliferous Oriskany sandstone, hard, flinty, and containing seams of shale and conglomerate, and he states that he found nothing of the kind in the basin. I made a careful examination of the rocks in the basin stream-bed, and I found, and brought away with me, specimens of exactly the sandstone above described, together with the two strikingly different granites which make up the mass of the mountain. The upper granite is red,—purple when wet,—and arranged in plates; it looks like a stratified rock resting unconformably upon the gray granite below, which presents quite a different cleavage, thus adding largely to the pictorial as well as to the scientific aspect of the basin.

Our supplies for 11 men (6 excursionists and 5 guides) 16 days, and 5 men 5 days, = 1 man, 201 days, were:

Mess pork.....	115 lbs.	Butter.....	5 lbs.
Hard bread.....	80 "	..Raisins.....	5 "
Crackers.....	16 "	..Bread powders..	3 "
Sugar (granul'd)...	80 "	..Tea.....	9 "
Wheat flour.....	70 "	..Canned meat...	7 "
Indian meal.....	25 "	..Lemons.....	8 "
Beans.....	65 "	..Sundry pres'v's,	
Potatoes.....	180 "	.. etc.....	5 "
Ham.....	15 "	..Fish, mostly	
Onions.....	10 "	.. trout (est'd)...	100 "
Rice.....	5 "	..Game.....	10 "
Total.....			813 lbs.

This gives, say, four pounds of raw food per day per man. There was, of course, a large percentage of waste in its preparation and in its transportation from camp to camp. The cost of this raw food (excluding, of course, fish, game, and transportation) was \$65.00, or 32 $\frac{1}{3}$ cents per man per day. Our bill of fare has included the obvious simple and the following compound dishes.

Crackers, dampened and fried in pork fat, with onions (*bisque à la llex*); fried cakes of various mixtures of wheat and corn meal; Indian plum-pudding (*cauchemar*); rice-pudding, with raisins; raisin-pudding, with rice (*ex Cathedra*); baked pork and beans; canned meats warmed up with potatoes and cracker crumbs; eel-pie; partridge-soup and stew; duck-stew, and sauces of sugar, butter, and rum. As the guides were so constantly employed in arranging new camps and transporting supplies, they had no time to seek large game, although we saw both moose and caribou.

The necessary camp-utensils (some of which most guides have on hand), for our number and our style of living are: An iron pot with overlapping cover, a tin tea-pot, two frying-pans, four tin pails, two of them having covers and removable wire legs (parboiling vessels), the whole to pack in a nest; a nest of four deep tin dishes or pans, the largest fifteen inches and the smallest ten inches in diameter, to be used as mixing vessels and platters; a tin baker, say 16x12x7 inches; a dozen of each of the following: tin pint cups, tin dinner-plates, and cheap tea-spoons, knives and forks; three larger cooking spoons of different sizes, two butcher-knives, two tin wash-basins, a salt-box, a pepper-box, and a wire gridiron. We did not have a camp-stove, which would have been a great convenience. The half of a stout barrel is good to keep pork in, and will also hold fish, game, etc., in separate birch-bark vessels. A birch-bark lined hole in the earth is a good store-room for meat. There should be plenty of dish-cloths and towels, and five pounds of bar soap. A can of kerosene and a student-lamp may be readily taken; a dozen candles are convenient, although the camp-fire furnishes the necessary illumination. No work nor amusement requiring a good light is attempted after dark. The matches should be distributed among the party, and each person should carry a few in a corked metal case. Some nails and tacks of assorted sizes prove surprisingly useful. We brought in cheap crockery plates, mugs, cups and saucers, and

left them. The guides will, of course, have plenty of axes and guns. A one-and-a-half-inch auger and a draw-shave are often very useful. A shovel is convenient, but not indispensable. The provisions and utensils are most conveniently transported in bags.

The baggage and clothing (including that worn) which I found at once ample and necessary, were: A stout coat and waistcoat, two pairs of stout trowsers, a thick cardigan jacket (instead of an overcoat), two pairs of heavy woolen socks and a pair of lighter ones, two pairs of stout boots,—not necessarily top-boots, and better if not very heavy,—heavy slippers, leggings, two pairs of woolen drawers, a very thick and a thinner undershirt, two blue flannel overshirts, a light felt hat, a night-cap for windy nights, six handkerchiefs, four towels, two heavy double army-blankets, a piece of light rubber cloth five feet wide and seven feet long, a silk rubber coat, an air-pillow, the fewest possible toilet articles in a rubber case, four leather straps three to five feet long, a piece of mosquito-netting, two balls of cord coarse and fine, a stout pocket-knife with say three-and-a-half-inch blade, pins, buttons, thread and needles, a box of water-proof boot-varnish, and a flask of tar-wash to keep off black flies, which are the only nuisance in the Maine woods, and not active after the middle of September. It is a great mistake to take other than stout clothing. Bad boots may make a whole trip miserable, since tramping is the chief employment and long marches are often indispensable. Boots should be neither new nor old, but in the vigor of youth. Adaptation of clothing to the great variations of temperature may be readily made by "doubling up." The rubber cloth should be permanently lined with the half of one blanket to lie on, the other half of the blanket and the sides of the rubber cloth forming a cover. The foot of this bed should be made, by means of straps and buckles, into a bag, so that the occupant may roll about, bed and all, without pulling the clothes off or getting them wet when it rains. The second blanket may be put into the bag, to lie on, or as a cover, as required. This bag of bedding, rolled into a bundle, forms its own water-proof case. The clothing is transported in a rubber bag, made like a mail-bag, and having an inside flap. To this outfit each person will add the implements of his specialty. A few quires of heavy paper, both for wrapping and for preserving leaves, are of use to all. Pencils, pocket-knives, and such indispensa-

bles, should be taken in duplicate. Climbing mountains and tumbling through thickets is pocket-picking business. The party should have a good field-glass, an aneroid barometer for measuring heights, and a pocket-compass.

Thoreau specifies much more limited fare and wardrobe for this very route. But as the cost of the expedition is but a fraction of that at a "summer resort," it seems worth while to make things agreeable; discomfort is not necessarily healthful.

The cost of the expedition (sixteen days

in the woods) to each excursionist, was as follows:

Expenses from New York to Mattewamkeag and return.	\$38.00
Transportation, Mattewamkeag to Ktaadn and return, including pay of guides (\$1.50 to \$2.00 per day each)	32.00
Food	10.83
	<u>\$80.83</u>

The railway transportation was 47 per cent. of the whole expense. The distance from New York to Ktaadn by our route is exactly 600 miles.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.

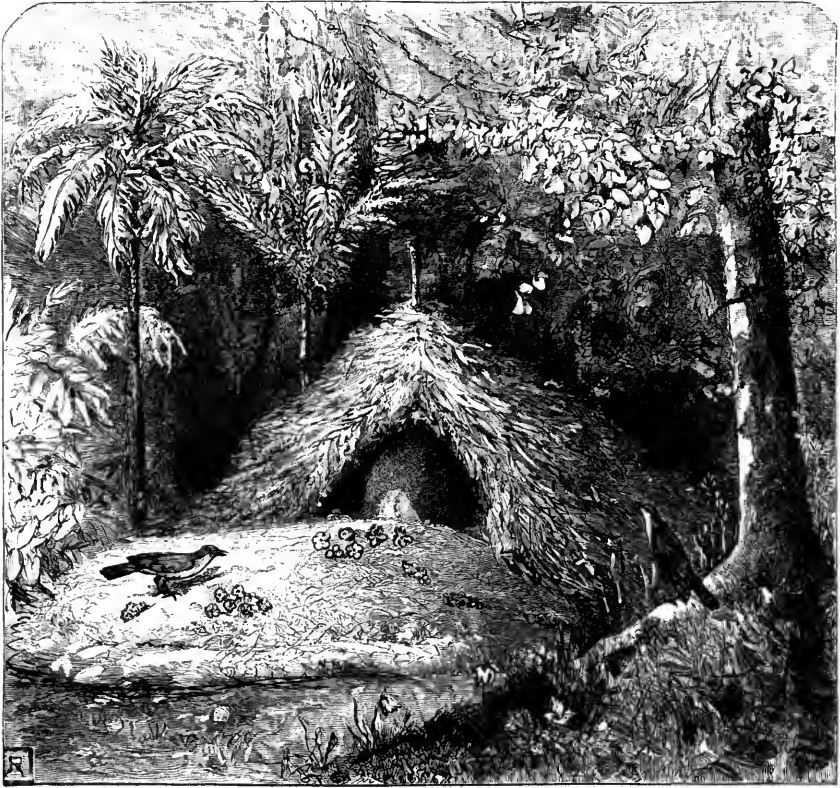
THE BOWER-BIRDS OF AUSTRALIA.—THE GARDEN AND CABIN-BUILDING BIRD OF NEW GUINEA.



BOWER OF CHLAMYDODERA NUCHALIS.

In the present paper, the first of a series illustrative of some of the more remarkable instances of the architectural achievements of the feathered tribes, we limit ourselves

to the exploits of a small and very remarkable family, generally known as the bower birds, and confined to the Australian group, inclusive of New Guinea. In the papers



GARDEN AND CABIN OF THE AMBLYORNIS INORNATA.—AFTER DR. BECCARI.

that may follow will be considered the architecture of this class, as exhibited in their nests, giving some of the most exemplary exhibitions of their skill, ingenuity and sagacity, as displayed in the construction of what are designed to be places for the deposit and development of their eggs, and for the shelter and protection of their callow young.

The wonderful structures we are to describe have no connection, either with the preservation of their eggs, or the rearing of their young. They are not nests in the proper significance of that term. They are, instead, places in which they assemble; places of amusement for the meeting with, and making the acquaintance of, their fellows, and especially for the commingling, in social entertainment, of the sexes. Their true nests are very different affairs, and, unlike their bowers, are carefully concealed amid the foliage of high trees, in the thick depths of forests, and are not unlike those of many other birds, in most respects. On the other hand, the extraordinary and incredibly wonderful constructions—both those of the bower-birds of Australia and of the cabin

and garden building birds of New Guinea—are really mere pleasure-houses, created for purposes of entertainment and amusement, and for these exclusively.

BOWER-BIRDS.

Of all the architectural achievements of the feathered tribes there certainly are none, so far as is now known, to compare with these or that approach them in the high degree of intellect they attest. They are without rivals, either in intrinsic interest, the evidences they afford of something beyond mere instinct,—powers hardly distinguishable from reason,—or in the ingenuity and æsthetic taste they manifest. These places of assembly display very wonderful design in the general plan of their construction on the part of their builders, an incredible amount of skill and practical application in their creation, and a degree of taste and refinement, even more surprising in the manner in which interior and exterior, and surrounding grounds are adorned with various objects of curiosity, beauty and interest. In a word, their achievements would well deserve

to be treated as improbable fables were not their correctness attested by the evidence of many witnesses whose veracity is beyond suspicion, and did not our museums not only contain examples of these architectural achievements, but also large accumulations of the colored leaves and flowers, the bright feathers, the polished agates and jaspers, and other botanical, conchological, mineralogical and anatomical curiosities and adornments by means of which the æsthetic aspirations of these feathered votaries of pleasure have prompted them to add to the attractions of their cherished retreats. If they have not filled their homes with painting and statuary, or with fragments of ancient pottery, they have at least diligently adorned them with attractive specimens more in conformity, perhaps, to their own ideas of good taste and beauty, such as bright cockle-shells, polished pebbles, brilliant red or blue feathers of parrots, colored seed-pods, bleached bones of small animals and similar ornaments and curiosities.

The birds responsible for these almost incredible evidences of intelligent design, as well as of artistic and sensuous aspirations, belong to, or rather are remotely allied with, the *Paradiseideæ*, or birds of paradise, and are, by more modern systematists, classed with that family but are by others grouped with the *Oriolideæ*. They also have many points in common with the *Corvidæ* or crows. The tendency of the scientific mind to split into innumerable generic divisions, instead of combining around proximate forms, has inflicted upon this small and well-marked family, an unnecessarily minute division into four or five genera, and has loaded them down with such undesirable and difficult appellations as *ptilonorhynchus*, *ailurædus*, *clamydodera*, *amblyornis*, and others equally trying.

The entire group hardly numbers more than a dozen species, most of which have been ascertained to possess the same remarkable architectural gifts, combined with even more surprising æsthetic tastes, while the habits of a few are as yet inferred rather than known. They are assigned by Mr. Gray exclusively to Australia, New Guinea, and the island of Aru. Mr. John Gould mentions six different species of bower-birds that had been ascertained to construct various kinds of play-houses, and, more recently, other ornithological explorers have made several remarkable additions to their number.

The satin bower-bird of New South Wales (*Ptilonorhynchus holosericeus*) was the

first of this family to whose agency was traced the mysterious bower-like structures that had so long been a source of much speculation as to their origin and purpose, and by some had even been conjectured to be the work of the native inhabitants, as rude cradles for their children. A Mr. Coxen of Brisbane, New South Wales, was the first to ascertain with certainty that these curious constructions were the unaided work of these birds. He exhibited a specimen of their handiwork in the museum of Sydney. Mr. Gould, the well-known author of an elegant work on the birds of Australia, afterward followed up and confirmed Mr. Coxen's discoveries by thorough explorations made among the cedar-brushes of the Liverpool range of mountains. He discovered several of these artificial playing-places on the ground, under the shelter of the low branches of overhanging trees, in the most retired parts of the forests. The bowers differed considerably in size. Their base consisted of an extensive platform of twigs, finely interwoven together, and on the center of this the bower itself is built. This is also made of twigs; but these are of a more slender and flexible description. These were so arranged that their tips curved inwardly and nearly met at the top, but were so placed that their projecting forks turned outward or upward, so as to present no obstruction, within the bower, to the movements of the birds. These curious structures were always found decorated with the most gayly colored articles that could be collected, such as the deep crimson-red tail-feathers of Pennant's parakeet, the brilliant blue-and-white feathers of the Rose-hill parakeet (*Platycercus eximius*), bleached bones, and the shells of snails. Near one entrance Mr. Gould picked up a small, neatly worked, stone tomahawk, with fragments of blue cotton rags, both of which had evidently been purloined from an encampment of the natives.

More recent and fuller investigations demonstrate beyond all question that these bowers are merely sporting-places, in which the sexes meet,—the males to display their finery, and both to exhibit some very remarkable feats of curious and rapid evolutions. And to remove all doubt and to silence all possible incredulity, it may be added that birds of this species, confined in the garden of the Zoölogical Society, in Regent's Park, London, have been actually known to construct their bowers, to decorate them, and to keep them in repair for several successive years. Both sexes were observed

to assist in their erection, but the male was the principal workman.

There are four members of the genus *Chlamydodera*, so far as is known, and all of these are builders of bowers, and each one of these differing structures, in some respects, is more elaborate and interesting than those of the satin-bird. They are larger, are more highly decorated halls of assembly, and would be regarded as the most wonderful examples of ornithological architecture ever met with, were it not that the recent discoveries of Dr. Beccari, the distinguished Italian explorer, have brought to light in New Guinea, in the achievement of another and closely allied bird, something far more wonderful and interesting, to which we shall presently refer. In the north-western and little-known portions of Australia is found what Mr. Gould calls the great bower-bird, the *C. nuchalis* of authors. It builds a very strong and elaborate bower, from three to four feet in length and about two in width. A fine example of one of these structures has been recently added to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, in Cambridge. Accompanying this structure, which had been preserved with wonderful care and success, were more than half a peck of the decorations with which the builders had adorned their place of assembly. These consisted principally of a large white univalve; the shell of a large land-snail, of which there were in all about four hundred; shining stones, principally flint-stones and agates; bright-colored seed-vessels and pods; bleached bones of small quadrupeds, and other objects of interest.

Captain Stokes, in an interesting account of his discoveries in Australia, mentions meeting with one of these structures near Port Essington. He first noticed a number of twigs with their ends stuck in the ground, which was strewed over with shells. The tops of the twigs had been brought together so as to form a small arbor. It was not until his second visit to that locality that he supposed this anything but some Australian mother's toy to amuse her child, but being asked to go and see the "birds' play-house," he immediately recognized the same kind of construction he had before inspected. This time he found the bird amusing itself by flying backward and forward through the arch-way, taking a shell alternately from each side and carrying it in its mouth to the other.

A fine specimen of the avenue-like structure made by the spotted bower-bird (*Ch. maculata*) is preserved in the British Mu-

seum. It was taken from among the bush that clothe the lower hills north of the Liverpool plains. It had been outwardly built of twigs and was beautifully lined with tall grasses, the heads of which nearly met. The decorations were very profuse, and consisted of bivalve shells, crania of small animals, and other bones bleached by exposure to the rays of the sun. Evident marks of a high order of instinct were manifest throughout the whole of this bower and its decorations, and particularly in the manner in which stones had been placed within the structure, in order to keep the grasses, with which it had been lined, fixed firmly within their places. From each of the two entrances to this bower the stones diverged on each side, so as to form little paths, while at either end, the decorative materials had been placed in heaps. In several instances, Mr. Gould found half a bushel of bones and shells at each of the two entrances. As these structures are often at a considerable distance from the rivers, where only the shells and the rounded pebbles can be procured, their collection and transportation must involve great labor and patient assiduity. In the case of this species, as is also probably true of all the family, these bowers are places of rendezvous of many individuals, and are not restricted to a single pair.

The nest of this bird has been found to be a very distinct affair from the bower, and is made in high trees. One was found by Mr. Coxer, containing young. It was built in one of the *myrtaceæ* overhanging a water-hole, near the scrub on which a bower had been built. It was in form very similar to that of the common European thrush,—cup-shaped and made of dry sticks with a slight lining of feathers and fine grass.

The guttated bower-bird (*Ch. guttata*) makes structures essentially similar to the preceding, both in shape and in the manner of its ornamentation. Sir George Gray, in his "Travels in Australia" refers to this structure as a "nest." This very curious sort of nest, he says, was frequently found not only along the sea-shore, but at a distance of six or seven miles from it. They were formed of dead grasses and parts of bushes, sunk a slight depth into two parallel furrows in sandy soil, and then nicely arched above. He was told they were the playing-places of this bird. He adds that the most remarkable fact connected with them was, that they were always full of broken sea-shells, large heaps of which protruded from each extremity. In one instance, in a bower the most

remote from the sea, was found the stone of some fruit that had evidently been rolled in the sea. They were lying in a heap in the nest.

The bower of the *tewinga*, as it is called by the natives,—the fawn-breasted bower-bird of Gould,—differs essentially from those of the other species. In one of these structures, taken by Mr. Macgillioray near Cape York, and now in the British Museum, the walls are very thick, and instead of being overarching are nearly upright, and the passage through them is very narrow. This bower is made of fine twigs on a thick platform of stouter twigs, is nearly as broad as it is long, or about four feet each way, and, here and there, had small berries or snail-shells dropped in as a decoration. It was eighteen inches high. In his "Voyage of the 'Rattlesnake'" Mr. Macgillioray speaks of having observed this bird as it darted through the bushes in the neighborhood of the bower, announcing its presence by an occasional loud "chaw," and imitating the notes of various other birds. It was very wary, but was observed from time to time to alight on the bower, deposit a berry or two, take a run through it and be off.

The regent-bird, *Sericulus melinus*, claimed by Gould to be allied with the bower-birds, has since attested its right to be so connected by exhibiting the same peculiarities of habit. It is found in Queensland and in Eastern Australia generally. Its peculiar bower was first discovered by a Mr. Waller of Brisbane. It is formed between, and supported by, two small brush plants and surrounded by small shrubs. The ground around the bower was clear of leaves for some eighteen inches and had the appearance of having been swept. The only objects of ornamentation were small specimens of *helices*. This bower was subsequently removed without injury to its architectural style. It was found to differ from that of the satin-birds in being less dome-shaped, straighter in the sides, and with a much smaller platform, but thicker in proportion to its size. It had no other decoration than shells of *helices*, or land-snails.

The constructive habits of the various kinds of bower-birds, thus briefly given, the high degree of intelligence that thus prompts and enables them to build and adorn edifices created merely for purposes of recreation, have been, with good reasons, regarded the most marvelous examples of bird architecture known; but even these seem commonplace and trivial in compari-

son with the achievements of a nearly allied species, the *Amblyornis inornata*, as narrated by Dr. O. Beccari. This Italian naturalist has recently explored the before unknown interior of the island of Papua (New Guinea), and contributes a very interesting account of the wonderful habits of this species to the Annals of the Civic Museum of Genoa. This paper, published in Italian, has only been briefly referred to in one or two scientific journals; and has never been translated. Though intensely interesting is too long for us to give more than a brief abstract.

THE GARDEN-BIRD.

This wonderful creature, that under a modest exterior conceals the best-developed intellect of the entire class of birds, is found in the island of Papua, where it was discovered and described by Count Rosenberg. Its cabins and gardens were first met with by Signor Bruijn who supposed them to be nests. Count Salvadori, before their discovery by Beccari, ventured the opinion they would prove to be places of assembly and not nests. This bird, called by Dr. Beccari, the gardener, is about the size of the American robin; in appearance is unattractive, being totally wanting in bright color, but wholly of an obscurely rufous shade of brown. It was the good fortune of this naturalist to be able to examine several of these marvels of intelligent design in the remote recesses of the forests of Mount Arfak, near the hamlet of Hatam, in June, 1875. He had left Wamendi early in the morning; it was already an hour past noon and he had taken no rest, though the route had been very fatiguing, as he was near his journey's end. He was ascending the slope of one of the foot-hills of Mount Arfak. The primeval forest around him was tall and lovely, hardly penetrated by a single ray of the sun. At every step he met with objects never seen before; elegant palms and other strange plants attracted his attention. He was constantly excited by the song and cries of new and unknown birds. Those procured were not only different from the birds of the plains but were often new species.

He had just shot a small marsupial as it was running up the trunk of a large tree, when, turning round in close proximity to the path, he found himself in front of a piece of workmanship more lovely than the ingenuity of any animal had ever before been known to construct. It was a cabin in miniature in the midst of a miniature meadow studded with flowers. He recognized

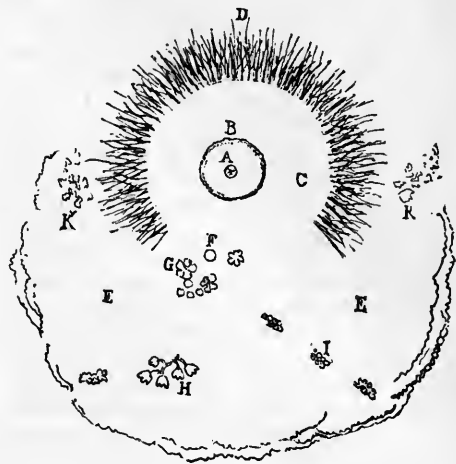
at once the famous nests that had been described to him by the hunters of Bruijn. Contenting himself for the moment with a brief examination of this marvel, he enjoined his hunters not to disturb it.

After several days spent at Hatam in the preservation of specimens, at last, one morning, his crayon and box of colors in hand, he set out toward the habitation of the *Amblyornis*, and immediately applied himself to the task of making the sketch which has been exactly reproduced in our illustration. At the time of his visit the proprietors were not at home, nor was he afterward able to ascertain with any certainty whether any cabin was frequented by a single pair or by more; whether by more males than females, or the reverse; whether the males alone construct the huts, or whether the females aid in the work, or how far they may be the work of several individuals. That these cabins are used season after season, is made probable from the fact that they are constantly being renewed and embellished.

This bird selects for its hut and garden a spot on a level with the plain, having in its center a small shrub, with a trunk about the height and size of a small walking-stick. Around the base of this central support it constructs, of different mosses, a sort of cone, about a span in diameter. This cone of moss serves to strengthen the central pilaster, upon the top of which the whole edifice is sustained. The height of the cabin is at least half a meter. All around, from the top of the central pilaster and diverging outward therefrom, arranged methodically in an inclined position, are long stems, their upper ends supported on the apex of the pilaster, and their lower resting on the ground, and thus all around, excepting immediately in front. In this way is made the cabin, conical in form and quite regular in the shape the whole presents when the work is completed. Many other stems are then added and interwoven in various ways, so as to make a roof at once strong and impervious to the weather. Between the central pilaster and the insertion in the ground there is left a circular gallery in the shape of a horse-shoe. The whole structure has a total diameter of about a meter.

The long, straw-like stems of which it makes use as rafters, are the slender and upright branches of a species of orchid (*Dendrobium*), an epiphytal plant that grows in large tufts on the mossy branches of tall trees. They are as slender as fine straws, and are about half a meter in length. These

stems retain their small and closely packed leaves, which are still living, and continue to maintain their life a long while, as is the



PLAN OF THE GARDEN AND CABIN OF THE AMBLYORNIS INORNATA.

A, central pilaster supporting the whole; B, support made of moss around base of pilaster; C, gallery; D, projecting roof of the cabin; E, artificial garden made of moss; F, fruit of the *Garcinia*; G, opened fruit of the *Garcinia*; H, flower of a large species of *Vaccinium*; I, fruit of *Scitaminea*; K, K, rejected fruit and faded flowers.

case with the greater part of the epiphytal orchids of the tropics; and there is little doubt that these sagacious birds select this plant, on account of its vitality, purposely, to prevent the decay of their dwelling.

But the æsthetic tastes of our "gardeners" are not restricted to the construction of a cabin. Their fondness for flowers and for gardens is still more remarkable. Directly in front of the entrance to their cabin is a level place occupying a superficies about as large as that of the structure itself. It is a miniature meadow of soft moss, transported thither, kept smooth and clean, and free from grass, weeds, stones, and other objects not in harmony with its design. Upon this graceful green carpet are scattered flowers and fruit of brilliant colors, in such a manner that they really present the appearance of an elegant little garden. The greater number of these ornaments appear to be accumulated near the entrance to the cabin. The variety of the objects thus collected is very great, and they are always of brilliant colors.

Here were several of the bright fruit of the *Garcinia*, as large as small apples, and of a violet color; others of the fruit of the *Gardenia* that are as large, opening irregularly, having four or five valves displaying their brilliant pulp and colored seeds of a bright saffron. There were also many clusters of a small

rose-colored fruit; but to what plant they belonged is not known. These inclosed yellow seeds projecting, with singular effect of contrast, through the roseate skins. The beautiful rose-colored flowers of a species of *Vaccinium* was one of the most conspicuous ornaments, and it is probable that the floral decorations vary with the season. Not only does the *Amblyornis* select its ornaments from among flowers and fruit, but showy fungi and elegantly colored insects are also distributed about the gardens and within the galleries of the cabin. When these objects have been exposed so long as to lose their freshness, they are taken from the abode, thrown away, and replaced by others.

The genius of this bird is not only displayed in its ability to construct an abode of pleasure; it is otherwise very accomplished. One of the many names it has received among the natives is that of *Burun-guru*, or master-bird, because it varies its own notes and intermingles with them the songs and cries of quite a large number of other birds. Its song was thus a constant series of variations. Dr. Beccari's hunters were often,

when attracted by some unknown note which promised a new species, driven nearly to distraction at finding that the sounds came from the throat of one of these birds.

"From all that I have given," concludes the explorer, "it appears to me that there is no room to doubt that the cabins and the gardens of the amblyornis, as well as the galleries of the bower-birds, are places of pleasure and retirement, in which, at certain seasons of the year, the males meet to pay their court to the females and to contend for their favor."

Can we conceive of anything in Nature, on the part of her instinct-guided creatures, more wonderful than that a bird, for mere purposes of social enjoyment, apart from all instinctive promptings to incubation or care for its offspring, should display the intellect, the ability, and the taste, evinced by its constructing a stable edifice around a single central support, or should exhibit the æsthetic promptings, the fondness for the beautiful, shown by its embellishing its grounds with bright-colored and beautiful objects?

THE FIRST BUTTERFLY.

I.

THOU first gay flutterer of the opening year,—

Like some bright flower awakened ere its time,
Thou wanderest o'er the fields of late so drear,
In search of kindred from thy fairy clime.

On frail, uncertain wing, by rough winds blown,

Thou beatest up and down across the wold,
With not a flower to cheer thee save the lone
Anemone that shivers in the cold.

By the soft, wooing breath of Spring betrayed

To leave the shelter of thy warm retreat—
Thou, too, hast found how false the promise made
Of balmy airs and blossoms fair and sweet.

II.

Exhausted by thy flight, thou givest o'er

Like some poor wanderer dropping by the way,
And sinkest in the grass as if no more
To flaunt thy beauty in the eye of day.

Lost in the verdurous sea, like the lone sail

That shrinks before the tempest's awful frown,
Thou hast but added to the throngs that fail,
Or for the moment seem to have gone down.

III.

O thou bright spirit of the sunshine born,
Touched with the softest immaterial hues,
How vain thy struggle in the hope forlorn
To cleave the viewless path the lark pursues !

None may thy mission know but He who calls
The myriad insects of an hour to life,
Without whom not the tiniest sparrow falls,
Nor worlds are shaken by contending strife.

IV.

Emerging like a specter from the deep,
Again thou flutterest idly to and fro,
As if, benumbed by cold or dulled by sleep,
Thou wert uncertain where to stay or go.

Poised on the stubble of the last year's grass,
Thy weary wings thou foldest for a space,
Uncaring who may come or what may pass,
'To tear thee like a culprit from thy race.

Like a lone mourner brooding o'er her loss,
Fixed to the spot that holds her precious dust,
Thou clingest to thy perch the mad winds toss
Unshaken in thy faith and hope and trust.

V.

But now the bright sun breaks through clouds that part,
And in a moment all the scene is changed ;
And on thy wanderings thou again dost start,
And field on field from side to side is ranged.

Ah, there thou pausest with thy outstretched wings
On the bright golden dandelion's crown,
Delighted like the bee that sips and sings
And wallows in the depths of honeyed down.

Up, up on lightsome wing thou mountest high,
As if thy thankfulness thou too wouldst bear
To Him who over all with sleepless eye
Extends his never-failing love and care.

VI.

Type of the world, that buffets all who haste
To flee the irksome narrowness of home,
Impatient to be free those joys to taste
That lure the light and gay of heart to roam.

"Too early" or "too late" the dismal doom
That waits on many a brave, adventurous soul,
Born out of time to struggle on in gloom
Against adversity's malign control.

But when amid the darkest hours of doubt
All closes round us like the voiceless tomb,
Some golden thought like heaven's bright ray gleams out,
And gladdens all the waste of life with bloom.

LITTLE ROSE AND THE HOUSE OF THE SNOWY RANGE.

ROSITA, which being turned from Spanish into English means Little Rose, is a mining camp in the silver region of the Sierra Mojada in southern Colorado. A legend runs that there was once another "Little Rose," a beautiful woman of Mexico, who had a Frenchman for a lover. When she died her lover lost his wits and journeyed aimlessly away to the north; he rambled on and on until he came to this beautiful little nook, nestled among mountains, and overlooking a great green valley a thousand feet below it. Here he exclaimed: "Beautiful as Rosita!" and settled himself to live and die on the spot.

A simpler and better authenticated explanation of the name is, that when the miners first came, six years ago, into the gulches where the town of Rosita now lies, they found several fine springs of water, each spring in a thicket of wild roses. As they went to and fro from their huts to the springs they found in the dainty blossoms a certain air of greeting, as of old inhabitants welcoming new-comers. It seemed no more than courteous that the town should be called after the name of the oldest and most aristocratic settler,—a kind of recognition which does not always result in so pleasing a name as Rosita—Tompkinsville, for instance, or Jenkins's Gulch. Little Rose, then, it became, and Little Rose it will remain. Not even a millionaire of mines will ever dare to dispute this vested title of the modest little flower. Each spring would brand him as a usurper, for the wild rose still queens it in the Sierra Mojada.

I suppose there may be many ways of approaching Rosita. I know only the one by which we went, last June; going from Colorado Springs, first to Cañon City, by rail.

Cañon City lies at the mouth of the grand cañon, by which the Arkansas River forces its way through the Wet Mountain range. It is a small town, which has always been hoping to be a large one. Since the Arkansas comes down this way from the great South Park, men thought they could carry and fetch goods on the same road; but the granite barrier is too much for them. Bold and rich must the railroad company be that will lay a track through this cañon. Cañon City has also

many hot springs, highly medicinal; and it has hoped that the world would come to them to be cured of diseases. It has coal, too, in great quantity, and of a good quality, and this seemed a certain element of prosperity. But spite of all, Cañon City neither grows nor thrives, and wears always a certain indefinable look of depression and bad luck about it, just as men do when things go wrong with them year after year. It is surrounded on two sides by low foot-hills which present bare fronts of the gloomiest shade of drab ever seen. One does not stop to ask if it be clay, sand, or rock, so overpowering is one's sense of the color; it would not seem that so neutral a tint could make a glare, but not even on the surfaces of white houses can the sun make so blinding and intolerable a glare as it does on the drab plains and drab foot-hills of Cañon City. One escapes from it with a sense of relief which seems at first disproportionate,—a quick exhilaration, such as is produced by passing suddenly from the society of a stupid person into that of a brilliant and witty one. You see at once how frightfully you were being bored. You had not realized it before. Through six miles of this drab glare, we drove in a south-westerly direction when we set out for Rosita. On the outskirts of the town we passed the penitentiary,—also of a drab color,—a fine stone building. To liven things a little, the authorities have put the convicts into striped tights, black and white. The poor fellows were hewing, hammering, and wheeling drab stone as we drove past. They looked droll enough,—like two-legged zebras prancing about.

The six miles of drab plain were relieved only by the cactus blossoms; these were abundant and beautiful, chiefly of the prickly pear variety, great mats of uncouth, bristling leaves, looking like oblong, green griddle-cakes, made thick and stuck full of pins, points out—as repellent a plant as is to be found anywhere on the face of the earth; but lo, out of the edge of this thick and unseemly lobe springs a many-leaved chalice of satin sheen, graceful, nay, regal in its poise, in its quiet. No breeze stirs it; no sun wilts it; no other blossom rivals the lustrous transparency of its petals. Of all shades of yellow, from the palest cream-color up to the deepest tint of virgin gold;

of all shades of pink, from a faint, hardly perceptible flush up to a rose as clear and bright as that in the palm of a baby's hand;—myriads of these, full-blown, half-blown, and in bud, we saw on every rod of the six miles of desolate drab plains which we crossed below Cañon City. As soon as the road turned to the west and entered the foot-hills, we began to climb; almost immediately we found ourselves on grand ledges. On these we wound and rose, and wound and rose, tier above tier, above tier, as one winds and climbs the tiers of the Coliseum in Rome; from each new ledge a grander off-look to the south and east; the whole wide plain wooded in spaces, with alternating intervals of smooth green fields; Pike's Peak and its range, majestic and snowy, in the north-eastern horizon; countless peaks in the north; and in the near foreground, Cañon City, redeemed from all its ugliness and bareness, nestled among its cotton-wood trees as a New England village nestles among its elms. It fills consciousness with delight almost too full to look off at one minute upon grand mountain summits, and into distances so infinite one cannot even conjecture their limits; see the peaks lost in clouds and the plains melting into skies, and the next minute to look down on one's pathway and be dazzled by a succession of flowers almost as bewildering as the peaks and the plains. Here, on these rocky ledges, still grow the gold and pink cactus cups, and beside these, scarlet gillias, blue pentstemons, white daisies and yellow spiraea, blue harebells and blue larkspur. This blue larkspur is the same which we see in old-fashioned gardens in New England. In Colorado it grows wild, side by side with the blue harebell, and behaves like it,—roots itself in crevices, and sways and waves in every wind.

The crowning beauty of the flower-show on these rocky ledges was a cactus, whose name I do not know. It is shaped and molded like the sea-urchin, and grows sometimes as large as the wheel of a baby-carriage. Its lobes or sections are of clear apple-green, and thick set with long spines of a glistening white. The flower is a many-leaved tubular cup of a deep, rich crimson color. They are thrown out at haphazard, apparently, anywhere on the lobes. You will often see ten, twelve, or even twenty of these blossoms on a single plant of only medium size, say eight or ten inches in diameter. When we first saw one of these great, crimson-flowered cacti, wedged in like a cushion or flattened ball in the

gnarled roots of an old cedar-bush on the side of this rocky road, we halted in silent wonder, and looked first at it and then at each other. Afterward we grew wonted to their beauty; we even pulled several of them up bodily and carried them home in a box; but this familiarity bred no contempt; it only added to our admiration a terror which was uncomfortable. A live creature which could bite would be no harder to handle and carry. It has one single root growing out at its center, like the root of a turnip; this root is long and slender; it must wriggle its way down among the rocks like a snake. By this root you can carry the cactus, and by this alone. Woe betide you if you so much as attempt to tug, or lift, or carry it by its sides. You must pry it up with a stick or trowel till you can reach the root, grasp it by that handle, and carry it bottom side up, held off at a judicious distance from your legs.

At last we had climbed up to the last ledge, rounded the last point. Suddenly we saw before us, many hundred feet below us, a green well, into the mouth of which we looked down. There is nothing but a well to which I can compare the first view from these heights of the opening of Oak Creek Cañon. The sides of the well slant outward. Perhaps it is more like a huge funnel, little end down. The sun poured into these green depths, so full and warm that each needle on the fir-trees glittered, and a fine aromatic scent arose, as if spices were being brewed there. One small house stood in the clearing. It was only a rough-built thing of unpainted pine, but Colorado pine is as yellow as gold, and if you do not know that it is pine, you might take it, at a little distance, for some rare and gleaming material which nobody but kings could afford to make houses of.

Down into this green well we dashed, on precipitous ledges as steep as that we had climbed. Once down at the bottom of the well, we stopped to look up and back. It seemed a marvel that there should be a way in or out. There are but two; the way we had come,—scaling the ledges,—and the way we were to go, keeping close to Oak Creek. Close indeed! the road clings to the creek as one blind might cling to a rope; for miles and miles they go hand in hand, cross and recross and change places, like partners in a dance, only to come again side by side. It would take botany and geology, and painting as well, to tell the truth of this exquisite Oak Creek Cañon.

Its sides were a tangle of oak, beeches, willows, clematis, green-brier and wild rose; underneath these, carpets of white violets and blue, yellow daisies and white, and great spaces of an orange-colored flower I never saw before, which looked like a lantana, a rich purple blossom also, for which I have neither name nor similitude. Above these banks and waving walls of flowers, were the immovable walls of rock, now in precipices, now in piles of bowlders, now in mountain-like masses. Often the cañon widens, and incloses now a few acres of rich meadow-land where a ranchman has built himself a little house and begun a farm, now a desolate and arid tract on which no human being will ever live. At all these openings, there are glimpses of snowy peaks to the right and to the left. The road is literally in the mountains. At last,—and at last means nearly at sunset,—we reached the end of the cañon. It had widened and widened, until, imperceptibly, it had ceased, and we were out in a vast open with limitless distances stretching away in all directions. We were on a great plateau; we had climbed around, through, and come out on top of, the Sierra Mojada. We were on a plateau, yet the plateau was broken and uneven, heaved up into vast billowy ovals and circles, which sometimes sharpened into ridges and were separated by ravines. It was a tenantless, soundless, well-nigh trackless wilderness. Our road had forsaken the creek, and there was no longer any guide to Rosita. Now and then we came to roads branching to right or left; no guide-posts told their destination, and in the silence and forsaken emptiness of these great spaces all roads seemed alike inexplicable. In the west a long serrated line of snow-topped summits shone against the red sky. This was the grand Sangre di Cristo range, and by this we might partly know which way lay Rosita.

By a hesitating instinct, and not in any certainty, we groped along in that labyrinth of billowy hills and ravines, twilight settling fast upon the scene, and the vastness and the loneliness growing vaster and more lonely with each gathering shadow.

We were an hour too late. We had lingered too long among the flowers. Had we come out on this plateau in time to see the marshaling of the sunset, we should have looked down on Rosita all aglow with its reflection, and have seen the great Wet Mountain valley below like one long prism of

emerald laid at the feet of the mountains which are called by the name of the "Blood of Christ."

It was dark when we saw the Rosita lights ahead, and there was a tone of unconfessed relief in the voice with which my companion said:

"Ha! there is Rosita now!"

I think if I had driven down into a deep burrow of glow-worms in Brobdingnag, I should have had about the same sensations I had as we crept down into the black, twinkling gulches of Rosita. When I saw them by daylight, I understood how they looked so weird by night, but at my first view of them they seemed uncanny indeed. The shifting forms of the miners seemed unhumanly grotesque, and their voices sounded strange and elfish.

"The House of the Snowy Range," they all replied, as we asked for the name of the best inn. "That's the one you'd like best. Strangers always go there."

"The House of the Snowy Range" was simple enough English, I perceived, the next morning, but that night it sounded to me mysterious and half terrifying, as if they had said "Palace of the Ice King," or, "Home of the Spirits of the Frost."

Never was a house better named than the House of the Snowy Range. It is only an unpainted pine house, two stories high, built in the roughest way, and most scantily furnished. Considered only as a house, it is undeniably bare and forlorn; but it is never to be considered only as a house. It is the House of the Snowy Range. That means that as you sit on the roofless, unrailed, unplaned board piazza, you see in the west the great Sangre di Cristo range,—more peaks than you would think of counting, more peaks than you could count if you tried, for they are so dazzling white that they blind the eye which looks too long and too steadily at them. These peaks range from ten thousand to fifteen thousand feet in height; they are all sharp-pointed and sharp-lined to the base; no curves, no confusion of overlapping outlines. Of all the myriad peaks, lesser and greater, each one is distinct; the upper line made by the highest summits against the sky is sharply serrated, as if it were the teeth of a colossal saw; the whole front, as shown sloping to the east, is still a surface of sharp, distinct, pyramidal peaks, wedged in with each other in wonderful tiers and groupings. From the piazza of the House of the Snowy Range to the base of the nearest of these peaks is only five miles;

but you look over at them through so marvelous a perspective that they seem sometimes nearer, sometimes much farther. They lie the other side of the great Wet Mountain valley. The House of the Snowy Range is one thousand feet above this valley, and gets its view of it between two near and rounding hills. From the piazza, therefore, you look at the Sangre di Cristo peaks across the mouth, as it were, of a huge, oval, emerald well, one thousand feet deep, yet illuminated with the clearest sunlight. It is an effect which can never be described. I am humiliated as I recall it and re-read these last few sentences. I think it would be the despair of the greatest painter that ever lived. What use, then, are words to convey it?

The Wet Mountain valley, or park, is thirty miles long and from four to five wide. It is one of the most fertile spots in Colorado. In July the meadow grasses grow higher than a man's knee, and the hill slopes are carpeted with flowers. It is full of little streams and never-failing springs, fed from the snows on the mountain wall to the west. Here are large farms, well tilled and fenced in, and with comfortable houses. The creeks are full of trout, and the mountain slopes are full of game. It ought to be a paradise coveted and sought for; but the sound of the pickax from the hills above them reaches the ears of the farmers and makes them discontented with their slower gains. Man after man they are drawn away by the treacherous lure, and the broad, beautiful valley is still but thinly settled. This is a mistake; but it is a mistake that is destined to go on repeating itself forever in all mining countries. The contagion of the haste to be rich is as deadly as the contagion of a disease, and it is too impatient to take note of facts that might stay its fever. It is a simple matter of statistics, for instance, that in the regions of Georgetown and Central City the average miner is poor, while the man who sells him potatoes is well off. Yet for one man who will plant potatoes, twenty will go into a mine.

I am not sure, however, that it is wholly the lure of silver which draws men up from the green farms of Wet Mountain valley to the hills of Rosita. It might well be the spell of the little place itself. Fancy a half dozen high, conical hills, meeting at their bases, but sloping fast and far enough back to let their valleys be sunny and open; fancy these hills green to the very top, so that cattle go grazing higher and higher, till

at the very summit they look no bigger than flies; fancy these hills shaded here and there with groves of pines and firs, so that one need never walk too far without shade; fancy between five and six hundred little houses, chiefly of the shining yellow pine, scattered irregularly over these hill-sides; remember that from the door-ways and windows of these houses a man may look off on the view I have described,—across a green valley one thousand feet below him, up to a range of snow-topped mountains fifteen thousand feet above him,—and does it not seem natural to love Rosita? Another most picturesque figure in the landscape is the contrast of color produced by the glittering piles of quartz thrown up at the mouths of the mines. There are over three hundred of these mines; they are dotted over the hill-sides, and each mine has its great pyramid of loose stone, which shines in the sun and is of a beautiful silvery gray color. The names of these mines are well-nigh incredible, and produce most bewildering effects when one hears them on every hand in familiar conversation. "Leviathan," "Lucille," "Columbus," "Hebe," "Elizabeth," "Essex," "Humboldt," "Buccaneer," "Montezuma," "Ferdinand," "Sunset," "Bald Hornet," "Silver Wing," "Evening Star," and "Hell and Six," are a few of them. Surely they indicate an amount and variety of taste and research very remarkable to be found in a small mining community.

On the morning after our arrival we drove down into Wet Mountain valley, crossed it, and climbed high up on one of the lower peaks of the Sangre di Cristo range. From this point we looked back on the Sierra Mojada; it was a sea of green mountain-tops, not a bare or rocky summit among them. Rosita was out of sight, and, looking at its close-set hills, one who did not know would have said there was no room for a town there.

At our feet grew white strawberry-blossoms, the low Solomon's seal, and the dainty wild rose, as lovely, as perfect, and apparently as glad here, ten thousand feet above the sea, as they seem on a spring morning in New England's hills and woods.

Finding one's native flowers thousands of miles away from home seems to annihilate distance. To be transplanted seems the most natural thing in the world. Exile is not exile, if it be to a country where the wild rose can grow and a Snowy Range give benediction.

THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.



SEAL OF NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

In the good old days when Franklin was postmaster-general of the colonies and kept all of his accounts in a nice little memorandum-book of three hundred pages, he introduced many wonderful improvements for the time, and it is actually said that he almost took away the breath of the people by proposing in 1760 to run a wagon to carry the mail from Philadelphia to Boston once a week. In the postal system of that time, New York was a way station, where the bold fortnightly rider from Philadelphia was accustomed, perhaps, to change his horse, or hand the Boston mail over to his successor. In 1775 the revolutionists established a "constitutional post-office" in New York, in place of the unconstitutional one which the British had kept. This constitutional post-office was kept by Mr. William Goddard, at Holt's printing-office. It may be interesting to the reader to know that the printing-office was "in Water street, near the coffee-house." The post went "to Mr. Bradford's, at the coffee-house in Philadelphia." There seem to have been just as many coffee-houses in the two cities as there were post-offices—namely, one in each place.

When the British troops evacuated New York, the post-office was set up at 38 Smith street. Sebastian Bauman, the first postmaster under the Federal government, kept the office in his grocery store at 62 Broadway; then at 51 Wall street; later at the corner of what is now Wall and South William,—then Smith street,—and finally at 29 William street. In this last house General Theodorus Bailey found the office, and here

he continued it for more than twenty years, in a room twelve by fifteen feet. There were one hundred and forty-four wooden letter-boxes in the window. In 1825 the office was moved into the Academy building in Garden street, at which time eight clerks and eight carriers did the postal business of the city. Thence the post-office went into the Merchant's Exchange in Garden street, the number of the boxes having grown to three thousand. Here the great fire of 1835 found it and burned it. It was then located in the Park, in the building known as the "Rotunda," until 1845, when the Middle Dutch Church was bought, and the post-office removed nearer to the business center of that day. There is extant an old circular, signed by John Lorimer Graham as postmaster, and ornamented with a cut of the church. This circular extends an invitation to "view the interior arrangement of the establishment." This old church, with its numberless additions, so familiar to the present generation of New Yorkers, continued to be the resting-place of the office for thirty years, until in August, 1875, the location was changed to the imposing new building at the lower end of City Hall Park. And now, in the new office, the employés, embarrassed by the clumsy devices of government architects who knew nothing of the needs of the service, sigh for the old church, where no awkwardly placed pillars cramped their assorting-tables, increased the distances, and embarrassed their work.

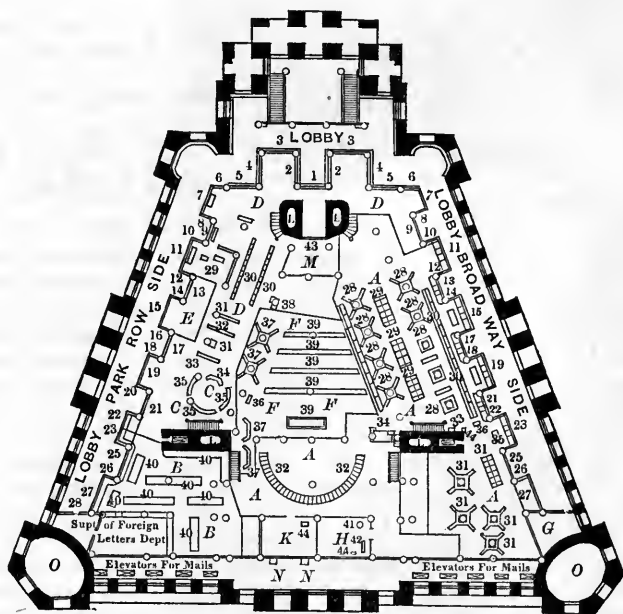
But the enterprising Dr. Benjamin Franklin, with his little memorandum account-book and his ambitious weekly stage-wagon from Philadelphia to Boston—stopping, may be, to leave a few letters at a coffee-house in New York—would have rejoiced could he have foreseen how perfect a machine the modern metropolitan post-office would become. For what the heart is to the body, that is the post-office to the commerce of a great city. Unobstructed postal communication is one of the first requisites of business. A mistake or delay in the delivery of an important letter may entail bankruptcy, may bring any kind of serious misfortune to somebody. In the days when horses and the sails of schooners were the best motors known, and when a man's loose pocket-money was exhausted in paying the postage on a single letter, neither commerce nor

social life had come to depend on the mails. People did without expeditious communication between New York and Philadelphia, as we to-day do without daily intercourse with Puget's Sound. But we have now so long lived next-door neighbor to the other great cities of the country, our social and business affairs have come to be so intimately entangled with those of people a thousand miles away, that the interruption of mail trains, even for a single day—by a railway strike, for instance—throws the whole intricate machinery of our modern life out of gear. The very perfection of postal organization has brought about a state of things in which that perfect organization is indispensable. Forty years ago, what we now call expedition was out of the question. To-day every letter received in New York is stamped with the hour of its arrival, and a single hour's delay in its delivery is a grievance to be grumbled at by the receiver and hunted down by the post-office.

But did you ever reflect how difficult of achievement is this wonderful accuracy and dispatch? Nearly one hundred and thirty-four millions of letters, papers, and packages were delivered through the New York post-office in 1876, and the rate is ever on the increase. If to this inconceivably large number of parcels delivered, you add the like number sent out to all parts of the country through all manner of complex routes, and to this again all the vast foreign and local mails in transit, which are made up, assorted, or sent forward through this office, you will have some glimmering notion of the amount of organizing and administrative ability needed to manage so vast and so complex a business. There are over twelve hundred men in the service of the New York post-office, and yet so

perfectly is everything adjusted, that the letters dropped in the central office at the closing hour for the up-town mail are faced-up, stamped, assorted, pouched, and carried to the station of the Elevated Railway in just nineteen minutes. And in this vast establishment, where everything is of necessity done with the utmost rapidity, and where there is an infinitude of intricate details, it is almost impossible for a clerk or a carrier to make an error that cannot be traced directly back to him.

We hear much about the accuracy of the



GROUND PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR.

BROADWAY SIDE.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10, Lock-box delivery; 11, drops for letters and printed matter for delivery in New York City; 12, window for reception of bundles of letters for delivery in New York City; 13, drops for Middle States, Canada and Newfoundland; 14, drops for Southern States; 15, drops for New England States; 16, window for reception of letters and packages too bulky for the drops; 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, drops for Western States and Territories; 22, window, superintendent domestic distribution department; 23, window and drop for reception of circulars; 24, window for sale of postage stamps, and stamped envelopes in sums less than one dollar; 25, cases for separation and distribution of letters for outgoing domestic mails; 26, tables upon which mails are verified, and letters made up in mail packages; 27, table for post-marking letters and canceling stamps; 28, cases and table for distribution, separation of circulars, and making up same in mail packages; 29, large case for pouching letter packages; 30, indicator of telegraph from Sandy Hook; 31, table for opening pouches of incoming mails; 32, superintendent domestic distribution department; 33, machine for post-marking postal-cards.

PARK ROW SIDE.—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, Lock-box delivery; 12, superintendent post-office delivery window; 13 and 14, general delivery—ladies' window; 15 and 16, general delivery—gentlemen's window; 17, call window—carrier delivery; 18, general newspaper delivery—window; 19, 20, 21, lock-box delivery—newspapers; 22, drop for newspapers, books, and merchandise, packages for United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, and window for sale of stamps—foreign mails; 23, supplementary foreign mail window; 24, drops for North and South America—foreign; 25, window for reception of mail from ship-masters; 26, drops—Europe, Asia, Africa, and Oceania; 27, window—superintendent foreign mails; 28, office of superintendent post-office delivery; 29, two tables and cases for box-assorters; 30, opening-table for mails received; 31, table for making up mails for branch offices; 32, case for distributing newspaper mails for branch offices; 33, case for distributing newspaper mails for box delivery; 34, cases for distribution of papers for general delivery; 35, superintendent carriers' delivery; 36, cases for distribution of mails for carriers; 37, post-marking and canceling table; 38, tables and cases for use of carriers.

FOREIGN DEPARTMENT.—40, Tables for stamping and distribution of foreign letters; 41, telephone connected with stables of contractor for carrying mails; 42, indicator for arrival and departure of mails, and connected with large indicator, No. 43; 43, large indicator for arrival of mails; 44, speaking-tubes and call-bells connecting with assistant postmaster's offices.

Sub Bremen

An F. W. Schrader
Gardener

Nr. 3414. Klein. St. Anglorodt.
S. Schrehan.

Shade & Fruit. Sold
Planted & Trimm'd. Grabs Plotts.
neatly. laid. Garden work promptly attended to.
Nord Amerika.

A "BLIND" LETTER RECEIVED AT THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE.

English postal system, and the wonders achieved by the London office. But the New York service is certainly not less efficient, and, in some respects, it is very much better. The difficulties of the New York office are much greater than those of any metropolitan office abroad. London sends about twenty mails a day, while New York sends eighty-four, and receives eighty-six mails a day. The whole number of post-offices in Great Britain and Ireland is but about ten thousand, and these are compactly situated within a small territory, while in the United States there are over thirty-seven thousand (37,575) offices scattered over all the wide territory from one ocean to the other, and reached by many connecting and intricate routes. The problem which confronts the New York post-office is therefore many fold more difficult of solution than that of the London office. For we must remember, also, that the schedules of the mail trains in England are under government control, and have by consequence a certain fixity, while here the time-tables and connections are regularly upset every spring and fall, and are liable to change at any time at the pleasure of the railways; yet the New York office has mastered these difficulties, and it would seem hardly possible to make human minds and human hands work with more accuracy and expedition than they do in the metropolitan post-office.

Armed with Postmaster James's authority

and his personal request to the superintendents that every detail of the business shall be open to our inspection, and that no desired information shall be withheld, we get on one of the lifts and descend into those sacred precincts to which no outsider is ever admitted except by rare favor. Let us go to the bottom of the matter by beginning in the basement.

Here, first of all, we see the leathern bags and the canvas pouches. To prevent confusion, the present postmaster hit upon the plan of having the pouches for each service made of different appearance from those meant for other uses. There is no danger that a pouch for foreign service will go by mistake up the North River, for it has a wholly different physiognomy. The pouch for the city branches is also unique. The registered letter pouches are quite the aristocracy of mail bags, and nobody can by any chance mistake one of them for any of the common herd of plebeian pouches. You would as soon think of hiring a young man with white neck-tie and lavender kids to shovel coals into your cellar, as to think of putting to common uses one of the registered-letter bags with its beautiful stenciling and its thirteen symbolical stripes. The pouches are all made of the very best goods, and with many curious devices for safety from pilfering and from water, and for the detection of robbers. So unlike every other sort of bag are the mail-bags, that any per-

son outside of the service, found with one of them in his possession, or even with part of one, is forthwith arrested for a thief. Perhaps, even more curious than the registered-letter pouch is the "catcher pouch," cunningly arranged for the taking up of mails at a way station by a train on the fly. Many of these devices are the ingenious work of Mr. Boyle, the contractor for the canvas bags, whose exhibition of this sort of manufactures at the Centennial Exhibition attracted much attention from foreign governments.

When a bag has been once used, and after each successive use, it is sent down into this basement and thoroughly inspected. If it is at all out of order, it is sent at once into the repair shops. These shops in the basement were planned by Postmaster-General Jewell, and have already resulted in a saving of eighteen thousand dollars to the government. This office is a supply station for all the mail bags used in the country, and they are stacked up here by thousands in great bins.

When you stand without in the lobby, on the Broadway side of the great new post-office building, you see letters dropped in all day long. There are separate drops for foreign letters, and places of deposit for all sorts of domestic mail matter,—from that which is to go to Harlem, to the letters meant for Texas, or Arizona, or Alaska. You ask, What becomes of all these? What is the great human machine that seizes and distributes these countless letters to the four quarters of the globe?


If we stand on the inside, we see the

letters coming through. There is something weird and mysterious about it. One sees no hand, there is no regularity about the intervals, but now one, now three letters are dropped, and all up and down this side of the office letters are being pushed in by unseen hands, and are dropping in a strange, irregularly intermittent way, with a muffled rustle and slapping upon the tables beneath.

The first thing to be done is to "face up" the letters,—to put them all with directed sides facing the same way. New York's largest correspondence is with New York, and at the table where drop-letters come through, sits an old man, with a kind of short-handled rake,—perhaps I ought to call it a hoe. As fast as the letters fall upon his table he rakes them toward him and faces them up ready for the stamper. Every stamp has its number, and by that number any miscarried or delayed letter can be tracked through all the hands that have handled it. The envelope will tell a post-office official whether the letter was posted at a lamp-post, dropped at one of the stations, or at the central office, and upon what tables it was stamped and made up in the mail. If it is tardy in arriving at its destination the superintendent of the mailing department can fix the responsibility of the delay. The system by which this is achieved was devised by Mr. Thomas L. James, the present postmaster.

After the stamper comes the separator, who puts the letters for each mail together; after him the mail-maker, who verifies every

*Hounsin = Lahl Loffenma
County, Slingota
North Amerika
via Hamburg
für. von Niebe*



letter in each mail, ties them into a bundle and puts on each a printed label marked with its destination, and stamped with his own name. When the packages are opened on the postal car, the route agent marks whatever errors there may be in them upon the labels and returns these to the New York post-office. A rigid account of these errors is kept, and every man's percentage of correctness for a given time is set opposite his name, on a sheet that is conspicuously posted in the office. Some men have become so accurate that they will have for some months a clean record, not having made a single mistake in the mailing of a letter. This accuracy is one of the tests upon which the salaries are graded from time to time, and there is consequently the liveliest emulation in the matter.

But expedition is also of great importance. If you step in here on a day when a steamer has arrived you will see how fast men can work. A marine telegraph at the north end of the building gives information of the approach of a mail steamer while she is yet "outside the Hook," and by the time the great load of foreign mail arrives the post-office decks are cleared for action. On one day in October last, for instance, three hundred and twenty-eight sacks of mail matter were landed from the "City of Chester," and one hundred and twenty-eight at the same time from the "Hermann." And that was on Monday, the day when the number of letters to be dispatched is always larger than on any other day. For Sunday is the day for writing and mailing social and family letters, and the number taken from the street boxes at 9 P. M. of that day is immense. So that when steamer-day and Monday come together, these stampers, separators, mail-makers, pouchers and dispatchers are up to their eyes in work.

When the mail-maker has tied up his letters they go to the poucher, who assort them, throwing the several packages with unerring aim into their several divisions, arranged like large pigeon-holes in a semi-circular form. These pigeon-holes slope downward toward the back, and even while the poucher is throwing, the dispatcher may be affixing the pouches at the back, opening a sliding door and emptying the mail into the bags, which are immediately locked and sent off to the wagons of the contractor, George K. Otis, waiting at the door. Here is a telephone hanging by a pillar. If there is a mail of size extraordinary, the dispatcher has only to speak

the word to this instrument and it is distinctly heard at the stables in Wooster street, a good two miles away.

The newspaper tables in the basement are among the most curious. The straight pitching and the rapid distribution are perpetual wonders to an outsider. The papers and letters are not all assorted to separate offices, but what are called "mass states and territories,"—mails for the whole of a distant state or territory in a single package—are sent to be distributed on the postal cars. Some notion of the vastness of the business may be had from the fact that two hundred and forty-six bags went out to New England and Canada, on the day of our inspection.

There are two other curiosities in this department. Postmaster James found that deaf mutes could be used for some of the work, and there are now three engaged in stamping, and one in sorting. "When we get two noisy men," said the assistant superintendent, "we put a 'dummy' between them and so secure quiet."

The other thing that interested us was the arrest of lottery matter. The law gives the post-office power to stop all matter of this kind. But the lottery men resort to many ingenious tricks to defeat the vigilance of the office. There are always newspapers on their last legs, with a respectable reputation, but very few subscribers. The lottery swindlers buy up one of these and fill the outside with the usual innocent reading matter, while they stuff the inside of the paper with puffs of their scheme of capital prizes and lovely frauds. The edition is suddenly swelled, and it is mailed to the list of names which have been assiduously gathered by the harpies. One such transformation had been detected on the very day of our first visit, and the whole edition stopped.

Of the whole number,—nearly a hundred and fifty millions of letters and packages a year at this time,—about one half are distributed through boxes, at the central office, about one-fourth by carriers, and about one-fourth are sent to the stations in other parts of the city. Every letter received here is stamped at once with the hour of its arrival. All letters coming in between ten and eleven o'clock in the morning are stamped "11 A. M." When the hour turns, the stamper wipes his stamp clean of ink, lays it away in a drawer and takes a new one with the next hour upon it and proceeds again. The greatest care is exercised to have the stamp legible. In London a machine is used for stamping, but here it is found that nothing

Mr General Grant
 Expräsident der
 Nordamerikanischen Union.
 in New-York.
 Nordamerika



is so good as the human hand. These stampers are incredibly swift and dexterous, in their alternate rapid stamping of a letter and the ink-pad.

From the stamper the letters go to the assorters. The letters are separated into box letters, carriers' letters, and letters for the branch offices. The assorter for the boxes has to distribute to each of the windows of box delivery its letters, and, to do this, he must remember twenty thousand names, and at what window each one of this twenty

thousand gets his mail. The letters should be addressed to the box number, but in most cases they are not. Though Jenkins & Company are always addressed at 97 Fiddler street, their letters must always be put in box 9,775, let us say, which box is at a certain window, which window the assorter must always keep in his head associated with Jenkins & Company of Fiddler street, and with some thousands of names besides. Moreover, there is a John Jenkins & Son in Huckleberry lane, whose letters must be

張正
 松
 隆
 館
 收
 啓

Sam Kee

Washing and ironing
 polishing and fluting
 all work done good
 536 palego st buttons
 sewed on



kept separate and sent through carriers, and there is another Jenkins & Company at 73 Vandernocker street, whose box is at another window. Besides all that, the firm at 73 Vandernocker street has the whole building, so that when a letter comes addressed to Titus Oates at that number, it must be

Jenkins & Company, located at 73 in that street.

The greatest pains are taken to find the address to which a letter should go, so that it shall not fall into the general delivery. To return to our friends of the name of Jenkins, for instance. Here is a letter



AN OLD TIME POST-BOY.

evident to the infallible assorter, that the said Titus Oates, of whom he has never before heard, is in the employ of the Vandernocker street Jenkins & Company, and that the letter must not go to the carrier for the street, but into the box of the house of

addressed to "John Jenkins, New York." Now, the directory may show us twenty of that name, we will say, from the railway president to the cab-driver. But on the upper left-hand corner of this letter, it says, that this letter, in case of non-delivery, is to

be returned to Peters, Smith & Hubbard, dealers in garden seed, in Spring Garden street, Philadelphia. The clerk to whom the assorter has referred the matter, hence concludes that the letter does not belong to John Jenkins of the firm in Fiddler street, for he finds that that firm is engaged in the manufacture of real Cremona violins; nor to the John Jenkins of the firm in Vander-nocker street, for that manufactures real Orange County milk and butter. But, as the firm in Huckleberry lane are seed dealers, he sends it there on trial. But, should there be no sign of any kind on the letter other than the name, and should the name be a common one, the letter must needs take its way to the Dead Sea of the general delivery, where there is an average of thirteen thousand letters awaiting claimants. Twice a week letters are advertised, and every thirty days they are sent up to the dead-letter office at Washington.

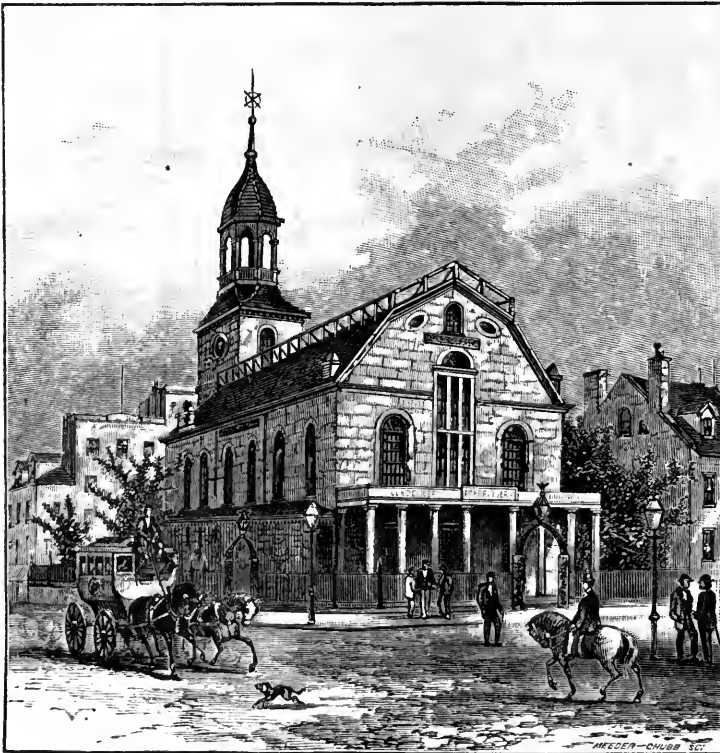
Among the devices for securing accurate delivery is the list of ships in port, cut from the "New York Price Current." The consignees' names are given in this list, and a letter addressed to Ole Knudsen, sailor, on

the bark "Thor," is sent to the house of Knud, Olafsen & Co., 75 Downtown street, consignees of the bark, "Thor." The clerk shows me a letter that has gone astray. It is marked "R. H. Dana, New York," and he draws his pen through the name of New York, and writes the proud name of Boston in its place.

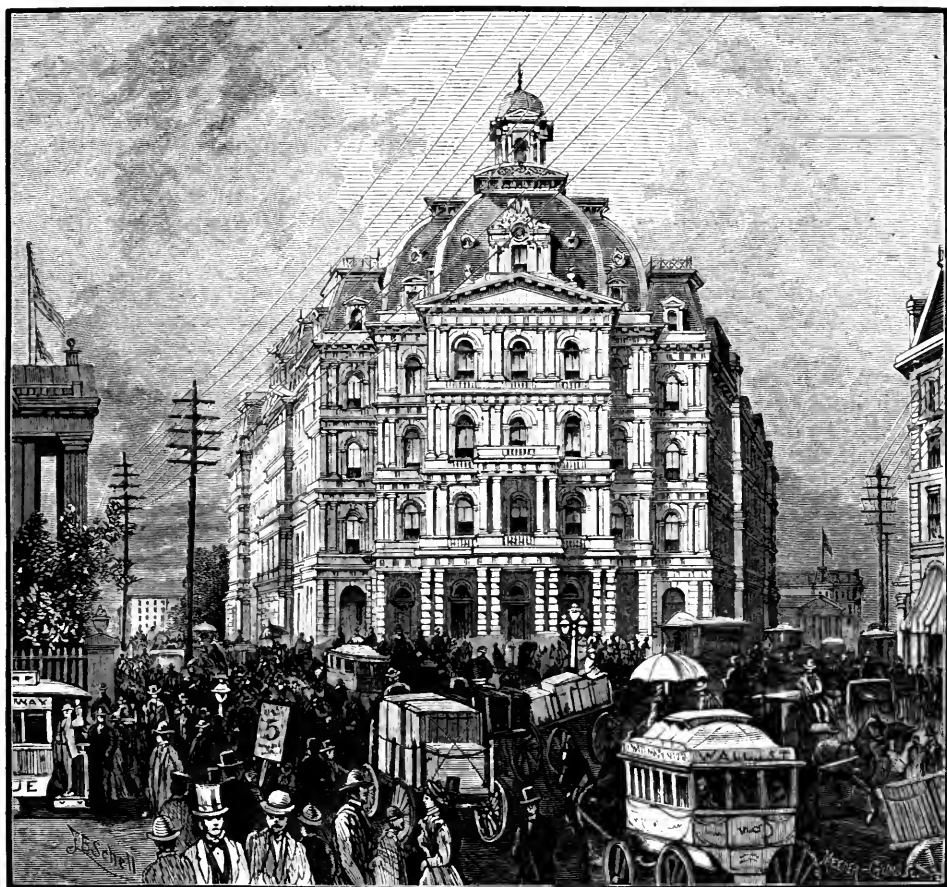
The assorters for carriers have to remember each carrier's boundary. All the odd numbers, we will suppose from 701 to 741 Broadway, are in one carrier's district. But the even numbers on the other side of the street are differently arranged. These he must also remember with an infinitude of other things; for instance, the Equitable Building at 120 Broadway is a place of delivery for thirteen hundred names, and there are other numbers as populous. The assorters for city stations are fined for every error which sends a letter to the wrong station, and the system is so perfect that the error is always fixed on the man who makes it. Ten of these assorters, the quickest and most accurate, get fourteen hundred dollars a year each, fourteen get twelve hundred, and five get ten hundred and twenty,—not a large

wage for so much skill and mental quickness.

At the hour of the departure of carriers, the delivery department is full of animation; the men in their uniforms pass from one assorter's table to another and take, each from his own box, all the mail deposited therein, while the impassive assorter goes right on throwing mail into the box for the next delivery. Then you will see the carriers at a long counter which is divided by little raised partitions into compartments, each making his mail into a conveniently arranged bundle. In a carefully prepared report on file in the office, I find that during the



THE OLD POST-OFFICE.



THE NEW YORK POST-OFFICE BUILDING.—FROM THE SOUTH-WEST CORNER OF BROADWAY AND FULTON STREET.

year 1876, the carriers handled—*i.e.*, collected and delivered—in all, over one hundred and thirty-six millions of pieces (136,631,116),—an average of three hundred and eighteen thousand four hundred and fifty-four pieces to the man.

When a carrier cannot find the person to whom a letter is addressed, he enters it in his log-book. He sets down the address of the letter, the reason for its non-delivery, and a few cabalistic initials which describe it. "M." "M. R." "C. D." "D. R.," and such-like initials stand for "Mail," that is a letter from outside the city; "Mail Request," that is, the same kind of a letter with a request for return to writer; "Card Drop," a postal-card dropped in New York, and so on. These books explain a great many of the complaints made against the service by showing that the fault lay somewhere else. The letters which ultimately fail to find owners are sent to the dead-letter office, but the lost postal-cards are tied into bundles

to be burned. Here they are—thousands that have baffled the diligence of the clerks and carriers; they will be sent down-stairs presently in charge of a clerk who will see them fed to the fire under the boilers, and thus they will help to lift the elevators.

All the boxes to-day are lock-boxes of a new pattern, and they are very convenient. But some of the great houses get mails too large for the boxes. Some of these send hand-trunks for their mail. Keys to these trunks are kept in the post-office and at the business house; the messenger cannot unlock them in transit. Here is a rough pine box in which the "Herald's" mail is stored; the Fourth National Bank has a similar one. The Importers' and Traders' Bank gets the largest bank mail, and they send a trunk for it. But the very largest mails of all are those of the two great dry goods houses of A. T. Stewart & Co., and H. B. Claflin & Co. Their letters number about two thousand a day each. They have trustworthy mes-

sengers who give their whole time to the transportation of the mail to and from the post-office. Houses with good messengers do not often complain of the service.

There are mistakes, of course, in the service, and there are mistakes of correspondents that the service must correct, and hence the need of the inquiry office for missing and dead letters; at the head of which is the second oldest clerk, Mr. Hallett, who has served the office more than fifty years. When a valuable letter has gone to the dead-letter office, been opened and returned to the writer, if the writer is in New York it comes to this department where it must be receipted for before it is delivered. To this room come all the packages that are "short paid."

By law they should go to the dead-letter office; for though a short-paid letter goes to its destination if one full postage is paid on it, a short-paid package does not. But where the business card of the sender is on the package a note is sent to the firm informing it of the detention of the parcel and a second chance to pay in full is thus given. This is done out of pure courtesy, from a desire to facilitate business; but for this voluntary service the office rarely gets thanked, but often censured for not sending forward the package. Eighty such notices of short-paid parcels were sent out on the day of my visit. These mistakes are often made by the largest houses, and sometimes consist in paying fifty-one cents on a parcel which should have fifty-two. In many cases no clew to the sender can be found. Here they show me a forlorn copy of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, which somebody, having read it, is kindly sending to a friend in the country. But alas, it has but three cents postage, and not having enough to pay its fare it will never get to cousin Sallie out in Pennsylvania, but will waste its sweetness in the desert of the dead-letter office.

Some of the bundles which they show us here are too long for the mails, others not properly packed. Here is a naked auger-bit with a directed tag, and alongside of it a coil spring. Either of these would make havoc in a mail-bag. They show us also a package of vials,—one of these medicine

bottles is already broken, and though the post-office people may feel never so sorry for the ailments of the folks in the country, which ailments would all be cured on receipt of this physic, they cannot carry any liquids in glass. Only yesterday, they tell me, forty pieces of wedding-cake in nice pasteboard boxes tied with the delicatest white ribbon, were dropped into the mail. But bride-cake is more than even the post-office can digest, and the unsentimental clerks were obliged to arrest the cake, which somebody was to have dreamed on. I saw a box of it, and the grease had already struck through. Among the articles that have been stopped in the New York office



UNITED STATES MAIL-BAGS.

was a roll of butter, a package containing chicken-on-toast, and a string of trout sent in from New Jersey.

One principal branch of the business carried on in this room is the seeking for letters that have gone astray. The complaint-book shows that the office is able to get some account of the letter in more than forty-nine per cent. of the cases brought to its notice. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the service is not found in fault. Somebody complained that a pair of shoes sent by mail had been stolen; but the office found, on writing to the sender in Indianapolis, that the shoes had not been sent by mail at

all. In one case of complaint, the person to whom the letter was sent was out of town when the carrier tried to deliver it. It is hardly right to put upon the post-office the duty of keeping the people in town to get their mail. A revenue collector complained that his returns had not gone forward to Washington, and a few days later he found the document in his own office. Another man complained that a check had been lost in the mail. The letter turned up, and the stamp on it showed that the sender had mailed it three days too late, and thus gained time by throwing the blame on the post-office. Many a debt is paid by money said to have been lost in the mail. In one case a country bank complained; but it was found that their check had been sent to the wrong bank in New York. A merchant, who was in distress about a check stolen in the mails, found it safely shut up in his own check-book. A great stir was made over the loss of a check of \$800. Look opposite the complaint here in the book, and you will see this entry, "The writer of the letter had carried it five days in his pocket."

In this office a list of all the fictitious concerns is kept, and all letters going to them are stopped and sent to the dead-letter office. Seven or eight hundred names of concerns without existence are kept on a list here. They are technically called "saw-dust people," and the post-office uses its utmost endeavor to defeat their schemes for swindling the public.

Here come also the misdirected letters, whose direction cannot be corrected by the clerks down-stairs. A clerk sits surrounded by a semicircle of the directories of all the principal cities. In most cases he does not have to consult them. He knows that a letter to Peter Blank, Camden Street, New York, should read Camden Street, Baltimore. This sort of mistake is very common, and, what is curious, is more often made by banks than by any other kind of business houses. A boy who can write a good hand sits down in a bank addressing letters to correspondents, and New York is in his mind; he puts it down, in place of Jersey

City or St. Louis, and the letter goes wrong. The average of misdirected letters sent up to this department is over 500 a day; the day I was there last it ran up to about 1,000.

The most difficult of these go to Mr. Stone, who is called "the blind man," perhaps because he can decipher an inscription that is utterly illegible to any other man in America. His most difficult cases are the foreign letters. Here is a letter directed to "Sanduik," which he makes out to be Sandy Hook. Sometimes the arrangement of the name and address is curious.

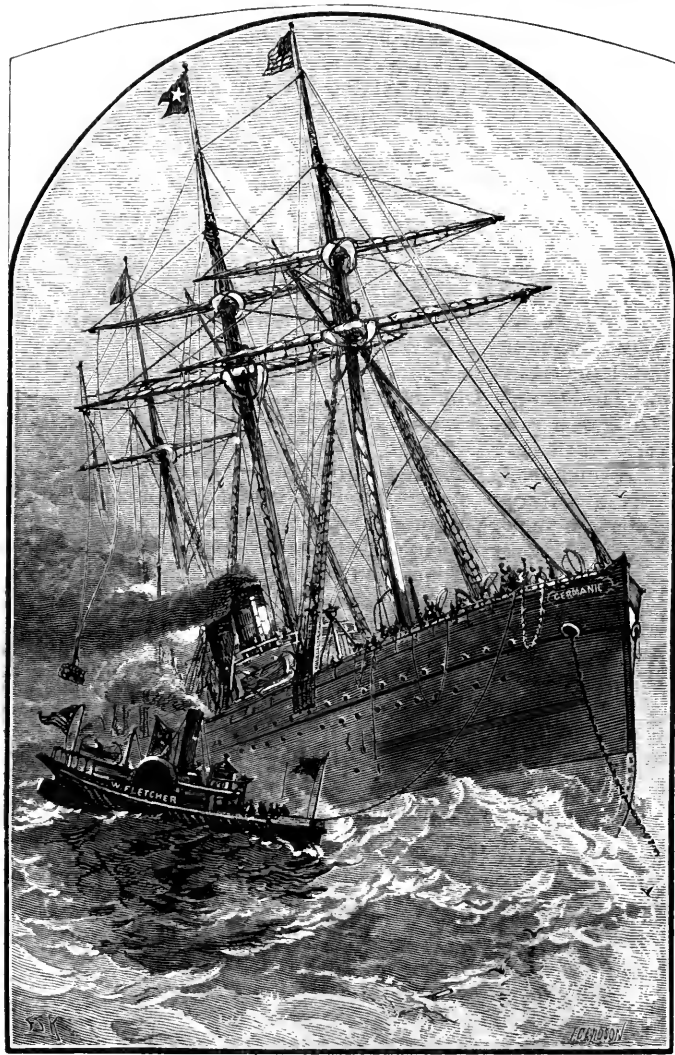
For Mr. Thomas
Smith Bridge
port post-office
Conn. America

is very plain when you once understand that it is "For Mr. Thomas Smith, Bridgeport, Conn., America." But when a man says "Hoio," how is anybody but a blind man to know that he means Ohio? One letter reads, "Bet Feet Rue de Agua." Now the



REPAIRING MAIL-BAGS.

blind man knows that "Rue de Agua" is Spanish for Water street, and that there is a Water street in New Bedford, Massachusetts. "Lysram, Warner Co.," he translates into Luzerne, Warren Co.; and "Common



WHITE STAR STEAMER "GERMANIC" RECEIVING MAIL OFF SANDY HOOK IN A GALE.

County, P. A.," is made into Cameron County, Pennsylvania. But who would guess that "Overn C. D. Learey," in one line, means that it is to go to *Auburn*, in search of C. D. L.? One letter is directed to "Kunstanzer Brauerei, S. I., Amerika." Mr. Stone recollects the fact that Constance's Brewery is at Stapleton, Staten Island, and the letter is sent there. He reads "Ioël" into Iowa, and "te Pella in Yomah" he makes to go to Pella, in the same state. Nor does Ohio get off with one miss. Here is one letter that wants to go to "Stadt Hioh Zunsounati, Strasse 15,"—that is, to the State of Ohio, Cincinnati, Street 15. But that is not all. This other one wants to reach the same

city; but it has a bad spell of another kind, for its direction runs "Scit-znaty." And then "Pizzo Burg Messessip," is sent to Vicksburg, Michigan is spelled "mutting." "Glass works Berkshire" is sent to Pittsfield, in Berkshire County, Massachusetts, where there is a glass factory. But the hardest one I saw was addressed to "John Hermann Schirmen," in one line, with the wonderful word "Staguek-aundo" for the rest. Mr. Stone cut the word in twain, and read it "Chautauqua County," while he translated the whole into "John Hermann, Sherman P. O., Chautauqua County, N. Y."*

But there are some which even a blind man cannot make out. One letter in rather a good handwriting is very vaguely addressed to

"Mackay, Esq., Amerique."

Another reads:

"Too much of this.
From your affectionate son,
"ANTON HIEMBURGER."

In this case the close of the letter has been copied exactly by some one who did not understand the language. Instead of too much of this, there is really too little. But here is a case where the top of the letter has been imperfectly copied in the same fashion. It reads: "Tuesday Evening, Nord America."

If Tuesday Evening should see this article, he will know that his letter has gone back again to Europe.

Some mistakes are curiously common. About twenty-five letters come from Europe every week directed simply to Westchester

*The humor of some of these letters is better shown in the fac-similes before given. The one on page 62 is intended for "Mountain Lake, Cottonwood Co., Minn.;" while that on page 61 was sent to St. Louis, where there is a Klein street crossing the other streets named.

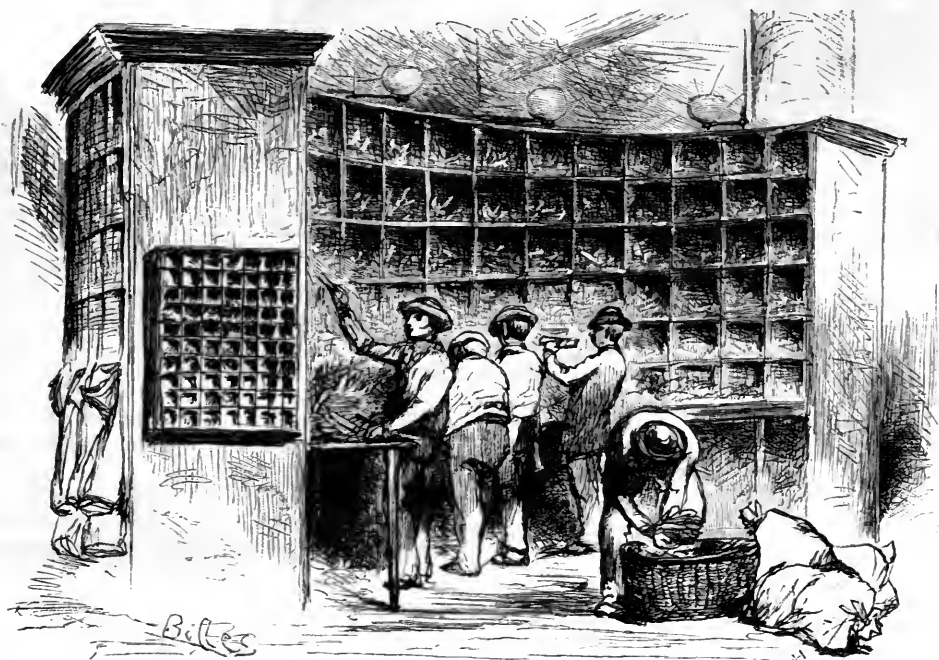
County. Some institutions are given to making mistakes. The Bank of Montreal sends its letters into this department to be corrected as often as any business house on the continent.

Letters of value need some greater security than is afforded by the ordinary mail system; hence the registered letter department. The old registered letter system was rather worse than nothing, for since the registered letter went into the ordinary mail-bag its registration was an advertisement to a post-office thief that this was the letter to take. But of late the system has been carried to a high degree of perfection. Last year 369,000 registered letters were sent out of the New York office, and though six or eight of these failed to reach their destination, there are but three that have not been accounted for, and the responsibility for these will soon be fixed. Under the present system, the envelope containing registered letters is receipted for by every person into whose hands it goes, and a package of registered letters, or a registered-letter bag, is never opened except in presence of two persons. The system of accounts is exceedingly perfect, though to an outsider very intricate. The books show the name of every clerk who handles a package or letter, and of the clerk who verified the number of letters in every package.

The registered letter department is indeed a complete post-office within a post-office. It is located in a gallery, and no one is admitted but clerks in the department, each of whom carries a special key to the room. The locks of the registered-letter pouches are peculiar, and the keys are only intrusted to those who have to do with the registered-letter bags. Here in New York the key is fastened in the safe, and the several pouches must be taken to the clerk in charge at the safe and unlocked by him, so that it is always known into whose hands the contents of every pouch pass.

The foreign registered mail is made up independently, and about nine hundred bags are used for the foreign service alone. The foreign government sends these bags back inclosed in their own, and the New York office returns the foreign pouches in the same way. The foreign mail is often of great value. Many millions in government bonds are sometimes in the office at once for shipment abroad.

Large shipments of gold are now intrusted to the registered-letter mail. One thousand dollars in gold weighs less than four pounds, and is consequently within the limit of a mailable parcel. Twenty-five of these thousand-dollar parcels are put in one box and sent through the mail. This office also



POUCHING-CASE FOR NEWSPAPERS.

receives and registers all the postage-stamps and postal-cards for the whole country. The postal-cards are sent in boxes.

Besides the precautions for safety already

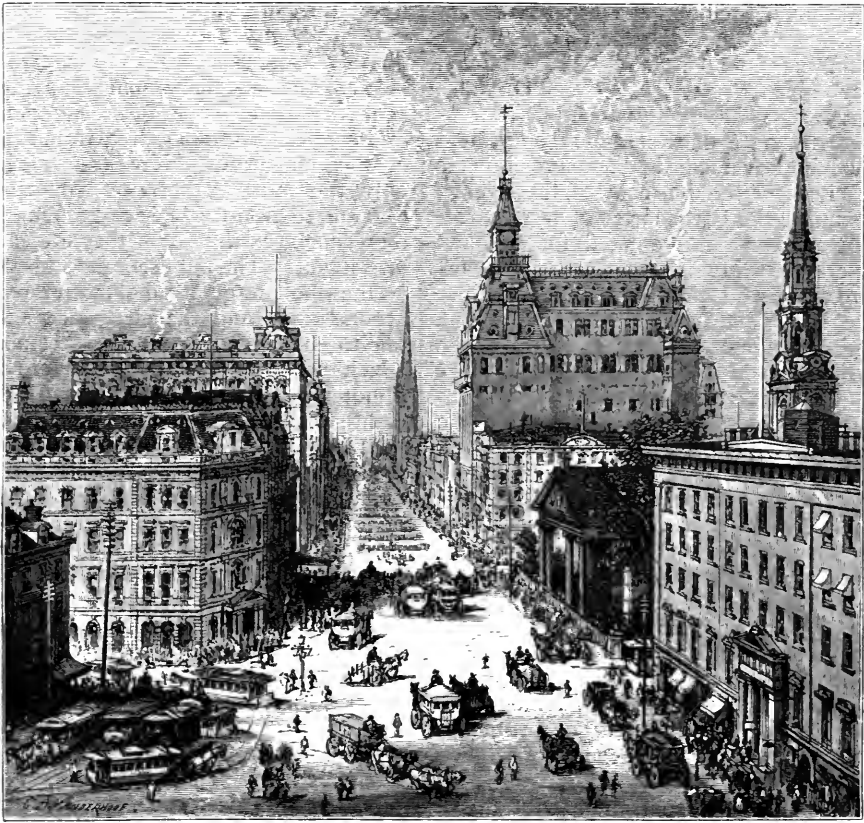
out to be delivered at Augusta, Georgia, advice of that letter is sent to the postmaster at Augusta in the ordinary mail. Having received this bill and failing to get



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS L. JAMES. (DRAWN BY J. ALDEN WEIR AND ENGRAVED BY T. COLE.)

described, there are innumerable other guards set up. When a registered letter is inclosed in a registered pouch and sent

the letter, he knows at once that something is wrong. Between certain offices of importance, registered mail-pouches are sent



VIEW FROM POST-OFFICE BUILDING LOOKING DOWN BROADWAY.

"Herald Building, "Evening Post" Building. Trinity Church. W. U. Telegraph Co's Building. St. Paul's Church. Astor House.

daily whether there is anything to go in them or not. Two such pouches are sent to Albany, and awhile ago a dispatch came to the New York post-office :

"Only one registered bag received. Did you send two?"

On receiving this, Mr. Forrester, the superintendent of the registered letter department, hastened to the Grand Central Station, where he telegraphed ahead and intercepted at Syracuse the bag that had gone astray.

In the New York office the accounts of incoming and outgoing letters are carefully balanced like a cash balance every evening, and not a man is allowed to leave the department if the balance is not correct. One night the men were kept until nearly morning looking for a letter that had dropped through a crack in an old table, and lodged in the folds of a worn-out mail-bag, and so got kicked into a corner during the search. At another time when the office

was at its wit's end after a night of search it was found that an absent-minded man had carefully deposited his pen in the safe and put the missing package in the pen's place in his table drawer.

Of a million and a half (1,573,633) of letters and packages handled in the New York office, in 1876,—the latest year reported at this writing,—not a single one was lost. The country offices are not so vigilant. Three hundred and seventy-three letters came to New York last year unsealed; and these contained over twenty-six hundred dollars in currency, and more than three thousand in checks.

One of the latest and most important improvements in postal communication is the money order system, but it is a department which has fewest details of interest to the general public. In 1865, the first full year of the money order business, the New York office paid 28,921 orders, while in 1876 the orders paid amounted to 555,663. The amount of money paid on orders in 1876

was over six millions. During the year 1877, the number of orders ran higher than in the previous year, but the aggregate amount of money sent was less. This department is a pretty accurate barometer of the state of trade, and the present gradual improvement in commercial affairs shows itself in the business of this department during the last quarter of last year.

When an order is presented for payment the clerk receiving it writes a check on the paying teller, who stands at another window. This check is put upon a belt rotated by a tiny steam engine and carried to the teller. This dainty little engine is enough to make a boy delirious with happiness. The superintendent shows us little pigeon-holes for each of the great publishing houses where duplicate orders are kept always ready for them. When you sent a money order for SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, the postmaster in your town made out an exact duplicate, except that he put *your* name in the duplicate, and this last he sent to the New York office, where it was deposited in the pigeon-hole which is labeled with the name Scribner & Co., until its mate, which you sent, should be presented for payment.

The English money order department is not so accurate as the New York office. Some time ago Mr. Plimley, of the New York money order department, wrote to the London office, pointing out discrepancies in their two official lists of money order offices. The New York office had only examined three or four letters of the alphabet in the London Official Guide, and pointed out the errors in them as examples. The London office thereupon issued a circular making the corrections pointed out, but no others. The English department also requires the New York office to make out duplicates for orders on England, while it refuses to furnish similar duplicates for this country, leaving that also to be done in New York. The foreign orders are often carelessly filled; some of them are orders payable in "Washington, U. S."—a very puzzling address.

In the auditor's office the whole business of detecting the errors of other offices is carried on. An average of sixty dollars a day is collected on matter improperly charged elsewhere. It is also the business of this office to examine packages for articles which are forbidden to be sent. One package which had contained grasshopper eggs when it started had hatched out on the journey, and the little creatures escaped

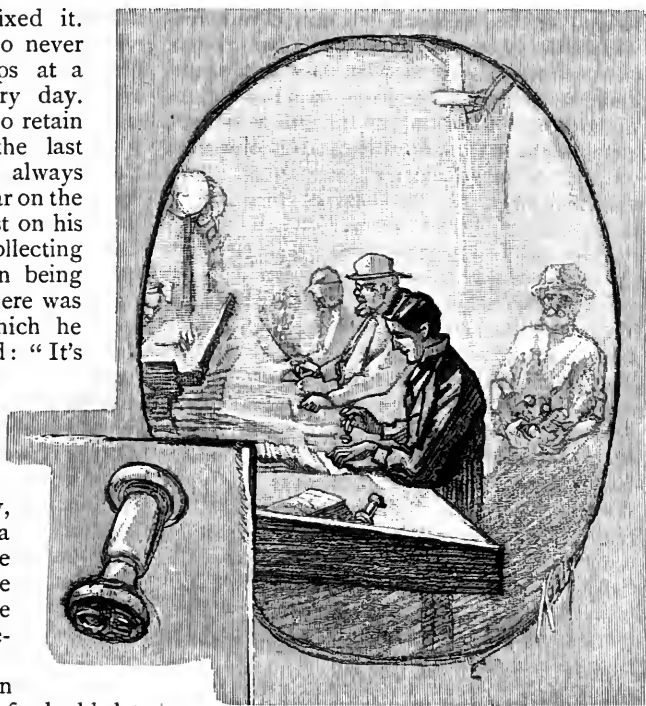
through an opening in the box making a very lively mail. Everything is found in the mail sooner or later, even alligators.

Here one sees the system of paying postage on periodicals in bulk, a system said to have been first suggested from the office of this magazine. Here are stamps that only the most enthusiastic collector will ever add to his list. They cost too much, and they cannot be had after they are canceled (see p. 79). The publisher pays his postage on the whole wagon load of matter delivered at one time, and the clerk affixes stamps not to the packages but to the stubs from which the receipt is taken. Here is one hundred and forty-two dollars paid with eight stamps, including two for sixty dollars, and here we see a larger amount, \$204.58, paid with five stamps, viz.: three of sixty dollars each, one of twenty-four dollars, one of forty-eight cents, and one of ten cents. Any amount up to about two hundred dollars can be paid with five stamps. A publisher can buy these stamps if he wishes, and pay his postage with them; but as it locks up a large amount of money there is but one publishing house in New York that chooses to keep a stock of them. None of the large denominations have been sold to collectors from the New York office. A foreign government bought some for samples, but they were so expensive that the agent brought them back and wished to return them. The office could not receive them, but they were sold to a publishing house at a discount. On the floor below you will see the large Fairbanks scales on which the publishers' mails are weighed.

The stamp business belongs in the department of the cashier, and in his office all large amounts are sold. In one of the galleries I saw boxes containing thirty-seven thousand dollars' worth of envelopes and postal-cards, and the stock of stamps on hand at the same time was a hundred and thirty thousand dollars' worth. The New York office orders one million of postal-cards at a time. In little rooms fronting on both lobbies you will find the sellers of stamps in small quantities. To render the keeping of their accounts as simple as possible, each stamp-seller has his own "capital," and buys stamps at the cashier's counter, like an outsider, paying cash for them. These stamp-clerks are subjected to all sorts of vexatious and amusing encounters with queer people. There is one old man who regularly brought a copy of the same paper every morning to be weighed, then bought

his one cent stamp and affixed it. There are men of means who never buy but two or three stamps at a time, though they buy every day. They are, probably, anxious to retain the use of their money to the last moment, like the man who always sits in the rear seat of the last car on the train, so as to save the interest on his fare while the conductor is collecting from the rest. One man on being asked by a stamp-seller if there was any writing in the book which he offered to post, gruffly replied: "It's none of your business." The clerks at the stamp windows, remember the ill-natured people. As we stood inside watching the stream of faces passing the window, and the clerks answering a steady torrent of questions, one of them said: "There is the man that called me a brute one day; we have a way of remembering these people."

In spite of all the care taken to insure the safe transmission of valuable letters, inclosures, and money orders, people will continue to send money through the ordinary mail, sometimes in considerable quantities; therefore the utmost pains are taken and with surprising success to make even the ordinary mail safe from depredations. But the unregistered mail will always suffer from theft, while human nature is what it is. The aim of the post-office department is, by care in appointments and by the use of the skill of expert detectives, to reduce this to the minimum. In the rooms of the special agent of the post-office department, in the New York post-office building is the center of the detective operations of the department for the metropolis. Mr. Sharratts, the agent, has a genius for the work; full of irrepressible energy, eager, tireless, you will find him sometimes strolling in the lobbies, watching the messenger boys, who, all unsuspecting of his vigilance, are peeping into their employers' boxes at unwonted hours, or doing worse. Sometimes from above I have seen him watch the coming and going crowds like a fish-hawk balancing over his prey. Sometimes he will lift his hat to a man. You think he is greeting a friend. This man is a detective, and the hat-lifting is a sign perfectly understood between him and Mr. Sharratts. His rooms overlook the great first floor where the letter mail



STAMPING.

is handled, so that nobody knows when his eye is on a suspected employé of the office.

In his rooms there is no machinery—nothing to show the immense work done—but two or three clerks. You would not think that from this office the mails coming and going from New York are guarded. Nor will you get much account of methods by inquiring. The vigorous detective does not relate blood-curdling stories, or take the public into his confidence. Mr. Sharratts tells us that he has a victim in the inner office now, "telling what he knows about farming." Which means that a rascally messenger who has been robbing the mail between his employer's office and the post-office, is left alone in that room to write out a full statement of his pilferings.

"You can come in here if you want to," says the special agent, "and take a view down Broadway." We are thus admitted to the private office, where, Mr. Sharratts, making show of ignoring the criminal at the desk, points to the view down the street, bids us be seated, and thus gives us a chance to see the poor victim to whom the fear of punishment is now applying the rack. He is a not bad-looking boy of sixteen, with flushed face and bitter tears in his eyes. The

special agent takes up his now completed confession and reads what is written. Then he leans over and says some rapid words that we cannot hear, shakes his head threateningly to the young man, and bids him come again in the morning. For the mo-



THE DIRECTORY TABLE.

ment the rack releases its grasp, and he is allowed to go free until the next day. The confession tells how he has plundered letters of over a hundred dollars in money. In his confession, he euphemistically calls it "stopping" them. To soften the name of a crime is the first step toward committing it. He says he spent the money on "theaters, apples, and things." Mr. Sharratts says as he looks over the paper, "He lies. That is not all." The young fellow had told only what he supposed had been found out. The rest will be extracted from him painfully and in installments. It is curious how a bright boy like that can be so weak in common sense and moral feeling.

Mr. Sharratts has demonstrated that most of the plundering of the mails is outside of the post-office. He has found that thousands of letters have been stopped by a single messenger. The special agent has almost never failed to reach some result, outside or inside of the office, in every case of letters of a house having been stolen. Detection is only a matter of time, and would seem to be almost as inevitable as death.

"Fine merchants," says Mr. Sharratts, "who draw checks on tinted paper and do business in a gilt-edge style, will send their mail to the office by a little boy whose salary of two dollars a week is half the support of

a mother and two children in an attic tenement. The boy's lunch is a little piece of bread and butter tied up by his mother. He is beset by the temptations of the Italian stalls, the chestnuts, bananas, pies, and what-nots. You know," adds the special agent, dryly, "what a gulf there is in a boy's inside. Some day a companion suggests that he can hook a few stamps off the letters and exchange them for pies. And presently the fine merchant is berating the postal service for the loss of his letters."

Sometimes the thief is inside the office, and then the toils are slowly and surely wound round him. His habits are studied, his day and night life is known, his accomplices spotted, and when at last the favorable moment comes, the unfaithful servant meets a swift doom and is sent to prison for a terrible term of years. But the greater part of the thefts are outside. In a drawer in one business house were found three thousand letters; in another case the remains of fifteen hundred were hidden away. In yet other cases, the fault lies higher up than with the messenger. It suits the convenience, now and then, of some rascally house to complain of lost letters where no letters have been lost. So that the special agent must unravel a problem full of intricacies and complications before he finds the depredator.

Under Mr. James's administration a system of genuine civil service has grown up. He has steadily resisted the demands of politicians that good clerks shall be removed on account of their lack of efficiency in ward politics. It is said to be a beautiful sight to see him send for a superintendent and ask what kind of a man the clerk is, in the presence of the "statesmen" of the Assembly district who are urging his removal. A good report from the superintendent, and a polite, "You see, gentlemen, that it is impossible to remove him," ends it, except that the ward statesmen never think well of the postmaster's efficiency after that.

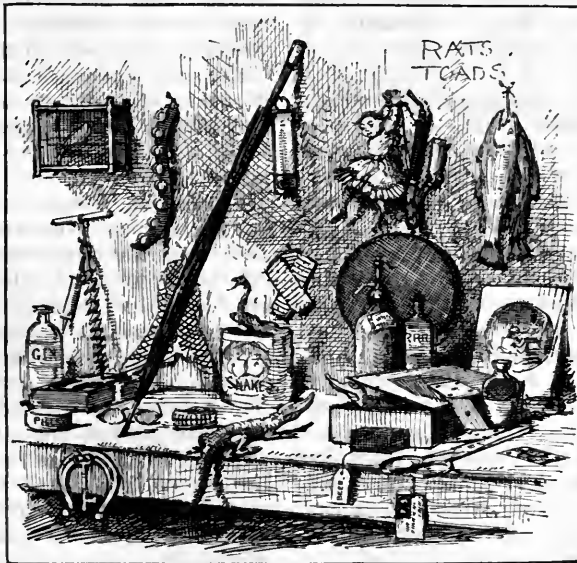
There is a notion prevalent that with every change of postmaster a pretty clean sweep of employes is made. But only one hundred and four removals have been made in Postmaster James's five years, and of this number eighty were for drunkenness. This vice at one time made sad havoc among the

rank and file of employés; but there is at present an efficient post-office temperance society, and there have been some remarkable reformations, while a sentiment in favor of temperance has diffused itself through all departments of the office.

That clean sweeps have not been made is sufficiently shown by the time of service of some of the clerks. In the delivery department you will see the venerable figure of the patriarch of the office, Mr. Charles Forrester, Sr. He entered the service as clerk in 1825, when the office had just been removed out of its twelve by fifteen feet quarters at the corner of William and Garden streets, where the postmaster, General Bailey, lived upstairs over the office for twenty years, and closed his office when he went to dinner. Mr. Forrester has been in the office now for fifty-two years, and may well call himself by the title of which Southey was so proud: "A man of letters by profession." Mr. Forrester's father was a clerk in the office before him, having served under General Bailey from 1808, and his son, Mr. Charles Forrester, Jr., is now superintendent of the registered letter department, so that the post-office may be said to run in the

vice in practice. Promotions and salaries are now based partly on length of service, partly on a careful system of testing the correctness of work done, partly on conduct, and partly on a periodical re-examination. This examination is not a test of the clerk's knowledge of the names of the extinct volcanoes in the moon, but a trial of his expertness in his work. For instance, the clerks who are distributing matter in the mailing department were recently required to place correctly 2,200 cards, containing the names of all the post-offices in Ohio, in a series of pigeon-holes labeled with the names of the counties in that state. One man succeeded in making the distribution in two hours and twenty minutes, with only thirteen errors. The best man at the New York table was yet more remarkable. He put the whole two thousand eight hundred and forty cards bearing the names of the post-offices in this state into their proper counties in one hundred and five minutes, with but a single error. Awhile ago, there was a competition for the vacant chief clerkship at a table, and the lowest man of all, by sheer excellence, took the place.

In the delivery department, the box



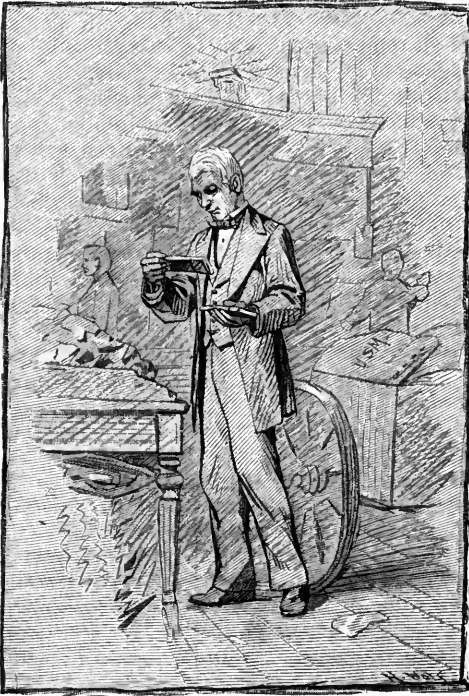
SOME THINGS THAT ARE DETAINED IN THE SEARCHER'S DEPARTMENT.

family. Mr. John H. Hallett, chief of the inquiry office for missing letters, lacks but a year of having served as long as Mr. Forrester, Sr.

While others have advocated it in theory, Postmaster James has exemplified civil ser-

assorters, whose wonderful memory of twenty thousand names I have described above, are tested by the distribution of cards containing 2,000 names of persons and firms holding boxes. A little over a year ago, when these examinations were begun, the

highest man on the list received a mark of ninety for correctness, while the lowest ran down to sixty. At the last trial seven were marked over ninety-nine per cent. for correctness. The swiftest assorted the whole two thousand cards in forty-five minutes, the slowest—a new man, perhaps—was more than four times as long. But the very lowest of the whole twenty-nine received sixty-seven as the percentage of correctness and



THE VETERAN.

expertness. Such is the improvement wrought by the stimulus of emulation. Perhaps this is better shown by the average of the whole force, which, under this severe test, was, in July, 1876, but sixty-four, while in September, 1877, it attained ninety. The salaries are graded in part by the results of these examinations.

Nearly all the higher officers of the New York post-office have come up from the ranks. Even Mr. Pearson, the assistant post-master, rose from a clerkship in the office and passed through the various grades in the railway postal service (of which he was one of the originators) before attaining his present position; Mr. Gaylor, general superintendent of the city delivery, began as a \$600 clerk; Mr. Forrester, superintendent of the registry department, began as a \$600 clerk in the distribution department; also

Mr. Wareing, the assistant general superintendent of the mailing department, told me frankly that he came in as a porter. Mr. Yeoman, the superintendent of the same department, began as a stamper, on a salary of three hundred a year, and so on through the list. All but one of the nineteen superintendents of branches entered as clerks. In short, here is civil service of the most approved kind in successful operation in the best conducted of all the government institutions.

The clerks are quite satisfied to go down if they are beaten down. Under the old system, a man in the post-office had but little chance for promotion, except by the intrigue of some political clique. In giving men a chance to be something, and a perpetual stimulus to their ambition, Mr. James has undoubtedly wrought a marvelous improvement in the service. But he has done better than that; for by opening a door of hope to a man one makes him a man. Men no longer expect removal on the caprice of a ward committee. The office offers them a career, and they have every stimulus to faithfulness and excellence. It is found that the least efficient clerks in the office are generally those backed by the most eminent names, while the poor fellows who have no hope but in winning the favor of their superiors by fidelity and excellence are altogether the most valuable.

The swarm of applicants for places in the office are tested by examinations also, but these look more to their general intelligence. I was permitted to see some of the very original answers on the examination papers. One question, "What has been your clerical experience?" is a veritable *pons asinorum* to the applicants, and many are the donkeys who are lost here. Most of them take clerical in its ecclesiastical sense. One man answers that his clerical experience has been "Catholic," and so through all the denominations. One man responds by saying, "Have taught in a Sunday-school." Another man has not had any occasion to deal with clergymen, for in answering the question as to his "clerical experience," he breaks out, "Well, I was never sick a day in my life." There are others who give the term a wider sense. One answers, "Compositor;" another, "Working as porter in a store;" while a third hits it exactly when he says, "Making horse-collars." The geographical questions are quite as troublesome. On one paper the large rivers in the United States are "North River and East River," while another applicant, when he is required

to name the British Possessions in America, rises to the occasion and answers, "Laying the Atlantic cable and visit of the Prince of Wales." In these papers we find the Black Sea put into the Arctic Ocean, the prevailing religion of Turkey set down as "Protestant," and "Garibaldia" made to be King of Italy. To the question: "What nation assisted the United States in the war of the Revolution?" we have answered, with perfect naïveté, "The Irish." When one man was required to state into what three departments the government of the United States was divided, he answered, with the promptitude of a lightning calculator, "Philadelphia, New York, and Boston." But another man of more statesmanlike cast of mind wrestles with the same question and divides the government into "federel, judishel, and navel."

More and more as we look through the complicated details of the office do we feel the pervading influence of the head. Everything is carefully centralized, and a wonderful unity is given to every movement of the office. For instance, all the letters of the various superintendents on matters pertaining to business of their departments, are sent up to the room of the assistant-postmaster at three o'clock. Mr. Pearson, who is second in authority in the Office is the embodiment of accuracy and painstaking. He receives and examines these letters checked only with the initials of the clerks who write them. They are then sent forward to the postmaster, who signs every one of them, so that the correspondence all receives the signature of Mr. James, and no one else is known or allowed to speak for the office. In this way a perfect supervision of the business of all the departments is maintained.

Here is a large room with shadowy reeds and ferns, green stalks, and other plants of elegant form, frescoed in light and shade on the walls. The windows look off down into the ceaseless roar of Broadway and over into the somber quiet of St. Paul's ancient church-yard. On the sofas in this elegant room are generally several gentlemen,—Congressmen, merchants, eminent foreigners perhaps, waiting to take their turn in speaking to the postmaster, who sits at a table in the middle of the office. Mr. James is an active man of alert faculties and prompt decision. There is not a trace of official snobbery about him. He is an easy, gentlemanly, unspoiled and entirely American man, with a world of human kindness and good fellowship. He is an organizer and administrator of a very high order, and is

himself the pervading genius of the office. He will generously boast of the excellence of his lieutenants, without leaving any room for merit in himself. But you have only to talk with superintendents or subordinates to find out that Mr. James is the postmaster. He is always in his office in business hours, and I was told that he had come down at four o'clock on the morning of one of my visits to attend to the transfer of an Australian mail for England to a Cunard steamer sailing at seven. This mail of one hundred and eighty-two bags had reached San Francisco three hours after the departure of the mail, and had been sent forward on a special train to overtake the regular mail. In New York Mr. James accomplished its transfer in one hour, the aim being to beat the Red Sea mail, with which our service is in lively competition.

On another occasion, the steamer "Germanic," of the White Star Line, anchored off Sandy Hook in a furious gale to receive the Australian mail, dispatched by Mr. Cortis, the agent of the Line, down the bay in a steam-tug, from which it was transferred in a "crate."

I went into the office a total stranger to the postmaster, and without any predilections in his favor, except what had come from the praises of the service I had heard from business men. But everywhere I found not only admirable system and thorough discipline, but what is more important and more difficult of attainment, a cordial and even zealous *esprit de corps*. To produce this a man must be a natural leader of men. The postmaster's inspiration is felt in every rank of the service. Wherefore, it only remains for me to add my voice to the rest, and to say that of all who have had charge of the metropolitan post-office, from colonial times to the present, Mr. Thomas L. James will go into history as the great postmaster of New York.



STAMPS OF LARGE DENOMINATIONS, USED BY PERIODICALS.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



" THEN WHY SHOULDN'T IT BE AS I WISH ? "

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE CITY WITH A PAST.

THERE is at least one city in New England which boasts of a past. Not a far-off past shrouded in beauty and mystery, like that which follows in the footsteps of the old-world cities; but a yesterday only, as nations reckon time, the story of which is remembered and repeated to-day. And lest it should be forgotten, with the lesson it is believed to teach, a shaft of granite has been erected in the town, about whose summit on cloudless nights the stars gather and shine. Even as I write the flags are but just lowered, the bells have hardly ceased ringing, the echo of the cannon is still in my ears which celebrates the hundredth anniversary of the event which gave to the town its importance, and to a scattered, feeble people the hope of becoming a nation.

It does not matter that this monument

really commemorates a defeat instead of a victory, or that the battle fought here bears in history the name of another height not far distant, which never trembled to the thunder of cannon. That it marks the beginning of a great nation and keeps in memory a struggle for independence which was successful at last, are enough to endear it to the hearts of the townspeople and make it the shrine of a continual pilgrimage.

For here upon every day in the year comes the nearest approach to the genus tourist we Americans can show in our own land, since the more sober sort among us, who keep within the generous confines of our own country, still hold it half a sin to give ourselves up to ease and idle roaming about. Bridal parties come here. Though what care they—happy, self-engrossed souls—for General ———, who, without food and with scant ammunition for his men, held his position through all the long, hot day, a hundred

years ago? Or for General ———, whose fall is yet considered by the hearty patriots of the town to be of scarcely less importance than that of Adam? Clerks and students of an historical turn of mind, off on a brief holiday, find their way here, also, with a straggling multitude of miscellaneous people—well-to-do people who have traveled abroad, and, returning full of restlessness and national pride, are inclined to make the most of their own historical relics; or others less successful, who, having no hope of viewing foreign lands, make a virtue of knowing their own. Among the first may occasionally be seen the traditional tourist, recognized by his clothes,—made in London,—by his open guide-book, which in this case cannot be Murray, but above all by his air of omniscience. For it is the proper thing to do, if one desires to be a genuine tourist, to travel a thousand miles, more or less, to see an object, and to view it at last with an indifference akin to contempt.

But the true shrine-seekers, the real hero-worshippers, come like pilgrims, on foot, dusty and travel-worn. Their faces are often old and wrinkled; their garments worn and queer. Not for them wait the carriages by the curb-stone at the foot of the mound. They climb the high steps with many a pause, their hearts filled with holy emotion, their eyes blessed with double sight—of time that was and time that is. For them bugle and drum and cry of wounded men mingle with the peaceful drone of busy life in the town below, and the shaft of stone, over which the summer sun creeps lazily, is an altar red with the blood of patriots.

From the windows of the handsome houses in the square surrounding the monument, the towns-people look out approvingly upon all this adoration, unlike the inhabitants of many a storied city in other lands, who wonder stupidly why travelers should come so far to view what they regard so little, be it memento to saint or hero. Here, one shred of history, preserved through a hundred years, a martyr or two to liberty whose names are almost forgotten, have served to bind the older inhabitants together like a chain; have dwarfed other objects in importance, as though they had indeed been viewed from the top of the monument itself, and aroused a pride almost like personal vanity. Nor is this to be wondered at in the people of whom are the fathers, and to whom have been committed, if not the oracles, at least the traditions of this spot.

But all this is changing and passing away.

VOL. XVI.—6.

Already the town has been swallowed up by the larger and adjoining municipality. A tide from the outside world brings indifference to the glory of the past. We look to the future. A hundred years more, and the tourist wandering over the neglected mound so carefully kept now, may find the monument converted into a vast chimney to serve the purposes of a new age.

But although we write of a past, the monument has not been standing a quarter of a century yet. The square about it is new. The houses are new and clean. More than one generation must sweep by before they attain to the moldy ugliness of respectable age. But in the less fashionable parts of the town dingy old wooden mansions belonging to the time of its earlier—though not to its first—settlement, still abound. Poor old houses! They have been exposed to fire. They have been drawn and quartered and sawn asunder, not to mention the indignity of being given over at last to the refuse population.

Some, however, from their situation and connections, like high-born recusants, have fared better than their contemporaries. Among these, most fortunate of all, perhaps, has been the Brock house, where old Jeremy Brock had spent many years of a long life, and from which at last he had passed away to a mansion even less destructible, it is to be hoped.

The High street which skirts one side of the monument had, like the sword of a conqueror, cut its way through this old house, just beyond the square. The wound healed, having been patched up with brick and mortar, and the street went its way years ago without heeding the harm it had done or turning, indeed, to the right or left; but the scar remains. The entrance to the house is upon the side. There is a garden here, filling up the corner where this cruel, blood-thirsty street intersects a more peaceable thoroughfare descending the hill. It is shut in from curious eyes by a high wooden fence, and as though this were not enough, the last has been surmounted by a narrow lattice. But in truth there is nothing to screen or conceal, as any one may see through the gaping cracks in the wooden wall,—nothing more than a sloping grass-plot and a few old trees, which perhaps ran down the hill when they were young and frolicsome, and have grown too crooked and old and rheumatic to return. A narrow border of flowers did once follow the path from the gate to the door, and at the time of which

we write, a few daring crocuses still thrust themselves up through the mold in early spring-time, to stare about with pale, frightened faces. A great, straggling bunch of phlox, too, nodded with disagreeable familiarity from under the windows; but that was all. Nothing which betokened care or fond pride bloomed in the garden now.

The house itself with its closed blinds, seemed like a man who had shut his eyes before going to destruction. It had been uninhabited since the death of its owner. Poor old Jeremy Brock! He had outlived all his children and died alone at last. Though if they had been spared he would still perhaps have died alone. For they met but to disagree, and separated in anger more than once. Repentance and forgiveness were not unknown in the family, but both were short-lived. For the old man was exacting, his sons reckless and wasteful, and his one daughter—as willful as handsome—chose beggary and a worthless husband to hard obedience and plenty. They scattered far and wide, each pursuing his or her own desires. Death, only,—by a wide sweep of his scythe,—gathered them together at last.

When his children were all gone the old man looked about him for an heir. He was proud of his ancestry if not of his immediate family, and had no mind that the latter should die out. He had been careful of his means even to miserliness and hated to feel that another must spend what he had hoarded, yet he adopted for his successor the open-handed, careless son of his only sister,—his heir by law since the death of his last son. He fancied that the good-nature of young Robert Elyot might prove to be tractability—a common mistake enough, which he was years in finding out; for the profession of the army which the young man had chosen allowed him but little leisure, and his visits were brief and seldom to his uncle's house. Then, too, the old man from some odd contrariety of disposition was fond of the handsome young soldier who would do credit to the family, he thought, when he was dead and gone, and had even something of a head for accounts, which none of his own boys had possessed. He altered his manner of life in a measure, on the occasion of young Elyot's visits, opening the house to visitors, grudgingly indeed, but gratifying his own pride thereby. For everybody courted and flattered the young man. They would have spoiled him had he been less than he

was. But this adulation, though it fed his pride and added to his self-importance for the time, did no great harm. A few weeks among his male companions at school or in camp soon rubbed out any false quantity of either. His uncle made him a generous allowance, enough to furnish some grounds for his expectations; increasing it when he found that play—that curse of an idle life—was not among his nephew's failings. Nor was this confidence thrown away. Captain Elyot was open-handed without being wasteful. Not but that he fell into various minor extravagances and gained experience as dearly as most people. But, warned perhaps by the example of his cousins, and knowing full well the result of such a course as theirs, he avoided debt, and by keeping within his income gained a firm place in the esteem of his uncle, to whom a wasteful hand was worse than a pestilence.

All went smoothly enough for a few years, until such a time as we already know when the old man would have provided a wife for his nephew. And here for the first time the well-trained, tractable young heir proved restive. Still old Jeremy, who was beginning to enjoy this new experience of having his own way, could not for a moment believe that Captain Elyot would really set himself against his wishes. "For there's the money," thought the old man. "How will he ever expect to get the money if he goes against my wishes?" To him,—to this old man just ready to don his grave-clothes and step into his tomb,—the money was everything. He did not realize that to young life just becoming conscious of the throb of its pulses all things seem possible, and many more desirable than hard, yellow gold to clutch in the hand. Even so intangible a thing as liberty is sweeter. So, indeed, Captain Elyot was beginning to feel.

There was a grand-niece down upon the Jersey shore whom old Mr. Brock had not seen since she was a child. But this was the girl he had selected to be his nephew's wife. He knew nothing of her beyond the fact that she was of a suitable age,—a year or two more or less did not matter. And it would keep the money in the family, he thought, with a quiet chuckle when the idea first occurred to him. He had not been blind to the adulation offered to his heir. "It's the money," he said, when he saw how one and another of the mothers with marriageable daughters smiled upon him and asked him to their houses. Any one of these girls who simpered and blushed at

his approach, the boy might have for the asking. He was mistaken there, as he was in reckoning upon his nephew's greed—gauging it by his own. Gold does not always shine in young eyes, and love will sometimes claim its own, thank God! in spite of wealth and scheming.

He was by no means discouraged when young Elyot laughed at the suggestion that he should pay a visit to his Jersey relatives and search out this distant cousin. For the young man could not regard it as a serious proposition. Even when he came to see that the idea had taken possession of the old man's mind, he only avoided the subject and at last shortened his visit, believing that in his absence it would soon be forgotten.

But no sooner had he gone than Uncle Jeremy himself began negotiations. He sent for his grand-niece to pay him a visit, and when she came, by a surprising good fortune, she proved to be all that he could have desired,—amiable, well-bred (for the Brocks came of good stock, and inherited a fine address, as well as certain other more tangible possessions), of a sweet, frank nature, indeed. She was a year or two older than her cousin, to be sure, whom she had never seen, and persisted in regarding as a boy; but that was a matter of no consequence.

"She'll be all the more likely to keep him in a straight road," he said. For Uncle Jeremy knew, and dreaded to be reminded again of all the by-ways and turnings which the course of a young man was likely to take.

He said nothing, for awhile, of his matrimonial project in her behalf, and Mary Lane, believing that she had been asked from pure good-will and family feeling, gave herself up to the enjoyment of her visit. The house was dull, for the old man lived alone, with a housekeeper somewhat younger and considerably sourer than himself; but Mary's presence enlivened it for the time. As the news of her arrival spread about the quiet town, one after another of the families in the neighborhood, comprising its "best" society, came to pay their respects to old Mr. Brock's niece, beginning with Mrs. Mincer,—a widow of widows, with whom mourning had become a habit, and whose eyes leaked like a neglected roof. It was but natural that she should lead the advance, since, having no family cares,—for she was childless,—the time, as she often affirmed with a sigh, hung heavy upon her hands. Then, too, she was one

of old Jeremy's nearest neighbors, making her home with her sister's family, the Wymans, in a showy house just around the corner upon the Square. She carried a favorable report of the stranger to her friends, and again the old man saw one of his kin courted and made much of. This was as it should be. It was proper and right that the girl should make friends against the time when she came here to live as his nephew's wife. So Mary, quite unconscious of the source of the old man's evident gratification, entered into all the gayety prepared in her honor, drawing about her such a crowd of followers,—for there was something extremely winning in the air and face of the young woman,—that the old man began to be alarmed for his nephew. Alarmed and angry above all with the open evident admiration of Tom Akers, the son of a neighbor, and unfortunately irreproachable as to both family and character.

It was time the young woman was informed of the honor prepared for her. He began to think it a mistake that she had not been told before; so, one morning, when she had come down late to breakfast, after an evening out, (old Jeremy could have sworn that he had heard Tom Akers's voice at the door an hour after midnight), he prepared to open the subject.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OLD JEREMY'S NIECE.

THE breakfast-room looked out upon the garden. The morning sun found its way in at the small-paned windows, and lay in great, dusty, golden bars across the heavy, worn furniture of the handsome old room; but it could not brighten the face of Miss Bunce, the housekeeper, who appeared more bilious and sullen than ever as she brought in the coffee-urn and prepared to set out the breakfast, at an hour quite unusual in the well-regulated household.

"Sit down, Bunce, sit down," said Uncle Jeremy a little sharply, when that useful female had traveled in and out at the door a dozen times, with an aggravating creak in her shoes which only added to the old man's nervousness. He held open upon his knees the Bible in which he regularly read a chapter every morning, not even omitting those filled with genealogies. It was a kind of superstitious rite not to be set aside. And how did he know but neglecting these last

might prove the jot or tittle which should finally count against him. He laid the book aside now, and took his place at the table, awaiting Miss Bunce, whose movements this morning seemed more energetic than usual.

"Come, come, Bunce, that will do. Sit down and let us be comfortable."

Old Jeremy could be sharp enough to others; but rumor said that he lived in wholesome awe of this woman, who had managed his house for half a score of years.

"There's no such thing for me as sitting down at this hour. I've matters to attend to as 'll spoil to be kept waiting," replied that amiable female. "Perhaps Miss Mary 'd take the trouble to pour your coffee?"

"To be sure I will." And Mary took the head of the table as Miss Bunce left the room, closing the door after her with a jar which set old Jeremy's teeth on edge. "Bunce grows worse and worse, uncle. How do you get along with her?"

Mary put two lumps of sugar into old Jeremy's cup as she stepped thus carelessly upon eggs, as it were.

"Bunce is well enough," her uncle replied shortly. "She 'll last my time."

"But old people should take to comfortable ways," persisted the young woman. "And she grows worse, I am sure. I fancy I can see a change in these few weeks. She is decidedly cross. There is something positively aggressive in the creak of her shoes."

But her uncle did not laugh. He was slowly eating his breakfast and revolving in his mind how he could best tell his niece of the future he had in store for her. Might not this be as good an opportunity as any?

"Bunce may have reasons for seeming out of temper with you," he said solemnly. His manner when grave was always solemn. He was a small old gentleman of florid complexion and apoplectic build; he was rather benevolent as to general appearance, but could be testy as a spoiled child if opposed. "Perhaps she fancies that you mean to supplant her one day."

"I turn housekeeper? You are laughing at me, uncle Jeremy!"

But Uncle Jeremy was not in a light mood, she saw at once.

"I don't mind telling you, Mary, as you are a sensible girl, that I have something on my mind which concerns you."

The color deepened a little in the old man's face, and he was not quite at ease as he uttered this preliminary remark. To tell the truth, now that the time had come he

found it a somewhat difficult matter to announce his scheme to his niece. She was not a young girl, to be led entirely by her elders, and she had, he knew, a high spirit of her own. What if she should resent the interference? He was a testy old gentleman, and could be disagreeable enough upon occasions; but he was, after all, of a timid disposition unless aroused.

"I would like to have a little talk with you," he went on, fidgeting with his knife and fork, and finally laying them down.

"Very well, uncle," Mary replied, quite gravely now, leaning back in her chair. What could it mean? Had she displeased him by her irregular manner of life since she came? But no; she had accepted the civilities of his friends with his approval. He had not objected to the late hours this involved of necessity, and had even himself suggested that the breakfast be pushed forward an hour, which was, without doubt, the occasion of Bunce's ill temper. He spoke of her supplanting the latter. Could it be that he was about to ask her to leave her own home and come to live with him?

The old man's eye was upon her as she leaned back in her chair, the color coming and going in her cheek with these shifting suggestions. She was not young. At least, she had lost the roundness and bloom of young girlhood; but the outline of both face and figure was still full enough for beauty, and with her clear, fair skin, just showing a touch of color, her clear, gray eyes, and the dark hair folded smoothly away from her small ears, she was pleasant to look at. The young heir might go farther and fare worse. So the old man thought as his gaze rested on her.

"You know you are not rich, Mary," he began abruptly.

"No, uncle; but I have never wanted for anything. And then I am happy in having rich friends, who supply my fancied needs," she added lightly. Her eyes had fallen upon the dark gold bands about her wrists, a present from Uncle Jeremy only the day before. I am afraid he had not been innocent of bribery.

"And you are getting on, Mary,—getting on. Let me see —"

"Twenty-seven next Christmas." A quick flush crossed her face, though she laughed quietly. "But really, uncle, it is hardly fair to bring up all my disadvantages at once."

"It is time you were thinking of settling in life."

He pursued the subject in his mind,

having once made a beginning, without the slightest heed to her side remarks.

"But I have thought of it. I have hardly been allowed to think of anything else. There is not an old woman of my acquaintance who does not shake her head over my misfortune or perversity, and remind me of the flight of time."

"Could you be contented to live here? So far from your friends, I mean. Could you be happy among these new friends you have made?"

Something like this Tom Akers had asked her the night before when they stood for a moment at the door in parting,—only to watch the moon shining through the leafless branches of the great elm at the corner.

"I might—I think I could," she answered, the blush deepening on her face.

Old Mr. Brock drew away from the table and rested his feet upon the fender, prepared to make himself comfortable, since Mary was likely to prove so docile.

"Well, Mary, you know of course that Robert is to be my heir. I have never made any secret of it, and I believe I wrote you, in asking you to come here, that it would make no difference in regard to the property."

"Certainly, it was quite understood," the young woman said quickly. Could it be that her uncle suspected her of trying to supplant her cousin Robert? Had Bunce suggested it?

"I have been thinking for some time that it would be well for Robert to marry. There is no reason why he should not leave the army and come home and try his hand at managing affairs," old Jeremy went on reflectively. "And after thinking it well over I have come to the conclusion that he can't do better than to marry you."

"*Me, uncle?*" Mary started upright in her chair entirely taken by surprise by the turn of his reflections.

"Yes, *you*," the old man said, lowering his thick eyebrows and seeming to swell inside as he always did at the first suspicion of opposition. "And why not? You would both be provided for and there'd be an end of it. For I must say, Mary, I should like to do something for you, but it is too late to change everything now without robbing your cousin."

"But I am two years older than Cousin Robert," she gasped, striving for a moment of time to rally her forces.

"What of that? Your aunt—your great-aunt—was ten years older than I. But that

only gave her experience; she had got over her flightiness and was all the more capable to manage the house. There were few like her," the old man went on slowly and shaking his head.

"But, uncle" (something throbbed in the girl's throat and choked her), "have you spoken of this to Robert?"

He could not tell her that he had not only spoken but written to him, and more than once, and so far without visible effect.

"I did say something to him when he was home last, about going down to visit his Jersey relatives, and may be hinted that it might be well for you two to know each other."

The old man moved uneasily in his chair while he gave utterance to this feeble prevarication; but Mary saw that there was more behind his words. And Robert had not come. He had felt without doubt like resenting the meddlesome plan, as did she. And yet she was conscious of a momentary feeling of anger at his indifference. He might at least have taken the pains to come and see what this cousin was like who had been thus thrown at his feet.

"And are you sure, uncle, that your suggestion did not come too late? Cousin Robert must have met more than one pretty girl. How do you know that he has not lost his heart already out there where he is?"

"That isn't at all likely," the old man said, shortly. "He knows well enough that I'll have no tramping soldier's daughter brought here to waste the property. No, no, the sooner he gets out of the army and settles down with a good, sensible wife, the better."

"Yes, uncle, if he can be made to think so."

"But he shall think so!" the old man replied, angrily. "He shall think as I say, or he shall have nothing of mine."

Mary Lane said no more. She rose up from the table and went and stood before a small miniature hanging upon the wall. She had noticed it often, but she had never scrutinized it until now. It was of a boy just entering his teens,—her cousin Robert, whom she had never seen,—an open, boyish face, with thick and rather long red-brown hair, brushed away from a tolerable forehead,—the picture of a frank and rather handsome boy in his first pride of youth and bright buttons; for he was in his cadet's dress. It was hardly fair that she should decide her future from this pict-

ure, by which she would never have recognized the dashing soldier-cousin now. But she was not thinking of that at all. Her uncle's angry mood had startled her as much as his proposal had shocked her, and scanning the square jaw and firm mouth, with a kind of pleasure, too, in the frank face, she felt that he might find it yet a difficult matter to bend this will to his.

"Never mind Robert," the old man said;—he was a little ashamed of his outburst of temper, and fancied, like many another angry person, that he had shown all he felt;—"it is of you I wanted to talk."

What should she say? How should she answer him? For, however much he might beat about this question, an answer he would have, she knew. Of course she could make but one reply; but she was mortified and pained to find that his interest in her had only been for the furtherance of this scheme. And yet it could not have been entirely on account of her cousin Robert, for had he not owned to a desire to do something for her as well? It must be that he had loved her a little for her own sake. And how could she vex him now, in his own house? And yet she must make him understand that this thing was impossible. She did not ask herself why it should be so; but she knew in her heart that it was not to be considered for a moment. Even though her cousin Robert should come and ask it of her himself, which he certainly seemed in no haste to do. She came slowly away from the picture to the fire.

"Uncle, you speak of Cousin Robert's preference, but—you do not think of me! It would be wise,—it would be worldly wise, I mean," she went on hurriedly; "but what if this should not be to my mind?" She looked steadily into the fire, and again the color reddened her cheek; her very throat was warm as she continued, in a voice hardly more than a whisper:

"Every woman cherishes a possibility which she would find hard to give up."

"Don't talk in riddles!" the old man said testily, shifting his feet. There seemed to be behind these soft-spoken words a power of resistance not pleasant to consider.

"I mean," she said, slowly lifting her eyes, though the red flew to her hair, "that no woman would be willing to assent to anything which would put it out of her power to marry the man she loved,—if love should come to her." The last words were hardly above her breath.

Her gentle beauty touched the old man's heart. Surely Robert could not do better.

"But why should not that be Robert?" he asked with a smile. "You have left no one at home?" he added with sudden suspicion, his face darkening again.

She shook her head gravely.

"I would not turn my hand over to please any one of them."

"And of course there is no one here," the old man said savagely, making a fierce thrust at the fire. "They are all strangers to you, good enough in their way, pleasant acquaintances; but——"

"Yes, uncle," she assented slowly. She put up her hand to screen her face as the fire blazed up under the poker in the old man's hand.

"Then why shouldn't it be as I wish?" he said, in a more persuasive tone. "For I do wish it very much, Mary."

"But it isn't for me to say," she replied, beginning to tremble, yet trying to speak lightly. "You would not have me offer my hand to Cousin Robert, or tell him that he might have me for the asking?"

"No; but I would have you say yes when that time comes."

"Then let us wait until it does." She bent over and kissed his forehead; then she hastened out of the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE HEIR.

BUT nothing came of the old man's scheme, as we know very well. Mary Lane finished her visit before spring, and went to her home without having heard anything from her cousin Robert. By the exercise of some tact, she avoided any fresh discussion of this subject, which was by no means pleasant to her. But she could not avoid all reference to it, or to that possible time when she might rule and reign here in her uncle's house. So annoying did these suggestions become that she was heartily glad at last when the time came for her to go; for she was becoming more and more conscious of a feeling which would make it impossible for her ever to accede to her uncle's wishes. The possibility which she had blushing assured him to be so dear to a woman's heart had become a surety now. She would have returned to her home the promised wife of Tom Akers but that there seemed a kind of disloyalty in giving a

pledge so contrary to the wishes of her uncle, while still under his roof.

In the meantime, old Mr. Brock fretted and fumed inwardly that his nephew made no response to the suggestions which at last had almost taken the form of a command. Captain Elyot's letters were cheerful and gay as usual,—they had wonderfully brightened the old man's life for a year past,—but there had been no reference whatever to the subject which had begun to engross the latter's mind. Toward spring these letters ceased entirely. At first, Uncle Jeremy attributed this blank to the difficulty of communication between east and west, and the irregularity of the mails. But he was beginning to feel serious uneasiness, when, one morning early in the summer, Bunce laid an envelope beside his plate addressed in Robert's well-known hand. The sunbeams seemed to quiver in the old man's eyes as he hastily opened it. He read, his face growing purple, the veins swelling in his forehead. Then he twisted the letter out of all shape, with a sudden, angry wrench, and, turning about, threw it into the waste-paper basket.

"What is it?" asked Miss Bunce, with real anxiety, for the old man choked and swallowed over what almost sounded like an oath. "Mr. Robert is well, I hope?"

"Send in the breakfast, Bunce. How many times have I told you that I will not be kept waiting? And don't talk to me about 'Mr. Robert,' as you call him. The fool has gone and got married!"

Later, Miss Bunce found the letter and read it, having smoothed it out carefully with an iron. It was the one written immediately after Captain Elyot's marriage to Blossom,—full of a lover's praises of her sweetness and beauty. There was no reference to her fortune,—though that would hardly have mollified the old man. To his mind, the family had suffered disgrace. With all their wild courses, his sons had never engrafted the stock with bad blood by a low marriage. That had been left for his dearest child—his one daughter—to bring about, and now for this young man, who was as his own son. But his wounded pride made him forget the soreness of his heart over this ingratitude. With this blow, he turned away from every human being. They were all alike, sycophants and deceivers. Even his grand-niece, Mary Lane, toward whom his heart had warmed, failed him with the rest. He wrote her of her cousin Robert's

defection, ashamed for the young man, ashamed for himself at having so aroused her hopes, as he believed; but with the sudden determination that the money which was to have fallen to Robert, should now be hers,—it would in a measure console her. And there came a reply breathing nothing like sadness, but almost a spirit of rejoicing. She assured her uncle that she was entirely satisfied. She even plead for Robert and Robert's wife, and at the last, half fearfully announced her coming marriage with Tom Akers, and hoped her dear uncle would be happy in knowing that she was to make her home near his. She would have none of his money. That belonged to her cousin Robert. But the old man swore with an oath that not a cent of it should ever come into the hands of his nephew. It seemed as though the property hoarded so carefully, would have to go begging for an owner at last.

The news of Captain Elyot's marriage crept about the town. Everyone wondered, and everybody blamed the young man, but no one suspected that the keenest disappointment of all was felt by old Jeremy when bright Mary Lane, in the succeeding autumn, came among them as Mrs. Tom Akers. Even Bunce had known nothing of this scheme. The pride of the old man had made him reticent as to this affair, but every one knew, in that incomprehensible way by which the most of our secret purposes and wishes are known to the world,—that Captain Elyot would not come in to the property now. Who would be the heir?

In truth, the old man was himself at a loss to answer this question. He was neither charitable nor philanthropic. He hated institutions founded for so-called benevolent purposes. He believed that they but served selfish ends after all. He had no interest in the conversion of the heathen. To him the ends of the earth were shrouded in the darkness of utter indifference. His interest, his life-long striving, had been for himself and for his own. Now he must pass away, and his own had failed him.

He must pass away. Others saw that his step grew more feeble, his voice more broken. He seemed to gain his breath with an effort, but to him this passing away was still a matter of a far future. Why should he try to bring it near, or make himself realize that the hand which still held notes, and bonds, and mortgages with

such an eager grasp, must soon turn to the dust of the grave?

Who should succeed him? Not Tom Akers's wife. She had enough and to spare. Besides, he had never, in his heart, forgiven her for what he chose to call her deceitful conduct. She had kept something back, when he had believed that he saw every corner of her heart. He had no right to such a wide sweep of vision, to be sure, but, all the same, he had never forgiven her. Who should succeed him? He pondered this question often and long. Too long; for one morning, a year or more after Captain Elyot's marriage, the old man was found dead in his bed. Azrael had been merciful, and had stolen from his summons its terror. He was found with as peaceful a face as though he had taken his money with him upon his long journey.

As he had deferred making a will until such a time as he could decide how to dispose of his property, months had slipped by, and he had made no will at all. The very delay for the purpose of finding a successor to Captain Elyot made that young man his heir after all. He was next of kin and came into the estate.

Nothing had been known of him since the report of his marriage. The unlucky are soon forgotten, and who could be more unlucky than he who was believed to have lost all claim to the property by this unfortunate step. The most absurd stories began to circulate as soon as his good fortune was known. They all hinged upon this marriage, which had so nearly cost him his inheritance, and gathered at last into one which came to be almost believed, since there was no one to deny the truth of it;—he had fallen in love with a pretty young Indian girl,—he had married a half-breed in that wilderness which had swallowed him up!

And now, would he come here to live among his old friends? Above all, would he dare to bring this wife? The thought of an Indian squaw domiciled in the Brock house, of a papoose,—for there was doubtless a child, though no one knew,—a papoose, swinging in its cradle of bark from the long limbs of the old elm at the foot of the garden, brought a virtuous shudder to more than one frame. It was enough to make old Jeremy turn in his grave!

But time passed on, and nothing was known of the intentions of the heir. It was autumn when the old man died. Winter came, and the snow drifted in upon the

neglected pathway to the door, or lay where it fell, and there was no change. The old house alone seemed utterly unmoved by all these strange reports. It did not so much as open its eyes. The spring was slipping away at last, and curiosity had nearly exhausted itself. Even the children had ceased to flatten their faces against the wooden bars of the gate, looking for a wigwam which never appeared, when a bit of authentic intelligence came to the wide-open ears of the townpeople. Captain Elyot had lost his wife, not recently, but soon after his marriage, and he had no present intention of occupying the Brock house. He had given up his commission, and gone abroad for an indefinite time. The house was to be let.

"But did she have Indian blood in her veins?" More than one eager feminine voice asked this question of mild Mr. Simpkins, the agent of the property, and old Mr. Brock's man of business,—a quiet, retiring old gentleman, engaged in the practice of law in the neighboring city. He had been quite overlooked till now, when he came to examine into the condition of the house, and see that it was put in order for possible tenants.

"Indian blood, my dear lady! What do you mean?" he asked in return. Bunce was going over the house with the agent, putting away the more personal effects of her old master. One or two of the neighbors had run in to inquire the occasion of all this bustle. It was almost believed that Captain Elyot had arrived at last. Even Mrs. Tom Akers, seeing the windows opened for the first time in so many months, and being as much in the dark in regard to affairs as her neighbors, had stepped in to ask the cause.

"Why, they do say that Captain Robert married a half-breed." It was the little widow, Mrs. Mincer, who had ventured to broach this subject, half confidentially, while Mrs. Akers's back was turned.

"Nonsense," said Bunce, shortly, before Mr. Simpkins could reply. "I saw the letter myself,"—she did not think it necessary to say how,—and he described her as a sweet young lady, as sweet as you could wish to see." Pride in the family, with past favors, as well as future possibilities, made Bunce wary in her communications.

"Then why was Mr. Brock so angry? You said, yourself, Miss Bunce, at the time, that the old gentleman had disinherited Captain Robert on account of this marriage."

"Well, perhaps I did." Bunce was

down upon her knees before the old-fashioned locker, sorting out the quaint old decanters and glasses, hidden away in its lowest receptacle. One could hardly lie in such an attitude. "It was true, as Mr. Simpkins knows. I remember the morning as though it was this blessed day. It was at the breakfast-table that he opened the letter, and when I came in with the coffee, my hand shook so that I poured it all over the cloth. I thought the old gentleman would have had a fit that time, for sure. The doctor——"

But Mr. Simpkins interrupted her.

"Come, come, Miss Bunce, I shall have to hurry you a little. It's time I was getting back."

"There's only the bed and table linen now," Bunce replied, getting up from her humble position. "I might look it over by myself,—that is, if you'd trust me, sir. I had the buying of the most of it."

"To be sure, to be sure, if you'll look everything up carefully," and the agent took himself away. If the housekeeper chose to gossip about the affairs of the family it was nothing to him. But he could not countenance such a proceeding by his presence.

The door once closed after him, there was more of ease in the small party.

"And you thought he would have had a fit," prompted one, seating herself comfortably in one of the leather-covered chairs of the dining-room.

"Yes. It was such a surprise, you see, and not to Mr. Brock's mind at all, though she was a beautiful young lady, he wrote."

Mrs. Akers felt her cheeks burning, as she moved away from the group standing now before the china-closet, and mingling their exclamations of surprise with others of admiration for the cups and plates brought from Holland by old Jeremy's ancestors, more than two hundred years before.

"We never used them. No, ma'am. Mr. Brock prized them as he did his eyes, and would hardly let me dust 'em. Nobody knows what'll become of them now."

"Oh, Captain Robert will marry again. He'll be coming home from over the seas with a new wife before long."

Mrs. Mincer wiped her eyes.

"I don't know. When one has once——"

"He was dreadfully cut up over her death," Miss Bunce broke in. "I should say that he would never marry again."

"More than likely," murmured Mrs. Mincer, from behind the folds of her heavy veil.

"But I can't see now why the old gentleman should have resented this marriage, if Captain Elyot's wife was so lovely," persisted the first speaker.

But Miss Bunce held back the one item in the surreptitiously read letter which explained this. Mrs. Akers might know, even though she had not been on good terms with her uncle before his death. Since she did not choose to speak, the housekeeper was wise enough to keep silence.

Mrs. Akers was moving about the room, filled with reminiscences recalled by every object here. She had entered the house but seldom since her marriage, and then with a strange formality. She paused a moment before her cousin Robert's miniature, with a vivid recollection of that other morning, so long ago, when her uncle had made known his wishes to her. All this might have been hers,—not the house alone, with its handsome old furniture and wealth of bric-à-brac collected from many a land (for old Jeremy had spent many years of his later life in wandering over the seas), but all this money over which her friends were gossiping idly now, wondering at the strange fate or providence that had dropped it at last into the hands from which the old man would have withheld it. It might all have been hers. Not alone if she had married her cousin Robert, but if she had consented at the last to stand to Uncle Jeremy in Captain Elyot's place. But she could not do that. And now justice had been done at last, without any human agency, as it seemed. Her cousin had come into his rights, for it was right that he should have this money after being made to believe for years that it was to be his. And she rejoiced in it. She would like to write to her cousin Robert and tell him of her gladness,—a happy wife, she could do so now without fear of being misunderstood,—but she did not know his address. In what foreign land he wandered, or in what strange city he had taken up his residence, she had never learned. She had not thought to put the question to Mr. Simpkins when he was here. She would stop at his office in town some day, and ask for this address.

The announcement of the death of her cousin Robert's wife had put all other thoughts out of her mind for the time. So she was dead,—this girl for whom he had hazarded and almost lost everything! No wonder he had taken it to heart, as Bunce had said. He must have loved her dearly

to have risked so much for the happiness of possessing her. Mrs. Akers had never credited the various rumors in regard to this marriage. But few of them had reached her since she was within the sacred pale of the family. She had heard enough, however, to realize their absurdity. Other people believed that the old man could not have turned his nephew away without good reason, which they proceeded to invent. But she had a key of her own to her uncle's anger. People said that the old man waited to find an heir to his property, but she hoped it was not so. She could not but hope that he had relented at the last, though too proud to acknowledge it, perhaps, and this she should tell her cousin Robert, when she wrote. It might take the fire from the gold dropped into his hand.

She did not realize till now how a dream had been slowly gathering in her imagination, of the time when he would come here to live. She had grown up without sisters, but might not cousin Robert's wife take the place of one to her? Mrs. Akers had known something of the contents of the letter which the young husband wrote with such fearless pride. Uncle Jeremy, in writing to his niece of this marriage, had quoted Captain Robert's words in scorn, but she had more than half believed them, and felt a strange pity now for this girl who had brought such brief joy to her husband. As she wandered at will through the familiar rooms of the old house, she found herself crying, almost before she knew it. Uncle Jeremy had been very kind to her at one time. She remembered it now, sitting in his chair before the empty, blackened fire-place, and yet her tears were less for him than for this girl, whom she had never seen.

CHAPTER XXX.

A STRANGE FAMILY.

It was one day early in the summer that the Brock house was found to be inhabited again. A long, fierce storm—"the May storm"—had raged for days, compelling the ladies upon the square to keep within doors, and it was during this time that the family must have arrived.

Summer burst suddenly upon the town with the breaking away of the clouds. The turf behind the high wooden wall of the Brock house turned a vivid green, the leaves upon the horse-chestnuts in the street unfolded at the first touch of the sun's

rays. Mrs. Mincer, coming slowly along the High street, threw back her veil to mark these changes, surprised to see that even the early rose over the door had put out its leaves since the rain. She sighed to reflect that there was no one here to rejoice over the coming of summer. And then she noticed, for the first time, that the blinds of the windows looking upon the garden were open. Could Miss Bunce have forgotten to close them the day when she had gone over the house? Or it might be that the late high winds had unloosed the worn fastenings. Mrs. Mincer was a care-taking little woman, and was hesitating over the propriety of stepping within the gate, should she find it unlocked, and closing them herself, when to her utter bewilderment, she met the gaze of a pair of soft brown eyes directed to her from one of these unscreened windows. She had only time to observe that they were set in a pale young face, and that the figure to which both belonged was draped in black, when the vision disappeared.

Mrs. Mincer was startled. There was something ghostly in the apparition. She found herself quaking and staring, broad daylight though it was. What did it mean? Then a very natural and simple solution of the mystery suggested itself. The house had been advertised to let for some weeks. Retracing her steps, she saw that the placard had been removed from the front window. Some one had taken it at last.

A few steps farther on she met Mr. Simpkins. She hesitated, but finally bowed with the timid air with which she addressed all individuals of that sex, one of whom she had mourned for fifteen years. She drew her veil more closely, but half checked her steps.

"Mrs. Mincer?" Mr. Simpkins paused politely.

"The Brock house seems to have tenants. I thought I would ask—they might be strangers in town—it would perhaps be a kindness——"

"Yes, yes, to be sure. I believe they know no one. Mrs. Drake told me, I think, that they had no acquaintances here."

"And Mr. Drake?" Mrs. Mincer said, inquiringly. It was as well to know something of this family.

"There is no Mr. Drake. Mrs. Drake is a widow."

Mrs. Mincer was so much moved by this announcement that Mr. Simpkins was em-

barrassed. He reproached himself inwardly for the abrupt manner with which he had imparted this intelligence.

"With children?" came in an almost inaudible voice from behind the pall draping the widow.

"There are two daughters," Mr. Simpkins replied, cheerfully, glad of a diversion,— "the elder, a young lady in rather delicate health, I should say; the younger, a mere child. You were thinking of calling? Very considerate in you, as they are undoubtedly strangers in this vicinity. Mrs. Drake seems to be a woman of peculiarities, but of means,—unquestionably of means (she has consulted me in regard to some important investments); and the daughters—the elder, at least—might prove a desirable acquisition to your delightful society here. I should say, call, certainly." And Mr. Simpkins bowed and passed on, letting himself in at the gate of the Brock house.

Mrs. Mincer had forgotten to ask from what place the family had removed, as well as why they had chosen to take up their residence in this town,—neither handsome nor well situated, it must be owned. But all this would be explained in time. Mrs. Drake herself would probably offer some information as to her antecedents and previous circumstances when her neighbors called upon her,—for Mrs. Mincer had already decided that everybody would call upon the new-comers. For herself, she should only wait for a suitable time to pass. There was a similarity of condition between this woman and herself which could not fail to create a bond of sympathy.

She carried the small scrap of information gained from Mr. Simpkins to her friends around the square, each one of whom evinced a willingness to show some attention to these strangers. In the meantime, a most natural curiosity was excited. Who were these people, and where had they come from? No one knew, unless it might be Mr. Simpkins, and he was quite out of the reach of their questions, his residence and place of business being in the adjoining city. Nor had he been seen upon the square since the day when Mrs. Mincer met him so opportunely. Even the ordinary judgment instinctively bestowed upon strangers was impossible here, since no one except Mrs. Mincer had so much as caught a passing glimpse of any one of these people during the fortnight in which they were considerably left to themselves. It was certainly a most quiet family.

After a period of waiting, sufficiently long for the strangers to become settled in their new home, the ladies in the neighborhood began to show their good-will, and, before a week had passed, a flood of visitors poured in upon the Drakes. They came away surprised, and more than one of them indignant, having been coldly received by the widow, who had been impenetrable as to her past, as well as rudely indifferent to the friendly advances of her new neighbors. She was variously described by them, but always in terms of amazed derision.

"Really, what did you think of her?" asked Mrs. Mincer of Mrs. Stryker—Mrs. Colonel Stryker, who led the society of the town. "She seems to be not quite—that is, not thoroughly——" an expressive shake of the head finished the description.

It was Saturday evening and a small party of ladies had gathered in Mrs. Stryker's drawing-room. The curtains, separating it from the tea-room, which they had just left, were drawn, the long French windows opening upon the balcony overhanging the street had been thrown wide open to admit the breeze which set the grass to quivering upon the monument mound over the way, and sent little puffs of white dust dancing down the street. Chairs and sofas were drawn up here and a peace toward all the world with a desire to criticise mildly its weaknesses had fallen upon the company. It was then Mrs. Mincer spoke, bringing up the subject which had already been touched upon at the tea-table.

"We shall see," Mrs. Stryker replied, with an equally mysterious air. "I have hardly made up my mind. They are certainly not what we had reason to expect. Still I do not regret having called. It is better to be disappointed or even imposed upon occasionally than to neglect strangers, who might repay our civility by appreciation, if nothing more. But I am surprised that Captain Elyot should have let the house to these people. He might have considered his old friends even if he were indifferent as to who should occupy it."

"You forget, Captain Robert had nothing to do with it," ventured some one. "It was in the hands of the agent."

"And he urged me to call," said Mrs. Mincer, with almost a shudder. She had found no kindred spirit in Mrs. Drake.

"But he told you at the time that she was a woman of peculiarities?"

"Peculiarities indeed!" laughed another.

"But did you notice the changes in the house? Some very handsome furniture—for the drawing-room, I fancy—was being carried in as we came away."

"Somewhat after the Queen of Sheba style, was it not?" amended Miss Gore, whose elegance was of the severe type.

"But *Miss* Drake is extremely pretty," broke in Amy Stryker, meeting this tide of criticism with the assurance of one whose word would carry weight. "Did you not think so, mamma? Or she would be if she were not so frightfully pale. And I am sure nothing can be said against *her* manner."

"I confess I scarcely noticed her," Mrs. Stryker replied, "except to observe that she looked ill. I am glad if you found anything to admire, Amy. Though her manner, which seems to have impressed you, could hardly have been an inheritance from her mother, who was extremely ungracious and appeared incapable of uttering an intelligible word. I tried her upon various subjects—and whether she was obtuse or sullen I could not determine. It seemed as though almost she considered our visit an intrusion. We were not asked to repeat it—which I should not think of doing under any circumstances."

"You have aroused my curiosity," said Mrs. Akers, stepping in from the balcony where she had overheard this conversation. "I shall certainly call now. I fancied from all accounts that these people were simply common and ill-bred, but this savors of a mystery; their utter seclusion,—for they appear to receive no one from abroad,—their evident desire to be left to themselves; a pretty daughter in delicate health——"

"I fear you will only be disappointed, my dear," said Miss Gore, making a place for her friend upon the sofa beside herself. "The widow *is* only common and ill-bred, and the daughter scarcely pretty, I think. The only mystery to my mind is that which always goes with the sight of ignorance in high places. For Mrs. Drake arrays herself gorgeously,—if widow's weeds can bear such a description,—and the house is being made hideously fine."

"And you think——"

"That they are only vulgar rich people, with whom we have nothing in common. It was a mistake from the beginning, but the best way to rectify a mistake is not to repeat it; and by the way did I see you at the *matinée* yesterday?" The subject was

changed. The conversation turned into another channel.

But Mrs. Akers did not forget it. Her curiosity was thoroughly aroused, her anger almost awakened that people of this order should desecrate and make over the home which had been so pleasant to her at one time. How could her cousin Robert permit it? Or, was the agent acting beyond orders? She determined to go and see for herself. Some vague idea of remonstrating with Mr. Simpkins or even of addressing a letter to Captain Elyot crossed her mind.

Accordingly one afternoon, not many days after this conversation, she found herself lifting the latch of the gate and following the familiar path to the door of the Brock house. The house might be transformed within, but outwardly there was no change, she could see, as she stood a moment waiting for the summons upon the old-fashioned knocker to be answered.

An untidy servant girl tardily answered her knock, and, after a moment of hesitation,—it almost seemed of doubt as to admitting her,—ushered the visitor into the parlor. As the door swung open, a picture of the well-known room rose like reality before Mary Akers's mind,—the dull old room lying always in a dim half-light, its tone sombered by time, full of queer old china jars and odd, irregular cabinets in shining lacquer-work, with a picture or two, dim enough to be originals, and glowing with the unquenchable light of genius within the dead gilt frames; the satin fire-screens worked in tent-stitch, the colors as faint as the memory of the woman who wrought them; the odd diamond-shaped mirror on the mantel, with its frame of Venetian glass which gleamed like an opal when zigzag rays of light crept through the shutters and struck upon it. She saw it all. Then she stepped over the threshold into a room gaudy with bold-faced colors, crowded with useless furniture, crazy with ill-assorted bric-à-brac, and staring at itself in showy mirrors. She looked about her in bewilderment. She could hardly believe the place to be the same. But the girl was still waiting, and she remembered that she had yet to send her name to the owner of all this magnificence. She almost repented having come here, as she dismissed the servant with her card, while she searched about for the least gaudy among the gilded and be-flowered chairs in which to await her return.

The servant had but partially closed the

door after her. What was Mrs. Akers's surprise to hear, all at once, voices as if in alternate rebuke and deprecation. One was that of the slatternly maid, who seemed to have merited an angry reproof. For what? All that her friends had said of the ungracious reception they had met here rushed upon Mrs. Akers's memory. But the cessation of the voices and a sudden swift rustle of stiff drapery announced an approach. It was too late to retreat now, as for an instant she had been tempted to do, in a spasm of ridiculous and inexplicable alarm.

She half rose from her seat, her heart quickening its beating, to meet this vulgar, pretentious woman, who had not even the grace of ordinary propriety; but she was surprised out of all preconceived judgment and almost out of her forced self-possession, when Mrs. Drake entered the room. The widow was tall, with the figure described as "commanding." Her face, which must have been handsome once, was broad at the forehead and strong in the lower jaw, indicating both power and daring. No petty vulgarity here. And yet, with these grand characteristics in countenance and bearing, there was something indescribable, which gave them the lie. Was it the slight stoop into which the shoulders fell after a moment? the covert glance from the long, half-shut eyes, smoldering and burning by turns behind the lids? Mrs. Akers could not tell; but, after the first glance of surprised admiration, she was conscious of a feeling of distrust. She could but notice the incongruity, too, between the mourning-dress, showy and expensive, even to the widow's cap covering the dead-white hair, and the coarse, rough skin, which could have known no early care. Nor could the *lisse* frills at the wrists conceal or soften the hands, roughened and misshapen, as by hard work. The verdict of her friends had been just in one particular,—Mrs. Drake was no "lady."

She was like a story made in one language and repeated awkwardly in another. The woman was evidently out of accord with her present surroundings; but there was nothing flaunting or pretentious in her bearing or her speech. On the contrary, she seemed at times rigid with a shyness too proud to show itself. Ill at ease she certainly was; but "common" or "vulgar" she could never be called.

But all these observations were not made at the first embarrassing moment, for Mary Akers was hardly more at ease than her host-

ess. Some ordinary words of greeting, oddly formal on the part of the widow, passed between them, when the visitor became aware that her daughters had quietly followed Mrs. Drake's rather startling entrance, so quietly as to be unnoticed for a moment, the younger, a mere child, bashfully clinging to her sister's gown.

"And this is your daughter?" Mrs. Akers said cordially, rising from her seat.

An expression of love, almost like pain, swept across the mother's face. For one brief moment she forgot herself.

"Yes, that's Em'ly," she said simply, as a slight, languid figure, dressed in black, crossed the floor. Amy Stryker was right; if the outline of the sweet, listless face had been fuller and its tint less pale, the girl would have been undeniably pretty. Indeed, she was scarcely less than that now, with her unconscious grace of manner, so unlike the mother's perturbed, watchful air.

"And what is your name, my pretty dear?" addressing the little one. The visitor tried to free Miss Drake's gown from the child's dimpled hands. "Come and sit with me, will you not? See what I have to show you. What is her name?" she asked, turning to Mrs. Drake.

A sudden dark red flush covered the widow's face at this simple question. Emily's head had been bent over the child. She raised it now to reply.

"Her name is Remember," she said in a strange, vibrating voice.

Why was it that the light words upon Mrs. Akers's lips were checked? Her hand slid from the child's arm and utter silence followed. Who were these people? And was it her imagination alone, which enveloped them in an atmosphere of mystery?

"And are you quite at home here? Will you like our town?" The pause which no one attempted to fill was becoming awkward.

"It does as well as another," Mrs. Drake answered in a hard voice. "They're much alike—just houses and streets and faces one never saw before. We may as well stop here awhile."

"Then you do not intend to remain—to settle permanently." She was surprised within herself at her strange interest in these people.

"Oh no, no!" the widow said, twisting her hands restlessly.

Emily's reply had been in a lower voice.

"I would like to think so," she said. And her listless face showed something almost like interest.

"Emily's not fond of change," Mrs. Drake said quickly. "She would have staid in B——"

"Did you come from B——?" Here was something tangible at last. "Then perhaps you know my dear friends, the Caruthers? You must know them."

Again the widows's dark eyes opened with a flash of doubt, suspicion—what was it?—and again it was Emily who took up the question and replied:

"We were there but a few weeks and made no acquaintances."

Silence would have succeeded Miss Drake's quiet reply, but that Mary Akers made one other effort.

"I regret to hear that you are something of an invalid;" she addressed herself to Emily. "The air here is quite unlike that of B——; I trust it may prove beneficial to you."

"Who said she was an invalid?" the mother asked harshly. "Speak up Em'ly, and tell her they knew nothing about it. She's been ailing awhile; the heat has worn her out; but the sea air 'll soon set her up. The doctors said so; *we've tried 'em all.*" Anxiety that was like terror, faint hope yearning for confirmation, all showed in the burning eyes fixed upon the visitor. They compelled her to speak.

"I hope so; I think so, indeed," she said warmly; and, moved to an unusual expression, drawn strangely toward this young girl, she laid her hand upon Emily's, resting in the lap of her black gown. Then she rose up to go.

The dining-room door stood open as she passed out. She was glad to see that there had been fewer alterations here. But her cousin Robert's miniature was gone. It had assuredly hung here the morning when she ran in to find Bunce putting the house in order—for these people, as it had proved. Involuntarily she stepped into the room; then aware of the intrusion, retreated hastily with an apology.

"The house is both familiar and dear to me," she said. "Some of the happiest weeks of my life were passed here a few years ago. It was my uncle's house," she explained, still lingering.

"Yes, I know," the widow said with repressed impatience. "Him that's traveling in foreign parts. The agent told us."

"No, oh no. That is my cousin. Mr. Simpkins must have explained——"

But Mrs. Drake evinced no interest in these family details, her hand was already upon the door.

"I dare say—I don't know," she said, absently. "T'was all the same to us. The house was advertised and Em'ly wanted to come. Though why she should I don't know. It's but a poor place. It'll take a deal of money to make it at all fine."

"I like it best as it is," Emily said timidly. "It seemed like coming home. We have been in so many strange places——" she began. But her mother interrupted her hastily.

"Sick folks have their fancies," she said.

But Mary Akers took up her words.

"And you'll get to be more and more fond of it, I hope, as your health comes back, until you will never wish to go away again." But the miniature, she must ask if Bunce had removed it. "My cousin's picture used to hang here," she said, pointing to the spot where she so well remembered having seen it the last time she was here. "The housekeeper, perhaps, has laid it away."

"Was it a faded thing—in soldier clothes?"

"It was not quite fresh, I am afraid; but then——"

It was impossible to resent the unconscious impertinence of the woman; it was equally useless to explain why the picture had a value to her aside from the brightness of its colors.

"Em'ly took a fancy to it; it hangs in her room. You may as well give it to her, Em'ly."

"No, no; indeed I have no claim to it, at all. Although we are cousins we have never met," the visitor said hurriedly, mortified to see with how little interest her voluntary communications in regard to the family were received. "You will come and see me soon, I hope," she added as the door was opened for her to pass out.

Emily's eyes appealed to her mother.

"Thank you, ma'am," Mrs. Drake replied with cold dignity; but she made no promise. And when she had closed the gate after her and was walking away from the house it occurred to Mrs. Akers that she, as well as her neighbors, had not been asked to repeat her visit.

OUR PETS AND PROTECTORS.

If anything were wanting to convince the skeptical as to the high status of the dog in this country at the present day, it would only be necessary for him to attend one of the dog or "bench" shows which are held in all the principal cities. Although Englishmen have always been more enthusiastic over these four-footed friends than we, yet even there a great revival occurred some fifteen years ago when "bench" shows became common, and rivalry led to closer study and great improvements in all popular breeds. The fever finally spread to this country, but was at first confined almost entirely to dogs used for sporting purposes, such as the setter and the pointer; and it was not until the occurrence of the show given by the Westminster Kennel Club in New York city last spring that the merits of the non-sporting classes, and their right to a prominent position at dog shows was fully recognized. It was but just that this should be so. We cannot all be sportsmen, and the owner of a pure mastiff or St. Bernard, or even a diminutive terrier or pug, may take the same pride and pleasure in the possession of his or her pet and companion, as the sportsman does in his "bird" dog. Had we ever been blessed with a Landseer or a Harrison Weir in this country, it is possible that our knowledge of the various breeds of dogs might not be so limited. As it is, we are obliged to go to England for our authorities and for our standards of excellence. There is but one breed of dogs that can be said to have originated in the United States, and that is the Chesapeake Bay retriever, and of course the ancestors of this strain came from Great Britain, although how and when is a matter of uncertainty. Our best dogs (I speak of the classes about which I am writing) are all either direct importations or but one or two generations removed from such, and nine out of ten persons who are describing to you the excellences of their pets will say with pride that he, or his sire or dam, was imported from the kennels of So-and-so. In a few years all this will be changed. We are importing the best, and with careful mating there is no doubt but that we shall equal or excel the productions of our English cousins. They are coming to us for their short-horns; we may yet send them dogs. A gentleman who breeds St. Bernards told me recently

he could almost guarantee that there would be fifty entries of these dogs alone at the Westminster Kennel Club show which occurs on the fourteenth of May, 1878.

Having mentioned the St. Bernard, I am inclined to put him at the head of those dogs which we class as our pets and companions. The noble mission he fulfills amidst the snows of his native Alps, his even temperament and his magnificent proportions, seem to place him beyond all other dogs. Twelve years ago the St. Bernard dog was comparatively unknown in England. The Rev. J. Cumming Macdona about that time visited the monasteries of St. Bernard and the Simplon, and succeeded in procuring a pair, which became the nucleus of a large kennel augmented from other sources. The appearance of these dogs at the shows took the country by storm, and since then they have been bred to such an extent as to form one of the principal classes. Mr. Macdona brought a pair here with him last spring. The dog, "Mungo," was a magnificent specimen, and was purchased by Mr. Lester Wallack, but unfortunately died within a week after he had passed into the possession of his new owner. The female, "Neva," was bought by Mr. Le Roy Z. Collins of Lancaster, Mass., and being bred to his "Alp" has added considerably to the numbers of the breed in this country. St. Bernards are divided into two classes, the rough and the smooth-coated. At the Hospice, the smooth-coated dogs are said to be the most valued, for the reason that their coat is better adapted for the work they have to perform, which is often to clear the paths of snow during the prevalence of drifts. They accompany the monks in their daily quest of belated travelers, visiting the stone refuges which are built at intervals, keeping up a continual barking that may be heard by those lost in the snow. In their struggles through the snow, the shaggy coats of the long-haired variety become matted with icicles, the weight of which interferes with their progress. As these circumstances do not obtain in England or in this country, the long-coated dog is the favorite.

It is difficult to say how long these dogs have been in possession of the monks of the Hospice, but "Stonehenge" says that in 1815 the old and true Alpine breed was reduced

to so small a number that it was with difficulty that others were procured from adjacent valleys to keep up the strain. Mr. Macdona obtained his dogs only on the promise that, if needed, some of their progeny should be returned, and, if I remember rightly, he informed me that he had already been called upon to fulfill the promise. Their most celebrated dog was "Old Barry," who had rescued forty-two persons and finally fell a victim to his benevolence, being killed by a benighted traveler who mistook him for a wolf. A large latitude in the way of color is allowed in the St. Bernard, red and white being the most common. An orange-tawny is also common, also a brindle and white, and occasionally one is seen that is all or nearly all white. The monks lay great stress upon a white streak or blaze through the face, extending down the collar to the poll. The head should be large and massive, the face long and cut off square at the nose; the ears should be of medium size and set close to the cheeks; the eyes should be deeply sunk and show the haw or reddish portion of the inner eyelid; the size should be equal to that of the mastiff, and, if in proportion, they probably could not be too large; some have been known to stand as high as thirty-four inches, and weigh one hundred and eighty pounds.

The question whether a St. Bernard should or should not have dew-claws—the extra claw found on the inside of the lower portion of the hind leg—has agitated breeders and judges a great deal. The latest authorities say they should have them, but why I cannot understand. Some of the best dogs bred at the Hospice do not have them, and as they perform no function they are useless. However, as "Stonehenge" allows five points for them, they will have to be recognized as a distinguishing mark of the breed.*

The mastiff and bull-dog are two purely British types, both dating from time immemorial in that kingdom, although it is a question with some authorities whether the former is not indebted to the blood of the

latter for his resuscitation as a species. In common with many other strains the increased interest in dog breeding of late years has brought the mastiff up to a very high standard, which appears to have culminated in 1871 when sixty-three were exhibited at the Crystal Palace. Strange to say, two of the most successful breeders and exhibitors of mastiffs in England are "misses,"—Miss Aglionby and Miss Hale. The former bred five very celebrated dogs from one litter, one of which, "Turk," was sold for £450, probably the largest price ever paid for a dog. While benevolence should be the striking expression on the face of the St. Bernard, dignity appears to be the attribute of the mastiff. His reputation for amiability, however, is not so good, probably for the reason that he has been used more as a guard dog. Any dog, even the mildest-tempered St. Bernard, could be made as savage as desired by being kept constantly on a chain, and if disposition is an inherited trait, it is easy to see how moroseness or even ferocity in the parents could be developed in the progeny. As dogs are becoming better known, however, the custom of keeping them at arm's length is being abrogated in favor of a more friendly policy, and with it is disappearing this inclination to acrimony. If owners of dogs would only remember this one fact that a dog never, or rarely, kept on a chain will seldom be ugly in disposition, we should hear less of savage dogs and of hydrophobia.

Fidelity to his master is a characteristic of the mastiff which has become historical, and an eminent authority—"Idstone"—describes, as the first requisites of so powerful a creature as a mastiff of the present day, "a domestic disposition and a loving temper,—one roused with difficulty, or, still better, imperturbable." It is common to quote the color of the mastiff as "fawn," which I hold is erroneous. I have seen them of a fawn color, which is an approach to red; but the common color is very nearly that of the pug, a stone gray or drab. "Stonehenge" says that brindle is a legitimate mastiff color; but this shade is rare. The coat should be perfectly smooth and firm; any approach to shagginess would betray St. Bernard blood. The head should be large, with a black mask, forehead wide and flat, and depressed in the center. The ear should be small and lay close to the head—not set back much; the teeth should be level; the neck strong and muscular; the eyes wide apart and rather deeply set.

* I wish that the space allotted to this article was sufficient to enable me to relate a few of the many anecdotes of this dog I have collected; but it is not, nor am I able to go into the "points" of this and other breeds as I should like; but I will here say that I have compiled from the latest authorities a little pamphlet giving in detail the "points" of all dogs, being the scale adopted by the Westminster Kennel Club to be used at their dog shows, and which is printed by "The Country" Publishing Association of this city.

Size, of course, is an important point; twenty-eight to thirty inches is a common height with the best specimens. Among the points not enumerated, "Idstone" says: "The lips should be loose, flabby and large; girth deep; wide loin; muscular, clean neck; deep back, ribs, and flank; short, large-boned, straight fore-leg; tapering tail, rather short in proportion, carried low down; small, close feet; wide thighs and good shoulders—these are the points of the majestic animal, the records of whose existence date to the dogs of the Pharaohs; which has the courage of the lion, the docility of the spaniel, and the generosity of—well, a Christian; and which has been known, on the

feet or tip of tail. "Stonehenge" claims that while there are two distinct types of this breed, one known as the Newfoundland, and the other as the Labrador or St. John, that the black-and-white dog is a nondescript found in both districts, one of which dogs served the great artist for his model. Numberless are the anecdotes told of the sagacity of the Newfoundland, particularly regarding his exploits in the water. In 1876, a life-saving contest was held at Southsea, England, when the eagerness of the dogs to get into the water to save the supposed drowning men, is described as something wonderful. A dog in which this peculiar quality of



SMOOTH-COATED ST. BERNARD "DON." OWNED BY J. P. HAINES, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

authority of Bingley, to have suckled and brought up a lamb."

Everybody has seen the engraving of Landseer's celebrated picture of a Newfoundland dog, representing "A distinguished member of the Humane Society." This dog is black and white, but is not of the type which is recognized at dog shows as the Newfoundland proper. Of late, however, two classes have been made at some of the principal shows in England, one for the black or true Newfoundland, and the other for the "Landseer," or white and black. Where but one class is recognized, it is demanded that the dog should be all black, a white star on the chest only being admissible. There should be no white on the

sagacity is strongly developed, stops at nothing. He makes a wild plunge into the water, and if the man has sunk the dog disappears, and presently rises to the surface, clutching in his teeth the garments of the drowning person. The face of the Newfoundland should be perfectly smooth, the long hair not commencing until the occiput is reached. The head should be grand and massive, with level jaws and small eyes not showing the haw, and small ears. The coat, which should be particularly long on the breast and behind the hips, should also be perfectly straight, and in texture neither fine nor coarse. As the Newfoundland is essentially a swimmer, his feet are immense, especially the fore paws, which resemble



ROUGH-COATED ST. BERNARD "ALP." OWNED BY LEROY Z. COLLINS, ESQ., OF LANCASTER, MASS.

paddles. His general shape should be that of a well-built St. Bernard, and both have the same slouching gait, advancing the fore and hind legs of the same side at one time. This dog has not been bred with any particular care on this side of the Atlantic, and such fine specimens as are occasionally seen at our shows are either importations or the results, I am inclined to think, of accidental breeding. Dr. Gordon Stables, to whose book, "The Practical Kennel Guide," I am indebted for much information, is a celebrated breeder in England.

I approach the bull-dog with fear and trembling; with that caution which the ferocious character of the beast demands. He is the incarnation of brute courage and ferocity, without intellect. Some writers say that he is the lowest in intelligence of all dogs, although instances of warm attachment to his master are not unknown. His indomitable courage has endeared him to the hearts of all Englishmen, who are rather flattered at the comparison between his qualities in this respect and their own. Aside from his ugliness the bull-dog is an uncertain brute; his attacks are made silently, and he always springs for the head. How long the breed has been in existence in England is unknown, but mention is made of them as early as 1631. Bull-baiting was practiced as early as 1209, and "Idstone" thinks that the bull-dog may have been used then, although he might have gone by the name of mastiff, or even

the genuine mastiff might have been used. I have been asked if there is such a dog as the bull-mastiff. There is no such breed, although the two have probably been crossed where size with extreme courage was wanted, the bull-dog being noted for his power of transmitting this latter quality to his progeny. In the first quarter of this century the breed had very much deteriorated in England, but the introduction of dog shows and the revival of the old Bull-dog Club has restored it to its former glory. Considerable latitude is allowed in color, some breeders preferring white, while others like the brindled, or white with brindled marks. The head must be right or the whole dog is wrong; it should be short, broad and muscular. The cut of Mr. Havens's "Duke" gives a very good idea of it, although the dog's nose turns up more than is shown in the picture. There are two kinds of ear (never cut now),—the "rose," which folds at the back and shows part of the inside, and the "button," which falls in front and completely hides the inside. The neck is short and thick; the chest very broad, and the fore legs strong and straight; bow-legs are not seen any more. The hind legs are long in proportion, and the loin very strong and arched. The standard of size at present is one approaching fifty pounds.

The bull terrier should resemble his chief progenitor the bull-dog only in his indomitable courage and the great strength of his

under jaw. The standard of color is a pure white, and although probably a larger proportion are brindled, a dog of that color would have no chance to win at a dog show unless his form was something remarkable. Authorities differ as to the origin of the bull terrier, some claiming that they are the result of a cross between the white English terrier and the bull-dog, and others that they have greyhound blood. The long lean head

over with him one that was jet black, and had been much admired in England. The most common color is a dark iron-gray; although they are frequently pure white. The coat is rough and hard, and very long. The body is long and low, the head wide at the ears, but sharp at the muzzle. The ears are sometimes pricked and sometimes drooping, both being often found in the same litter. The toe-nails should be black.

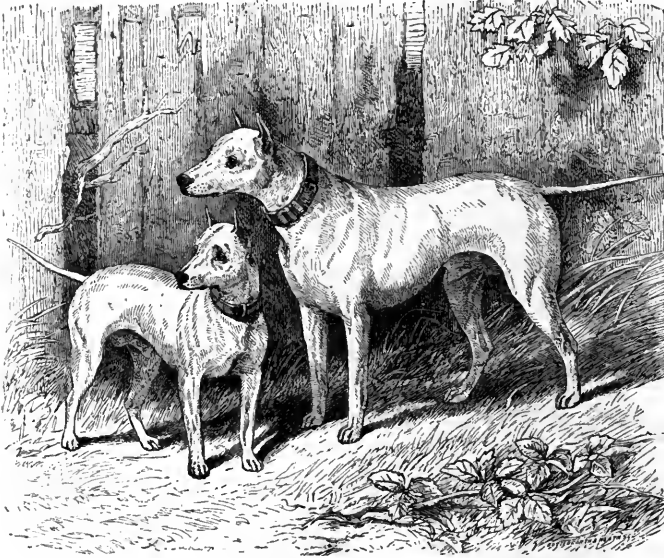


BULL-DOG "DUKE." OWNED BY G. G. HAVEN, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

and the graceful, although thickened body would almost indicate the latter cross. They are great vermin-killers, and if the bull-dog blood does not predominate to an extent to render them vicious, they make excellent house dogs and companions. Comparatively few fine specimens, particularly as regards color, are seen at our shows, but the breed is rapidly coming into favor.

It has been the custom in this country to call any small dog with a long coat a Skye terrier, and yet I venture to say that not a dozen pure dogs of this breed have been exhibited at any of our dog shows. The little silky hairy dogs, blue and tan, or blue and silver in color, are Yorkshire terriers, of which I shall say more presently. The true Skye is rare even in Great Britain. Their colors vary greatly; Mr. Macdonald brought

While the Skye is as rough as a door-mat, the Yorkshire terrier is, in coat, as fine as silk, and with each hair combed into place until on each side a smooth wave is formed parted down the middle of the back and touching the ground. He appears to have been produced by a mixture of many breeds, including the Skye, the long-coated black-and-tan, and probably,—for which he is indebted for his coat,—the Maltese terrier. Mr. Hugh Dalziel, in writing of him, says that he is a true product of the county from which he takes his name. "Undoubtedly a manufactured article and the most recent addition to our varieties, he may be described as the newest goods of this class from the Yorkshire looms; with the greater propriety that his distinctive character is in his coat, well carded, soft and long as it is,

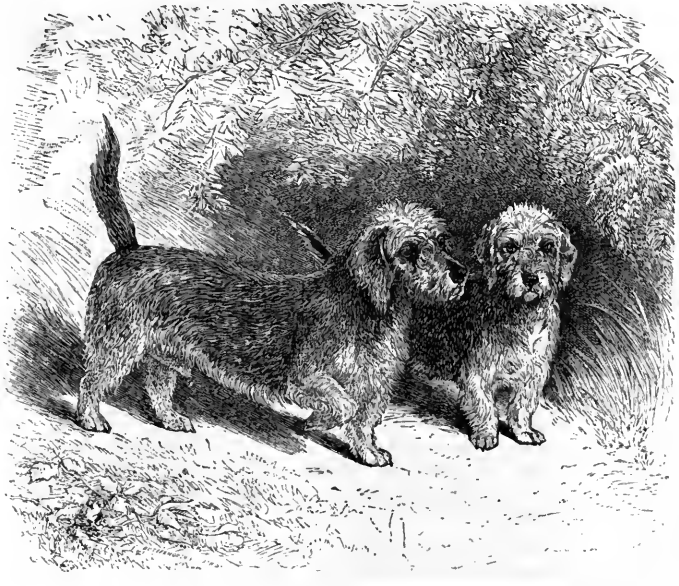


BULL TERRIERS "NAPPER" AND "TARQUIN." (FROM THE LONDON "FIELD.")

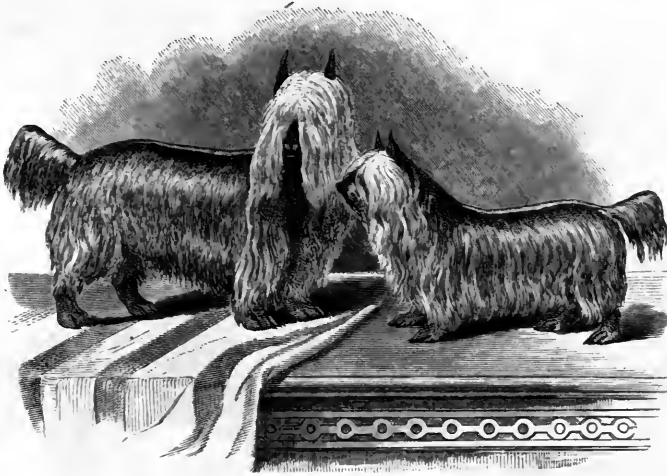
and beautifully tinted with 'cunning Huddersfield dyes,' and free from even a suspicion of shoddy." Large numbers of Yorkshire terriers, of every degree of size and quality, are now being imported into this country; and at the next New York dog show they will be appropriately classed and divided as to size. Although not necessarily a "toy," with the exception perhaps of the toy "black-and-tan," some of them are the smallest dogs we have, from three to five pounds being not uncommon. The artist has drawn Mr. Haines's beautiful little "Bright" and "Beauty," on the top of the box, which is their home and in which it is now customary to exhibit these diminutive specimens. The box has a glass front which permits them to be seen and yet prevents any malicious person from throwing them poison. Although rivalry has not yet reached that point in this country, it is not uncommon, at shows in England, for

rival dealers to throw little pills containing poison to an opponent's dog, thus, perhaps, removing a dangerous competitor. The great points of the Yorkshire terrier are his coat and color. So entirely covered is his shape that it would matter but little what it was, although a long back is objected to. Out of a total of 100 points representing perfection, ten each are given for length, straightness and texture of coat; fifteen for clearness in blue; and fifteen for distinctness and richness of tan. The puppies, when born, are usually black.

Another dog which has occasioned an immense amount of discussion across the water, and regarding which judges still disagree, is the Dandie Dinmont terrier, immortalized by Sir Walter Scott in "Guy Mannering." In many particulars he differs so materially from other well-known breeds of terriers that eminent authorities, among whom is "Stonehenge," the greatest of them all, declare that he is the result of



DANDIE DINMONT TERRIERS "DOCTOR" AND "TIB MUMPS." (FROM THE LONDON "FIELD.")



YORKSHIRE TERRIERS.—HUDDERSFIELD "BEN" AND LADY GIFFORD'S "KITTY." (AFTER CUT IN THE LONDON "FIELD.")

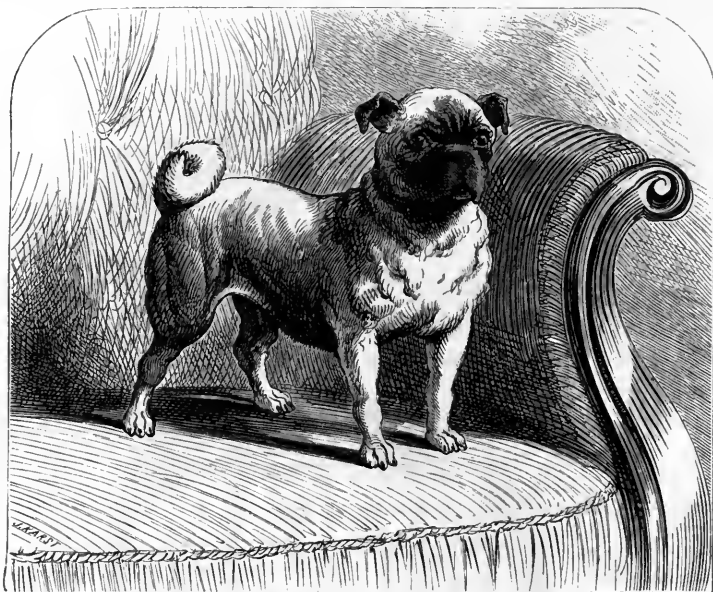
a cross between the Scotch or Highland terrier and the Daschund. His shape, the large ears, the crooked fore legs, and tail carried erect, certainly would indicate such a cross, and it is not improbable that the Dandie of to-day is a very different dog from the "Pepper" and "Mustard" described by Sir Walter. But two colors are allowed for the Dandie, pepper and mustard; no white whatever is admissible. The coat should be what is called "pily,"—a mixture of hard and soft hair. The cut indicates the shape of the body.

The black-and-tan terrier is one of the oldest English breeds, although it has become the custom on that side to call him the "Manchester" terrier. Until the rage

for "toys," he was a dog of fair size, weighing from fifteen to twenty pounds, and a determined vermin-killer and excellent house dog. They have been crossed with other breeds, however, and the diminutive and useless specimens are either part King Charles, as shown by the round head and short jaw, or part Italian greyhound, as indicated by their usual shivering wretchedness and mincing gait. Fineness and symmetry are prevailing characteristics, but, on the show-bench, much stress is laid on color. The black should be intense and the red a rich mahogany; the least white spot would disqualify. The tan should also be laid on evenly, there being a spot over each eye and one on each cheek; there should be



YORKSHIRE TERRIERS "BRIGHT" AND "BEAUTY." OWNED BY W. A. HAINES, JR., OF NEW YORK.



PUG "PET." OWNED BY W. H. BEADLE, ESQ., OF NEW YORK.

dark penciling along the top of each toe and a dark spot over each foot, known as a "thumb mark."

For a dog of such recent origin as the pug, it is strange that his antecedents should be shrouded in obscurity. The bull-dog has the credit of being his progenitor, it being claimed by Buffon that the modifications essential to such a change occurred at the Cape of Good Hope, whence the dog was

Shortly after that time, attempts were made to resuscitate the strain, notably by Lady Willoughby de Eresby, who obtained one dog from Vienna and one from Holland, from which pair are descended the strain named "Willoughby's," the characteristics of which were the stone-fawn coats and excess of black, which, says "Stonehenge," often showed itself not in brindled stripes, but in entirely or nearly entirely black heads



A BLACK-AND-TAN TERRIER.

imported into Holland. A few reached England, where, in the reign of William III., they became very fashionable. The breed gradually died out however, and forty years ago they were very scarce.

and large saddle marks. The "Morrison" strain existed at the same time, but differed from the other in color, which was "a richer and more yellow fawn, and no tendency to excess of black." The authority I have just

quoted, gives, as the origin of the Morrison strain, a stock possessed by Queen Charlotte, which was obtained by "back-stair influence." Subsequent to 1850, both strains were crossed with the bull-dog for the purpose of shortening the face, and, of late years, the strains have been crossed with each other so much, that it is said to be difficult to find one without the blood of both. The marked difference in the strains, aside from the color of the coat, is in the mask which in the Willoughby pug extends higher up the skull, and has not the same defined line as in the Morrison. The trace, or black line extend-

nated, unexcitable, and indifferent. Their chief merit as pets is in their cleanliness.

Having briefly and imperfectly described some of the more prominent breeds of dogs that are used as pets or companions, a few hints as to their care may not be out of place. I have already alluded to the necessity of giving the larger dogs all the freedom practicable. With small dogs, the chain would be positive cruelty. With young dogs particularly, the collar should be an ornament only. The use of the chain as a means of confinement, besides affecting the disposition of the dog, will surely cause



PUG "REX." OWNED BY MISS BESSIE WEBB, OF NEW YORK.

ing along the back is more clear in the Morrison, and in the Willoughby it sometimes spreads widely over the back. Every perfect pug has a black mole on each cheek, with two or three hairs growing from it. The fore legs should be straight and muscular, but with no inclination to legginess. The tail is also indicative of the breed, extending to more than a complete circle and resting on the side, not high enough to show daylight through it over the back. Notwithstanding the bull-dog cross, the pug is, as a rule, good-

malformation of his body. A puppy who is tied up all day, and who sits on his haunches, has misshapen front legs, and his body generally is all awry. Again, in feeding, too much care cannot be exercised. If a dog is to be a house companion, he should have as little meat as possible, and he should never have meals between meals. The result of indiscriminate feeding is that the dog's breath becomes bad, and his body also, unless he is constantly washed, throws off offensive odors. In the case of long-



WHAT IS IT?

FIRST BOY: "I tell yer, it's 'ed's here!—I seen it move!"

SECOND BOY: "I say it's at this end, yer stoopid!—I can see 'is ears!"—[AFTER LEECH.]

haired dogs, like the Yorkshire terriers, the coat, which is their chief charm, cannot be kept in order if their stomachs are neglected, and they should be given little or no meat. Of course, if accustomed to meat, they will reject any other diet at first; but they must be starved to it. Spratt's dog-biscuits, which can now be obtained in this country, are excellent, as they contain dates—an anti-

scorbutic. The beautiful coats seen in the cut of Huddersfield "Ben" and Lady Gifford's "Kitty" are produced by avoiding all food likely to heat the blood and create irritation of the skin. The hind feet are also sometimes kept in stockings to prevent them from scratching. The coats are greased with cocoa-nut oil, and of course frequent washings and combings are necessary.

CAMPING-OUT AT RUDDER GRANGE.

My wife and I were both so fond of country life and country pursuits that month after month passed by at our little farm of Rudder Grange, in a succession of delightful days. Time flew like a "limited express" train, and it was September before we knew it.

I had been working very hard at the office that summer, and was glad to think of my two weeks' vacation, which were to

begin on the first Monday of the month. I had intended spending these two weeks in rural retirement at home, but an interview in the city with my family physician caused me to change my mind. I told him my plan.

"Now," said he, "if I were you, I'd do nothing of the kind. You have been working too hard; your face shows it. You need rest and change. Nothing will do you

so much good as to camp out; that will be fifty times better than going to any summer resort. You can take your wife with you. I know she'll like it. I don't care where you go so that it's a healthy spot. Get a good tent and an outfit, be off to the woods, and forget all about business and domestic matters for a few weeks."

This sounded splendid, and I propounded the plan to Euphemia that evening. She thought very well of it, and was sure we could do it. Pomona would not be afraid to remain in the house, under the protection of Lord Edward, our big black dog, and she could easily attend to the cow and the chickens. It would be a holiday for her too. Old John, the man who occasionally worked for us, would come up sometimes and see after things. With her customary dexterity she swept away every obstacle to the plan, and all was settled before we went to bed.

As my wife had presumed, Pomona made no objections to remaining in charge of the house. The scheme pleased her greatly. So far, so good. I called that day on a friend who was in the habit of camping out to talk to him about getting a tent and the necessary "traps" for a life in the woods. He proved perfectly competent to furnish advice and everything else. He offered to lend me all I needed. He had a complete outfit; had done with them for the year, and I was perfectly welcome. Here was rare luck. He gave me a tent, camp-stove, dishes, pots, gun, fishing-tackle, a big canvas coat with dozens of pockets riveted on it, a canvas hat, rods, reels, boots that came up to my hips, and about a wagon-load of things in all. He was a real good fellow.

We laid in a stock of canned and condensed provisions, and I bought a book on camping out so as to be well posted on the subject. On the Saturday before the first Monday in September we would have been entirely ready to start had we decided on the place where we were to go.

We found it very difficult to make this decision. There were thousands of places where people went to camp out, but none of them seemed to be the place for us. Most of them were too far away. We figured up the cost of taking ourselves and our camp equipage to the Adirondacks, the lakes, the trout-streams of Maine, or any of those well-known resorts, and we found that we could not afford such trips, especially for a vacation of fourteen days.

On Sunday afternoon we took a little

walk. Our minds were still troubled about the spot toward which we ought to journey next day, and we needed the soothing influences of Nature. The country to the north and west of our little farm was very beautiful. About half a mile from the house a modest river ran; on each side of it were grass-covered fields and hills, and in some places there were extensive tracts of woodlands.

"Look here!" exclaimed Euphemia, stopping short in the little path that wound along by the river bank. "Do you see this river, those woods, those beautiful fields, with not a soul in them, or anywhere near them; and those lovely blue mountains over there?"—as she spoke she waved her parasol in the direction of the objects indicated, and I could not mistake them. "Now what could we want better than this?" she continued. "Here we can fish, and do everything that we want to. I say, let us camp here on our own river. I can take you to the very spot for the tent. Come on!" And she was so excited about it that she fairly ran.

The spot she pointed out was one we had frequently visited in our rural walks. It was a grassy peninsula, as I termed it, formed by a sudden turn of a creek which, a short distance below, flowed into the river. It was a very secluded spot. The place was approached through a pasture-field,—we had found it by mere accident,—and where the peninsula joined the field (you had to climb a fence just there), there was a cluster of chestnut and hickory trees, while down near the point stood a wide-spreading oak.

"Here, under this oak, is the place for the tent," said Euphemia, her face flushed, her eyes sparkling, and her dress a little torn by getting over the fence in a hurry. "What do we want with your Adirondacks and your Dismal Swamps? This is the spot for us!"

"Euphemia," said I, in as composed a tone as possible, although my whole frame was trembling with emotion, "Euphemia, I'm glad I married you!"

Had it not been Sunday, we would have set up our tent that night.

Early the next morning, old John's fifteen-dollar horse drew from our house a wagon-load of camp-fixtures. There was some difficulty in getting the wagon over the field, and there were fences to be taken down to allow of its passage; but we overcame all obstacles, and reached the campground without breaking so much as a teacup. Old John helped me pitch the tent, and as neither of us understood the matter

very well, it took us some time. It was, indeed, nearly noon when old John left us, and it may have been possible that he delayed matters a little so as to be able to charge for a full half-day for himself and horse. Euphemia got into the wagon to ride back with him, that she might give some parting injunctions to Pomona.

"I'll have to stop a bit to put up the fences, ma'am," said old John, "or Misther Ball might make a fuss."

"Is this Mr. Ball's land?" I asked.

"Oh yes, sir, it's Mr. Ball's land."

"I wonder how he'll like our camping on it?" I said, thoughtfully.

"I'd 'a' thought, sir, you'd 'a' asked him that before you came," said old John, in a tone that seemed to indicate that he had his doubts about Mr. Ball.

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about that!" cried Euphemia. "You can drive me past Mr. Ball's,—it's not much out of the way, —and I'll ask him."

"In that wagon?" said I. "Will you stop at Mr. Ball's door in that?"

"Certainly," said she, as she arranged herself on the board which served as a seat. "Now that our campaign has really commenced, we ought to begin to rough it, and should not be too proud to ride even in a —"

She evidently couldn't think of any vehicle mean enough for her purpose.

"In a green-grocery cart," I suggested.

"Yes, or in a red one. Go ahead, John."

When Euphemia returned on foot, I had a fire in the camp-stove and the kettle was on.

"Well," said Euphemia, "Mr. Ball says it's all right, if we keep the fence up. He don't want his cows to get into the creek, and I'm sure we don't want 'em walking over us. He couldn't understand, though, why we wanted to live out here. I explained the whole thing to him very carefully, but it didn't seem to make much impression on him. I believe he thinks Pomona has something the matter with her, and that we have come to stay out here in the fresh air so as not to take it."

"What an extremely stupid man Mr. Ball must be!" I said.

The fire did not burn very well, and while I was at work at it, Euphemia spread a cloth upon the grass, and set forth bread and butter, cheese, sardines, potted ham, preserves, biscuits, and a lot of other things.

We did not wait for the kettle to boil, but concluded to do without tea or coffee, for this meal, and content ourselves with pure

water. For some reason or other, however, the creek water did not seem to be very pure, and we did not like it a bit.

"After lunch," said I, "we will go and look for a spring; that will be a good way of exploring the country."

"If we can't find one," said Euphemia, "we shall have to go to the house for water, for I can never drink that stuff."

Soon after lunch we started out. We searched high and low, near and far, for a spring, but could not find one.

At length, by merest accident, we found ourselves in the vicinity of old John's little house. I knew he had a good well, and so we went in to get a drink, for our ham and biscuits had made us very thirsty.

We told old John, who was digging potatoes, and was also very much surprised to see us so soon, about our unexpected trouble in finding a spring.

"No," said he, very slowly, "there is no spring very near to you. Didn't you tell your gal to bring you water?"

"No," I replied; "we don't want her coming down to the camp. She is to attend to the house."

"Oh, very well," said John; "I will bring you water, morning and night,—good, fresh water,—from my well, for—well, for ten cents a day."

"That will be nice," said Euphemia, "and cheap, too. And then, it will be well to have John come every day; he can carry our letters."

"I don't expect to write many letters."

"Neither do I," said Euphemia; "but it will be pleasant to have some communication with the outer world."

So we engaged old John to bring us water twice a day. I was a little disappointed at this, for I thought that camping on the edge of a stream settled the matter of water. But we have many things to learn in this world.

Early in the afternoon I went out to catch some fish for supper. We agreed to dispense with dinner, and have breakfast, lunch and a good solid supper.

For some time I had poor luck. There were either very few fish in the creek, or they were not hungry.

I had been fishing an hour or more when I saw Euphemia running toward me.

"What's the matter?" said I.

"Oh! nothing. I've just come to see how you were getting along. Haven't you been gone an awfully long time? And are those all the fish you've caught? What little bits of things they are! I thought peo-

ple who camped out caught big fish, and lots of them."

"That depends a good deal upon where they go," said I.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied Euphemia; "but I should think a stream as big as this would have plenty of fish in it. However, if you can't catch any, you might go up to the road and watch for Mr. Mulligan. He sometimes comes along on Mondays."

"I'm not going to the road to watch for any fish-man," I replied, a little more testily than I should have spoken. "What sort of a camping out would that be? But we must not be talking here or I shall never get a bite. Those fish are a little soiled from jumping about in the dust. You might wash them off at that shallow place, while I go a little farther on and try my luck."

I went a short distance up the creek, and threw my line into a dark, shadowy pool, under some alders, where there certainly should be fish. And, sure enough, in less than a minute I got a splendid bite,—not only a bite, but a pull. I knew that I had certainly hooked a big fish! The thing actually tugged at my line so that I was afraid the pole would break. I did not fear for the line, for that, I knew, was strong. I would have played the fish until he was tired, and I could pull him out without risk to the pole, but I did not know exactly how the process of "playing" was conducted. I was very much excited. Sometimes I gave a jerk and a pull, and then the fish would give a jerk and a pull.

Directly I heard some one running toward me, and then I heard Euphemia cry out:

"Give him the butt! Give him the butt!"

"Give him what?" I exclaimed, without having time even to look up at her.

"The butt! the butt!" she cried, almost breathlessly. "I know that's right! I read how Edward Everett Hale did it in the *Adirondacks*."

"No, it wasn't Hale at all," said I, as I jumped about the bank; "it was Mr. Murray."

"Well, it was one of those ministers, and I know that it caught the fish."

"I know, I know. I read it, but I don't know how to do it."

"Perhaps you ought to punch him with it," said she.

"No! no!" I hurriedly replied, "I can't do anything like that. I'm going to try to just pull him out lengthwise. You take hold of the pole and go in-shore as far as you can and I'll try and get hold of the line.

Euphemia did as I bade her, and drew the line in so that I could reach it. As soon as I had a firm hold of it, I pulled in, regardless of consequences, and hauled ashore an enormous cat-fish.

"Hurrah!" I shouted, "here is a prize."

Euphemia dropped the pole, and ran to me.

"What a horrid beast!" she exclaimed.

"Throw it in again."

"Not at all!" said I. "This is a splendid fish, if I can ever get him off the hook. Don't come near him! If he sticks that back-fin into you, it will poison you."

"Then I should think it would poison us to eat him," said she.

"No; it's only his fin."

"I've eaten cat-fish, but I never saw one like that," she said. "Look at its horrible mouth! And it has whiskers like a cat!"

"Oh! you never saw one with its head on," I said. "What I want to do is to get this hook out."

I had caught cat-fish before, but never one so large as this, and I was actually afraid to take hold of it, knowing, as I did, that you must be very careful how you clutch a fish of the kind. I finally concluded to carry it home as it was, and then I could decapitate it, and take out the hook at my leisure. So back to camp we went, Euphemia picking up the little fish as we passed, for she did not think it right to catch fish and not eat them. They made her hands smell, it is true; but she did not mind that when we were camping.

I prepared the big fish (and I had a desperate time getting the skin off), while my wife, who is one of the daintiest cooks in the world, made the fire in the stove, and got ready the rest of the supper. She fried the fish, because I told her that was the way cat-fish ought to be cooked, although she said that it seemed very strange to her to camp out for the sake of one's health, and then to eat fried food.

But that fish was splendid! The very smell of it made us hungry. Everything was good, and when supper was over and the dishes washed, I lighted my pipe and we sat down under a tree to enjoy the evening.

The sun had set behind the distant ridge; a delightful twilight was gently subduing every color of the scene; the night insects were beginning to hum and chirp, and a fire that I had made under a tree blazed up gayly, and threw little flakes of light into the shadows under the shrubbery.

"Now isn't this better than being cooped up in a narrow, constricted house?" said I.

"Ever so much better!" said Euphemia. "Now we know what Nature is. We are sitting right down in her lap, and she is cuddling us up. Isn't that sky lovely? Oh! I think this is perfectly splendid," said she, making a little dab at her face,—"if it wasn't for the mosquitoes."

"They *are* bad," I said. "I thought my pipe would keep them off, but it don't. There must be plenty of them down at that creek."

"Down there!" exclaimed Euphemia. "Why there are thousands of them here! I never saw anything like it. They're getting worse, every minute."

"I'll tell you what we must do," I exclaimed, jumping up. "We must make a smudge."

"What's that? do you rub it on yourself?" asked Euphemia, anxiously.

"No, it's only a great smoke. Come, let us gather up dry leaves and make a smoldering fire of them."

We managed to get up a very fair smudge, and we stood to the leeward of it, until Euphemia began to cough and sneeze, as if her head would come off. With tears running from her eyes, she declared that she would rather go and be eaten alive, than stay in that smoke.

"Perhaps we were too near it," said I.

"That may be," she answered, "but I have had enough smoke. Why didn't I think of it before? I brought two veils! We can put these over our faces, and wear gloves."

She was always full of expedients.

Veiled and gloved, we bade defiance to the mosquitoes, and we sat and talked for half an hour or more. I made a little hole in my veil, through which I put the mouth-piece of my pipe.

When it became really dark, I lighted the lantern, and we prepared for a well-earned night's rest. The tent was spacious and comfortable, and we each had a nice little cot-bed.

"Are you going to leave the front-door open all night?" said Euphemia, as I came in after a final round to see that all was right.

"I would hardly call this canvas-flap a front-door," I said, "but I think it would be better to leave it open; otherwise we should smother. You need not be afraid. I shall keep my gun here by my bedside, and if any one offers to come in, I'll bring him to a full stop quick enough."

"Yes, if you are awake. But I suppose we ought not to be afraid of burglars here. People in tents never are. So you needn't shut it."

It was awfully quiet and dark and lonely, out there by that creek, when the light had been put out, and we had gone to bed. For some reason I could not go to sleep. After I had been lying awake for an hour or two, Euphemia spoke:

"Are you awake?" said she, in a low voice, as if she were afraid of disturbing the people in the next room.

"Yes," said I. "How long have you been awake?"

"I haven't been asleep."

"Neither have I."

"Suppose we light the lantern," said she. "Don't you think it would be pleasanter?"

"It might be," I replied; "but it would draw myriads of mosquitoes. I wish I had brought a mosquito-net and a clock. It seems so lonesome without the ticking. Good-night! We ought to have a long sleep, if we do much tramping about tomorrow."

In about half an hour more, just as I was beginning to be a little sleepy, she said:

"Where is that gun?"

"Here, by me," I answered.

"Well, if a man should come in, try and be sure to put it up close to him before you fire. In a little tent like this, the shot might scatter everywhere, if you're not careful."

"All right," I said. "Good-night!"

"There's one thing we never thought of!" she presently exclaimed.

"What's that?" said I.

"Snakes," said she.

"Well, don't let's think of them. We must try and get a little sleep."

"Dear knows! I've been trying hard enough," she said, plaintively, and all was quiet again.

We succeeded this time in going to sleep, and it was broad daylight before we awoke.

That morning, old John came with our water before breakfast was ready. He also brought us some milk, as he thought we would want it. We considered this a good idea, and agreed with him to bring us a quart a day.

"Don't you want some vegetables?" said he. "I've got some nice corn and some tomatoes, and I could bring you cabbage and peas."

We had hardly expected to have fresh vegetables every day, but there seemed to

be no reason why old John should not bring them, as he had to come every day with the water and milk. So we arranged that he should furnish us daily with a few of the products of his garden.

"I could go to the butcher's and get you a steak or some chops, if you'd let me know in the morning," said he, intent on the profits of further commissions.

But this was going too far. We remembered we were camping out, and declined to have meat from the butcher.

John had not been gone more than ten minutes before we saw Mr. Ball approaching.

"Oh, I hope he isn't going to say we can't stay!" exclaimed Euphemia.

"How d'ye do?" said Mr. Ball, shaking hands with us. "Did you stick it out all night?"

"Oh yes, indeed," I replied, "and expect to stick it out for a many more nights if you don't object to our occupying your land."

"No objection in the world," said he; "but it seems a little queer for people who have a good house to be living out here in the fields in a tent, now, don't it?"

"Oh, but you see," said I, and I went on and explained the whole thing to him,—the advice of the doctor, the discussion about the proper place to go to, and the good reasons for fixing on this spot.

"Ye-es," said he, "that's all very well, no doubt. But how's the girl?"

"What girl?" I asked.

"Your girl. The hired girl you left at the house."

"Oh, she's all right," said I; "she's always well."

"Well," said Mr. Ball, slowly turning on his heel, "if you say so, I suppose she is. But you're going up to the house to-day to see about her, aren't you?"

"Oh, no," said Euphemia. "We don't intend to go near the house until our camping is over."

"Just so,—just so," said Mr. Ball; "I expected as much. But look here, don't you think it would be well for me to ask Dr. Ames to stop in and see how she is gettin' along? I dare say you've fixed everything for her, but that would be safer, you know. He's coming this morning to vaccinate my baby, and he might stop there, just as well as not, after he has left my house."

Euphemia and I could see no necessity for this proposed visit of the doctor, but we could not well object to it, and so Mr. Ball said he would be sure and send him.

After our visitor had gone, the significance

of his remarks flashed on me. He still thought that Pomona was sick with something catching, and that we were afraid to stay in the house with her. But I said nothing about this to Euphemia. It would only worry her, and our vacation was to be a season of unalloyed delight.

We certainly enjoyed that day. All the morning, and a great part of the afternoon, we "explored." We fastened up the tent as well as we could, and then, I with my gun, and Euphemia with the fishing-pole, we started up the creek. We did not go very far, for it would not do to leave the tent too long. I did not shoot anything, but Euphemia caught two or three nice little fish, and enjoyed the sport exceedingly.

Soon after we returned in the afternoon, and while we were getting things in order for supper, we had a call from two of our neighbors, Captain Atkinson and wife. The captain greeted us hilariously.

"Hello!" he cried. "Why, this is gay. Who would ever have thought of a domestic couple like you going on a lark like this. We just heard about it from old John, and we came down to see what you are up to. You've got everything very nice. I'd think I'd like this myself. Why, you might have a rifle-range out here. You could cut down those bushes on the other side of the creek, and put up your target over there on that hill. Then you could lie down here on the grass and bang away all day. If you'll do that, I'll come down and practice with you. How long are you going to keep it up?"

I told him that we expected to spend my two weeks' vacation here.

"Not if it rains, my boy," said he. "I know what it is to camp out in the rain."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Atkinson had been with Euphemia examining the tent, and our equipage generally.

"It would be very nice for a day's picnic," she said; "but I wouldn't want to stay out-of-doors all night."

And then, addressing me, she asked:

"Do you have to breathe the fresh air all the time, night as well as day? I expect that is a very good prescription, but I would not like to have to follow it myself."

"If the fresh air is what you must have," said the captain, "you might have got all you wanted of that without taking the trouble to come out here. You could have sat out on your back porch night and day for the whole two weeks, and breathed all the fresh air that any man could need."

"Yes," said I, "and I might have gone

down cellar and put my head in the cold-air-box of the furnace. But there wouldn't have been much fun in that."

"There are a good many things that there's no fun in," said the captain. "Do you cook your own meals, or have them sent from the house?"

"Cook them ourselves, of course," said Euphemia. "We are going to have supper now. Wont you wait and take some?"

"Thank you," said Mrs. Atkinson, "but we must go."

"Yes, we must be going," said the captain. "Good-bye. If it rains I'll come down after you with an umbrella."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said I. "We shall rough it out, rain or shine."

"I'd stay here now," said Euphemia, when they had gone, "if it rained pitch."

"You mean pitchforks," I suggested.

"Yes, anything," she answered.

"Well, I don't know about the pitchforks," I said, looking over the creek at the sky; "but I am very much afraid that it is going to rain rain-water to-morrow. But that wont drive us home, will it?"

"No, indeed!" said she. "We're prepared for it. But I wish they'd staid at home."

Sure enough, it commenced to rain that night, and we had showers all the next day. We staid in camp during the morning, and I smoked, and we played checkers, and had a very cosy time, with a wood fire burning under a tree near by. We kept up this fire, not to dry the air, but to make things look comfortable. In the afternoon I dressed myself up in water-proof coat, boots and hat, and went out fishing. I went down to the water and fished along the banks for an hour, but caught nothing of any consequence. This was a great disappointment, for we had expected to live on fresh fish for a great part of the time while we were camping. With plenty of fish, we could do without meat very well.

We talked the matter over on my return, and we agreed that as it seemed impossible to depend upon a supply of fish, from the waters about our camp, it would be better to let old John bring fresh meat from the butcher, and as neither of us liked crackers, we also agreed that he should bring bread.

Our greatest trouble, that evening, was to make a fire. The wood, of which there was a good deal lying about under the trees, was now all wet and would not burn. However, we managed to get up a fire in the stove,

but I did not know what we were going to do in the morning. We should have stored away some wood under shelter.

We set our little camp-table in the tent, and we had scarcely finished our supper, when a very heavy rain set in, accompanied by a violent wind. The canvas at one end of our tent must have been badly fastened, for it was blown in, and in an instant our beds were deluged. I rushed out to fasten up the canvas, and got drenched almost to the skin, and although Euphemia put on her water-proof cloak as soon as she could, she was pretty wet, for the rain seemed to dash right through the tent.

This gust of wind did not last long, and the rain soon settled down into a steady drizzle, but we were in a sad plight. It was after nine o'clock before we had put things into tolerable order.

"We can't sleep in those beds," said Euphemia. "They're as wet as sop, and we shall have to go up to the house and get something to spread over them. I don't want to do it, but we mustn't catch our deaths of cold."

There was nothing to be said against this, and we prepared to start out. I would have gone by myself, but Euphemia would not consent to be left alone. It was still raining, though not very hard, and I carried an umbrella and a lantern. Climbing fences at night with a wife, a lantern, and an umbrella to take care of, is not very agreeable, but we managed to reach the house, although once or twice we had an argument in regard to the path, which seemed to be very different at night, from what it was in the day-time.

Lord Edward came bounding to the gate to meet us, and I am happy to say that he knew me at once, and wagged his tail in a very sociable way.

I had the key of a side-door in my pocket, for we had thought it wise to give ourselves command of this door, and so we let ourselves in without ringing or waking Pomona.

All was quiet within, and we went upstairs with the lantern. Everything seemed clean and in order, and it is impossible to convey any idea of the element of comfort which seemed to pervade the house, as we quietly made our way upstairs, in our wet boots and heavy, damp clothes.

The articles we wanted were in a closet, and while I was making a bundle of them, Euphemia went to look for Pomona. She soon returned, walking softly.

"She's sound asleep," said she, "and I didn't think there was any need of waking

her. We'll send word by John that we've been here. And oh! you can't imagine how snug and happy she did look, lying there in her comfortable bed, in that nice, airy room. I'll tell you what it is, if it wasn't for the neighbors, and especially the Atkinsons, I wouldn't go back one step."

"Well," said I, "I don't know that I care so particularly about it, myself. But I suppose I couldn't stay here and leave all Thompson's things out there to take care of themselves."

"Oh no!" said Euphemia. "And we're not going to back down. Are you ready?"

On our way down-stairs we had to pass the partly open door of our own room. I could not help holding up the lantern to look in. There was the bed, with its fair white covering and its smooth, soft-looking pillows; there were the easy-chairs, the pretty curtains, the neat and cheerful carpet, the bureau, with Euphemia's work-basket on it; there was the little table with the book that we had been reading together, turned face downward upon it; there were my slippers; there was —

"Come!" said Euphemia, "I can't bear to look in there. It's like a dead child."

And so we hurried out into the night and the rain. We stopped at the wood-shed and got an armful of dry kindling, which Euphemia was obliged to carry, as I had the bundle of bed-clothing, the umbrella and the lantern.

Lord Edward gave a short, peculiar bark as we shut the gate behind us, but whether it was meant as a fond farewell, or a hoot of derision, I cannot say.

We found everything as we left it at the camp, and we made our beds apparently dry. But I did not sleep well. I could not help thinking that it was not safe to sleep in a bed with a substratum of wet mattress, and I worried Euphemia a little by asking her several times if she felt the dampness striking through.

To our great delight, the next day was fine and clear, and I thought I would like, better than anything else, to take Euphemia in a boat up the river and spend the day rowing about, or resting in shady places on the shore.

But what could we do about the tent? It would be impossible to go away and leave that, with its contents, for a whole day.

When old John came with our water, milk, bread, and a basket of vegetables and fresh meat, we told him of our desired excursion, and the difficulty in the way. This

good man, who always had a keen scent for any advantage to himself, warmly praised the boating plan, and volunteered to send his wife and two of his younger children to stay with the tent while we were away.

The old woman, he said, could do her sewing here as well as anywhere, and she would stay all day for fifty cents.

This plan pleased us, and we sent for Mrs. Old John, who came with three of her children,—all too young to leave behind, she said,—and took charge of the camp.

Our day proved to be as delightful as we had anticipated, and when we returned, hungry and tired, we were perfectly charmed to find that Mrs. Old John had our supper ready for us.

She charged a quarter, extra, for this service, and we did not begrudge it to her, though we declined her offer to come every day and cook and keep the place in order.

"However," said Euphemia, on second thoughts, "you may come on Saturday and clean up generally."

The next day, which was Friday, I went out in the morning with the gun. As yet I had shot nothing, for I had seen no birds about the camp, which, in conformity with the state laws, I thought I could kill, and so I started off up the river-road.

I saw no game, but after I had walked about a mile, I met a man in a wagon.

"Hello!" said he, pulling up, "You'd better be careful how you go popping around here on the public roads, frightening horses."

As I had not yet fired a single shot, I thought this was a very impudent speech, and I think so still.

"You had better wait until I begin to pop," said I, "before you make such a fuss about it."

"No," said he, "I'd rather make the fuss before you begin. My horse is skittish," and he drove off.

This man annoyed me; but as I did not, of course, wish to frighten horses, I left the road and made my way back to the tent over some very rough fields. It was a poor day for birds, and I did not get a shot.

"What a foolish man!" said Euphemia, when I told her the above incident, "to talk that way when you stood there with a gun in your hand. You might have raked his wagon, fore and aft."

That afternoon, as Euphemia and I were sitting under a tree by the tent, we were very much surprised to see Pomona come walking down the peninsula.

I was annoyed and provoked at this. We had given Pomona positive orders not to leave the place, under any pretense, while we were gone. If necessary to send for anything, she could go to the fence, back of the barn, and scream across a small field to some of the numerous members of old John's family. Under this arrangement, I felt that the house was perfectly safe.

Before she could reach us, I called out:

"Why did you leave the house, Pomona? Don't you know you should never come away and leave the house empty? I thought I had made you understand that."

"It isn't empty," said Pomona, in an entirely unruffled tone. "Your old boarder is there, with his wife and child."

Euphemia and I looked at each other in dismay.

"They came early this afternoon," continued Pomona, "by the 1:14 train, and walked up, he carrying the child."

"It can't be," cried Euphemia. "Their child's married."

"It must have married very young, then," said Pomona, "for it isn't over four years old now."

"Oh!" said Euphemia, "I know! It's his grandchild."

"Grandchild!" repeated Pomona, with her countenance more expressive of emotion than I had ever yet seen it.

"Yes," said Euphemia; "but how long are they going to stay? Where did you tell them we were?"

"They didn't say how long they was goin' to stay," answered Pomona. "I told them you had gone to be with some friends in the country, and that I didn't know whether you'd be home to-night or not."

"How could you tell them such a falsehood?" cried Euphemia.

"That was no falsehood," said Pomona; "it was true as truth. If you're not your own friends, I don't know who is. And I wasn't a-goin' to tell the boarder where you was till I found out whether you wanted me to do it or not. And so I left 'em and run over to old John's, and then down here."

It was impossible to find fault with the excellent management of Pomona.

"What were they doing?" asked Euphemia.

"I opened the parlor, and she was in there with the child,—puttin' it to sleep on the sofa, I think. The boarder was out in the yard, tryin' to teach Lord Edward some tricks."

"He had better look out!" I exclaimed.

"Oh, the dog's chained and growlin' fearful! What am I to do with 'em?"

This was a difficult point to decide. If we went to see them, we might as well break up our camp, for we could not tell when we should be able to come back to it.

We discussed the matter very anxiously, and finally concluded that under the circumstances, and considering what Pomona had said about our whereabouts, it would be well for us to stay where we were and for Pomona to take charge of the visitors. If they returned to the city that evening, she was to give them a good supper before they went, sending John to the store for what was needed. If they stayed all night, she could get breakfast for them.

"We can write," said Euphemia, "and invite them to come and spend some days with us, when we are at home and everything is all right. I want dreadfully to see that child, but I don't see how I can do it now."

"No," said I. "They're sure to stay all night if we go up to the house, and then I should have to have the tent and things hauled away, for I couldn't leave them here."

"The fact is," said Euphemia, "if we were miles away, in the woods of Maine, we couldn't leave our camp to see anybody. And this is practically the same."

"Certainly," said I; and so Pomona went away to her new charge.

For the rest of the afternoon, and indeed far into the night, our conversation consisted almost entirely of conjectures regarding the probable condition of things at the house. We both thought we had done right, but we felt badly about it. It was not hospitable, to be sure; but then, I should have no other holiday until next year, and our friends could come at any time to see us.

The next morning old John brought a note from Pomona. It was written with pencil on a small piece of paper torn from the margin of a newspaper, and contained the words, "Here yit."

"So you've got company," said old John, with a smile. "That's a queer gal of yours. She says I mustn't tell 'em you're here. As if I'd tell 'em!"

We knew well enough that old John was not at all likely to do anything that would cut off the nice little revenue he was making out of our camp, and so we felt no concern on that score.

But we were very anxious for further news, and we told old John to go to the

house about ten o'clock and ask Pomona to send us another note.

We waited, in a very disturbed condition of mind, until nearly eleven o'clock, when old John came with a verbal message from Pomona:

"She says she's a-comin' herself as soon as she can get a chance to slip off."

This was not pleasant news. It filled our minds with a confused mass of probabilities, and it made us feel mean. How contemptible it seemed to be a party to this concealment and in league with a servant-girl who has to "slip off!"

Before long, Pomona appeared, quite out of breath.

"In all my life," said she, "I never see people like them two. I thought I was never goin' to get away."

"Are they there yet?" cried Euphemia. "How long are they going to stay?"

"Dear knows!" replied Pomona. "Their valise came up by express last night."

"Oh, we'll have to go up to the house," said Euphemia. "It won't do to stay away any longer."

"Well," said Pomona, fanning herself with her apron, "if you know'd all I know, I don't think you'd think so."

"What do you mean?" said Euphemia.

"Well, ma'am, they've just settled down and taken possession of the whole place. He says to me that he know'd you'd both want them to make themselves at home, just as if you was there, and they thought they'd better do it. He asked me did I think you would be home by Monday, and I said I didn't know, but I guessed you would. So says he to his wife, 'Won't that be a jolly lark? We'll just keep house for them here till they come.' And he says he would go down to the store and order some things, if there wasn't enough in the house, and he asked her to see what would be needed, which she did, and he's gone down for 'em now. And she says that, as it was Saturday, she'd see that the house was all put to rights; and after breakfast she set me to sweepin', and it's only by way of her dustin' the parlor and givin' me the little girl to take for a walk that I got off at all."

"But what have you done with the child?" exclaimed Euphemia.

"Oh, I left her at old Johnses."

"And so you think they're pleased with having the house to themselves?" I said.

"Pleased, sir?" replied Pomona; "they're tickled to death."

"But how do you like having strangers telling you what to do?" asked Euphemia.

"Oh, well," said Pomona, "he's no stranger, and she's real pleasant, and if it gives you a good camp out, I don't mind."

Euphemia and I looked at each other. Here was true allegiance. We would remember this.

Pomona now hurried off and we seriously discussed the matter, and soon came to the conclusion that while it might be the truest hospitality, to let our friends stay at our house for a day or two and enjoy themselves, still it would not do for us to allow ourselves to be governed by a too delicate sentimentality. We must go home and act our parts of host and hostess.

Mrs. Old John had been at the camp ever since breakfast-time, giving the place a Saturday cleaning. What she had found to occupy her for so long a time I could not imagine, but in her efforts to put in a full half-day's work, I have no doubt she scrubbed some of the trees. We had been so fully occupied with our own affairs that we had paid very little attention to her, but she had probably heard pretty much all that had been said.

At noon we paid her (giving her, at her suggestion, something extra in lieu of the midday meal, which she did not stay to take), and told her to send her husband, with his wagon, as soon as possible, as we intended to break up our encampment. We determined that we would pack everything in John's wagon, and let him take the load to his house, and keep it there until Monday, when I would have the tent and accompaniments expressed to their owner. We would then go home and join our friends. It would not be necessary to say where we had been.

It was hard for us to break up our camp. In many respects we had enjoyed the novel experience, and we had fully expected, during the next week, to make up for all our short-comings and mistakes. It seemed like losing all our labor and expenditure, to break up now, but there was no help for it. Our place was at home.

It never even occurred to us to invite our friends to the camp. They would certainly have come had they known we were there, but we had no accommodations for them, neither had we any desire for even transient visitors. Besides, we both thought that we would prefer that our ex-boarder and his wife should not know that we were encamped on that little peninsula.

We set to work to pack up and get ready for moving, but the afternoon passed away without bringing old John. Between five and six o'clock along came his oldest boy, with a bucket of water.

"I'm to go back after the milk," he said.

"Hold up!" I cried. "Where is your father and his wagon? We've been waiting for him for hours."

"The horse is si—— I mean he's gone to Ballville for oats."

"And why didn't he send and tell me?" I asked.

"There wasn't nobody to send," answered the boy.

"You are not telling the truth," exclaimed Euphemia; "there is always some one to send, in a family like yours."

To this the boy made no answer, but again said that he would go after the milk.

"We want you to bring no milk," I cried, now quite angry. "I want you to go down to the station, and tell the driver of the express-wagon to come here immediately. Do you understand? Immediately."

The boy declared he understood, and started off quite willingly. We did not prefer to have the express-wagon, for it was too public a conveyance, and, besides, old John knew exactly how to do what was required. But we need not have troubled ourselves. The express-wagon did not come.

When it became dark, we saw that we could not leave that night. Even if a wagon did come, it would not be safe to drive over the fields in the darkness. And we could not go away and leave the camp-equipage. I proposed that Euphemia should go up to the house, while I remained in camp. But she declined. We would keep together, whatever happened, she said.

We unpacked our cooking-utensils and provisions, and had supper. There was no milk for our coffee, but we did not care. The evening did not pass gayly. We were annoyed by the conduct of old John and the express-boy, though, perhaps, it was not their fault. I had given them no notice that I should need them.

And we were greatly troubled at the continuance of the secrecy and subterfuge which now had become really necessary, if we did not wish to hurt our friends' feelings.

The first thing that I thought of, when I opened my eyes in the morning, was the fact that we would have to stay there all day, for we could not move on Sunday.

But Euphemia did not agree with me. After breakfast (we found that the water

and the milk had been brought very early, before we were up) she stated that she did not intend to be treated in this way. She was going up to old John's house herself; and away she went.

In less than half an hour, she returned, followed by old John and his wife, both looking much as if they had been whipped.

"These people," said she, "have entered into a conspiracy against us. I have questioned them thoroughly, and have made them answer me. The horse was at home, yesterday, and the boy did not go after the express-wagon. They thought that if they could keep us here, until our company had gone, we would stay as long as we originally intended, and they would continue to make money out of us. But they are mistaken. We are going home immediately."

At this point, I could not help thinking that Euphemia might have consulted me in regard to her determination, but she was very much in earnest, and I would not have any discussion before these people.

"Now, listen!" said Euphemia, addressing the down-cast couple, "we are going home, and you two are to stay here all this day and to-night, and take care of these things. You can't work to-day, and you can shut up your house and bring your whole family here if you choose. We will pay you for the service,—although you do not deserve a cent,—and we will leave enough here for you to eat. You must bring your own sheets and pillow-cases, and stay here until we see you on Monday morning."

Old John and his wife agreed to this plan, with the greatest alacrity, apparently well pleased to get off so easily; and, having locked up the smaller articles of camp-furniture, we filled a valise with our personal baggage and started off home.

Our house and grounds never looked prettier than they did that morning, as we stood at the gate. Lord Edward barked a welcome from his shed, and before we reached the door, Pomona came running out, her face radiant.

"I'm awful glad to see you back," she said; "though I'd never have said so while you was in camp."

I patted the dog and looked into the garden. Everything was growing splendidly. Euphemia rushed to the chicken-yard. It was in first-rate order, and there were two broods of little yellow puffy chicks.

Down on her knees went my wife, to pick up the little creatures, one by one, press

their downy bodies to her cheek, and call them tootsy-wootsies, and away went I to the barn, followed by Pomona, and soon afterward by Euphemia.

The cow was all right.

"I've been making butter," said Pomona, "though it don't look exactly like it ought to, yet, and the skim-milk I didn't know what to do with, so I gave it to old John. He came for it every day, and was real mad once because I had given a lot of it to the dog, and couldn't let him have but a pint."

"He ought to have been mad," said I to Euphemia, as we walked up to the house. "He got ten cents a quart for that milk."

We laughed, and didn't care. We were too glad to be home.

"But where are our friends?" I asked Pomona. We had actually forgotten them.

"Oh! they're gone out for a walk," said she. "They started off right after breakfast."

We were not sorry for this. It would be so much nicer to see our dear home again when there was nobody there but ourselves. In-doors we rushed. Our absence had been like rain on a garden. Everything now seemed fresher and brighter and more delightful. We went from room to room, and seemed to appreciate, better than ever, what a charming home we had.

We were so full of the delights of our return, that we forgot all about the Sunday dinner and our guests, but Pomona, whom my wife was training to be an excellent cook, did not forget, and Euphemia was summoned to a consultation in the kitchen.

Dinner was late; but our guests were later. We waited as long as the state of the provisions and our appetites would permit, and then we sat down to the table and began to eat slowly. But they did not come. We finished our meal and they were still absent. We now became quite anxious, and I proposed to Euphemia that we should go and look for them.

We started out, and our steps naturally turned toward the river. An unpleasant thought began to crowd itself into my mind, and perhaps the same thing happened to Euphemia, for, without saying anything to each other, we both turned toward the path that led to the peninsula. We crossed the field, climbed the fence, and there, in front of the tent sat our old boarder splitting sticks with the camp-hatchet.

"Hurrah!" he cried, springing to his feet, when he saw us. "How glad I am to see you back! When did you return? Isn't this splendid?"

"What?" I said, as we shook hands.

"Why this," he cried, pointing to the tent. "Don't you see? We're camping out."

"You are?" I exclaimed, looking around for his wife, while Euphemia stood motionless, actually unable to make a remark.

"Certainly we are. It's the rarest bit of luck. My wife and Adèle will be here directly. They've gone to look for water-cresses. But I must tell you how I came to make this magnificent find. We started out for a walk this morning, and we happened to hit on this place, and here we saw this gorgeous tent with nobody near but a little tow-headed boy."

"Only a boy?" cried Euphemia.

"Yes, a young shaver of about nine or ten. I asked him what he was doing here, and he told me that this tent belonged to a gentleman who had gone away, and that he was here to watch it until he came back. Then I asked him how long the owner would probably be away, and he said he supposed for a day or two. Then a splendid idea struck me. I offered the boy a dollar to let me take his place: I knew that any sensible man would rather have me in charge of his tent, than a young codger like that. The boy agreed as quick as lightning, and I paid him and sent him off. You see how little he was to be trusted! The owner of this tent will be under the greatest obligations to me. Just look at it!" he cried. "Beds, table, stove,—everything anybody could want. I've camped out lots of times, but never had such a tent as this. I intended coming up this afternoon after my valise, and to tell your girl where we are. But here is my wife and little Adèle."

In the midst of the salutations and the mutual surprise, Euphemia cried:

"But you don't expect to camp out now? You are coming back to our house?"

"You see," said the ex-boarder, "we should never have thought of doing anything so rude, had we supposed you would have returned so soon. But your girl gave us to understand that you would not be back for days, and so we felt free to go at any time; and I did not hesitate to make this arrangement. And now that I have really taken the responsibility of the tent and fixtures on myself, I don't think it would be right to go away and leave the place, especially as I don't know where to find that boy. The owner will be back in a day or two, and I would like to explain matters to him and give up the property in good order into his hands. And, to tell the truth, we

both adore camping-out, and we may never have such a chance again. We can live here splendidly. I went out to forage this morning, and found an old fellow living near by who sold me a lot of provisions—even some coffee and sugar—and he's to bring us some milk. We're going to have supper in about an hour; wont you stay and take a camp-meal with us? It will be a novelty for you, at any rate."

We declined this invitation, as we had so lately dined. I looked at Euphemia with a question in my eye. She understood me, and gently shook her head. It would be a shame to make any explanations which might put an end to this bit of camp-life, which evidently was so eagerly enjoyed by our old friend. But we insisted that they should come up to the house and see us, and they agreed to dine with us the next evening. On Tuesday, they must return to the city.

"Now, this is what I call real hospitality," said the ex-boarder, warmly grasping my hand. I could not help, agreeing with him.

As we walked home, I happened to look back and saw old John going over the fields toward the camp, carrying a little tin-pail and a water-bucket.

The next day, toward evening, a storm set in, and at the hour fixed for our dinner, the rain was pouring down in such torrents that we did not expect our guests. After dinner the rain ceased, and as we supposed that they might not have made any preparations for a meal, Euphemia packed up some dinner for them in a basket, and I took it down to the camp.

They were glad to see me, and said they had a splendid time all day. They were up before sunrise, and had explored, tramped, boated, and I don't know what else.

My basket was very acceptable, and I would have stayed awhile with them, but as they were obliged to eat in the tent, there

was no place for me to sit, it being too wet outside, and so I soon came away.

We were in doubt whether or not to tell our friends the true history of the camp. I thought that it was not right to keep up the deception, while Euphemia declared that if they were sensitive people, they would feel very badly at having broken up our plans by their visit, and then having appropriated our camp to themselves. She thought it would be the part of magnanimity to say nothing about it.

I could not help seeing a good deal of force in her arguments, although I wished very much to set the thing straight, and we discussed the matter again as we walked down to the camp, after breakfast next morning.

There we found old John sitting on a stump. He said nothing, but handed me a note written in lead-pencil on a card. It was from our ex-boarder, and informed me that early that morning he had found that there was a tug lying in the river, which would soon start for the city. He also found that he could get passage on her for his party, and as this was such a splendid chance to go home without the bother of getting up to the station, he had just bundled his family and his valise on board, and was very sorry they did not have time to come up and bid us good-bye. The tent he left in charge of a very respectable man, from whom he had had supplies.

That morning, I had the camp-equipage packed up and expressed to its owner. We did not care to camp out any more that season, but thought it would be better to spend the rest of my vacation at the seashore.

Our ex-boarder wrote to us that he and his wife were anxious that we should return their visit during my holidays; but as we did not see exactly how we could return a visit of the kind, we did not try to do it.

CONCERNING THE USE OF FAGOTS AT GENEVA.

FAGOT is one of that large class of common words that grow familiar to Americans in literature, but the meaning of which is not distinctly realized to the senses until we come abroad. To make sensible acquaintance with commonplace objects that one has known from childhood only by name, is one of the delights of travel, as much as the

seeing of famous places, and pictures and buildings; and I believe that it is partly because they have so much more of this to do, that Americans are, beyond other nations, enthusiastic and delighted travelers. Doubtless one would go further to see Melrose by moonlight than to see a tea-kettle simmering on a hob; but after all, to the

diligent reader of his Scott and his Dickens, there are many like elements of pleasure in the two sights; and I will not too hastily decide whether I have more daily pleasure from the vast white pyramid of Mont Blanc, that looks me in the face through my parlor windows, and "clear, placid Leman" down the slope beneath me, and the gray mass of towers of the old cathedral to my right, than comes to me from the magpies that chase each other chattering across the lawn, and the primroses and tiny daisies that blossom along our paths under favor of this mild February, and the tufts of legendary mistletoe that hang in the bare poplar-tree, and the hedge-rows, from which the gardener is now busy in gathering store of good material for next winter's fagots.

Which brings me back again to fagots, where we started. The fagot is not, as I used vaguely to imagine, a mere indefinite bundle of fire-wood. There is logic in its constitution, as there has sometimes been, in the severest sense, logic in its application. First, there shall be a handful or two of small twigs, such as the trimmings of the hedges furnish in generous abundance; then a handful of bigger brush, and finally two, or at most three, stoutish sticks, to give solidity and respectability to the whole. These elements being brought together, then does the hedger cunningly lay about them a green and supple withe, and by some dexterous twist or double-hitch firmly bind them into one. With a few months' seasoning, the true and normal fagot becomes the ideally perfect commencement of a wood fire. A wisp of lighted paper, sometimes a mere match, is enough to start a combustion which matures, when properly sustained, into a solid mass of brands and coals. I often raise the question whether the enormous waste of small wood in all our forests, even those within easy reach of a market, might not be saved, and a fine opportunity of delightful employment given to workless city street-boys, if some one would only organize a phalanx of fagoteers for an expedition against the underbrush that is often accounted a nuisance, but might so easily be converted into a blessing both to him that gives and him that takes.

It would astonish you to see, in this woodless country, where coal is of easy access, how general is the dependence, both for warmth and for cooking, on wood fires; when, in New England, even farmers in little inland towns begin to feel that they cannot afford to burn wood on a hearth. If you

were to ask me whence come the supplies on which the people here rely, I should refer you partly to the mountains, but rather to sundry lines of lopped and stumpy posts that intersect the landscape, bearing all over their wrinkled bark the scars of ancient wounds, and about their knobby heads, sometimes, chaplets of gay young sprouts, strangely in contrast with their aspect of venerable and bereaved old age. The Swiss woodman rarely ventures manfully to attack a tree at its trunk. He trims, he lops, he maims, he mutilates, and then he leaves the poor branchless, leafless stock to bring forth a new progeny for a renewed slaughter. Standing before one of these venerable boles, gnarled and hollowed out with age, and scarred with the marks of immemorial wrongs, yet making one more brave effort to put forth a growth of young branches, one is irresistibly reminded of some white-haired old mammy, cherishing her last piccanniny of a grandchild, and telling the rueful story of two generations gone one by one to the auction-block. There is vast economy in this method, I am told. Managed with care, the mere shrubbery and ornamental trees on a gentleman's place can be made to yield his supply of fire-wood and hardly show any mark save that of judicious pruning. But oh! the ruthless cruelty of it as generally conducted! Hardly a tree in the canton of Geneva is suffered to grow in its natural shape, and the wide waste of reckless ruin around a charcoal-pit on a Litchfield County hill-side is less sad than the double aisle of naked trunks of beech and oak that stand despairing in the hedge-rows between which I take my daily walk to town.

My fagot, as I find it waiting for me in the morning on my study-hearth, sets me thinking on many things. I think of Roman lictors and their fasces; of "the good Lafontaine" and his fable teaching that union is strength; and, as I strike a match, and the flame crackles through the twigs, and there is a smell as of a forest fire, and in a moment a fierce blaze shoots up the chimney, I think of Fox's "Book of Martyrs," and of Latimer, and Ridley, and others, of whom the world was not worthy. For the fagot has been hallowed, like the cross, as the implement of death for religion's sake.

But most, I am reminded of that October day, three hundred and twenty-five years ago, when one of the first physicians of that time, and one of the greatest scholars of an age of great scholars, was brought out from the prison in which he had been shivering

with cold and devoured by vermin, and led into the presence of the magistrates of Geneva, to listen to this sentence:

"Having God and his Holy Scriptures before our eyes, and speaking in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, we do by this our final sentence, which we give herewith in writing, condemn thee, Michael Servetus, to be bound and led to the place called Champel, and there to be attached to a stake, and burned alive with thy book both in manuscript and in print, until thy body be reduced to ashes; and so shalt thou end thy days to give example to others who might commit the same crime."

The records do not inform us whether the school-boys of Geneva had a half-holiday the next morning when the procession started from the prison at the top of the city hill, for the place of execution at Champel. But the streets were crowded with by-standers and those that ran alongside to lose nothing of the show. The principal figure in the procession, Servetus, though suffering from disease, and haggard, no doubt, from his imprisonment and from mental anguish, was a man in the strength of his age,—he was forty-four years old, having been born in the same year with John Calvin. By his side walked Farel, the friend of Calvin, exhorting him to confess and renounce his heresies; but he only declared that he suffered unjustly, and prayed God to have mercy on his accusers. "Whereupon," says Farel, "I said to him immediately: 'What, what! when you have committed the worst of sins, you justify yourself? If you go on so, I will leave you to God's judgments; I won't go with you another step! I had meant to stand by you till your last breath.' After that, he did not say anything more of the sort." He prayed: "O God, save my soul! O Jesus, Son of God eternal, have mercy on me!" But, says Farel: "We could not make him confess Christ as eternal Son of God."

They came, at last, to the place called Champel. Few visitors at Geneva see the spot. The people are not proud to show it. It is on a hill-side to the south of the town, commanding a fair view of the broad valley of the Rhone and of the ancient city. The precise place is now covered by a house; but I have met old people who remembered when it was known as the *Champ du Bourreau*,—"Hangman's Lot,"—and, who say, that when they were boys, there was a little pit in the midst of it, that they used to point out to one another as the place where the stake was planted. Here the

pitiful procession halted. With much persuasion the victim was induced to commend himself to the prayers of the people. And when he had kneeled down and prayed, he stepped upon the fagots that were heaped about the stake, and was bound to it by a chain about the waist; his book was hung at his side; a wreath of leaves dusted over with brimstone was placed on his head; there was one loud cry as the executioner brought up the lighted torch; but that was the end of it. Some say the fagots were green; but then old Mr. Gaberel's History may be right, that this was out of humanity, so that the suffocating smoke might put the sufferer quicker out of misery.

That was the end of it, we said. It seemed to be the end of it. But somehow this case of Servetus, in one shape or another, keeps coming into court over and over again, from generation to generation. Generally, not to say always, it comes in the shape of a discussion of what sort of part it was that John Calvin had in the affair; and in this discussion a very needless amount of acrimony has been shown by some, who have seemed to think that the character of Calvin's theology, or of that great and splendid order of Christian churches of which he was the father, was somehow involved in the result. Let those on either side who have been discomposed by such a thought bear in mind that the discredit of whatever wrong Calvin may have done in this matter can fall only on those who accept and justify his course.

To defend Calvin for his course toward Servetus is no longer possible in the light of the full array of evidence now accessible to every scholar. Something can be pleaded in mitigation. He was not, as is sometimes asserted, guilty of unfaithfulness to any principles of toleration of his own. Farel expressed his master's thought, as well as his own, in one of the letters to Calvin in which he clamored for the death of the heretic. "Because the Pope condemns believers for the crime of heresy, because passionate judges inflict on the innocent the punishments which heretics deserve, it is absurd to conclude from this that the latter ought not to be put to death as a protection to the faithful. For my part, I have often declared myself ready to die if I had taught anything contrary to sound doctrine, and that I should be worthy of the most dreadful punishment if I were to turn any from the true faith of Christ; and I cannot apply

any different rule to other men." This point being established, the fatal conclusion followed; for it is impossible to dispute that Servetus was a heretic of an aggravated and dangerous type. He was no mere unbeliever, but a theologian intense in his convictions, with a plan for reconstituting theology, the church, and society, as set forth in his book of the "Restitutio Christianismi;" or, "Christianity Restored." And being a theologian of that period, it is needless to add that his manner of expressing his views was acrimonious and insulting to all antagonists, both Catholic and Protestant. Taking his career altogether, he does not appear to advantage in the figure of a martyr of free thought and fidelity to conviction, under which some would fain present him to us.

But admitting that according to the principles universally accepted in that age, the execution of Servetus was justifiable, we are still far from any adequate vindication of the course pursued by Calvin in the affair. The latest contribution to the debate, and one of the fairest and most thorough, is the last volume of Mr. Amédée Roget's "Histoire du Peuple de Genève," which has just appeared. Geneva is a perfect hive of busy antiquaries, among whom Mr. Roget is distinguished for his patient exactness. As a man of orthodox sympathies, he cannot be impeached of prejudice against Calvin. I think that his judgment in the case, delivered in view of important evidence that was not known to all his predecessors, is not likely to be reversed. Says Mr. Roget:

"The punishment of Servetus, considered in itself, leaves no very dark stigma on the reformer's character. But on moral principles that are the same in every age, Calvin stands condemned for having denounced Servetus to the Catholic Inquisition by the use of confidential papers, and for having delivered the unfortunate fugitive to the Geneva magistrates, when he was on his way to try his fortune in Italy. Granted that Calvin was in the line of his duty when he kept guard, in his way (which was the way of his age), for the security of the reformed churches. Had he any charge over the police of consciences in Catholic countries? Neither can we accept as natural, or compatible with a Christian spirit, the hard heart with which the reformer expresses himself to the end with regard to his rival, without so much as a moment's softening at the sight of the scaffold."*

Let us make every concession that the case admits. Doubtless Calvin was seriously

anxious to prevent the propagation of destructive error. Probably the case of Servetus was complicated with political plots for the overthrow of Calvin and his work. Certainly the reformer made some motion to procure the commutation of the penalty to a less dreadful form of death. We will try to believe even, what he tried to make himself believe, that there was no spark of human vindictiveness in all his efforts to compass the death of the man with whom he had been for years exchanging every sort of acrimonious insult. This is about all that can be said. But against this we have before our eyes those fatal letters of Calvin's confidential friend, De Trie, which show the reformer in the act of furnishing the proofs to convict his antagonist before the cruel tribunal at Vienne, in France, and the sentence of that court predicated upon seventeen letters furnished by John Calvin, preacher at Geneva. We have that letter to Farel, of seven years

History of the Reformation." By R. Willis, M.D. London: H. S. King. It is an interesting book, ambitious in style, and diligently prepared; but adds little to the work of previous authors, especially of Tollin, French pastor at Magdeburg, who has made Servetus his life-study. With the recent work of M. Roget, and with Pünjer's "De Michaelis Serveti Doctrina Commentatio," Dr. Willis does not seem to be acquainted. This volume is affected by the *furor biographicus* and the *odium theologicum*. It is not easy to make a first-class martyr to the truth, of a man who lied so easily under oath as Servetus, and professed before the Inquisition his prompt readiness to renounce all his cherished convictions; and a cool judgment will decline to follow Dr. Willis in elevating him above Calvin and Luther as a theologian. Dr. Willis will be surprised to be accused of a theological spirit, having, doubtless, the common impression that it is only *Christian* writers that are liable to this affection, and that disbelievers are necessarily safe from it. But his scornful ignorance of theological history and nomenclature betrays him into some odd blunders. The most remarkable of these is that of claiming for his hero the original invention of the "double sense of prophecy" which applies the words of the prophet primarily to a near event, and secondarily to a remoter one; and he illustrates this at much length, from Servetus's edition of Pagnini's Bible, by instances which, he is sure, must have roused the orthodox rage of Calvin. If he had taken the pains to turn to Calvin's Commentaries, he would have found these *identical expositions* given to many of the same texts! As to the principle which strikes him as so bold a novelty in Servetus, he will find it as far back as Theodore of Mopsuestia, not to say as far back as the Apostolic Fathers. Theology may be a very unworthy study, but after all it is better to know something about it before undertaking to write on theological subjects. Dr. Willis's slip-up on such a matter as this tends to discredit that splendid air of omniscience, with which he sweeps away all remaining doubt, as (for instance) to the date of the prophets, and the authorship of the fourth gospel.

* Since this article was written, the volume of Dr. Willis has been published: "Servetus and Calvin; a Study of an important Epoch in the early

before, in which, speaking of Servetus's offer to come on to Geneva, if Calvin wished, to discuss certain subjects with him, he says: "I shall make him no promises, for if he comes, and if I have any influence in the city, I shall see to it that he does not get out of it alive." We have Calvin's own avowal that the arrest of the furtive sojourner and the relentless prosecution that followed were at his instigation. We have the official record and Calvin's own version of the bitter, bitter wranglings between himself and the prisoner in presence of his judges, and of his last interview with the condemned, on the eve of execution, in which he shows himself to the last the same fierce dogmatizer. And finally, we have his writing in self-vindication, when the dreadful scene was over, in which he taunts his dead adversary with not having formally restated, in the article of death, the doctrines for which he heroically perished, and seizes on his dying prayers as a proof that he had no sincerity in his opinions. It is in this same paper that he recites the appearance of Servetus when his punishment was announced to him: "When the news was brought to him, he seemed at intervals like one stunned. Then he sighed so that the whole room resounded with it. Anon, he began to howl like a madman. In short, he had no more composure than one possessed. Toward the end he got to crying so that he beat his breast incessantly, bellowing, in his Spanish fashion, 'Misericordia, misericordia!'" Through all these dismal documents, not one syllable of tenderness or human pity, unless it is in that letter to Farel, of the 20th of August, in which he says: "I hope he will be sentenced to death, but I wish that they may mitigate the horror of his punishment."

The prevailing motive that impelled the burning of Servetus was not less honorable than that which stirred in the bosoms of Caiaphas and the Sanhedrim on an occasion not in all respects unlike: "It is expedient that one man die for the people." Here was a golden opportunity for vindicating the reformed churches from that reproach of latitudinarianism that was thrown upon them by the Catholics. Thus wrote the pastors of Zurich when officially consulted on the matter by the Geneva magistrates: "We think it needful to show great vigor against him, and all the more as our churches are decried, in distant parts, as heretical, or as lending protection to heretics. Divine Providence now offers an op-

portunity to purge yourselves and us, at the same time, of an unjust accusation." It is a curious fact, repeatedly illustrated in ecclesiastical history, that persecuted heretics commonly seek to vindicate themselves from the charge of heresy by persecuting other heretics still more heretical. In the present case, the fact has a double illustration; for among those who have given their strong approbation to the execution of Servetus, is the most unexpected name of Dr. Jerome Bolsec, who had been hunted out of Geneva, in peril of his life, by the same John Calvin, for his unsoundness on predestination. He attempts to settle this account with his adversary by a "Life of Calvin," which is the reverse of a panegyric. But he protests therein: "I do not write these things out of any displeasure at the death of such a monstrous and stinking heretic as Servetus; I wish that all his like were exterminated, and the church of our Lord well purged of such vermin."

This name of Bolsec brings to mind the story of his trial, the documents of which have lately been printed in full by another Geneva antiquary, Mr. Henry Fazy, and prove that the austere severity of Calvin in the case of Servetus was no solitary lapse under unwonted temptation, for his pursuit of Bolsec, if less fatal in its result, was not less truculent.

A century and a half ago, that malicious wit, Voltaire, who never knew how to do a generous thing without mixing it with some malignant stab at somebody, paraded the Servetus story in its worst light, by way of exhibiting Protestants as equally intolerant with Catholics. One of the most eminent of the Geneva pastors, Vernet, set himself to the task of refutation, and made application to the city council for access to the official documents, which at that time were kept under lock and key. He was surprised at the delays and discouragements which he encountered. The syndic Calandrini advised him that silence seemed better than anything that could be said. Vernet begged him that at least three questions which he wished to put might be answered from the documents, and pressed his petition with some importunity. He received at last a letter from the syndic, of which he could not complain as wanting in explicitness. It ran on this wise: "The council considers it important that the criminal procedure against Servetus should not be made public, and does not wish it to be communicated to any person whatever, either in whole or in

part. The conduct of Calvin and of the council was such that we wish it to be buried in profound oblivion. There is no defense for Calvin. Plead the state of your health for dropping a work which will either be damaging to religion, to the Reformation, and to the good fame of Geneva, or will be very unfaithful to the truth."

More than a century has gone by, and the archives of Geneva, and many a sorrowful document beside, are now accessible to every comer. But the advice of Syndic Calandrini, to any who would attempt the vindication, on this head, of the otherwise illustrious memory of Calvin, is as good advice to-day as it was then.

BOHEMIAN DAYS.



CATCHING THE SUNSET.

ONCE upon a time, out from the land of the Philistines, a daughter of the country strayed into a corner of the strange region called Bohemia.

Formerly, to this daughter of the Philistines, Bohemia had seemed only a region of foul atmospheres, and tempest-torn Salvator Rosa-like landscapes, where embodied instincts and passions snarled, growled and raged, after the fashion of the human beasts of Henri Murger's novels.

Nevertheless, she knew well that this particular little corner, chosen from all the lovely nooks of the forest of Fontainebleau for summer labors and summer revels by scores of French, American, and English artists wintering in Paris, was a region of Bohemia that Bohemia's historian knew nothing about, where human nature showed neither at its

worst nor at its best, but simply developed by a broad freedom of action and expression into some of the most extraordinarily picturesque, angular, positive, original, beautiful, and un-beautiful individualities ever seen upon the face of the earth. She had heard brilliant names associated with modern and civilized Bohemia. And she had learned both by faith and sight that thousands of stanch men and good women possess Bohemian instincts for which our complex and many-mannered civilization affords opportunities of sane and decorous expression.

Therefore, curious to explore this far-famed country went Philistina out from among her people who dwelt upon the heights of Montmartre. One September afternoon, the train from Paris rushed pantingly away, seeming to drag with it the

breath of the solitary traveler whom it dropped at the railroad station nearest to the great forest.

Not another human being was in sight save the peasant in flat-cap and blue-blouse who took Philistina's ticket as she passed through the wooden gate, which, in France, always shuts passengers, newly arrived at a rural station, from the outer world. A fair picture was before her. Long, sweeping billows of blue-green rose and fell till they lost themselves upon the dim mysterious shore of the distant forest. White roads streaked the undulating expanse with ridges of foam. Thrifty gardens dappled it with rainbow tints, and opulent harvest-fields flecked it with dead gold. Along the highway a strange creature approached. Its feet beat the hard, white earth with rhythmic sound. Its two gigantic wings fluttered through a cloud of shimmering dust. Its two heads wavered to and fro. Watching curiously the progressive wabblings of this extraordinary creature, the new-comer yet remembered to ask:

"But where is the carriage, ordered to meet me?"

The cat-like beast crawled up to the station. It fluttered, shivered, shook itself, and



THE SCOTCH BARONET READING FICHTE.

then fell into a comatose state,—all but one of its heads which retained vitality enough to hum:

"*Montez, Madame, s'il vous plait!*" while blue-blouse added gallantly:

"*Voilà, la voiture de Madame!*"

Upon closer inspection this strange apparition proved to be the tiniest of donkey-carts, drawn by the tiniest of his species that ever struggled against the specific gravity of a Saratoga trunk, and the inertia of a Saratoga trunk's owner. It was "conducted" by a *paysanne*, whose luxuriant contours submerged the little vehicle like an avalanche.

"Hadn't we better walk to Gretz and carry this donkey-cart in our hands?" asked Philistina of the *paysanne* in English, with a strong ironical flavor amid the seeming sweetness of her speech.

"*Nous ne comprenons pas la langue Américaine!*" chorused the two peasants, proving that the wayfaring man, though a fool, could read Philistina's nationality in perhaps a superfluity of flourish, an unnecessary length of train, and an inquisitive, "perky," strong-minded, expression of countenance, quite as much as in that indefinable atmosphere invariably evolved from national character.

With one head the more—namely Philistina's—the phenomenon dashed into Gretz-sur-Loing, just upon the border of the forest,



THE VILLAGE STREET.

three-quarters of an hour later. Rumbling over a rudely cobbled village street deeply sunken at each side into strongly scented ditches, and frescoed with the débris of passing hay-loads, skimming around a sharp corner into another narrow street of gray, grim, shutterless houses that reminded one somehow of blind men without eyelashes, Philistina became absorbed in contemplation of a quaint picture.

Two lines of gray walls broken by pointed gables, clustering chimneys and picturesque

out from the dimness into the less shadowy place where the stranger watched. Yes, out from the dimness of a quaint, age-rimed, centuries-darkened, foreign picture, this ten-year-old peasant child of France came singing:

"Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
His soul goes marching on!"

At her left hand Philistina saw a wide open door over which a pert bush, looking



CRITICISING THE DAY'S WORK.

roofs, thrust a twilight vista into the very heart of the radiant day. At the end of this somber vista stood a hoary old church, green with the lichens and mosses, and toned into tenderest gray with the touch of centuries. An arched passage under the square church tower gave a glimpse of azure and gold beyond. A misty figure passed from darkness to light under this arch-way. A petticoated priest darkened the deepening gray of the middle distance. A wood carrier drifted away toward the unknown region beyond the arch. A peasant child came wandering slowly, singing as it came,

very like the nose of the *auberge* inquisitively sniffing at new-comers, gave notice of good wine within.

She wandered into a low wide hall, paved with irregularly shaped, sunken stones, the interstices proclaiming loudly that French auberges are never swept with new brooms! Various other doors, set wide open from this spacious hall, gave glimpses of a garden, or of interiors seeming in the gathering gloom deep and mysterious as cathedral aisles by moonlight. A wonderfully carved oaken staircase, ages old, strewn with cigarette stumps, bits of matches, littered with



THE AUDIENCE ON THE BRIDGE.

broken brushes, and grotesquely daubed and spattered with paint, stretched upward out of sight.

Through an open door at the foot of these stairs Philistina passed into the dark smoky kitchen, also "the office" of the auberge. A flood of light came from the open fireplace, surging over the peasants who drank at little tables, and breaking into rays that stole into the remotest corners. A wrinkled paysanne in sabots, and with gay 'kerchief wound about her head, passed constantly to and fro between the chickens basting on the hearth, and the noisy peasants whom she served from the many-sized and many-shaped bottles upon the lofty mantel.



SHOOTING THE RAPIDS.

Then out of the gloom was slowly materialized the buxom figure of Ernestine, daughter of mine host, to show the newcomer to her room,—a dingy, grimy cell, with leaning walls, casemented windows, and green dank moisture oozing from the cold stones.

Flitting again through the breezy hall, Philistina saw a strange vision. One might have fancied it a moving gallery of fantastic pictures, where every artist had tried to outdo his neighbor in delirium of conception and convulsiveness of execution. Turner was outdone in incoherence, Nicholas Poussin in gloom, Titian and Rubens in splendor, Michael Angelo in grandiose forms. One might have fancied to see there antediluvian landscapes, rankly overgrown with grotesque shrub and tree, and haunted with hideous reptiles; wintry, writhing tempests, earthquakes, whirlwinds, nature in spasms, and human nature gone raving mad. It was in reality only a lively group of young artists with Turkish fezzes, jaunty fishermen's *barrettes*, Spanish *sombros*, Phrygian caps, rakish *berets*, shapely legs, knickerbockers and knee-breeches. Upon the backs of the flannel and velveteen blouses of almost every one were the huge daubs and splashes of paint that suggested distorted landscapes and demoniac figures, and proved the irresistible magnetism of a newly "set" palette for a laid-off coat. One artist—evidently not painter but draughtsman—held a block in his hand upon which was a drawing of two Raphaelesque children and a Madonna-like mother.

"I called it 'Prescience,'" he said, "and sent it to the London 'Pealer.' Now it is

returned to me with the order to hitch a war joke to it."

"There's a general swabble of war tips now," answered another draughtsman in the strange vernacular of Bohemia. "I sent my 'How Beautiful upon the Mountains' to the 'Illuminated News,' and it was published as the 'Pass of Shipka'!"

"Call her America squinting across European battle-fields for the price of wheat, and keeping protection and free trade under her thumb," said a Vandyke portrait with a touch of Broadway.

For an hour or more Philistina amused herself with wandering about the river-side

had figured for now these many years so many times upon the walls of the Salon. Gloriana Gushington spread her flounces and read Miss Edwards's artistic novels in every cool shadowy glen, in every forest vista, and upon every sun-flecked meadow where a man wanted to stand his easel. Pencilina Brushington had come, bringing with her a dashing crew of lady water-colorists, who painted sky and water so that one couldn't tell them apart, but who flirted like professionals. Barbazon was invaded by the world and "dress clo';" knee-breeches were blushed at, and collars and neck-ties were *de rigueur*. Therefore Peasant



"HAVE YOU NEED OF A MODEL, TO-DAY, MONSIEUR?"

hamlet which had dreamed on without a movement in its sleep of centuries, till Enfield and Bob, chief among the Bohemians, came straying from Barbizon, four years ago, seeking fresh fields and pastures new for the founding of a new colony. Picturesque Barbizon, the whilom summer capital of Bohemia, was "played out," they said. Flora McFlimsey had appeared there in all her poverty of silks and satins. Mrs. Skewton rumbled daily in a Bath chair through the lovely lanes and broad highways that

Cherillon and his wife, dozing away in their ancient auberge, in a picturesque and slumberous nook of the forest, never seeing a soul not born in the village, and saving, sou by sou, a small *dot* for Ernestine, their daughter, not knowing whether the earth moved upon its axis, or the sun traveled daily from Montcourt to Bourron, passing over their auberge every noon, were suddenly waked from their lethargy and metamorphosed into the busiest and most successful inn-keepers in Bohemia. The



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

rambling, shambling, tumble-down old house—with dungeon-like rooms, embrasured windows, up-hill-and-down-dale stone floors, cavernous recesses and marvelously carved staircase, ghost-haunted cellar and specter-walked halls—was propped up against a strong, new, impudent-looking wooden addition, wherein were eating-rooms and chambers for the Bohemian hosts who now come with the bursting buds and go away only after every leaf has fallen, and who often return in midwinter to paint falling snow or the white-veiled landscape.

Up from the garden came a sound of revelry by night. In a large arbor, under clustering vines and dewy blossoms, the Bohemians were dining. A cloud of cigarette smoke enveloped the scene, for these people are Russian in their habit of smoking between the courses. Out of the smoke thrust themselves, like exclamation points, bottles, bottles, bottles, more bottles, other bottles, yet bottles, still bottles! In reality these bottles held nothing more exclamatory than *vin ordinaire* and Vichy-water, yet for a few awful moments Philistina believed she had fallen upon Bacchanalian orgies.

Such a brilliant stream of conversation as flowed around that table! Such reckless attempts to explore the heavens above, the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, as those Bohemians made! those who

soared, those who ran, and those who dived bringing back what they had found (or fancied they had found, which is much the same thing in Bohemia), to help solve the dominant question of the moment, whatever that might be. And such almost terrifying unreserve! Somebody has said that "in every brain is a mad-house cell." Philistina asked herself, as she heard these reckless outpourings of apparently the most secret and vital currents of character: "Have those artists all retired to their cells, or was I never out of mine till this moment?"

Near one end of the table, her flowing hair surmounted with the rakish little cap of a *vivandière*, her black eyes peeping out from a fringe of not very neat curls, sits the Queen of Bohemia. She is not so young as one might think, knowing only her rank and state. There are hundreds of silver threads in her hair; and further down the table sits her daughter, the princess royal, grown to womanhood. Fairy in size, like humming-bird in movement and in purpose of life, her Majesty seems, to the not too clear-sighted observer, in spite of her thirty-eight years, scarcely more than a girl. Her Majesty is not a sumptuous queen, as her raiment proves, though her Moorish blood, streaming for centuries through conquered Spain and invaded Netherlands, to reach by many strange channels far-off California,

and leave its swarthy stain upon her complexion and its fiery gleam in her eyes, gives impression that she has a barbaric taste for splendor, for leopard and tiger hues, and glories of flamingo and bird-of-paradise in all her appertainings. Her Majesty is smoking a cigarette between the soup and the roast. Her Majesty is generally smoking a cigarette when she is not sleeping, and when dining usually has her little feet upon the rungs of her neighbor's chair, while she tells strange stories of wild life among the Nevada mines, where she never saw a flower for eight years; where feverish brandy and champagne were cheaper than cool water and sweet milk; where Colonel Starbottle was her devoted admirer and Jack Hamlin told his love, and didn't let concealment, like a worm, etc., feed on his pallid cheek. There is a subtle suggestion of castanets and guitars in the queen's voice, even somewhat monotonous as it is,—a faint shadow of the cachuca and the cracovina in the free motions of her arms above her head. In the highly civilized old world she may seem a lost princess, a stray daughter of the Incas, come only to a shabby queenhood in Bohemia by right of her uncivilized blood and her royal birth. Before New World eyes, looking from nearer into barbarism, there is none of the glamour which sees romance and poetry in simply dusky skins, wild, free motions and turbulent lives, so that real, unromantic barrenness and poverty of nature is as visible to them in a deposed daughter of the Incas or Mexican dancer as in the pale factory girl who toils and spins and knows nothing else.

Next the queen comes a neutral-tinted blonde, with ashen eyes, ashen hair, ashen complexion, ashen mustache. He has funny little fat legs, that look about three years old, and as if cheated of a right of their babyhood in not being ensphered with fluffy ruffles and dainty white pantalets, instead of being rudely encased in brown stockings and knee-breeches. There are the wrinkles of fifty years about his eyes, although he repudiates everything beyond thirty-five. This is Sir Salter Wimpson, the grandson of a baker and the son of a Scotch baronet, who loves a four-dollar suit of clothes and the freedom of Bohemia, where he can read Kant and Fichte and Lessing in their native tongues, better than the prim decorum of his baronial halls.

Then comes Shaugn O'Shaughnessy, and next, a face which might have come down from the clustering columns and soaring

arches of some thirteenth century cathedral to write for the "Nineteenth Century" London magazine, and bear the name of St. Louis. Shaughn wears an Irish peasant's dress, even to the corduroy knee-breeches; albeit, he is a university man, born of a goodly lineage. St. Louis has a yachting-suit of blue, punctured like a colander by the bristling shrubs of the forest.

Then comes a red-fezzed Turk from Brooklyn, then the princess royal, with eyes so large that the artists always declare them "out of drawing," although "horrid fetching." She is a figure-painter, with brushes inclined to sprawl and spatter, and canvases given to riots of color, more barbaric than her mother, the queen. She flames and flashes all over with gorgeous hues, and reminds one somehow of Victor Hugo's Esmeralda. She wears a flat, red beret, stuck jauntily upon one side of her head. A crimson scarf is wound gracefully over her blue blouse, her short skirts betray an opulence of red stocking, and the golden tassel which hangs from her cap is never still. She paints Cleopatras, beauties of the harem and beguiling Lamias, with all the untutored luxuriance of an oriental imagination left to spread itself in untutored California. A Madonna in her hands becomes a Circe; a Christ-child, a Cupid.

Facing each other at the lower end of the table sit the two discoverers of Gretz, the Cambridge graduate, and Enfield, called the "British Encyclopedia," because he seems to know all things, from the amount of iron in the veins of a man, to the number of buttons Bohemia lost in last week's washing. The Cambridge graduate, known generally only as Bob, is a brown-eyed, graceful, Spanish-looking young fellow, who is tormented to death by petitions to pose for his friends as troubadours, mediæval Italian lovers, and modern Castilian ones. He himself paints the tenderest, dreamiest landscapes that go from Bohemia to the exhibitions. Suddenly he is aroused by a somewhat peculiar smile about the queen's mouth. Immediately the whole table is called upon for its views upon the matter of "woman's smile." First, words are poured forth; then crayons are whipped out of blouse-pockets, and soon around each plate, all over the white table-cloth, spring up charcoal illustrations of each artist's ideas of the loveliest smile that could dawn upon a woman's face.

Meanwhile, Zéphyre, the peasant *garçon*, with traces of his Borean ancestry in his boisterous movements, blows to and fro

through the scene, knowing not one word of English, yet answering instinctively to the appellation, "Gentle Breezes," and obeying promptly the order, "Soft Summer Winds, waft the cheese this way!"

When autumn comes on and the twilights grow chill, the Bohemians dine no more in the arbor. The table is laid in the huge, barn-like dining-room, around the four sides of which is always a bristling *chevaux de frise* of sketching-easels, painting-boxes, and canvases in all stages pictureward. Then all sorts of picturesque accessories—bits of mediæval armor, a peasant girl's bridal dress, Louis XIV. court costume, and ragged squares of tapestry—hang upon the walls, while the floor is carpeted with paint, rags, broken stretchers, and discarded brushes. There the Bohemians work upon rainy days,



THE GOOD-NATURED MODEL.

from the forest and river studies wrought out in sunshine, and the large room is a forest of easels where one might easily lose the way.

There is another outlet of expression for these actively sporadic intelligences. For, when language wears thin, or opposing minds are dense, the great white walls of the rough room, touched by the Moses' rod of deft crayons, pours fourth streams of eloquent explanation. Facts, ideas, feelings, passions, are pictured upon those walls. Human faces, molded by ephemeral emotions, as well as chiseled by character, tell their stories there. There, one day, might have been seen the map of an unknown country rent with awful chasms running wildly to and fro. Question what was this mysterious country, and it would have been told that it was Sir Salter's face with the net-work of wrinkles that moral craft and cold intellectual speculations would leave upon it in his later days.

Back of the auberge at the foot of the garden glides the little river. It passes an ivy-grown ruined castle (where Mary of Scots is said to have passed the first months of her first widowhood), slips under a massive and venerable stone bridge, past bending willows and swaying osiers, floating broad lily-leaves upon its bosom, till it rushes into turbulent rapids and away out of sight beyond the old mill. From the garden the Bohemians spring directly into the river at the bathing hour; and directly from the garden path, those who prefer embark in the tiny canoes, in which they float or fly,



HUNTING FOR MOTIVES.

like water-fowl, up and down, through the shadowy arches of the old bridge, past the laughing bathers, past low-lying swards starred with blossoms, past clumps of willows turned by the summer breeze into masses of frosted silver, down into the whirl and tumult and mad excitement of shooting the rapids.

Meantime, while bathers and canoeists make the welkin ring, the bridge is filled with a deeply interested audience. Occasionally this audience chants:

"Ponge, brooders, ponge wiz care,
Owl in ze presanze of ze pazzenjaire,"

"Ze animile now ground!" or "God zave ze keen!"—tunes, and a queer parody of the words, caught from the Bohemians themselves as they sing at their work or play, in forest or village streets.

Shaugn O'Shaughnessy bathes at an unconscionable hour, stealing down to the river when all the rest of Bohemia is folding its hands for a little more slumber. Therefore, in the glowing forenoon, when everybody else tends river-ward, Shaugn issues from under the inquisitive nose of the inn into the village street, shillalah in hand and sketching implements upon his back. But as he emerges into the street he must say "yea" or "nay" to half a score of wooden-shod peasant children ambitious to personify any poetic thought or embody any artistic vision for three francs a *séance*!

With the after-*déjeuner* coffee comes the hour of *dolce far niente*, when hammocks sway like languid lilies in the lotus-laden air and slumberous influences filter down-ward through drift of shattered pearl.

Later and the literary lady and artist's wife, whose natal atmosphere is sweetness and light; who moves to the measures of madrigal or epic according to the poetic influences of the hour; who all day yesterday went about as Hellenic nymph; who to-morrow will be Watteau shepherdess, and every day the representation of some artistic idea; who writes domestic stories of a "high moral tone" for the family magazines while

wearing her hair *à la* Niñon de l'Enclos, who could stand for Aspasia in some lights, and for Hypatia in others, and who through it all is ever in a "keramic" rage for bits of old china,—poses good-naturedly for such of the artists as wish to infuse their work with a human interest.

Still later, when willows and osiers throw lengthened shadows upon the river, and the domes, spires, and minarets of a jeweled city loom in the western sky, the whole face of the landscape becomes suddenly speckled with easels,—to every easel a man or woman who strives to entrap a faint reflection of glories not made with hands, ere those glories fade. Silently, almost breathlessly, the finite reaches after the infinite. A solemn hush broods the scene where, upon waves of mellow light, the day floats into the darkness. Suddenly the silence is broken by breathless American accents:

"I say, fellers, shall I use bitumen in the shadows?"

Then a deep-throated roar, like an Ossianic plaint to the Storm Spirit, sweeps over the plain from all the artists:

"Choke that fellow, somebody!"

Even yet later, when most of the Bohemians are smoking their after-dinner cigarettes in the arbor and the world grows dewy and dim, begins the search for "motives." This search for motives, otherwise picture-subjects, seems to be done entirely in couples, and it is a search, strangely enough, more necessary to the younger than to the elder painters, and to those whose artistic tastes are for silent and secluded forest paths, for overarching shadows, for those gentle melancholies of nature which whisper in silence, darkness, and solitude. Yet it is noticed that these are not the artists who paint the sentimental woes of nature. On the contrary, they are those whose palettes are the most gorgeously "set" of any in Bohemia, whose canvases blossom like a caliph's garden with color, and whose imaginations riot among the gayest and brightest things of life. Why this seeming contradiction?

MODJESKA.

DEFT hands called Chopin's music from the keys.
 Silent she sat, her slender figure's poise
 Flower-like and fine and full of lofty ease;
 She heard her Poland's most consummate voice
 From power to pathos falter, sink and change;
 The music of her land, the wond'rous, high,
 Utmost expression of its genius strange,—
 Incarnate sadness breathed in melody.
 Silent and thrilled she sat, her lovely face
 Flushing and paling like a delicate rose.
 Shaken by summer winds from its repose
 Softly this way and that, with tender grace,
 Now touched by sun, now into shadow turned,—
 While bright with kindred fire her deep eyes burned!

MAY.

WHEN beeches brighten early May,
 And young grass shines along her way;
 When April willows meet the breeze
 Like softest dawn among the trees;
 When smell of Spring fills all the air,
 And meadows bloom, and blue-birds pair;
 When Love first bares her sunny head
 Over the brook and lily-bed;
 Nothing of sound or sight to grieve
 From choiring morn to quiet eve,—
 My heart will not, for all its ease,
 Forget the days to follow these.
 This loveliness shall be betrayed,
 This happiest of music played
 From field to field, by stream and bough,
 Shall silent be as tuneful now,
 The silver launch of thistles sail
 Adown the solitary vale:
 That blue solicitude of sky
 Bent over beauty doomed to die,
 With nightly mist shall witness here
 The yielded glory of the year.

AN IMPOSSIBLE STORY.

SUPPER was just over, and the hour began which was to Mr. Nelson the pleasantest of the day. A fire burned upon the hearth, for it was late October; but the air remained so mild that the front window was left open, and as he sat in his arm-chair he could hear the soft, contented whistle and see the dusky figure of his oldest son, Robert, as the latter moved about the little front lawn and garden, to make sure that all things were in order. At the end of the room, his daughter Phoebe, in her simple cashmere dress, with zone about the waist, and full, falling folds, which revealed the outline of her form, resembled some figure from a Grecian frieze, as she lighted the lamp. The mother, in her rocking-chair, with hands idly folded in her lap, was a refreshing picture of rest.

Robert, a tall, manly boy of eighteen, showing equal grace and awkwardness in every limb and movement, entered as the lamp was lighted and the window closed.

"Father," he said, throwing himself with accustomed sprawl upon the sofa, "the House is organized, and ready for the message."

"Oh, please, wait for Tom and Gerald!" cried Phoebe.

"I have no adventures to-day," said Mr. Nelson,— "not even a new variety of customer. But I came home by way of Newark, and I can think of nothing this evening but the square islands of garden-land, and the streets of canals between the Hackensack and Passaic rivers. They reminded me of a picture of Chinese cultivation which I found in some old book of travels. As far as I could see, even to the north of Snake Hill, the old marshes have disappeared."

"I suppose few gardeners live upon them yet?" surmised Phoebe.

"I met with one on the train who has lived there a year. He is sure that all the islands will be inhabited in another year. When the canals were first cut, and the earth was used to raise the squares of garden-land above the old level, it was a disagreeable atmosphere, in spite of the chemical agents used. But now you should see the hedges of sassafras, spice-wood and barberry which spring up behind the piles and fringe the canals! They are not so potent to destroy malaria as the eucalyptus, but they prove to be a very fair substitute. This summer, all the refuse

of the city has been bought by the company and they now offer New York a million dollars a year for the privilege of keeping her streets clean."

"Did you see the Calkins Castle?" asked Robert.

"Yes—and even through a borrowed opera-glass. You will never know Snake Hill when the work is finished; there are four colossal terraces of masonry, extending across the entire front of the bluff, with the house rising above the uppermost; the great water-tank is on the summit, and begins to look like an old Norman stronghold. I don't believe that the whole design can be carried out for less than ten millions."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, starting up from her comfortable attitude,— "and so much might have been done with all that money!"

"Yes," her husband answered, "but on the other hand, Calkins might have done nothing at all. You know he is quite uneducated, outside of his business; he has made fifty millions, his only heirs are one daughter and three nephews; and he probably would never have parted with a dollar for the public good, if Wragg, his great rival in wealth, had not spent five millions in making our Gallery of Art one of the finest in the world. Why, I am told that several thousands of persons come annually from Europe, just to see its Titians and Corregios! But think what the city will gain when, by way of the bridge over the Hudson, thousands of people can be placed on those terraces in fifteen minutes! In winter the glass roofs will be a hundred feet above the soil, and in summer the groves of semi-tropical and tropical trees will stand in the open air. The topmost terrace, I hear, will be planted with ilex, myrtle, cypress and Italian pine; the palms will be lowest of all."

"Glorious!" cried Phoebe, clasping her hands with delight; but just then the door of the kitchen opened, and in came Tom and Gerald, the younger boys, with flushed faces and sparkling eyes.

"Clara wouldn't let me mix the batter for the buckwheat cakes," said the latter, "and I'm sure I can do it."

"The pots and kettles fell to me," Tom added; "I don't like to be scullion so often. I begin to consider the appearance of my hands, like Phoebe there."

Phoebe involuntarily lifted and looked at her own. They were very shapely and firm, yet without the pallor and emaciation which are held to be aristocratic.

"Nevertheless, Tom," she said, "I do my share of the house-work, and I am not paid for it."

"You will get back your wages when you have your own housekeeping to manage," her father playfully remarked.

The door-bell rang. Gerald sprang up, crying to Tom: "My turn!" dashed into the hall, and presently, throwing open the door, announced in a loud, formal voice: "Mr. Sydney Dudley!"

Mr. Dudley was a small man, with a weak blonde mustache and a frightened air. He was exquisitely dressed, and carried a small stick, with which, when embarrassed, he was in the habit of tapping his patent-leather boots. He saluted the members of the family with much grace and politeness, stood for a moment awkwardly looking around the room, and then took the offered chair.

"I hope this is not a farewell," said Mrs. Nelson.

"Yes—no—that is, I shall stay awhile longer."

"Then you like your quarters at the hotel?"

"Oh, very much,—that is, it's rather lonely. It puts me in mind of what you were saying the other day, Miss Phoebe,—something about 'a populous solitude.'"

Mrs. Nelson looked from the visitor to her daughter, and a faint, half-repressed sign of interest began to steal over her tranquil countenance.

"Yes, that's what it is," continued Mr. Dudley, "a populous solitude,—for me, that is. I walk, and read, and ride and talk with this one and that one, but it all doesn't seem to fill out the time."

"Try helping in the kitchen," said Tom, with such a grimace that no one could help laughing.

"I've sometimes thought I should like it, Mrs. Nelson. There's such a comfort when the dishes are well cooked; and when you understand something about it yourself, you can give directions, you know."

"You ought to take lessons of our Clara," said Phoebe. "Here she is, just in time! Clara, couldn't you take Mr. Dudley into the kitchen, as a student, say for three hours a week?"

Mr. Dudley rose and bowed. Clara blushed deeply, and tried to cover her con-

fusion under a little forced laugh, as she took her seat near the lamp, with a piece of sewing in her hand. She was a large, plump, rather pretty girl of twenty-two, whose air of high health was the best testimony to her culinary skill.

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson, before her guest had time to reply to Phoebe's proposition. "Gerald must graduate before Clara can take another pupil. Why not try gardening first, Mr. Dudley? That is more a man's work."

"I'd like it amazing!—that is, if Mr. Nelson or Robert would let me begin with them. Otherwise, I might destroy things before I learn what they are. But I've nearly forgotten what I particularly came to tell you. I know how much interest you all take in literary matters, and great writers and speakers. They've just arranged in New York for Emerson to come on next week, and give a lecture on—what is it?—Eternal Forces, or powers, or something of that sort, in the great hall."

"We must go!" cried Phoebe.

"Oh, I should admire to hear him," echoed Clara.

"Of course, everybody must go!" said Mr. Dudley. "There will be extra trains from here and Newark. The hall will seat five thousand."

"Not half as many as will try to get in," remarked Mr. Nelson.

"Then I'll run up to-morrow, and get tickets,—that is, if you'll allow me. And I'll buy one of his books; all the news-boys on the train have 'em,—the cheap edition, you know. They say two hundred thousand copies have been sold in six months."

"It is astonishing," Mr. Nelson continued, "how little the best American authors used to be read. If the sale of Hawthorne's works had been one-tenth of what it is now, during his life, he would have died a rich man. Ever since we have had an international copyright law, and professorships of American history and literature in all our universities and colleges, the taste and intelligence of the people have developed wonderfully."

"Father," asked Tom, "what are those papers in tight envelopes, which the boys on the train sometimes take out of their breast-pockets and sell? The people who buy them never open and read them in the cars."

Mr. Dudley looked around him with a frightened manner, and grew red in the face, although nobody was noticing him particularly.

"They are papers," Mr. Nelson answered, "which our liberal laws in regard to the Press cannot prevent being published, yet which are so condemned by public opinion that they can only be disposed of in this secret way. They are devoted to crimes, brutal fights and shameful trials, with pictures as repulsive as the text. It is no wonder that those who buy them are unwilling to let it be known."

"Yes, father," said Robert, "you allowed me once to look at a copy, because I was so curious; but I have never wanted to see another."

Phœbe, who had picked up the evening paper, suddenly said:

"They are going to act the 'Antigone' of Sophocles! And we are to have several of Gluck's operas this season: how shall we manage to see and hear so many good things?"

"You will have to go alone occasionally," her father answered. "The proprietors of the theater have at last made a separate entrance for unaccompanied ladies, with the most charming little refreshment-room attached."

He looked at his watch, and said: "Ten o'clock." Mr. Dudley rose instantly, shook hands all around, and put on his hat. (He remembered the act when half way to his hotel, and shuddered at the blunder.) "Delighted,—hope to meet again," he stammered; "that is, we shall all go to the lecture. And about the gardening, if—if —"

"Come and try!" said Robert, heartily, as he accompanied him to the door.

Mr. Nelson was a member of a manufacturing firm in New York. But it was only half an hour, by the Elevated Railroad and the lofty Hudson Bridge, from his place of business in the city to his home on the outskirts of a large New Jersey village. Restricting his duties to the hours between ten and three, he always had enough of the morning and the afternoon left for the care of his four-acre garden and orchard. All his children, even Phœbe, when her share of the housekeeping allowed, assisted in the labor; and there never were, they all believed, such vegetables, such fruits and flowers, as flourished under their cheerful tendance. Although the business was prosperous, and Mr. Nelson's means ampler than his family suspected, there was but one servant in the house,—Clara, the daughter of a mechanic in the village. Her parents had meant that she should be a teacher; but she, feeling sure that she did not possess half the nec-

essary qualifications and could never pass the rigid examination, preferred a comfortable home, household labor in which she was assisted by Phœbe and the two younger boys, and the exercise of her decided talent as a cook. She was perfectly happy, except for the necessity of seeming to understand subjects the discussion of which simply puzzled her. In short, the family life of the Nelsons was precisely that of tens of thousands of other families, all over the country. The father spent half his time at home; both he and his wife lived with, labored with, sported with, and living, laboring, or sporting, watched and guided, their children.

A little conservatory, adjoining the southeastern corner of the house, was in process of erection. The next morning after Mr. Dudley's visit, when Mr. Nelson had left for the city and the boys were at school, Phœbe came forth to inspect the growing work. John Lloyd, the young carpenter, who was busy pinning the joist to the upright timbers, saw her watching him; but he fitted the mortise carefully and secured it, before saying "good-morning!"

"I have good news for you, Miss Nelson," he said, as he sprang lightly down from the scaffolding. "There is to be a lecture —"

"I have heard," she interrupted. "Mr. Dudley came to us last night with the intelligence. You will go, of course?"

A cloud passed over his face. "Yes,—I cannot lose it;" he answered slowly, and with a sudden hardness of tone.

"Lose it?—why, have you not read Emerson's works?" Phœbe asked.

"All of them—and over and over again! Now, I have forgotten to bring back Lessing's 'Laocoön' this morning; it was very kind of you to lend me the book."

"Not the least, Mr. Lloyd! I shall depend upon you to explain a few difficult passages."

Her face was so bright and frank as she turned toward him, that he could not help smiling in return as he answered: "If I can,—but I think I have mastered it."

Here Phœbe heard her mother's voice, and glided into the house. When she reached the kitchen she was amazed to find Mr. Sydney Dudley looking in from the outside, leaning on the sill of the open window.

"I never took much notice before," he was saying to Clara; "but it really must be interesting,—that is, when *you*,—oh, Miss Phœbe! I must apologize; but I happened

to see the window open, and it seemed a chance to learn something. Your proposition, you know. But I'll go to the front door and call properly."

"Not on me, please," said Phoebe. "I am going to be very busy all day. But I believe mother is accessible."

"Oh, thank you,—it's all the same! That is, I shall be very happy to pay my respects to her." Therewith he fetched a compass and reached the hall door, which Phoebe opened. She waved him to a seat, made a courtesy of apology, and retired.

Mrs. Nelson turned her most amiable side toward her visitor. She overlooked or smoothed away his little embarrassments with a skill which greatly relieved and delighted him. Thus he soon found himself talking about himself, which had always been difficult for him, unless the listener were very sympathetic.

"You see," he said; "I don't rightly know how to get the good out of my property. All the other rich young fellows,—and I don't mind telling you that I am worth over four hundred thousand dollars, which is *rather* rich,—all the other fellows have been taught something or other. There's Spriggs can make a splendid speech; they say he'll get into Congress next; and Vance has a laboratory and makes discoveries; and De Fisch is a member of no end of societies! When I visit them, they never have time to talk with me, or else they talk what I can't understand. My old uncle and aunt wouldn't let me learn any sort of business; and I assure you, Mrs. Nelson, I'm as much alone in New York as—as a pyramid in the desert!"

"But you are still young," suggested Mrs. Nelson.

"I ought to be; but I'm twenty-four, and feel already like an old man. I know nothing but billiards, and how to manage a yacht, and to drive a four-in-hand! What's a fellow to do with such accomplishments? Now, if I could be set up for myself,—had a household of my own,—it would be something to make me think."

"It would, indeed," Mrs. Nelson answered,—*"especially if you would interest yourself in all the details. There are a great many: you don't know yet how many —"*

"Oh! I assure you, I think I do!" he exclaimed. "Furniture, and butchers, and bakers, and the gas-man, and repairs, and directing the servants,—but, then, you said the master ought to know how to do everything they do. I'm sure I could learn."

"I'm sure you could," she said. "The proof is, you are so eager to learn."

"I'm so glad you think so! I wanted to have *your* opinion first, you know." He looked at his watch. "There's just time to catch the next train, and I promised to buy the tickets for the lecture, to-day. You can't think how pleasant it is for me that we shall all go together!"

He said good-bye and hurried away. Mrs. Nelson softly closed the door, smiled to herself, and unconsciously rubbed her hands. She treated Phoebe with unusual tenderness that day, and for several days afterward.

In the evening there was a new surprise for the whole family. Mr. Nelson and Robert had agreed to dig their late potatoes in the afternoon, so the former had only paused long enough at the polls, on his way home, to deposit the ticket indicating his preference for a Congressional candidate for the district. These elections were always held a week in advance of the nominating convention, the choice of which they rarely failed to determine.

There was such a heavy crop of potatoes that they had not finished the task at dusk. Supper was later than usual, and, after leisurely enjoying it, they were all gathered in the cheerful parlor (there was no separate room kept for company) for a rest undisturbed save by Phoebe and Robert, who sang duets at the piano, when there was a sudden sound of drums and trumpets in front of the house. A loud ring at the door-bell followed, and three prominent citizens of the town were ushered into the room.

They came to announce that Mr. Nelson had received a large majority of the votes cast, and telegrams from other parts of the district made it certain that his nomination for Congress by the convention would follow as a natural result. The members of the family expressed as much consternation as surprise; they were utterly unprepared for such news.

"What does it mean?" Mr. Nelson asked. "I never knew, until now, that any one had ever thought of me for the place. What is the cause of the preference in my favor?"

"You are a well-known citizen," said the spokesman. "The people know your honesty, and believe in your capacity; and then,—well, since we made up our minds to have a man who had never tried to get the nomination, why, we hadn't much range of choice, you know."

His sly laugh, as he said these words, was infectious. Robert clapped his hands and cried:

"That's it, father! I don't see how you can get out of it."

"At any rate, my friends," said Mr. Nelson, rising and speaking earnestly, "your preference is an honor which I gratefully accept. There is still a week until the Convention, and if the whole district speaks as you do, I shall decide positively whether or not I can serve you, before the nomination is made. You may be sure I shall not evade the duty now imposed upon me."

"Sparta hath many a worthier son than he!" shouted Tom, who was just dipping into literature.

There was hearty laughter at this; and after a little further consultation, the committee of three took their leave, while the drums and trumpets sounded a lively march. Mr. Nelson settled himself deeper in his arm-chair and sighed; there were tears in his wife's eyes; the duets of Phoebe and Robert were not resumed; a very palpable shadow had fallen on the household.

Two more days passed. The subject was not mentioned again in the family, for the father kept silence, and they knew that when he had pondered the question wisely and well he would freely take them into his confidence. The work went on as usual, but there was now little more to do in the garden; only Tom and Gerald were not quite so patient in helping Clara in the kitchen, and more hurried and anxious in answering the door-bell.

On the third afternoon, however, after a rapid oversight of the lawn and garden, Mr. Nelson called his children into the house. John Lloyd was just finishing the roof of the conservatory; the large sheets of firm, tough glass, made by the new process, gave the structure almost the appearance of an open pavilion. Mr. Nelson, pausing to look at the work, suddenly said:

"Come with us, John! It is a family consultation, but you have a little share in it. If I could not confide in you entirely I should not ask you."

John Lloyd put on his coat, and followed. When they were all seated and expectant, Mr. Nelson began:

"The whole district has declared its preference for me, so that the action of the Convention is already determined. I had one means of escape left, but that is taken

away from me, to-day. You know the principle upon which our Company is organized. Whenever the annual profits exceed eight per cent. on the capital invested, and a small additional percentage for contingent expenses, we reduce the price of the articles we manufacture. This policy has so increased our business that we are obliged to extend the production; for the profits, this year, are twelve per cent. I supposed that my services might be needed to superintend the building of the new manufactories, which are to be located here. But the firm, to-day, unanimously voted to continue my salary during the Congressional term, so that the office shall entail no pecuniary sacrifice upon me. They only ask, in return, that I shall select a competent man to take charge of the work on the new buildings. You, Robert, are still too young and inexperienced; but John Lloyd has the ability, if he has the will."

A quick light came into the young carpenter's face; all eyes remarked how proud and handsome he seemed.

"Are you sure of it?" he asked.

"For this reason, among others," Mr. Nelson answered, "I know the history of your difference with McGowen."

"Then you know that I could not have done otherwise!" John Lloyd exclaimed, rising to his feet. "He has tried to damage me,—said he discharged me because I was unfit,—but the houses have *not* been built according to the first plan!"

"I know that," said Mr. Nelson. "I have been to the Construction Office, and have read your report. They were the meanest traps that avarice could devise,—thin walls, bad ventilation, no fire-proof staircase, little light, and an intended rent which would have given him ten per cent. a year on their exaggerated value! It was monstrous!—and a less conscientious builder than yourself might have taken his offered bribe, and disgraced our whole city. I learned at the same time, how you were tricked out of two honest contracts by McGowen's agency, and have preferred to work here as a journeyman until the better chance should come. Our new manufactory requires some knowledge of the process in the builder, but you can acquire that?"

"I have helped in two or three such undertakings," said John Lloyd, "and I shall not fail here. Your offer, sir, comes in the form of a duty."

"Well said! But, dear wife and children, this seals my fate. If I had only

been wise enough to beg, and bore, and maneuver for a nomination to all possible offices years ago!"

"But if you had done so, father," said Phœbe, "you would not be the same man. It would have been *our* loss, for years past; and now we must render back something for all we have had. Mother must go with you, of course; and Robert and I will take charge of everything here. I'm only afraid Tom will give us trouble."

"O, thou of little faith!" Tom began, in his dramatic tone,—then stopped, and to the surprise of all, burst into tears. The father beckoned to him on one side, and Gerald on the other, kissed both the boys, and held them close, with an arm around each.

John Lloyd rose, picked up his hat, and shook hands with all. He said nothing to Phœbe, but looked in her eyes with such an expression of power and longing that she could scarcely bear the gaze. An instinct of delicacy told him that the family might prefer to be alone at such a time, yet he feared that he had rather coldly and ungraciously accepted an offer which was probably the turning-point in his fortunes. Pausing at the door, he said to Mr. Nelson:

"You will surely be elected, sir, for the other side has given preference to old Van Lennep, who assessed his subordinates for political expenses, when he was Collector. For this reason, there is a great deal of discontent in his own party, and it will be manifested at the election. But, unless there should be an extra session of Congress next summer, you will have a year in which to arrange for your absence. This will also be my advantage, if I have seemed overconfident to you. I do not know how to tell you that I am grateful; I have not had many chances of that kind."

He closed the door, and was gone.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Mrs. Nelson; "I had not thought the time was so far off; I felt, somehow, as if we should lose you at once."

So had the others, and the postponement of the change restored them to instant cheerfulness. They became, in fact, so merry that the new dignity in prospect was very irreverently treated, and Phœbe was in the act of greeting her father, with mock ceremony, as "The Honorable Mr. Nelson," when she was startled by an echo:

"Honorable Mr. Nelson! Yes, of course. My congratulations!"

It was Mr. Sydney Dudley, who had been

admitted by Clara. No one had heard the door, or remarked him until he stood among them. The boys were greatly amused, but Phœbe blushed to her temples with mortification.

"It's only the children's nonsense," said Mrs. Nelson, hardly knowing how to frame her explanation. "We were all ready to cry at first, and now they are making fun of it to keep up their spirits."

"Oh, yes! very appropriate. That is, you have great reason to be proud, as Daniel Webster said, I think, when he was elected to the Senate. And I'm so proud, as a friend,—you can't think! It makes me wish, more and more, that I had something to do; there seems to be no chance for a man to distinguish himself without it."

"You are already beginning to be distinguished for your good-nature, Mr. Dudley," remarked Mrs. Nelson.

"Am I, though? Why, the only thing of the kind I ever did was to pick up a man that was knocked overboard from Wragg's yacht. The fellows said it was a good thing to do that and lose my chance in the regatta, but I assure you I quite forgot we were racing when I saw the man in the water; so it doesn't amount to much, after all."

"That's the very thing I shall respect you for!" cried Phœbe. Almost without knowing it, she stretched out her hand.

Mr. Dudley held it gently a moment, bowed deeply, and looked very much confused.

"I—I'm not sure that I understand you," he stammered; "but you are very kind indeed. I am certain you would never knock an old man down with your carriage, like Miss Mulford, and never stop to see whether he was hurt."

"Miss Nelson's carriage stops the way!" bawled Tom.

The idea of Phœbe having her own carriage struck them all as such an absurdity, that Mrs. Nelson was on thorns lest Mr. Dudley should suppose they were laughing at him. So she forthwith invited him to stay for supper, which is the first social atonement that occurs to the matronly mind. Wholly relieved by the alacrity of Mr. Dudley's acceptance, she went into the kitchen to make a few suggestions to Clara.

It was scarcely different from their ordinary meal, yet it seemed perfection to their guest. Clara, who sat at the table beside the two boys, looked unusually fresh and fair in her blue merino dress and white apron. She rose occasionally to wait upon the

others, and all her movements suggested both perfect knowledge of the service and pleasure in performing it. Mr. Dudley used the license of praise accorded to the guest, and became quite enthusiastic about the tea, and biscuits, and broiled oysters. He had never tasted such, even at the West-side Club.

"Father," asked Robert, "what is the reason Racket is getting so unpopular? The theater used to be crammed whenever he acted, and now the papers say that not half the seats are taken."

"It is chiefly, I think," Mr. Nelson answered, "because he was trying the detestable practice of making himself the only figure on the stage. He has not only had plays written especially to exhibit his own range of talent, with insignificant subordinate characters, but he has also taken pains to keep good actors out of his company, in order that the poor ones may serve as a foil, and make his own representation more conspicuous."

"Why, that is dishonorable!" cried Phoebe.

"It is simply treason to the dramatic art. The ambition of the true actor is to present the poet's conception, adding the interpretations of voice, and action, and simulated passion to the language in which each great creation is embodied. Now, Racket seems to set his personal glorification and profit far above the actor's ideal. It is Racket's *Hamlet*, not Shakspeare's, which he desires to give us; hence he must banish all personalities which draw away any attention from his own, no matter how the poet's work may be mutilated."

"Then I don't care to see him!" said Robert.

"On the contrary, my boy, you should see him once, at least, in order to understand and despise the practice as it deserves. And you must go soon, because his engagement is unprofitable, and will close in another week. Then we are to have 'The Tempest,' with Bland as *Prospero*, Norfolk as *Ferdinand*, Miss Ayrbeam as *Miranda*, and Gooch as *Caliban*! It will certainly run until next summer."

"I bought this on the train," said Mr. Dudley, taking a neat little volume from his pocket. "I thought you might like to see it. The boy said it was just out, and he had only five copies left out of a hundred."

"It's Lander's 'Pericles and Aspasia,'" said Phoebe, looking at the title. "But have you read it yourself?"

"Yes,—that is, a page or two. I thought

it seemed pretty. I read the stories in the magazines, mostly; the last of them was 'The Fatal Valentine.'"

"Oh, that's so nice!" exclaimed Clara.

Mr. Dudley looked at her with delight.

"By the by," he said, "I had nigh forgotten the tickets. Here they are,—eight of them; one for myself, and I thought you might all wish to go."

"Tom and Gerald are rather too young for Emerson," said Mr. Nelson, "and we two ancient persons will probably stay at home. But there's Robert and Phoebe, and—I suppose Clara would like to go?"

"She said so the other night, and I counted her in making out the number!" exclaimed Mr. Dudley.

"Then you might take John Lloyd, who will be very glad of the chance. Still, there are three left."

"May I choose, Mr. Dudley?" Phoebe asked.

"With the greatest pleasure, I'm sure!"

"Then," she said "I will give the tickets to three poor girls, who will be made happy for a long time; and I shall first have to beg their time from their employers."

"Couldn't I undertake that for you, Miss Phoebe," Mr. Dudley asked. "It's such a little thing, just to give the tickets."

Phoebe could not help a smile and half-blush. Mr. Sydney Dudley evidently had not the remotest idea how such an action on his part might be interpreted. She began to look upon him as an amiable, overgrown child; she felt, and did not hesitate to exhibit, a friendly interest in his rather awkward and incoherent utterances. It was pleasant to her, to let him see that she understood the ideas he expressed so illy.

Good Mrs. Nelson felt that some of her very private anticipations might be realized in the course of time. She heartily acceded to her husband's proposal that they two should remain at home with the younger boys; and, housewife-like, at once set about arranging the evening for the others.

"You shall have a light early tea," she said,— "not heavy enough to make you feel drowsy in the hall, which will be close, though the ventilating machine, they *do* say, is perfect; then, as the train will be here by ten, I shall have a good supper ready, and we will allow you an hour and a half before bed-time. If you bring home anything, that is the best plan to get it out of you. You will come, of course, Mr. Dudley, and Robert, you can ask John Lloyd."

The appointed evening arrived. It was

a merry party that issued from the home of the Nelsons. At first, the three young men walked in advance of Phœbe and Clara; then Mr. Dudley fell back to the latter pair, but the path to the station was only comfortably wide enough for two, whereupon Phœbe stepped in advance and John Lloyd lingered to keep her company. Robert no sooner saw this than, impelled by a spirit of mischief, he dropped to the rear; then Mr. Dudley, in some embarrassment, drew so near the first couple that John Lloyd stalked off alone, leaving him with Phœbe. When they reached the station, Phœbe looked bright and amused, Clara disappointed, Mr. Dudley perplexed, and John Lloyd stern.

But the train was crowded, and there were so many common acquaintances that each individual mood soon faded into the general atmosphere. In fifteen minutes they reached the elevated platform, whence a broad flight of steps descended to the entrance of the hall. Who does not know the Citizens' Hall?—and who does not honor the generous donor of it to the people, who modestly refused to allow his own name to be attached to the gift? He will live in this structure, and in his grand "People's University," far more securely than if they bore his plain family name. The superb auditorium, the perfect acoustic properties, the ever renewed purity of air, and soft yet brilliant illumination of this hall, are too well known to be again described. There is really nothing like it in the world.

The immense audience was seated ten minutes before the commencement of the lecture. A lady who sat in front of Phœbe, finding that her hat and its spreading folds of veil would interfere with the latter's vision, took them off; a tall man changed seats with a shorter one, to accommodate Mr. Dudley. Similar changes were cheerfully made in all parts of the audience, and the people were in the most amiable mood when, as the last stroke of the hour died away, the lecturer appeared. His clear, serene voice seemed to address itself to each listener; he felt the commingling of five thousand magnetic threads of intellect with his own, and they recognized that the joy was equal for him to speak, as for them to hear. He was occasionally interrupted by a half-suppressed stir, a soft rustle as of sudden freer breathing, rather than by loud applause; only at the close there came a prolonged cheer of delight, out of which rose, as it died away, the chords of a triumphal march, played by an unseen orchestra.

When they were all seated together in the return train, John Lloyd exclaimed: "There was strength enough for a year's life in that!"

"You have spoken my feeling," Phœbe answered; "I really think myself, at this moment, capable of undertaking something great."

"I must be a fool," Mr. Dudley groaned. "I don't feel that way, at all,—only a bit muddled and mixed up in my head. Now, what did he mean by all that about the integral man? I always thought that 'integral' had something to do with arithmetic. Can you tell me, Robert? Can you, Miss Clara?"

But Robert had slipped across the car, and was talking with a friend. Clara, meeting Mr. Dudley's questioning face, answered:

"Indeed I know no more than you do. He has a sweet voice, and I like to hear him talk,—and I'm very glad I've seen him at last; but, please, don't ask me what it was about!"

"I'm so glad!" Mr. Dudley exclaimed. "No!—that is—I dare say it's impolite in me,—it's a comfort to find that somebody else,—no, that I —"

Seeing that he was hopelessly tangled, Phœbe came to his relief. John Lloyd wondered at her patience, as she tried to explain the meaning of the enigmatical term, and recalled other passages, in the vain hope of enlightening a brain which, as he believed, would crack like a lamp-chimney if its flame of intelligence were much increased. The pains she took both pleased and annoyed him; her gentle kindness seemed to be so entirely thrown away upon the little fellow.

As they were leaving the train, he heard Mr. Dudley whisper to her:

"Oh, excuse me, but I must speak with you alone, on the way home."

At the same moment Robert called to them:

"Follow at your leisure, you four! I'm going with Styles, in his buggy, and you may thank me for ordering supper!"

John Lloyd sullenly hung back a little, and allowed Mr. Dudley to walk in advance with Phœbe. He did not hear Clara's commonplace remarks at his side; a power of passion and jealousy which he had never felt before surged through his blood and almost stifled his breathing. He heard a continual inward cry: "Can it be possible? *She* to incline to *him*?"

followed by a desperate denial; and yet there were the dim forms of the two, side by side, just before him! He was as wildly unreasonable in his thoughts as any man who has never read Lessing's "Laocoön" and understood Emerson.

Soon, however, the fiercest tumult subsided. He hurried Clara a little nearer, and (regardless of the unmanliness of the act) made his ears keen to catch some stray phrase or word which might hint at the secret talk of the two. Mr. Dudley's voice was low and indistinct, but at last he raised it slightly and uttered words which sounded like:

"When would you advise me to speak?"

Phoebe's answer was quite distinct:

"Now!—why not now?"

John Lloyd felt that he could endure no more. In a few strides he reached Phoebe's side; Mr. Dudley, to his surprise, started and shrank away.

John stood still. Quite unconsciously, he had taken Phoebe's hand and drawn it within his arm.

"Now!" he mechanically repeated; "why not now?"—at the same time stepping aside to let the other two pass on, which they did, apparently in a state of silent amazement.

"Mr. Lloyd," said Phoebe, recovering her self-possession, "you are acting very strangely."

"It surprises you, does it? Then I am afraid I cannot avoid surprising you still more,—and perhaps, unpleasantly." His voice, all at once, became sad and toneless.

"Perhaps I have been as great a fool as that little Dudley admits himself to be," he presently continued; "a minute ago I was mad with fear and jealousy."

"Jealousy!" Phoebe exclaimed, making a movement to withdraw her hand.

"Bear with me one moment! I will explain afterward; but the question must come first. Will you let me love you?"

Phoebe let her hand remain, and even leaned a little more perceptibly upon his arm. But she did not immediately answer.

"I will not insult your true and noble nature by referring to our positions in life," he continued. "I am laborious and ambitious, and shall rise. Is there that in me, as a man, which may fulfill the claim of your heart, as a woman? I cannot tell you how purely you answer mine."

"If you *will* love me, how can I help it? But it is not in my nature to take a gift without making some little return."

"The least is all to me!" he whispered in rapture, drawing her suddenly and strongly to his breast. She gave the one confirmation which he scarcely dared to seek,—she lifted her face and kissed him.

They walked onward.

"Now what did you mean by 'jealousy'?" she asked. "Surely not of Mr. Dudley?"

"It is already incredible to me," he answered, "and I am disgusted with myself."

"You saw that he sought an interview with me, I suppose. I granted it readily because I surmised the subject of his confidence; but I am not yet free to mention it to another."

"I shall never ask it!" John Lloyd exclaimed, with energy.

"Hush! Here we are at the gate; and there are Mr. Dudley and Clara, waiting under the elm! How considerate they are!—but I'm afraid it's too late to save appearances."

Her low happy laugh was celestial music to John Lloyd's ears; and he only felt a new sense of bliss, when, after giving his arm a slight pressure, she dropped it and advanced to meet Mr. Dudley, who was evidently seeking to make a second communication. Only a few whispers were interchanged, however; and then they all entered the house.

The room was as bright and cheerful as possible. A fire of hickory-wood sang on the hearth; the table sparkled with the colors of decorated salads, fruit, and a flask of wine of their own vintage. But brighter than all were the faces that came into the lamp-light.

"How you must have enjoyed the lecture, to be sure!" said Mrs. Nelson. "You are all perfectly radiant; I never saw the like. But you must be hungry, none the less. Come now, the supper waits!"

"Excuse me, one moment, Mrs. Nelson," said Mr. Dudley, stepping forward, with his blue eyes fairly blazing out of his flushed face,—*"I have a bit of news. That is, you have all been so kind to me,—and seeing how nice it is to have a home, and something to do,—and I talked to Miss Phoebe on the way home. She'll tell you, I'm sure, how glad she is; and she thought you wouldn't object,—and we both agree,—that's the greatest luck that ever came to me!—and now I must ask you if you'll let—let me—"*

"Dear Mr. Dudley," said Mrs. Nelson, coming to his relief; "don't trouble your-

self to say more! I see it in both your faces; and I assure you there's no young man to whom I would sooner trust Phœbe's happiness —"

The sight of her husband's stern and surprised face arrested her tongue. Every one was conscious of a shock, and for a moment no one spoke. Mr. Dudley was a picture of bewilderment.

"Phœbe!" he finally burst forth; "why it's Clara!"

The spell was broken.

"Happy, happy, happy, pair!" shouted Tom.

Mr. Nelson broke through his usually grave manner enough to say "Glorious!" and the next minute was shaking the hands off of both; but Mrs. Nelson, as is the way with feeble women when violently startled, trembled a great deal, laughed a little and shed a few tears. She hovered, in fact, on the brink of a hysterical fit, from which Mr. Nelson saved her by a glass of wine and a lump of sugar.

Then John Lloyd stood forth and spoke:

"I ask for Phœbe's hand, as I have to-night asked for her heart. I cannot expect

you to accept me now; but do not reject me without knowledge; take time to test my character!"

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" groaned Mrs. Nelson.

But her husband came and looked steadily into the young carpenter's eyes. Even as he was moved himself, he found an answering emotion there. Phœbe came between, and gave one hand to her father and another to her lover. It was enough; nothing more was said.

But Robert, and the two boys, and Mr. Sydney Dudley and Clara, were all so joyously excited that the solemn mood soon melted into the cheerful one. Mr. Nelson soon ventured to lead John and Phœbe to his wife, saying:

"This young man is already engaged to build our new manufactory in my place. Why should not he and Phœbe keep house here, while we two are in Washington?"

"I didn't think of that," she said, a smile already coming back to her face; "it *will* be convenient."

So they kissed all around, and everybody was happy.

THE DOVE.

If haply thou, O Desdemona Morn,
Shouldst call along the curving sphere, "Remain,
Dear Night, sweet Moor; nay, leave me not in scorn!"
With soft halloos of heavenly love and pain;—

Shouldst thou, O Spring! a-cower in coverts dark,
'Gainst proud supplanting Summer sing thy plea,
And move the mighty woods through mailed bark
Till mortal heart-break throbb'd in every tree;—

Or (grievous *if* that may be *yea* o'er-soon!),
If thou, my Heart, long holden from thy Sweet,
Shouldst knock Death's door with mellow shocks of tune,
Sad inquiry to make—*When may we meet?*

Nay, if ye three, O Morn! O Spring! O Heart!
Should chant grave unisons of grief and love;
Ye could not mourn with more melodious art
Than daily doth yon dim sequestered dove.

IN ARCANA SYLVARUM.

HARK! . . .
What booming
Faints on the high-strung ear?
Through the damp woods (so dark
No flowers are blooming)
I hear, I hear
The twang of harps, the leap
Of hairy feet, and know the revel's ripe,
While, like a coral stripe,
The lizard cool doth creep,
Monster, but monarch there, up the pale Indian Pipe.

Hush! . . .
Your panting
Will scare them from their game:
Let not a foot-fall crush
Their rites enchanting!
The deadwood's flame,
Bellies of murdered fire-flies,
And glimmering moonstones thick with treasured rays
Shall help our round-eyed gaze
Antics unholy to surprise
Which the ungodly crew round the red lizard plays.

Now! . . .
No breathing
To spoil the heathenish dance!
Lest from each pendent bough
Poison be seething,—
A hair-fine lance
Pierce to our brain, and slowly slay.
But look your breathless fill, and mark them swing,
Man and maid a-capering,
Ugly, fair, morosely gay,
Round the red lizard smooth, crowned for their wicked king.

Back! . . .
Inhuman
Are gestures, laughs, and jeers.
Off, ere we lose the track!
Nor man, nor woman
May stand your leers,
Shameless and loose, uncovered creatures!
Quick, lest we join their orgies in the dark!
Back! For the madness stark
Is crawling through our natures
To touch the red lizard vile, spread on the damp white bark.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Recent Financial Legislation.

WE have no doubt that there have been honest men, West and South, who have believed in the silver bill which enacted that ninety cents' worth of silver should make a dollar. Exactly how they, as honest men, could come to any such belief as this, it is hard for a sane person to understand. Silver is already a drug in the market and a nuisance in the handling, and what its office is to be in making business livelier we cannot see. It makes money no cheaper; it must make it dearer. Money was not only abundant but cheap when the silver bill was enacted. It has not been cheaper or more abundant within our memory. Funding the public debt at four per cent. was an easy matter—a great deal easier before the passage of the silver bill than it is now. Good business paper could be discounted at four and five per cent. One can borrow all the money on bond and mortgage that he wants at lower figures than have prevailed any time within the last thirty years. Anything that shakes the public faith in the integrity and stability of the national legislation increases risk and calls for increased interest. Any cause that brings back our bonds to be absorbed by home capital tightens the money market and makes money dear.

The honest people of the South and West have been cheated, and it may as well be said, too, that the dishonest advocates of this measure have been disappointed. The striking out of the provision for free coinage spoiled the bill for its most enthusiastic advocates. What they wanted was the privilege of depositing nine hundred dollars' worth of silver and taking in exchange one thousand coined dollars. All that would be necessary to make a fortune under such circumstances would be to buy up silver at the market price, get the government to coin it for nothing, and pocket the profits. It was a nice scheme, and it is not at all certain at this writing that it will not yet be perfected. Cannot honest men everywhere see that this is a gross swindle, and that they are to handle these dollars in their business without profit, from which the silver men have clipped a dime for the lining of their own pockets? Value cannot be legislated into a piece of metal, and ninety cents coined will buy no more of the commodities of life than ninety cents uncoined. Value has never been legislated into paper, and never can be. Paper is only a promise to pay in coin, and paper is only a trifle less valuable than gold coin at the time we write, because it is the understanding that it is to be redeemed in gold, at an early date, in accordance with the resumption act.

We do not propose to discuss the merits and demerits of a bi-metallic currency. Certainly, it is accompanied by great inconveniences. When silver was demonetized, it was worth two per cent. more than gold. Since then the production of silver has

surpassed that of gold, and now it is worth in the markets of the world almost ten per cent. less. It must be evident, therefore, that great inconveniences will necessarily attend the use of two metals, more particularly as a legal tender for all sums and purposes. Silver is convenient for change, and the amounts involved are so small that differences in the value of the two metals are not worth taking into account; but when it comes to paying public and private debts, the cheaper metal will always be used, and the dearer will be driven out of use altogether. Nothing is gained to anybody, in any way; for the prices of things are regulated by the markets of the world, and our ninety cents will never buy a hundred cents' worth of anything. If it was thought desirable to remonetize silver, then the silver dollar should have been made equal to the gold dollar. That would have been a legitimate operation. Indeed, there was no way in which to give us the real "dollar of the daddies" but by making it worth two per cent. more than gold.

There is not the slightest question that it has been the long-established understanding between the nation and its creditors that its debt would be paid in gold. Those who have strenuously maintained that this understanding should be honored have been offensively stigmatized as "gold-bugs," "bloated bond-holders," and so on to the end of the list. But who are these creditors? What they are abroad, we do not know, but here they are very largely those who cannot afford to lose principal or interest. They are widows and orphans whose money has been invested in "governments" for security; they are savings-banks; they are insurance companies,—mutual and otherwise. The bonds are held as the most sacred trust funds, because the word of the government is behind them. They are the basis of the whole bank circulation of the country. Our financial system rests on them, and our silver people, as a measure of relief (!), give a stab at the value of these securities. Can infatuation go any further than this? Are our legislators children? Children or knaves they would seem to be. If names are to be called from the other side, we may as well respond. It seems to us that the day which General Butler hopes to see, when United States bonds will be quoted at fifty cents on the dollar, will be rather a sad one for our people—silver men and all.

But there is something beyond all this of which we wish to say a word. No document has placed the relations of this subject to the national honor in any better light than the president's veto of the silver bill. It was a simple statement of the facts. As a nation, we break our word and betray our honor by voting to pay our public debts with a "clipped dollar." This is the deepest wound of all; and we ask our Western friends to believe—what is strictly true—that there is no mercenary motive involved in the opposition of the East to the

silver bill that compares at all in strength with its chagrin and sense of national degradation and shame. Nothing was ever sincerer or more genuine than the feeling that by this act America has lost caste. We have felt a genuine pride in the strength of our securities in the markets of the world. We have noticed with great satisfaction the re-funding of these securities at the lowest rates of interest. We have exulted in the fact that while no other nation dreamed of paying its debt, our own debt was actually being paid. We have looked forward to the proud day when the money we handle should be no more a lie, but when it should be the money of the nations. We are humbled by the spirit of repudiation, by the first act of repudiation, by a feverish and tumultuous return to financial chaos, by the successful schemes of dreamers and demagogues in an attempt to cheat our creditors and get something for nothing.

The Defeat of the Turk.

By all the world except Turkey, the defeat of this power in its struggle with Russia has been foreseen. There has never been any doubt about it, notwithstanding the early successes of the inferior nation. The Turkish finances were hopeless, the government was weak, the *morale* of the people was bad. Fatalism had ceased to be a match for faith, and fanaticism, though brilliant in its first efforts, went down before discipline. The Czar has had his own way; and there has been something very strong and majestic in the style in which he has gone from conquest to conquest, winning all that he strove for, making his own terms of peace, and paying only the slightest attention to the bluster of the great power that looked jealously on, questioning his progress only with angry words and a silent fleet. Practically, Russia has said to England: "This is my fight, and, while I do not want any trouble with you, I intend to get what I am striving for, and you must make the best of it." She has won her aims, and it looks as if England were regarded now by Turkey in a less friendly way than Russia herself. It certainly seems as if, in the future, Turkey must depend upon Russia as a sort of protector. She can never go to war with her old enemy again, and she will naturally turn to Russia for countenance and help in any future complication with other powers. England has lost her opportunity for gaining a controlling influence in Turkey, and the long-time Russian enemy is pretty sure to become the "next friend."

Very curious are the changes wrought by war on national feeling. To the nation that might have helped her when she was in peril—to the only nation that had any apology for helping her—and that stood aloof and saw her whipped almost to death, Turkey can only look in the future with profound dislike and distrust. To the nation with which she has had a struggle, very creditable to her bravery and prowess, she now turns for friendship, if not for protection. The Czar sends his congratulations to the Sultan on the anniversary of his

accession to the throne, with the desire of "renewing friendly relations;" and the Sultan heartily responds, and finds in the fact that the congratulations and the news of the signature of peace reach him at the same moment,—a coincidence which presages "good and lasting relations" between them. Men who have fought well with each other are very apt to cherish a genuine respect for each other; and the fact that Russia has whipped Turkey will give her a moral influence over that country more important than the stipulated conditions of the peace. At any rate, the Turk has seen very plainly that England cares for nothing but herself, in the matter between him and the Muscovite, and he will naturally lean to the power which he has the most reason alike to respect and to fear.

Turkey long since reached the point where her revenues ceased to meet her expenses. There is really nothing before her now but bankruptcy and ruin. How long this can be delayed does not appear, but it seems pretty certain that she has no help within herself. She was practically bankrupt when the late war began, and there is not only no nation that would lend money to her now, but her own people are so crippled in their production, and drained of their resources, that taxation can give her but lessened revenues. Her path must be downward for the future; for, alas! she can never reform. And precisely here lies the most important lesson of the recent struggle. A corrupt form of Christianity comes into collision for the third or fourth time with Moslemism, and here is the result. The history of the two nations is a history of the two religions, in contact and collision. Perhaps we ought to say that it is a history of two civilizations based on different religions.

We think that no one can read Wallace's book on Russia, published a year ago—certainly one of the most genuine and thorough books ever written—without concluding that the practical holding of the Christian religion in Russia is very incompetent, if not corrupt. There is no part of the Roman Church that would seem to be any more superstitious than the Greek, as it exists in Russia. The clergy are far from being blameless and exemplary men, and the vitalities of Christianity seem to our Protestant notions hardly to be apprehended at all. Yet Christianity is held, even in Russia, in such a form that improvement and growth are not only possible but practically secured. There is improvement from century to century. The light of learning grows brighter and brighter. The rule of absolutism is softened. The serfs have been set at liberty, and the logical results of this great act are all in the direction of progress, though the progress be slow. The people have simple wants, but they are comfortable, and in this last great war they have exhibited the most splendid and enduring qualities. And it is to be remembered that they have won their position in the world against the depressing influences of an inhospitable climate and a stingy soil.

The Turk, on the other hand, has had all the advantages of prestige, climate, soil and position; but the Koran has been his sacred book, and

Mohammed has been his prophet. Dr. Storrs, in his recent address, characterized him as monotheist, fatalist, fanatic and sensualist. His monotheism has probably not injured him, but the fatalism, fanaticism, and sensualism that have come from his acceptance of Mohammed as the one prophet of the one God, have placed him forever outside of the path of improvement, and only decay and death lie before him. Monotheism, as taught by Mohammed, and held by the Turk, forms the basis of a civilization which cannot possibly stand before the aggressive force of a nation which builds upon Christianity—though most incompetently and unworthily. Of course the Turk will not see this, and cannot be brought to admit it, but the world sees it and ought to learn its lesson from it. One nation has its eyes open, and is looking for light in all directions. It is striving to keep abreast of the best civilization of the world. It is sympathetic with freedom and education. The other learns nothing. It sees nothing worthy outside of itself and is as savage to-day—as remorseless and sensual and intolerant—as in the days of its power and pride. So Russia is to increase until it shall become a great overshadowing power, and Turkey is to dwindle until she sinks beneath contempt.

The Talk about Retribution.

WE have just passed through, or we are now passing through, one of the most disgusting episodes in religious discussion that this country has ever witnessed. Its distinguishing characteristics have been irreverence and vulgarity. A modest pastor in Massachusetts was denied the pulpit to which he had been elected, on account of his failure to indorse the old orthodox dogma, concerning everlasting punishment. The council that took the responsibility of this proscription will live long enough, we hope, to see that it did a bad thing for itself, for the public, and for Christianity. The legitimate discussion that grew out of this event, we have no fault to find with. It was needed, and it will not fail to have a good result. It was a matter that specially concerned the Christian world, and one that ought to have been discussed with the modesty and dignity which should distinguish all treatment of the solemn questions that touch man's immortality.

How was it treated? Precisely as if it were a question of politics and partisanship,—it was put to vote! In the same spirit with which a train of passengers is canvassed on the eve of a great election, the newspaper press interviewed the neighboring ministers to see how they stood on the question of "hell," and to learn how they should have voted had they been members of the council whose action had started the discussion. We can imagine reporters doing just this, for 'tis their nature to—do just this. We do not know of any inquiry at which they would hesitate, if its answer would add piquancy to their contributions; but, while we have no sympathy with this sort of enterprise, we spare our condemnation of it in the presence of the fact that ministers in large numbers responded to their inquiries,

with just as much apparent readiness as if the question had related only to the Bland silver bill, or any other political measure or matter. If irreverence and vulgarity can go further than this, we have no idea in what direction they would travel. For ministers to consent to form an outside council, and have their votes recorded by the public press on any special question that one of their own regularly constituted councils had decided, would have been a grave discourtesy, to say the least. To "stand and be counted" by a newspaper reporter, while they voted on the subject of everlasting punishment, was a surrender of their self-respect, a degradation of their office and position, and a fatal vulgarizing of the whole question, of which every man among them ought to be profoundly ashamed.

When a question gets down as low as this, it is of course the privilege of every blackguard to besmirch it with his own style of handling. Colonel Ingersoll, an open unbeliever,—especially about the mouth,—has had his tilt at it. His words were diligently reported, and so loudly and persistently hawked about the streets by newsboys, that "Colonel Ingersoll" and "hell" will forever be associated in the public mind.

The result of vulgarizing this question, in this way, is about as bad as it can be. No one, we suppose, will deny that it is to reduce it to one of very little moment. A question on which men divide as partisans,—a question which is decided by votes and not by arguments,—a question which ostensibly rests in men's opinions, and is kicked about by the lowest orators and the lowest processes,—is one that soon becomes deprived of its importance; and men who trembled in the prospect of endless suffering as the consequence of sin, cease, at last, to believe in retribution altogether. No greater misfortune could happen to the world than this, for, if there is one thing in which revelation, science, and experience thoroughly agree, it is in the doctrine that suffering is, and must forever be, the consequence of sin. A man must trample on his own common-sense before he can believe that if he falls asleep in this world an impure, vicious, malignant man, he will wake up in the next a saint in heaven. To lose the idea of retribution is to lose the idea that holds the moral world in equipoise. To make God so tender and loving that without repentance and reformation He will "clear the guilty," is to degrade Him beneath human contempt. It blots out the sense of justice; it transforms crime into a mistake; it makes nothing of that which has filled this world with misery, and that which will fill any world with misery, so long as it may be persisted in. As long as consequence follows cause, just so long will retribution follow sin, whether in this world or the next; and to blot out the belief in retribution in any man's mind is to demoralize and debauch him.

Of the more dignified discussions of the question of everlasting punishment, it is proper to say a word. That there is a considerable number of orthodox ministers who have given up, or are giving up their belief in this dogma, there is no question. The loosening hold upon it has been evident

for many years. Endless torment has been talked very little about in American and English pulpits for the last decade, and is rarely, except in a general way, presented as a motive to a religious life. The Indian Orchard minister has a multitude of sympathizers among his professional brethren, and the number is growing larger rather than smaller. The change comes partly of a change of views of the character of God, partly of a change of ideas concerning the office of punishment, and partly of new and better interpretations of Scripture. Such men as Canon Farrar and Rev. Dr. Whiton—eminent alike as orthodox Christians and scholars—have had a great deal of influence on the professional mind of the day, in determining that phase of the question which scholarship can alone determine, viz., that which depends upon the exact interpretation of all

that the sacred writings have to say upon it. Dr. Whiton's little book has made, and is making, a profound impression; and so important is it deemed by some of those who have read it, that money has been freely put into his hand for its distribution.

If there is to be a future life,—and this is the faith of Christendom and heathendom,—it goes without saying that there is to be retribution in it; but, as we have read Dr. Whiton's book, there is no declaration in Scripture that the punishment is to be endless,—and no declaration that it is not to be. The book is quite worthy of any man's reading, and we commend it particularly to those whose votes have been canvassed by the reporters. If they have not already perused it, they will learn that they voted before they had all the light there was to be had upon the subject.

COMMUNICATIONS.

A Royal Marriage.

(The readers of "A Queen at School," in the April number of SCRIBNER, will be especially interested in the following account by an eye-witness of the marriage of Mercédès and Alphonso:)

MADRID, January 27th.—The city is crowded beyond all conception, chiefly with Spaniards and the different ambassadors, with their suites, who are here to congratulate the young king upon his marriage.

We pay three prices for everything, and find it almost impossible to get a carriage for the *fêtes*. But Madrid is wonderfully improved. The "Retiro," formerly a royal park and summer residence, is opened to the public, and has become the great drive of the *grandees*. It is finer than the Bois de Boulogne and much larger. The Prada and the Castellana seem given up to the lower classes, but are greatly improved and extended, and the king has six thousand galley-slaves working upon these drives. The Retiro has fine views, and, indeed, the whole city is more picturesque and interesting than I remembered it.

But now for a little gossip about royalty. I sent my card, soon after our arrival, to the Marquise de Calderon, *dame d'honneur* to the Infanta, and had a most obliging note, fixing the hour for me to come to her next day. I found her living in the palace in simple style, looking well, and more than ever devoted to her dear Infanta, who must be, from all accounts, a noble and sensible woman. Her influence over her brother always has been good. As to the king, Madame de Calderon says he is most extraordinary for his intelligence and information. There is no subject suggested in conversation upon which he will not tell you something you have not heard before, and that with a tact and modesty which makes it more interesting. Politics, literature, art, it is the same with all of them. Madame Calderon went with him and his sister to the Picture

Gallery once (soon after he came), and he astonished the directors and the president by his information, giving them a dissertation on the pre-Raphaelites.

We have been to see the American ambassador, Mr. Lowell, who confirms this report of the king's cleverness. He dined with him at La Grange, and, after dinner, the king came on the veranda and spoke with all his guests. Instead of talking American politics, as crowned heads generally do with Americans, and blundering over them, the king talked of Spanish literature with Mr. Lowell, criticising with an originality which convinced Mr. Lowell that he had an opinion of his own and was not "crammed" for the occasion. And he is but twenty! It is delightful to know that his bride is worthy of him. Madame de Calderon says Mercédès is as good as she is pretty, and they are as devoted to each other as any two young lovers in ordinary life. Madame de Calderon went with the king and the princess to Seville, and remained eighteen days, after the engagement was announced, so that the king might visit his *fiancée* daily. The king and the princess stayed in the Alcazar, where Madame de Calderon says she nearly froze to death, and she wonders what the Moorish kings were made of to endure all that cold marble and those cooling fountains. But she did not tell us that the young lovers found it cold.

Madame de Calderon showed us her dress for the marriage. It consisted of a silk of the color we call "tilleul,"—a pale, greenish yellow,—with over-dress in front of tulle, embroidered in green vine-leaves, with gold tendrils, the ground covered with spangles. On the back of the dress, dark-green velvet leaves were cut on ground of the same tilleul, and there were little flounces in front of tulle and cut velvet. Over all was a court-train, two and a half yards long, of the silk, with ending of velvet; and low neck, with short sleeves, for this dear old lady, who is over seventy-five, and who was sure she would perish in the cold church.

The queen's bridal dress was of white satin, covered with point d'Alençon lace, and veil to match; orange blossoms on the dress, and a coronet of pearls, the present of the Princess of Asturias (the Infanta), with a necklace, the present of the king, completed the simple royal toilet. The queen has one gold crown which weighs a pound and a quarter; one dress of pale blue silk, trimmed with pearls; one of yellow, with fringes of amber; one of rose color, trimmed with silver lace; another crimson, with gold lace, and a black satin, embroidered in all colors, etc., etc. With every one of these dresses there is a paletot and a court mantle which falls behind to the end of the train.

In the procession on the day of the marriage were sixty-eight grand carriages of the king, the ambassadors, and the grandees of Spain. The latter were drawn by six horses; the royal carriages by eight horses. There were no coachmen, but gorgeous lackeys walking on each side of every coach, and three and four footmen behind. Between every royal coach went detachments of royal guards in white and crimson, with white plumes, and mounted on white Arabians. When returning from the church, the king and queen were in a glass coach, with a gilt crown on top, drawn by eight milk-white Arabians. In front of the whole cortege were led the king's blooded horses, with antique saddles and accouterments of the old king's. Detachments of splendid troops accompanied the procession, and after the return to the palace, the royal party came out upon the balcony and reviewed thirty thousand troops. Such gorgeous uniforms and such horses I never saw,—nearly all of the Andalusian and Arabian breeds. The king had a present from the King of Morocco of some very fine Arabians. Queen Victoria sent the young queen a magnificent diamond bracelet and an autograph letter; and the Prince of Wales sent the king a scimitar, with gold scabbard, covered with sapphires and turquoises and with a suitable motto on the blade. These gifts came by a special ambassador, the Earl of Roslyn, who is in this house (Hotel de la Paix), with a grand suite, in which a dozen of the "crack" regiments are represented. The earl brought his own coach and his tall English flunkies, with powdered wigs.

Every night we have had beautiful illuminations of the whole city,—no one street or house is omitted,—and from every window of every house hang crimson and yellow,—the royal colors,—with crowns, coats-of-arms, etc., of the different families.

We went to the grand mass and Te Deum the day after the marriage, and heard most ravishing music from the greatest masters of Spain. Each day we see the royal party go by to some *fête*, sometimes in open carriages, the king, bareheaded, bowing to the crowd and looking so happy, and she so sweet and pretty; and we went to a royal bull-fight, which was just as horrible to look at as a common one, though the *coup d'ail* was magnificent, and the entry upon the scene of the knights in antique costume, with pages, attended by the espadas, the picadores, and the bandilleras, was most imposing. These men—the espadas, picadores, etc.,—glittered with embroidery of gold and silver on tight-fitting breeches of colored satins, silk stockings and shoes. The horses pranced; the knights were driven round the avenue in magnificent carriages, with six horses, and greeted with great enthusiasm. I will spare you the description of the bull-fight. We left soon after the blood began to flow, and I will never be persuaded to try another.

I notice in our drives that Parisian bonnets and hats are worn now by all the ladies. Many of these ladies are very pretty, with their clear complexions, both the olive and the blonde. Very few mantillas appear in the carriages. We see the women of middle rank in the streets all wearing the mantilla; the peasant women have usually bright foulards gracefully wound round their heads.

We saw in the royal stables some beautiful horses. One little pony was very curious with a fur coat, all black and curly, precisely like fine Astrachan. The pony-carriage of the Princess d'Asturias was just ready for her afternoon drive, with six beautiful ponies from Novarro, their heads ornamented with full bunches of red and blue tassels. They dashed off with such spirit. I thought the princess must have strong wrists, as well as steady nerves, to guide them. They told us she often drove them herself.

EMILY V. MASON.

THE OLD CABINET.

"Give me a theme," the little poet cried,

"And I will do my part."

"Tis not a theme you need," the world replied,

"So much as a heart."

"THUS Fate knocks at the door," said Beethoven of the opening chords of the Fifth Symphony. It is this imminence of Fate that gives solemnity to Modjeska's "Camille." In the hands of such an actor the modern French play has the grace, the power, the impression of one of the old Greek tragedies.

"HE calls himself a man of broad sympathies in art," I heard some one say the other day; "but he is one of those men whose sympathies are broad in the direction of the conventional and the commonplace. Show him a work of depth and originality, and you will see how soon his sympathies run against a wall."

WE have often heard it said by artists that the Philistine—meaning by that term not only the man who does not understand art, but the man who never

can understand it; and who never really likes it, no matter how much he may profess to like it—that the genuine Philistine admires only pictures that have, as he calls it, “finish,” meaning by that expression “smoothness to the touch.” But a little experience will convince any one that what the Philistine really dotes upon is not mere smoothness of paint; there are many smooth paintings which he abominates. No; it is something more than this that is requisite to move his heart. A picture must not only be level to the touch and sleek to the eye; it must have those traits of insipidity and shallowness and empty prettiness which appeal to his sympathies and his understanding. There was a case in point at the recent Exhibition of the Society of American Artists,—a group, not only “finished” in the artistic sense, but, as it happened, painted smoothly. But the smoothness was attained by no loss of freshness; it was a mere accident of handling; the work was in reality broad, and done with a rapid touch. To the untrained eye of the Philistine, however, there was nothing to show that the pigment had not been laid on in infinitesimal touches; that the level look of the paint was not the result of the “niggling” which he calls “conscientiousness.” And yet there was not in the Exhibition a painting against which the Philistine girded as he did against that. He could not bide it. It was smooth, undoubtedly, but it was also good.

EVERY one interested in the progress of art in America must have been gratified with the formation of “The Society of American Artists,” with the dignified manner in which it has been conducted, and with the splendid artistic success of its first exhibition.* The movement which resulted in this new organization was a natural and a healthful one. That the new enterprise has been conducted in a kindly and generous spirit, no one can deny, though even if it had all been done angrily and contentiously, who can say that it should not have been done at all,—for anything is better than stagnation, and stagnation is the very evil against which the young society is a living protest? It should not be forgotten that the greatest artist that ever lived went through life with a broken nose—symbol of the wrath and cantankerousness inseparable from the true art career.

As to the exhibition in the Kurtz Gallery, after all that may justly be said in depreciation,—as to, here and there, mannerism, feeble imitation, conventionality, shallowness,—it still remains a fact that there was never before made a representative exhibition of paintings by Americans of such a high grade of excellence,—with so insignificant a proportion of downright poor work. So much in praise of those who have managed the exhibition. But it is a fact still more significant and encouraging that the exhibition revealed, not only an amount of training and skill among both our old and young artists, but also a mastership in qualities rare and unteachable,

which must before long place American art at least on a par with the contemporary art of any other country.

A MOVEMENT like that of the new Society, so far from being a “foreign” thing, is a most gratifying augury of the true sort of nationality in our art, and has been recognized as such by the most intelligent part of the public and the press; it means not merely that hereafter foreign study will be less important, but that art is to have a congenial home in this new world. The question as to where an artist studies is, of course, of no consequence, except as it relates to his opportunities and advantages,—and the time may never come when an American artist can do his best without crossing the ocean, either to take his place in the schools, or actually to see the most important work of the old masters. But if in going abroad the artist parts from his nationality, he loses his “best hold.” Hitherto it has been necessary to go abroad, not only for proper instruction; not only for the opportunity of visiting the great galleries; not only because living is cheaper there, and the artist finds his path smoothed in every direction; not only on account of all these advantages, but also because of the comradeship to be had there, the mutual criticism, and the indefinable and indispensable “art atmosphere,” without which he cannot breathe. Certainly New York is not yet all that the artist could desire as a home; but he already begins to feel that there is a chance here; in the matter, at least, of comradeship and “atmosphere” he is certainly better off now than ever before, and the future is full of promise. It was only the other day that one of the strongest of our young artists—and one, too, who had had no lack of foreign training—sent word from Paris (whither he had been compelled to return) that he wanted to get home again,—that, for him, there was more encouragement and inspiration in America than anywhere else. “In New York,” he said, “it is like taking part in a revolution.” That is the ring of the true metal.

* * * “For whosoever works
Without a country, in whatever art,
Counts as an artist only second best.” *

WE found in the paper the other day a dispatch from the capital of a neighboring state, which read like the final chapter of an American novel. The first chapters we were already somewhat familiar with. The hero of the story was just the man for his part—with a voice cavernous and solemn, a bearing of overwhelming dignity, and a mellifluousness of speech that was the very oil of gammon. He went about the streets a perpetual parody upon himself. It was easy enough to see through him; most people did see through him, and smiled knowingly whenever his back was turned. But there are always a number of persons in a community who lack that sixth and most important sense—the power

* Officers of the society: Walter Shirlaw, President; Augustus St. Gaudens, Vice-president; Wyatt Eaton, Secretary; Louis C. Tiffany, Treasurer. Founded June 1st, 1877.

* Dr. T. W. Parsons; “The Birthday of Michelangelo.”

of detecting a "fraud" at sight. Our hero went on his way rejoicing; he became a public man; he controlled newspapers; he took a prominent position in the church; he went in for reform; he wanted to protect the people from oppressive taxation; he was talked of for governor on a reform ticket; he started a savings-bank; he swindled his depositors and was sent to state-prison, with the following words from the judge ringing in his ears:

"It was a theft from poor people, and not an ordinary theft. You violated the law, and did it, as the court is satisfied, by deceitful contrivances and plans deeply laid. After committing this crime, you aggravated it, in a moral point of view, by causing the impression that it was not you, but your own children, who were the guilty ones. In this you offended common decency and common honesty. The court wishes you to understand that it believes this pretense to be all false. You are the man that took the money—every cent of it—by wretched contrivances to cheat poor people. Your case has no feature of mitigation, and the court has nothing to do but to pronounce sentence, which is that for embezzling the funds as an officer of the bank, you be confined at hard labor in the state-prison for three years, and for conspiracy to defraud, to imprisonment for two years, the second term to commence at the expiration of the first, making five years in all."

Does any one suppose that the miserable man whose career is sketched above, could have done the harm he has done, if those good persons in the community who knew him to be a charlatan, had treated him as such? The sculptors who get up public "monuments," for the purchase of their own caricatures of distinguished men, all have on the subscription-lists the names of other men, scarcely less distinguished. The amateur writers who seem to think they can get intelligent readers only by dint of recommendations, after the manner of patent soap manufacturers, are never at a loss for celebrated names as signatures to their certificates. The point that we wish to make is that frauds—financial, social, literary, artistic—get their opportunity to do harm by the good-natured acquiescence of the better part of the community. We never knew a dead-beat who did not have some good man—some "genial reviewer"—for his apologist and "backer."

DEAR O. C.—You have a right to be disappointed, if you look for any lined and squared, cut to pattern, conventional sonnets in my writings. I have been always of the opinion that prosody is a great evil. What do I care, any way, how Petrarch, or Shakspeare, or Keats molded a sonnet? Am I to knuckle to those fellows? I originate the ideas of my poems. Why, therefore, ought I to conform to other men's patterns of expression? I say that my — *is* a sonnet, and has in it all the sonnet's completeness, notwithstanding some outright novelties of form and treatment. I would be glad to have you read,

if you have not, Charles Baudelaire's "La Géante," and say what you think of it—as a sonnet. But I am always glad to have these criticisms—they help me.

Very sincerely,

C. B. A.

MY DEAR C. B. A.—I see you have misunderstood me. In the first place, what I said was only meant as a suggestion. You called the poems "sonnets," and they were fourteen lines long. Why fourteen lines? Why be such a slave to Petrarch, or Shakspeare, or Keats, or any of those convention-ridden, down-trodden, old literary grinders?—and why ten syllables? Why not twelve, twenty-five, or seven?

By name, and to the eye, you promise sonnets; and lo, they are not sonnets! It was this fact to which I called your attention. I didn't mean to circumscribe you. I like your poems; I would rather have any one of them than five hundred of the cut-and-dried and juiceless things that you can find any day in current literature,—*"mere anatomies,"* without flesh or spirit. But it struck me as inexact and misleading, and disappointing, to call them sonnets,—as that word suggests to those who would most highly appreciate your work something very different.

I never made a bugaboo of the sonnet, and I don't care for it as a curiosity. I hate sonnets written in the "curious" mood, unless it is a big poet's mood,—Shelley's, or Keats's, for instance, or even Leigh Hunt's when he is at his best. But, in writing them, I think the poet should be familiar with every rule,—so familiar that the form is as natural as his old hat. He should take up the form when he goes to write a sonnet, just as he takes up his old hat when he goes out for a walk.

He should know it well, and use it intelligently and freely, as Milton and Wordsworth did the Italian form.

Your sonnets are neither after the English (Shaksperian) nor the Italian form, nor are they a mixture of the two. How do I like Baudelaire's "Géante"? I like it well. It is, to be sure, "irregular," but there is method in its madness; it does not commit the unpardonable sin of running into each other the rhymes of the two main divisions, as your "sonnets" do.

You are right. Form is not the principal thing in poetry. But neither is formlessness, as certain false teachers would have us believe;—something deeper, more vital, more strenuous than either, the heart of man and the keen test of time require.

O. C.

THE reviews of current art and literature are proving again the invariable rule, that wherever there appears a clever and shallow imitator, there always springs up some learned and profound critic to tell us that his imitation is better than the original.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Little Venture in Co-operation.

I WAS driven out of Chicago by the great fire, and in the following spring found myself in a western village. When I perceived all the villagers stirring the earth and planting, I too tried to make a garden. It was a failure: I did not realize enough from it to pay the interest on the seeds and labor-hire. There was nothing in the shape of a market in the place. A German woman, living two miles out, occasionally brought in a basket of vegetables, when other business called her to town. It did not pay to come oftener, she said, because she found so few buyers. She was called "The Comet." I had occasion to remember afterward the fine quality of her vegetables.

In my rounds among the villagers, in search of vegetables, I discovered that mine was not the only failure: not one garden in eight was a success. I had to pay four or five times more than prices usual in Chicago.

On every lot considerable gardening-work had been done. Each had been plowed and planted, and had received one weeding or more, yet seven in eight had been given over because other work crowded or seemed more profitable, or from inability to carry out first plans. As I saw, over the fences, the weed-possessed garden-spots, there came a thought of the possibilities had the scattered efforts—the lick-and-promise work—been concentrated on one garden of three or four acres. This thought was spoken to one and another of the villagers as complaints were heard of the dearth of fresh vegetables and of high prices.

After considerable planning, a determination was formed to make an effort at co-operative gardening, and to make the effort that summer, while the garden-failures were before the peoples' eyes, and while they were sighing over their ill-furnished tables. I began with my nearest neighbor, and went from door to door, trying to work up an interest in the subject. The first attitude of a community toward a new idea is usually one of incredulity. The men allowed the matter to go in at one ear and out at the other. Women generally conceded my statements and claims. Some wanted to see the experiment tried, but evidently at other people's risk. Not one offered help. But in arguing away objections, the subject became more defined, and I became convinced that the theory was practicable; opposition increased enthusiasm.

At length invitations were issued to twenty-three of the most prominent ladies for a meeting at my house. Twenty-one came. In a few carefully digested words, I outlined a plan for a co-operative garden, and invited a free discussion. There was an immediate response from the proprietor of a dry-goods store,—a woman whose business ability was worthy a broader field. She indorsed the plan and signified her wish to enter such an association. A widow of means who had no garden-help in the

way of sons was the second recruit. Several declarations of interest were made from members of the company, but there was but one other positive accession that evening.

During the following week the matter was widely discussed. The next meeting was largely attended, and resulted in four accessions. We now felt warranted in organizing. Officers were elected, committees appointed, and in due time a constitution and by-laws adopted. Our proceedings may not have been strictly parliamentary, but they served the purpose in binding us together and in defining our line of action. Twenty-one shares at five dollars were sold, the holders having the privilege of working out their dues on the garden. I was on the committee for sale of shares; in more than one instance I had to agree to advance the money, and to take my pay in goods or work,—wood-sawing, beefsteak, millinery, etc.

Land could not be rented in a body on advantageous terms, so we decided that our own garden-spots—those reasonably near together—might be utilized, and thus the risk in our untried scheme diminished. Next to my place was a vacant acre lot, the property of a share-holder; this was made the nucleus of our garden. Every square in the neighborhood had its half-acre garden-spot; so it was easy to secure all the ground we wanted.

We decided against a man overseer as too costly. The German "Comet" was a superior practical gardener; knew the worth of labor; did not hold herself at a high figure and was industrious and faithful. We elected her head-gardener, requiring her to take three shares in stock. She was to decide when and how the gardens were to be worked; when and how the vegetables were to be gathered; to employ the help,—usually women and children,—to conduct the gardening, in short, according to her best judgment, co-operating with an advisory committee of the stockholders, consisting of the most successful gardeners in the association. This committee met every week at the market-place, while the general meeting of the stockholders was held monthly.

Our chief rented out her place, and took a house in the neighborhood of the gardens, adjoining one of them, indeed, and here the market was established. Tables, stands, benches, etc., were given or loaned by the stockholders. The vegetables were gathered at their prime, and here exposed for sale. Prices were put down to the lowest figures consistent with prudence, and were about one-third those of previous seasons in the place. So that it was soon in everybody's mouth that it was cheaper to buy your "garden stuff" at the "Corporation," as our market was called, than to raise it yourself. All the stockholders, even to the head-gardener paid the full retail price for everything they had from the garden.

As we had no facilities for shipping any surplus,

after the village supply, our gardener, with true German instinct, suggested a method for utilizing this surplus—"some leetle peegs." A stale vegetable was never offered from her tables and benches.

Before passing to figures, which usually form the most interesting part of such a prosaic article as this, I should like to state with emphasis, that we did a strictly cash business. Not even our president was allowed to eat an unpaid-for radish.

At the very start, we incurred expenses which seemed formidable, and which roused the anxiety of every stockholder. All were incited in behalf of the enterprise, and its progress throughout the season was followed with great interest.

The following figures represent approximately the result of our venture:

OUTLAY.	
Rent	\$ 45
Gardener	70
Plants and seeds	33
Manure	37
Labor during season	240
Probable wear of implements and interest.....	15
Total	\$ 440
INCOME.	
Lettuce and radishes	\$ 31
Peas	27
Beans	53
Beets	62
Sweet-corn	48
Onions	94
Sweet potatoes	70
Irish potatoes	186
Cucumbers	81
Tomatoes	113
Egg-plant and calisy	15
Parsnips and carrots	16
Turnips and cabbages	301
Melons	46
Total	\$1143
Total outlay	440
Profit	\$703

It is also worth saying that this does not take account of the handsome little sum we made by buying and raising the pigs, for which we bought corn. We had fed the village better than it had ever been fed before, and not the village only, but many farmers' families. Of course, after this signal success, we had no trouble in selling our stock.

The second year, we did even better. We had hot-beds at a cost trifling compared with their returns. We sold plants instead of buying them as at first, and received good prices for early vegetables. The potato-crop, this second year, was a failure as far as our section at large was concerned; but our crop was good. We raised over four hundred bushels, which averaged ninety cents per bushel. Our methods remained essentially unchanged. This second year was the best we have experienced. The association has had its vicissitudes; the two past springs have been wet and unfavorable, but it has not failed to declare the regular dividends, and the members have never failed of an abundance of good fresh table supplies.

The motive of this paper has been a conviction that hundreds of villages in the land need practical suggestions in the direction to which it points.

K.

Suggestions from Correspondents.

TOO MUCH DECORATION.

LADIES who live in the country are particularly liable to "overdo" their decoration. They get many a hint of beautiful objects that can be made with little trouble, from magazines and papers, and they must needs try their skill in constructing the pretty knickknacks. Sometimes a beautiful ornament is thus made; but many times the lack of the needful materials, so easily procured in the city, but so difficult to find in the country, will cause a poor imitation of what was designed to be a "thing of beauty." We might cite many examples of this enthusiastic pursuit of various kinds of fancy-work—worsted-work, for instance. We shudder to think of the time spent,—wasted,—the eyes ruined, over ugly pieces of embroidery,—ottomans, pillows, slippers, etc. Just now the mania is for painting upon pottery. With able instruction this enthusiasm might be turned into good channels. But what shall be said of that invention of some mediocre mind—the pasting upon ginger-jars of cheap and tawdry pictures? When we see our shelves and tables covered with these vases, match-safes, cigar-holders, etc., and know that, from regard to the feelings of the young artists, these must be placed in a conspicuous position and favorable light, we are in danger of wishing that all pottery could be buried so deep in the ground that even the indefatigable Schliemann could not unearth it. A parlor ought not to be littered with such trifles. Better a few good and not costly pictures, such as engravings, or Braun's autotypes of celebrated paintings, in inexpensive frames; ornaments sparingly used, but beautiful in themselves and from association; a very few thrifty plants, not too delicate, but those that will give plenty of flowers and will not require all the sunshine; best of all, good books in plain cases. Leave space for the new volume and the magazine upon the table, and for the bright evening lamp; space upon the floor for the children's toys, and for themselves to frolic; and let not even the honest dog or the gentle cat be banished lest they break or mar some frail piece of fancy-work. So shall we be kept from the worry and care of too many treasures, and find time for reading, for study, for play with the little ones, and perhaps for practicing at times the almost lost art of plain sewing.

H.

A CHEAP WATER-FILTER.

THE house in which I now live, having been built before the water-works of the city, contains several large cisterns, with force-pump in the kitchen, to carry the water to a tank on top. Recently, while having them cleaned out, I explored them and found two of them side by side; one into which the water runs from the house is about eight by eight, and ten feet deep; the other, about ten by ten, and twelve feet deep. These are connected by a pipe near the top. Very much to my surprise, I found no filter in either. The pump-pipe I found only in the larger one, and infer that the builder's presumption was that all impurities would settle in the

first, and only the pure water would travel through the connecting pipe. If such was the presumption it was certainly at fault, as there was much sediment and impurity at the mouth of the pump. Indeed it was the filling of this pipe, and a consequent difficulty in getting water, which caused me to have the cisterns cleaned. To make a proper filter, many modes suggested themselves to me, but they were all more expensive than I desired. An architect, with whom I consulted, suggested the following, as the cheapest and as good as any other :

In the larger cistern the pipe from the pump is placed. This pipe extends to the bottom, and should extend some two feet or thereabout along the bottom. This lower end of the pipe should be turned to one side of the point at which it first touches the bottom, to near the side, and around the end of the pipe a filter is constructed as follows : A wall of brick is laid in the form of a half circle, the diameter of which is about three feet; these

bricks are laid without mortar of any kind, and come together rather loosely on the inside of the circle. This wall is laid eighteen inches to two feet high,—the exact height as also the diameter being immaterial. On this wall are placed flat stones which should be put together pretty closely, and the cracks, if any, carefully filled with cement mortar. Around and above this semicircle, there should be placed a body of coarse, well-cleaned gravel, of at least a foot in thickness. To prevent this gravel from being washed out of position, an outer wall, say a foot to fifteen inches from the other, should be built about a foot high. This outer wall has no other use or object than to keep the gravel in place. Upon this plan, no water can get to the mouth of the pump-pipe, without passing through this gravel. I use no other water but this for drinking purposes, and do not hesitate to say, that a cistern thus constructed, and carefully filled during the winter rains, will prove entirely satisfactory. P. S.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Cesnola's "Cyprus." *

CESNOLA'S "Cyprus" is a work in regard to which public expectation has been naturally much raised, and it is of a character that will not disappoint. The narrative proper runs mainly in an order either topographical or itinerary, and is grouped about the principal centers of work, viz.: Larnaca, or old Citium; Athienou, or Golgoi; Paphos, Amathus, and Curium.

Larnaca, or Larnica, is the desolate place (though the chief port and foreign consular residence), whose aspect almost frightened away the author from landing; the scene of many a tussle with a foreign consul, in rivalries of a subtle nature hardly known to native Americans, and of General di Cesnola's victory over the Turkish authorities, which made him thenceforward practically the king of Cyprus. This was his appointment and protection as cawass of a young man of good family, whom the caimakam wished to draught into the military service, to do away with his rivalry in the affections of a Cypriote young lady—though the reason here stated is not mentioned in the book. The caimakam seized the cawass by force, and a diplomatic struggle ensued, which finally was carried to Constantinople and resulted in the cawass's restoration, as well as the dismissal of not only the caimakam, but the governor of the island, besides full indemnity in money, salutes, and acknowledgments—though not before two American men-of-war had appeared off Larnaca. That, and a few maneuvers peculiarly Oriental, paved the way for Cesnola's wonderful success in digging and exporting, which way was required to be kept

open by astuteness and vigilance for ten years, against the covert hostility of bribe-seeking officials and jealous representatives of other nations, as well as by general affability and public spirit. Naturally, these matters are mostly to be read between the lines in Cesnola's "Cyprus;" but his aid and protection of the Greeks alone have caused him to be regarded as the friend and father of the oppressed in the island; and many material and social improvements still remain to witness his work for good. It is not too much to say that without the exercise of all these means and influences, as well as a mastery of languages not known outside of the Levant, he could never have carried on his operations in the face of the jealous intrigue and opposition of the high, and the prejudice and fearful superstition of the low. It is doubtful whether a native Englishman or American could have so mastered the situation; and still more doubtful whether an immediate successor will be found to recover the treasures that still lie beneath the soil.

Citium, Golgoi, and Dali were the earliest fields of exploration, whence come most of the statues and inscriptions in the Cypriote character. Golgoi, especially, contained the famous temple of Venus, afterward removed to Paphos. This temple was found—some time after the Comte de Vogüé dug across one angle of it and found nothing there. Dali is the place where were found the most noted monuments of Cypriote writing—the bronze tablet now in Paris, and the bilingual, now in London, which furnish the key to its decipherment. The walls of Citium were traced, and about it hundreds of tombs were opened, yielding various objects of value. Every few years, indeed, the street in Larnaca gives way, disclosing a tomb beneath. Sarcophagi are used for water-troughs, and their lids pave

* Cyprus. By General Palma di Cesnola. New York: Harper & Brothers.

the street-crossings. Near one of the two old harbors of Citium, also, were found the first entire Rhodian amphoræ, in which the produce of Rhodes had been imported. Their handles had been found near by before, and were quite a source of revenue to a former French consul.

The romantic story of the treasures of rock-perched, sea-overlooking Curium has been often told in the public prints, but here it is pictured in a far more lively manner, and, with the appendices, furnishes a wonderful amount of pleasure for the casual reader and food for the student. Amathus, with its peculiar and well-built tombs—one of them, the scene of the fatal accident to Dr. Siegmund; Capo Gatto, with its remarkable structures to shelter the cats imported to destroy the asps; Famagousta, with its Venetian edifices and fortifications not yet in ruins, with a supply of stone cannon-balls still sufficient for a long, old-time siege, and its wretched modern prisoners—are all described with a charming mingling of country incident and customs, and now and then a tale even romantic. Among the latter, of special interest is the story of Kattirdi Janni, the Robin Hood of the Levant.

Old Paphos, with its great temple and stone oracle-pipes, furnished many rich results; but the temple remains unexcavated, as the work would cost a fortune. General di Césnola is, however, proprietor of the site, as the British Museum is of that of the city and temple of Epheſus. The vast necropolises between old and new Paphos, among them an artificial grotto-shrine to Apollo Hylates, as revealed by a difficult Cypriote inscription over the entrance; the baths of Venus; the road to Lapethus, are wrought up in the narrative charmingly. The old and the new; the passing from the welcome of a Greek bishop to a harsh reception at the hands of Turks—for which, by the way, the officials are forced to apologize; the exploring of Phœnician tombs as old as King Solomon, and on the same side finding inscriptions of the time of Christ; exploring the ruins of a mediæval monastery and visiting a modern fortification; the climbing of rocky mule-paths where eagles fly around you; descending through olive and khardb groves, or traversing the scorching but fertile flat, Mesouria,—such is the variety with which the book is spiced.

The matters of art in the appendices, supplied by competent specialists, including the keys they supply to unlock historical and other problems, with their vast contribution in gross to our knowledge of the ancient world, give the book a rank as high in the current kindred literature as the author's discoveries take among those of his contemporaries in Eastern exploration.

Phillips Brooks's "Lectures on Preaching," *

No one in our country has had more continuous or more conspicuous success in preaching than Mr. Brooks, and the book he has given us points directly

to the principles which underlie his power. No one can read it and go on repeating the proverb, "as dry as a sermon," if only sermons shall be conceived and delivered in the moral and intellectual atmosphere with which these lectures surround the subject.

Mr. Brooks's idea of a sermon is not that of a rampart with a man behind it, hidden from view by the greatness of the structure which is itself to furnish the aggressive and defensive power of Christianity, by the abstract force of its arguments or the multiplied accumulation of its authorities. It is to him only an instrument by which the personality of the preacher is to be brought to bear upon the auditor,—a hand weapon, which, though it must be true in temper and genuine in construction, gains its power from him who wields it. His lectures, therefore, have the predominant characteristic of an effort to form the preacher rather than make the sermon. His ideal of a minister is evidently a preaching man rather than a man who sermonizes. He says "the sermon should be written with such reference to the people's needs and the preacher's needs that the minister may go forth with it on Sunday, almost with the certainty of one of the old prophets, 'The word of the Lord came unto me, saying.'" He declares that "preaching is truth through personality." A preacher is both a messenger and a witness. He has a message not his own, a truth which he brings and does not originate. But he cannot truly transmit it until it has entered into his own experience. Preaching is the result of a truth which we have mastered, and which has mastered us. It is a resultant of both study and life.

The teaching in these lectures is of necessity full of vitality. It is to be compared not so much to a treatise on tactics, or an exhortation to enlist, as to a strain of martial music inspiring the enthusiasm of a soldier. It is withal very noble and very genuine. No theological student could ever read it and doubt that character lay at the bottom of his success. Full of inspiring suggestions as it is, no one could glean from it any comfort in trusting to inspirations and neglecting work and study. Its method, too, is positive. It teaches men to look at things on the right side; on the side which faces them, not merely their neighbors. It is constructive, and incites preachers to emulate the method of the architect rather than the processes of the dissecting room. What could be more admirable than this: "When you would preach against the faults of other denominations of Christians, first find them out and destroy them in your own?" Or again: "The preacher must mainly rely upon the strength of what he does believe, and not upon the weakness of what he does not believe. It must be the power of spirituality and not the feebleness of materialism that makes him strong."

A book so vital and so positive must of necessity be hopeful. Because our Lord and his apostles have spoken, Mr. Brooks has been criticised for saying that the world has not seen its best preaching, yet. His meaning is however perfectly evident and evidently true. It is spoken not of the Master

* Lectures on Preaching, delivered before the Divinity School of Yale College, in January and February, 1877, by Rev. Phillips Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

nor of inspired apostles, but of the ministry which they instituted, and the assertion is founded on the fact that truth is ever becoming more evident and more evidencing. Men may become more and more completely mastered by it. They shall therefore speak it with greater power. "We believe and therefore speak"—therefore the more fully we believe the better we shall speak.

Indeed the very excellencies of these lectures seem sometimes to suggest a defect in them. They are so very strong that they appear sometimes to overlook the weak; they are the product of so rich a vitality, of physical health, and intellectual power and spiritual character, that they furnish an ideal which many may feel too exalted for their approximation. What our author says out of an experience of uniform and unusual success, will strike many an honest but less richly endowed soul as an exaggeration, if not a misstatement; as for instance, where Mr. Brooks speaks of the preacher's vocation, not on its spiritual side only, but also as a worldly career, as the most enjoyable and charming of all pursuits. He says that to it are given the brightest and best of the many bright and good things of the world. We have no admiration for the whining or gently complaining spirit which he is deprecating; but there is many a faithful minister, who, either by reason of poor health, or a mind too little vigorous, or a lack of social attractiveness, has been so often made the prey of an ambitious congregation, or has been so harassed by the captious criticism of vulgar and pretentious parishioners, or has had to suffer such humiliations of torture, because he could only be faithful and could not be popular, that he would be apt to console himself, not with the thought that of all the bright and good things in the world he had the brightest and best, but rather with the older and diviner word, "In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." There is no man who, after a course of such almost unexampled success as our author, could show less trace of any evil effect of it. In fact those who know him best are best convinced of all absence not only of conceit but even of self congratulation. His simplicity has never been marred by the applause which has continually followed him. But the very fullness and strength and richness of his nature may have themselves combined to interpose a limit to sympathy with difficulties which he never has experienced and cannot understand, and which seem to underlie a few statements like that on which we are commenting. We mention it for fear some should be led by the reading of the book to react into despair rather than to enter into the hopefulness with which Mr. Brooks would inspire them.

It is hard to leave so magnetic a book. We would like to speak more fully of its apt illustrations and the noble simplicity of its style. Mr. Brooks both defends wit and humor and exhibits them; as for instance: "I believe in the true elocution teacher as I believe in the existence of Halley's comet which comes into sight of this earth once in about seventy-six years." But we must take our leave of his book, with the hope that all makers and hearers

of sermons will read it, for its tendency is not only to create better preaching, but also to elicit a more appreciative hearing of the Divine Word.

Hooper and Phillips's "Manual of Marks on Pottery."*

THIS little volume is a useful addition to the books and chapters of books already existing, which have, for their being's end and aim the teaching the amateur in pottery how to translate the homely hieroglyphics that conceal the names of the makers of his pots, and of the places where they make them. The little volume, which is really a pocket-book, prettily printed and fully illustrated, has a plan of its own. In the first eighty pages or so the marks on pottery and porcelain are arranged under descriptive heads as "Anchor," "Bell," "Heart," etc., etc. The next section, filling seventeen pages, is concerned with the marks on Majolica. The section that follows, takes up eighty-four pages, and gives the marks of the famous factories or fabriques. The remaining fifty-four pages of the book are taken up with the marks upon Oriental wares. The arrangement of all the sections is the same. The marks themselves are given in a column at the left hand side of the page. Then on the same line follow,—the name of the maker or of the factory, the nature of the ware—whether pottery or hard paste,—the general color of the decoration and the manner of it—whether painted or stamped (impressed), and, lastly, the date. Thus, in the first section under "Fish," we have (p. 21)

Figure of a Dolphin	Lille	h. p. (hard paste)	p. blue (penciled blue)	1790
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There is much information in this little book; but the information is inconveniently arranged. The authors started with a good plan; but they did not adhere to it. Had they been content to classify all the marks they came across in shops and collection, or could find in books, into "pictures of things," "monograms," "letters" and "names," it would have been easy to refer to any mark, whereas by the present arrangement the inevitable repetitions make the book, small as it is, much larger than it needed to have been.

But, after all, why this whim to study marks, and to puzzle ourselves with these guesses as to maker and place of manufacture? Only the scientific student can get more than a smattering of such knowledge with all the labor he may expend upon the mere marks: the true way to study pottery, if one be drawn in that direction, is to become familiar with as many specimens as possible, to observe, first, the character and quality of the material, to learn to distinguish between the different kinds of ware, and the glazes with which they are covered. This knowledge is comparatively easy to acquire for the facts are simple, and little varied. The difficulty begins when we come to study the designs whether of form or of decoration that bring the

* A Manual of Marks on Pottery and Porcelain: a Dictionary of Easy Reference. By W. H. Hooper and W. C. Phillips. London: Macmillan & Co.

specimens of manufacture into the domain of art. To a beginner in the study, a few books such as Fortnum's "*Majolica*," published in an abridged form as one of the South Kensington Hand-books, Jacquemart's "*Histoire de la Céramique*," the original work, in three handy little volumes (with the prettiest wood-cuts!), will be all-sufficient, and for the rest he must depend on his own industry. If he bring to the subject a natural taste, some perceptive power, and an interest in it for its own sake, he will find that books can teach him as little about it as they can about any of the higher forms of art.

Froude's "Thomas Becket."*

THIS monograph, which appeared originally in "*The Nineteenth Century*," has all those merits with which Mr. Froude's admirers have been long familiar. It is drawn from original sources; it is vivid and picturesque; it is warmed by an earnest moral purpose. Even those who most dislike Mr. Froude's opinions can scarcely help perceiving that he is a foeman worthy of their steel, and that, somehow or other, he must be answered. He regards with a half-amused contempt the revival in England not only of mediæval practices and beliefs, but of mediæval judgments of men and measures; and he selects Thomas Becket as a crucial instance by which to test the wisdom of this revived hero-worship. He avails himself of the publication of new materials and the republication of old, for the purpose of showing us Becket and the church of the twelfth century as he believes they really were—and a very pretty picture it is. Nobody—at least no student of history—denies that much corruption has again and again found its way even into the church of Christ; and, in fact, the canons and decrees of councils are constantly concerned with provisions for a more or less searching reformation. There is, probably, not a single Catholic power at the present day which would not regard the claims of Becket with contempt. But it needs a strong effort of imagination to reproduce those "ages of faith" in which it seemed natural that the vermin which swarmed in Becket's hair-shirt, should be changed into pearls; and that a king should be dragged by a rope round his neck out of his bed to die in ashes on the floor, as a voluntary expiation for a godless life.

Mr. Froude's Becket is certainly a kind of monster; and it may be well for all impartial inquirers to hear the other side. But it is very plain that his willfulness and obstinacy caused the utmost perplexity to his best friends—including the pope. Indeed, Mr. Froude's worst accusations are supported, not to say proved, by extracts from the fervid eulogies of the archbishop's most uncompromising admirers. There is, moreover, too much reason to think that his administration of the chancellorship could not have borne examination. The reckless extravagance of his expenditure before he became archbishop could have been met by no known resources excepting those which his high

office gave him the power, but not the right, to appropriate to his own use. But we can only notice the appearance of Mr. Froude's monograph, without any attempts at analysis or criticism. Everybody, of course, must read it. Indeed, nobody who begins it, can possibly lay it down unfinished.

New English Books.

LONDON, March 1.

THE whole subject of "ceramics" has been so thoroughly explored by the researches of Marryatt, Jacquemart, Chaffers, Jowett, and others, that very little is left in obscurity that is capable of receiving elucidation. A kindred department of art furnishes the theme for an important book just presented in an English dress: "*History of Furniture*, translated from the French of Albert Jacquemart; edited by Mrs. Bury Palliser," one volume, royal 8vo, with numerous illustrations. M. Jacquemart's "*History of the Ceramic Art*," is acknowledged to be the best and most comprehensive work yet produced on the subject. The author's life indeed was devoted to the study and improvement of the decorative arts. He was one of the first to recognize their importance to France as a source of national wealth, and individual culture, and the results of his latest researches are given in the "*History of Furniture*." M. Jacquemart died in 1875, so that his last work is a posthumous one,—the successor of forty others all relating to the arts; and the spirited illustrations it abounds with, show that taste was hereditary in the family, as they are the work of his son, M. Jules Jacquemart, whose admirable etchings are also found in the "*Ceramic Art*."

The English word "furniture" hardly expresses the meaning of the French "*mobilier*," the former being in ordinary usage restricted to household goods, while the latter is applicable to every article of domestic utility or luxury as well as to objects of personal adornment. In this wider sense it is applied in M. Jacquemart's book, and the reader will find in it the history not only of furniture proper, as buhl and marqueterie work, etc., but also of embroideries, tissues, hangings, tapestry, statuary, terra cottas, bronzes, jewelry, gems, enamels, glass-ware, ivory carvings, etc., etc.—in short of every species of work that meets the eye in collections like those of the Musée de Cluny at Paris or the South Kensington Museum of London. As before mentioned, the general diffusion of the taste for articles of this kind is the best testimony to their real interest and value, and the recent Loan Exhibition in New York shows how much has been already secured for American cabinets. It is worth notice that there is the very best authority for stating that England has no longer the reputation of being the most liberal purchaser of "virtu." Mr. J. C. Robinson, to whose exertions the art collection at South Kensington owes its chief treasures, lately wrote: "For a century or more there has been an unceasing flow of works of art from Spain, and indeed from most other European countries, into

* *Life and Times of Thomas Becket*. By James Anthony Froude, M. A. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 1878.

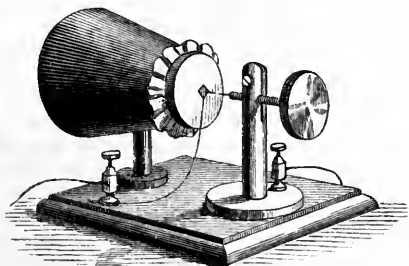
England; latterly, however, these currents have set in other directions,—France, Italy and Germany now outbid us in our own market, and the finest treasures of art no longer fall into English hands.” Mr. Robinson regrets that this should be the case at the very time when a movement is commencing for the formation in England of provincial museums and galleries of art, and it is to be hoped that America will profit by the suggestion while there is yet time. The fact is indubitable. Two weeks since in London occurred a sale of articles of vertu, the property of Mr. Edward Majoribanks, a late member of the firm of Coutts & Co. It was well attended, and produced about ninety thousand dollars, but it was known to collectors that he owned things of much greater value than any that were offered there, and on inquiry it turned out that the choicest articles had all been sold in Paris. The same is the case as regards books. During the present month the choicest portion of the library of one of the most tasteful and fastidious of English book collectors, Mr. R. S. Turner, of the Regent’s Park, will be sold at auction in Paris, being sent there by the owner, as they will probably realize higher prices than they would in London. These books comprise specimens of the classes, most in vogue on the Continent,—early French black-letter romances, poetry, etc., in rich old morocco binding, in faultless condition. For anything relating to old English literature, London and New York will always be the chief markets. A fine copy of the first folio Shakspeare (from Scotland) brought at auction, ten days since, four hundred and eighty pounds. Its dimensions were very satisfactory,—“one-sixteenth of an inch taller than Mr. Daniel’s copy;” but the title page and opposite verses showed marks of repairs, or otherwise a higher price would have been obtained. Another specially English and American taste in collecting, is that for old Bibles, and we are indebted to an American bibliographer, Mr. Henry Stevens of Vermont, for a very curious monograph on the subject, under the title, “The Bibles in the Caxton Exhibition.” Taking for its text this unique collection, brought together mainly through Mr. Stevens’s exertion, it gives a catalogue *raisonné* or bibliographical description of one thousand representative Bibles, from the first printed by Gutenberg, about 1450, to that one “wholly printed, bound and delivered complete,” within twelve hours, on the 30th of June, 1877, the day of the Caxton celebration, by the Oxford University Press. The origin and parentage of the first English Bible of 1535, called “Coverdale’s,” from its editor, has long been a subject of great interest, doubt and difficulty; only one absolutely perfect copy is known. Mr. Stevens in this work records—what forms a bibliographical discovery of the first importance—the name of the actual printer and that of the place of its production. Some curious statistics of biblical collections are given by Mr. Stevens from personal examination. The King of Würtemberg’s famous collection of Bibles in the

Royal Library of Stuttgart exceeds eight thousand editions; while the Wolfenbüttel Library contains about five thousand. The library of the British Museum, however, at the present day, contains the largest and richest assemblage of Bibles and parts thereof in the world, numbering above sixteen thousand titles; though the Caxton Exhibition contained many editions still wanting in the National Library. The Lenox collection at New York ranks among the very first ever formed by an individual; and that belonging to Mr. Francis Fry, of Bristol, well known by various publications on the subject, is probably the richest in private possession in England. Mr. Fry owns more than one thousand impressions of the English versions of the Bible, Testament, Psalms, prior to the year 1700. The whole work of Mr. Stevens is a mine of curious information on biblical subjects, not accessible in any other shape. While on the subject of rare books, it is interesting to note the direction that public taste is now taking. It is well known to every one that for the last half century the chief ambition of collectors has been to possess fine copies of books by the old English printers, relating especially to the drama, poetry, and Elizabethan literature *par excellence*. Little by little rare books of this class have nearly all disappeared from the market; they can no longer be kept in stock, and are lodged in public libraries, whence nothing but a revolution can set them free, or only are found at rare intervals on the dispersal of libraries by auction of well-known collectors deceased. As money must be spent, it became necessary that the vacancy should be filled by some other class of books, and almost suddenly a value that seems exorbitant, by comparison, has been placed upon first editions of books by English authors of quite recent date, on books that, in fact, a few years since, would have been thought not worth the trouble of cataloguing. The caprice of taste was well exemplified at a recent sale. The first edition of Milton’s “Paradise Lost” has not hitherto been a dear book; it brought then, however, £34; while “Lycidas” sold for £73, and “Comus” for £50. These prices will probably be exceeded in the future, as Milton is a name for all literatures. The rage for Shelley is certainly more unaccountable, when the little pamphlet of a few pages, the first edition of his “Adonais,” brought £42, of his “Epipsychidion” £11 15s., and of “Queen Mab” £8 5s. Anything relating to John Keats or Charles Lamb is equally sought after, and even the first edition of works of living or recently deceased writers, as Mr. Browning, John Ruskin, Miss Barrett, have risen in the same proportion. The upward tide has not reached the Queen Anne writers; early editions of Pope, Swift, Addison, Prior, etc., have no value; but Fielding, Sterne, Johnson and Goldsmith, are “looking up.” At the same sale “Tristram Shandy,” first edition, brought £11 5s., instead of the former usual price of a few shillings.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Singing Telephone for Schools.

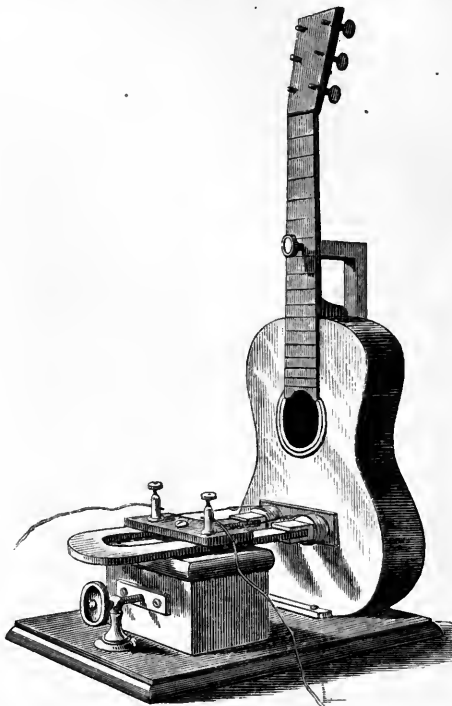
A NEW apparatus for developing the tones of a telephone when used for singing, and to illustrate the theory and practice of telephony has been de-



TRANSMITTING APPARATUS USED WITH THE TELEPHONIC GUITAR.

vised by Professor Morton, and constructed by the students of the Stevens Institute of Technology, Hoboken. The apparatus employs a transmitting instrument resembling the Reiss diaphragm, and is represented in the above cut. It consists of a metallic cone-shaped funnel closed at the smaller end by a diaphragm of paper that bears on the outside, at the center, a small disk of metal. A fine needle, supported by a screw, is set up before this, so that it may be screwed close up to the diaphragm as shown in the cut. A wire from the needle connects it with the battery and another wire connects the disk on the diaphragm with the circuit. By properly adjusting the screw, the needle may be brought to the disk, so that a very slight movement of the diaphragm will cause the disk to make or break the circuit. The receiving apparatus is modeled on the Reiss telephone, and consists of a large horse-shoe magnet, with the proper coils at the ends, and a common guitar set upright before the magnet as shown in the larger figure. On the front of the guitar is placed a thin bar of iron that makes the armature of the magnet. On connecting the apparatus with the battery, and the transmitting apparatus, every vibration of the diaphragm makes and breaks the circuit and increases or diminishes the attraction of the magnet and causes the armature to swing forward or back, dragging the sounding-board of the guitar with it. Thus the sonorous vibrations of the voice striking on the paper diaphragm cause it to make or break the circuit, and the guitar moving in unison with it gives to the air the same vibrations, and in the same relative order. The air inclosed in the guitar takes up the vibrations and repeats them with increased power, and the tones are reproduced with sufficient volume to be heard in a large room. While this apparatus cannot reproduce words, it is useful as illustrating the construction of a simple form of singing telephone, and will be found of great value

in experimenting before schools in this field of applied science. The apparatus transmits musical



TELEPHONIC GUITAR.

sounds any distance and with undiminished power, and can be used for transmitting the singing tones of voices and instruments.

The Commercial Value of Pure Air and Sunlight.

THE investigations of Tyndall, Pasteur and others concerning the spontaneous generation of bacteria and other low forms of life have seemed to some portions of the business world to have little practical value; yet from these efforts in pure research have come facts of the utmost value in trade and domestic life. Notably among these are the important and useful data furnished by Pasteur concerning the growth of the yeast-plant and the application of his discoveries to the manufacture of malt liquors. More recent discoveries in this field point to important facts concerning the sanitary effects of sunlight and pure air. Tyndall prepared sixty glass flasks and filled them with infusions of beef, turnip, and other meats and vegetables, and while the mixtures were boiling in the flasks he sealed the open ends by fusing the neck of each flask. These infusions, if left exposed to the air, will soon swarm with life, and this life is the beginning of decay. The hermetically sealed flasks were then taken to

the Alps. On arrival, six of the flasks were found broken in transit, and the infusions they contained were full of organisms and in a state of advanced decay. The infusions in the whole flasks were limpid and free from life, and so remained for six weeks. Twenty-three of the flasks were then taken into a stable containing fresh hay, and the sealed ends were broken off by crushing them in a pair of pliers. The air of the stable, laden with invisible dust, at once filled the flasks above the liquids. The flasks were then removed to a kitchen having a temperature of from 65 to 90° Fahrenheit. On the same day, twenty-seven of the unopened flasks were taken to the edge of a precipice overlooking a vast range of high Alps, consisting of bare rocks and snow-fields. A gentle breeze was blowing from the mountains, and standing to leeward of the flasks so as to prevent any germs of life that might cling to his person or clothing from entering the flasks, Professor Tyndall opened the flasks by crushing the ends with a pair of pliers, having first heated the pliers in the flame of a spirit-lamp, to destroy any germs that might be sticking to them. These flasks were then removed to the kitchen beside the first group. In a short time, twenty-one of the twenty-three flasks opened in the stable became filled with organisms and putrefaction began. Two of the flasks remained limpid and sterile, showing that they did not receive the germs of life from the dust-laden air of the stable. Of the flasks opened on the Alpine heights, not one was affected, and they remained for some time sterile and as limpid as distilled water. These experiments are in confirmation of others performed by Pasteur in the same direction, and strikingly illustrate the difference between the dusty air of a hay-loft (and it is not mentioned that the stable was occupied by any diseased animals, or that it was specially filthy) and the pure air of high mountains. There has been a tradition in some portions of this country that the atmosphere of a barn was in some manner favorable to the good health of persons employed in them. These experiments effectually put that matter at rest. Dust is disease. Pure air is health. It would seem, moreover, that if a series of experiments could now be conducted in the same manner in the hill-country, on the plains, and on the seashore in this country, further facts concerning the relative sanitary value of the air in these different places might be obtained that would be of value. Drs. Downs and Blunt, in making investigations in this line, report that, from their experiments concerning the effect of sunlight upon the growth of bacteria and the fungi that accompany putrefaction and decay, they infer that light will prevent in a greater or less degree the development of these organisms. The preservative effect of light was found to be most effectual in full sunlight, though there was some effect to be obtained from diffused sky light. The germs of decay in a liquid may be destroyed and the liquid perfectly preserved by the unaided action of light. These results, though they are advanced by the experimenters as, in a measure, subject to revision on further investigation, serve to

establish on a stronger basis the already known value of direct sunlight in destroying the germs of putrefaction and in preventing the spread of diseases that have their origin in dust and decay. If more were needed to illustrate the actual commercial value of a southern exposure for sleeping and living rooms, by reason of the increased healthfulness of sunlit rooms, these experiments would certainly settle the matter. Thus, from these varied experiments, the money value of a southern aspect and the command of pure air is placed beyond question. Health has a money value, and the conditions of health—pure air and sunlight—have also a money value.

Utilizing the Products of Combustion.

IN the manufacture of charcoal, it has been the custom to permit the products of the slow combustion to escape into the air; but it has been recently found that, by turning the kiln into a retort, a number of the by-products of the burning might be made of some commercial value. Kilns of brick are erected, and in these the wood is charred in the usual manner. After burning for a few days to drive off the watery vapors, the opening at the top of the kiln is closed, and instead of permitting the various gases to escape, they are drawn away by means of pipes into a large cylinder that is provided with a water-jacket, and thus the kiln becomes a retort. A suction-fan is employed to remove the gases from the kilns, and to assist the action of the retort pressure is applied to the gases in the condensing-chamber. The resulting liquid is mixed in character, but by means of various chemical processes the valuable portions are readily separated and made commercially available. It has been found that from every one thousand kilos (about one ton) of wood burned in the kiln may be obtained six liters (two gallons) of coal-tar, six liters of wood-alcohol or naphtha, and forty-eight liters of acetic acid. There are also a number of other substances of more or less value in the arts that may be extracted from the residue; but, so far, this has not been attempted on a large scale. The manufacture of the charcoal pays a profit in the regular product, and the saving of these by-products is thus a clear gain above the cost of managing the condensing apparatus. The demand for these by-products is as yet comparatively limited; but as they are made from material hitherto thrown away, it is thought that the low price at which they can be sold will create new uses and new markets. Another instance of the utilization of the products of combustion has been found in burning the natural gas from the gas-wells. Here the by-product is simply carbon (literally the smoke), produced by allowing the gas flames to impinge on chilled surfaces. The natural gas, being remarkably pure and free from dust, gives a superior quality of carbon that is of value in the arts. The manufacture of this product of combustion has also had the effect of lowering the price of lamp-black, thus rendering a benefit to trade by supplying a superior article at a lower price.

BRIC-A-BRAC.



A PHILANTHROPIC SPIRIT.

"Thank goodness! we've got rain at last. It'll make milk plentiful, and that's what the poor folks want."

A Spring Lilt.

THROUGH the silver mist
Of the blossom-spray,
Trill the orioles: list
To their joyous lay!

"What in all the world, in all the world," they
say,
"Is half so sweet, so sweet, is half so sweet as
May?"

"June! June! June!"

Low croon

The brown bees in the clover;

"Sweet! sweet! sweet!"

Repeat

The robins, nested over.

AVIS GREY.

More Pidgin English.

MR. HAYES's paper on "Pidgin English" in
SCRIBNER for January has called out from a corre-

spondent the following additional anecdotes, which,
besides furnishing amusing examples of this dialect,
illustrate prominent phases of Chinese character:

THE "LIE DOLLA."

An American photographer at Shanghai employed
for some time as assistant a Cantonese named Sing
Kwa, who concluded that he was master of the
tricks of the trade, and accordingly started business
on his own account. He had been instructed to use
Mexican dollars in preparing a nitrate of silver, but,
to his great astonishment, his attempts were unsatis-
factory in every instance. Returning to his em-
ployer, he related his experience:

"Hi yah! Befo'e time mi helpee you that pidgin,
any time hab got numba one ploppa that dolla
chemical pidgin. Jus' now no can! Plenty time
mi do allah same you show mi. Jus' now that
medicine b'long largee diffeent! Mi no can sabee
how fashion. Mi losum plenty chancee. Mi that

dolla hab spilum. Jus' now mi largee chin-chin you pay mi sabee how fashion no can do."

(Formerly, when I helped you in preparing the chemicals, all was right. Now all is wrong. Repeatedly I have done just as you have shown me, and the mixture is very different. I do not know why. I have been at great expense. My dollars are all consumed. Now, I entreat you to explain to me what is wrong.)

His late employer, feeling sure that he must have made some blunder, directed Sing Kwa to try the experiment in his presence, in order that he might detect the mistake; but what was his surprise to find the result something very strongly resembling nitrate of copper, instead of nitrate of silver. Sing Kwa was told that he must have been cheated by some one who had given him bad dollars, which he had used in preparing his chemicals. The prompt reply was:

"What thing! You think mi b'long foolo! Think mi no sabee that b'long lie dolla? S'pose mi takee numba one dolla, hab got too muchee la'gee spensee,—no got plenty ploit. How mi can do so fashion pidgin?"

(What! do you think I am a fool? Do you think I do not know that is a bad dollar? Suppose I use good dollars, the expense is much too large; the profit is much too small. How can I do business after that fashion?)

TURNING THE TABLES.

Although the Chinese servant is considered one of the most obsequious of mortals, yet one instance has come to our knowledge where the Celestial character, being slightly tinctured with European civilization, rose quite equal to the occasion. It happened in this wise:

Young ———, a resident in China, was possessed of considerable energy of character and some self-confidence; but his small stature rendered it impossible that his physical powers should be remarkable. Finding that his "boy" had been delinquent in many of his duties, he one day called him to his room, and the door having been closed and locked, the following dialogue ensued:

"Plenty time mi talkee you, boy, how fashion must take care that pidgin. My one day, one day, must pay you sabee what thing mi wanchee. Jus' now how fashion you pay mi so muchee troup? Mi talkee you no go out; more better stay inside; takee care that boy pidgin. Jus' now alla day you no hab got."

(Often I have told you, boy, how you are to do your work. I must daily explain to you what I want. How is it you give me so much trouble? I told you not to go out, but stay here and do your work. Now, you have been out the whole day.)

"Mi that motta hab makee die."

(My mother has died.)

"Now you talkee lie. Befo'e time, three piecee time, you talkee, 'Mi that motta hab makee die.' No can hab got so fashion."

(Now you are telling me a lie. You have told me three times before that your mother had died. That is impossible.)

"More betta you no so muchee bobbely mi."

(You better not scold me so much.)

"Boy, you no can pay mi so muchee sass. Jus' now that door hab makee lock. No man can see. Mi makee pay you plenty la'gee flog."

(Boy, you must not be so impudent. Now, I have locked that door, no one can see, and I will give you a sound thrashing.)

"More betta you no pay mi troup. Mi sabee that door hab makee lock. No man can see. Hi yah! You no touchee *mi*! Mi makee pay *you* plenty la'gee flog!"

(You better not interfere with me. I know that door is locked and no one can see. Don't touch *me*! I will give *you* a sound flogging.)

And the foreigner presuming on his Caucasian superiority, the boy was as good as his word!

A DISTINCTION WITHOUT A DIFFERENCE.

The following appeal was made by our "boy" in behalf of a kitten about to be consigned to a bath previous to being transferred from Celestial to European civilization:

"Mi thinkee no b'long ploppa makee washee that smalla piecee cat. Pay he sick. Makee washee that dog can do. That cat no can. Pay he largee sick. Mus' wanchee makee die."

(I think it is not proper to wash a kitten. It will make it sick. It is all right to wash a dog, but not a cat. It will make the cat very sick; it will surely die.)

A PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE.

We all know how convenient servants find it to have a cousin very ill when they wish to leave work for a few days. The following incident shows that the Heathen Chinese knows quite as well how to appeal to human sympathy on similar occasions:

"Masata, mi too muchee chin-chin you, pay mi few day walkee inside country."

(Master, I beg you to allow me to go into the country for a few days.)

"Yes, boy, s'pose hab got reason. What for wanchee go?"

(Yes, boy, if you have a good reason. Why do you wish to go?)

"Long time mi that olo motta talkee mi, mus' wanchee cattee mally. Jus' now one time more sendy mi one piecee chit; talkee hab settee alla that pidgin; mus' wanchee mi come chop-chop cattee that young piecee wifo. Too muchee long time makee wait. B'long custom, mus' wanchee do alla same that olo motta talkee."

(My old mother has been telling me for a long time that I must marry. Just now she sends me another note saying that everything is settled, and I must come with all speed to take the young wife, who has already waited too long. According to custom, I must do as my old mother says in this matter.)

Fables, à la Mode.

1.—THE COMPLAINING OYSTER.

As a French Waiter was enjoying a few raw Oysters on the half-shell, one of the Oysters remonstrated with him. "Mine," said the Oyster, "is a Hard Case." "C'est ma foi vrai," rejoined the



GIVING AND TAKING.

FIRST AMATEUR: I say, I think we might give concerts.

SECOND AMATEUR: Oh! so we might, but who would take them?

Waiter, "I have had much difficulté in opening it." And then, soothing the Sufferings of the Oyster with a Dash of Vinegar, he devoured it.

Moral.—Le Raw est mort, vive le Raw.

II.—THE MEDIUM AND THE SKEPTIC.

As a Circulating Medium was in the act of Levitation at a dark Séance, while he was describing the Black Spirits and White by whom he was sustained in the air, an Inquiring Skeptic shed light on his Movements by turning on a Lantern he had concealed about his Person. The Circulating Medium came down from his Ladder, and said that he would be a Party to no such Trance-Action. And the Believers arose and cast forth the Inquiring Skeptic, who thereafter sought with his Lantern for an Honest Man in other Circles.

Moral.—Light, more Light.

III.—THE HOODLUM.

As a Chinese Actor was reflecting on his Cue, he was accosted roughly by a Hoodlum, who besought him to pull down his Vest. Accustomed to take things Coolie, the Disciple of Confucius showed no confusion. "I have no such Garment," he said, "but I will willingly exhibit the Sword Trick for your Edification." With that he drew his Two-edged Sword, and made a dexterous flourish before the Eyes of the Hoodlum. Then, wiping his Weapon and returning it to its Scabbard, he politely offered his Snuff-box, and the Hoodlum sneezed his amputated Head from his unsuspecting Shoulders.

Moral.—Down with the Chinaman, wholesale, retail, and pig-tail.

A. Z.

The Mermaid and the Octopus.

THERE was a mermaid beneath the sea,
By her papa kept in a locked abyss—
Yet in spite of the cruel old merman, she
Fell deeply in love with an octopus—
A slimy, grimy octopus!
A green, unrhymy octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!

He'd savage eyes, and dreadful strength
In his horrid beak that cocked up was—
And tentacles, thirty feet in length
Surrounded this wonderful octopus!
This mighty, bitey octopus!
This snappish, fighty octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!

There wriggled in an electric eel—
On the mermaid's lips he shocked a buss!
Said she "The magnetic thrill I feel,
But you'd better look out for my octopus!
He's a frightful, spiteful octopus!
Yet a most delightful octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!"

Quoth she to her nurse, an old mermaid,
"Although the old man has locked up us,
A way I know, and I'm not afraid
To escape to my darling octopus!
My beautiful, dutiful octopus!
And a very suitable octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!"

She called a cyclone, that in Broadway
I'm certain would over have knocked a bus,
But it only carried her, sulky, away,
So she might elope with the octopus!
"Audacious, rapacious octopus!"
Cried the nurse. "Oh good gracious! octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!"

And now in their weedy coral bed
They lie in *dulcissimis noctibus*—
At night she's embraced and in day-time fed
By the numerous arms of her octopus!
A curious, furious octopus!
A quite injurious octopus!
The son of a terrible cuttle-fish!
A quivering, shivering octopus!

CHARLES P. RUSSEL.



JUVENILE BOSTON.

VERY YOUNG LADY (with injured air): "I think it 'th mean,
I haven't been to one Thymphony Conthert thith winter, and
Everett 'th been to two.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. 2.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



NO. 1. GRIMALDI LOSES HIS BET. [SEE PAGE 170.]

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was born on the 27th of September, 1792. Heir to the traditions of a family of artists, and beginning life with no higher ambition than to do good sound work, every day, and get paid for it, he found himself started at ten or twelve years of age on that career of labor and success which has lasted longer than the whole lives of most long-lived men. The earliest print which the writer of this has ever seen is dated March, 1808, when the artist was fifteen years and six months

old. The earliest dated print, according to the tolerably complete catalogue issued seven years ago, by Mr. G. W. Reid of the British Museum, is of 1803, in which year the artist was eleven years old. "My father, Isaac Cruikshank, was a designer and etcher and engraver and a first-rate water-color draughtsman," says George, in a letter to Mr. Reid. "My brother, Isaac Robert, was a very clever miniature and portrait painter, was also a designer and etcher. * * * When I was a mere boy my dear father kindly allowed me to *play*



NO. 2. POLITICAL CARICATURE,—AT TWENTY.

at *etching* on some of his copper-plates,—little bits of shadow, or little figures in the background; and to assist him a little as I grew older, and he used to assist *me* in putting in hands and faces. And when my dear brother, Robert (who in his later days omitted the Isaac), left off portrait painting and took almost entirely to designing and etching, I assisted him at first to a great extent in his drawings on wood and his etchings." Both the father and the brother were designers of respectable powers and of great diligence, though the biographical dictionaries despised them; and George learned his trade and its technicalities in his boyhood, as such things were learned in the great days of fine art,—as Giotto learned them, who was called to Rome at nineteen,—as Raphael learned them, who at twenty was a painter of renown at Florence.

A certain unconsciousness, a certain naïveté, is gained for the art of the man to whom the processes of his art are matters of course, from childhood up. Great as we believe the natural gifts of George Cruikshank to have been, one charm of his work would have been lacking to it if he had had to struggle with the difficulties of the etching needle and the acid, and to serve his apprenticeship to designing for woodcuts, in after life.

The earliest works of our artist were prints for children, six or eight on a sheet, and sold for a penny or two; frontispieces of "chap-books;" head-pieces to songs, which having become popular as sung upon the stage, or in other ways, were printed on a broadside of more elegant appearance than "ha'penny ballads." The print referred to above is one of these; it represents three gentlemen carousing under the "Mulberry

Tree," which gives name to the song; it is out of drawing in every direction; it has no merit beyond a certain vigor of gesture and reality in the conceptions; our fifteen-year-old boy spent no more time on it than he was paid for, it is to be supposed. In 1812 appeared the little etching, which has been very accurately

copied by wood engraving in our No. 2. Of the many political caricatures of Cruikshank's life, few are small enough for these pages, without reduction, which is always to be regretted, as changing more or less the character of the design. In this case the reproduction is in all respects like the original, except that all or most of the copies were colored. Pitt had died six years before, and his last words had been "My country, oh! my country," or, as otherwise reported, "How I leave my country!" This caricature is not aimed at Pitt so much as at the ministers who succeeded him; if it seems incredibly coarse, and to do violence to the memory of a revered statesman, this can only be laid to the unconsciousness and want of refinement characteristic of early youth.

In 1813 was begun the "Meteor"—a journal of the most pronounced anti-priv-



NO. 3. DOMINIE SAMPSON.

ilege, anti-administration type, to which Cruikshank contributed several important designs. The large, folding frontispiece gives us the Prince Regent in the dress and character afterward so widely known,—huge crimson cheeks, powdered wig, blue body-coat with little, pointed tails. Near him, on the ground, are scattered his “wig-block,” “wig and whisker box,” and such-like fopperies. The same periodical contained caricatures aimed at the Duke of Cumberland, fifth son of George III., and afterward King of Hanover. This same Duke of Cumberland was a favorite butt. We find him as the hero in some very scandalous adventures, represented in designs made for “The Annals of Gallantry.”

These prints from the “Meteor” and the “Annals” are etchings in line, of great simplicity and beauty of execution, but generally colored. Indeed, down to a late date, Cruikshank’s etchings and wood-cuts, both, were issued colored, as well as plain. The fashion seems to have lasted till about 1835, and to this day the frontispieces of “Punch’s Pocket-Book” preserve the memory of it. It is hardly necessary to say that the beauty of an etching can scarcely be judged under the trenchant colors of the popular taste of the day, and that, although collectors of caricatures prefer the colored copies, the plain ones are more interesting to one who loves etching supremely.

It is often said that the influence of Gillray’s caricatures is to be seen in Cruikshank’s early works. That some such influence may have been exercised by the veteran caricaturist over the ‘prentice hand is not unlikely; but it is hard to trace in work of this early time. The rare works of Isaac Cruikshank seem to us much more the root from which the freer design, the more perfect drawing, and the greater intensity and directness of action of his son were developed. The influence of both Gillray and of Rowlandson can be seen distinctly in works of George Cruikshank’s after life.

The Bonaparte caricatures must be mentioned briefly. No artist could have lived and worked in England in 1812-15 and not have had his say about the French emperor. As political squibs these amount to little. The power of fun which our designer showed in an eminent degree in other subjects is but faintly seen here. The allusions are too obvious, the assaults too violent, the artist has only the popular conception of the emperor’s strength and of his weakness, and this is too vague and general to allow of

first-rate work being done in the expression of it. These caricatures are sometimes marked as being designed by some person other than the etcher; often by the publisher, who may be imagined as telling Cruikshank to get up a print to order, as thus: “The allied sovereigns at work as tailors, patching up a peace; Napoleon bouncing in at the window, fresh



NO. 4. “THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE.”

from Elba; then the name to be, ‘The Devil among the Tailors,’ and here are some verses to put below the print.” Out of some such general orders as these, we may imagine our artist making the spirited print known by the name we have given, which is No. 461 of Reid’s catalogue, and then signing it, as in duty bound, “G. H., *inv.*—etched by G. Cruikshank.” There is no evidence in his works that he was intensely interested in the war against Napoleon. Indeed, there is evidence that, like many English liberals, he hated the enemies of the emperor not less than their common foe, and joined in the war-cry, so far as he did so of his own motion, under the influence partly of English insular dislike of the French and their works and ways; partly of the natural fear of the wholly unreasonable, overgrown, and insupportable domination over Europe of the French military empire. It is certain that as soon as that power was broken down, the

caricatures take the other turn : Louis XVIII. supported on allied bayonets, while slaughtered French strew the foreground ; Louis XVIII. as a washer-woman striving to wash the *red* and the *blue* out of the tricolor ; France bound, while Prussia steals her purse, and Austria and Russia prepare her chains ; Louis XVIII. climbing a greased pole to reach the crown ;—every one of these came out before Waterloo was three months old. That speedy appearance is noticeable ; it was not because of long continuance of reactionary measures, but an instinctive feeling that the liberal cause was not best served by despotic sovereigns, and with these the Napoleon caricatures cease.

Our illustration, No. 3, is of this time. It is the title-page vignette of a chap-book entitled "Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer," published in 1816 by William Hone, who was soon afterward to become famous for his

ness," with a little shop in the Old Bailey, "three doors from Ludgate Hill," where he lived among old books, more of a student than a dealer, and seemingly more likely to live and die unknown than any of his neighbors. But he was a liberal and fearless. Stinging political tracts appeared, dated from his little shop, with his name in full as publisher. About the year 1816 the regent's government, of which Lord Liverpool was then the head, had passed through parliament laws of the most extraordinary severity designed to suppress "libels" and "profane and seditious publications," and no less a man than William Cobbett had fled to America to avoid prosecution by a vindictive administration before bitterly incensed judges. Hone, either less timid, or so unworldly as not to know what a storm would be raised by his early tracts, was indicted and brought to trial, and for

three days of December, 1817, he fought his own battle against the attorney-general, Mr. Justice Abbott, and Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough. Too poor to pay counsel, and too sensible to attempt to deny the violence of his pamphlets, he piled the table with folios, and overwhelmed the court with the parodies, squibs, lampoons, bitter attacks which had been written by grave men in the past,—St. Augustine, Martin Luther, Erasmus, the Dean of Canterbury, George Canning,—these and such as these were his models. If his political squibs were seditious, if his parodies were profane, so were theirs. On three different days three different trials were held ; the attorney-general, Sir Samuel Shepherd, was violent and the judge overbearing ; every pressure was brought to bear on the jury, and on each day they brought in a verdict of not guilty. A curious caricature by Cruikshank commemorated the event,—one destined to exercise, it seems, a great influence over subsequent British legislation on the matter of freedom of the press.

But still two years were to elapse before Cruikshank began that extraordinary series of cuts in which the political struggles of that day chiefly live in our memories. They were nearly all made for tracts published by Hone. Illustration No. 4 is from the "Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," published in 1820,—a tract in the form



NO. 5. "HE RISING, REJOICING."

sufferings in the cause of extra-free speech and ultra-liberal politics. The book, however, does not appear to be a cheap edition of Sir Walter Scott's romance, which had been published only the year before ; but a "penny dreadful" sort of tale, for the harrowing of the public feelings. The publisher was a man in a very "small way of busi-

of a pamphlet with nineteen wood-cuts. The wretched king,—at this time fifty-eight years old,—a lover still of every sort of dissipation, and notoriously the most unfaithful of husbands, with no more kingly qualities than “some skill in cutting out coats, and an undeniable taste in cookery,” had brought before the peers a bill to dissolve his marriage, on account of alleged improprieties of conduct on the part of the queen. The popular feeling seems to have been strongly in favor of the queen; the ministers who had brought forward the bill were assailed by every kind of ridicule and coarse abuse. In this attack Hone and Cruikshank were very prominent. Illustration No. 6, engraved on wood by Miss Powell in close fac-simile of the original, represents them as sitting face to face at their table, the artist with pencil and box-wood, the author and publisher with his pen.* Did they actually sit this way, and suggest each his thick-coming fancies to the other?



NO. 6. THE SATIRISTS.

In the tract from which is taken our picture of the drunken king, the whole private his-

* This cut did not appear till 1827 on the title-page of “Facetiæ and Miscellanies, by Wm. Hone,”—a collection and re-issue of a number of the tracts of 1820-21.



NO. 7. “AND NOW THE TURNPIKE GATES AGAIN FLEW OPEN IN SHORT SPACE.”

tory of the unlucky monarch is set forth. He is held up to scorn, first, as our illustration shows him, with his foot on his star, his garter unlaced, and surrounded by emblems of every sort of profligacy; and, in another print, standing on a stool in a country church, and draped in a long white sheet as a penitent, while the clergyman points to him, and the seventh and ninth commandments blaze out from the decalogue on the wall. In

another tract he is shown standing in the criminal's place, with the mirror over his head, and sprigs of rue laid on the bar before him. The ministers come in for their share of denunciation, and the attacks on the authors of the bill of divorce are mingled with those aimed at the ministers as tyrannical and anti-liberal rulers. Wellington, Sidmouth, Liverpool and Castlereagh, are assailed with extraordinary ferocity; the bishops and the royal family come in for their share; but the favorite argument is still “The Dandy of Sixty.”

Throughout this long series of twenty or more pamphlets and nearly three hundred wood-cuts, Queen Caroline is represented as a sort of earthly saint. No suggestion that there was any case against her appears. But our advocate was sometimes employed by the other side. As long before as 1817 a large caricature entitled “R-y-l Condescension” had held up the princess (as she then was) to execration and contempt in a

way more grossly cynical than the worst of the attacks on her husband; and even during the popular excitement over the queen's trial in June, 1820, the attack is renewed with almost equal recklessness. It has to be remembered that it was an age of coarser manners than our own. The picture of 1817 has no signature except Cruikshank's own; but the four prints of 1820 under the common title, "*La Gloire des Honnêtes Gens*," are signed "*Sr. Facto del: G. Ck. sculpt.*"—though the internal evidence and the doubtful name all seem to point to Cruikshank's independent action. Again the queen is represented in a frontispiece to an anti-radical tract as wearing a fool's cap and heading a procession of republicans, some of whom set fire to church and state. Some of the leaders of the liberal side are shown in this cut, Hone himself among them.

This readiness to be employed by either side is neither to be blamed nor praised; but it tends to contradict the often renewed assertion that our designer employed his genius only in the service of his liberal convictions. It is probable that he never held very positive political opinions, and was swayed by philanthropic feelings alone. It is probable that he saw things fit to ridicule in both sides of every question,—in both the armies in any contest. Thus the picture of "*Coriolanus addressing the Plebeians*," puts the king in the dignified position, although contemporary with the most laughable caricatures of him. The screen of Carlton House, long ago removed, fills the middle

distance; in front of it stands the king, dressed like a Roman noble, as conceived by the Georgian artists; opposite to him cower and shrink a host of radicals and reformers, and at them the dignified potentate hurls the scornful



NO. 8. THE WITCH'S SWITCH.

words of Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*: "What would you have, you curs?" And who are the "plebeians" of this caricature? Among them are many portraits one can recognize: William Cobbett; John Cam Hobhouse, the friend of Byron (afterward Lord Broughton); orator Hunt; Hone, the publisher, bearing a club marked "*Parody*," and George Cruikshank himself, with a portfolio lettered "*Caricature*."

In this year, 1820, appeared the famous "*Life in London*," by Pierce Egan, with



Designed & Published by George Cruikshank

NO. 9. FAIRY REVENGE.

thirty-six etchings by the two brothers Cruikshank. The book had more reputation than it deserved, and the pictures fully as much. Thackeray, writing in 1840, says that "Cruikshank's reputation was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are." It is a curious picture of life and manners. Thackeray asks, in another place, whether the venerable men about him who were young in 1820 actually upset "Charlies," and made night hideous, like Jerry and Logic and Corinthian Tom. It seems hardly possible, he says, for grandfather is a gentlemanly old boy enough, now.

From this time we have to consider our artist in a wholly new light. He begins, in 1823, his career as a book illustrator. It is curious that before this time there is not one single book of permanent interest to which he had contributed illustrations, except that he made a frontispiece for an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and one for an edition of Lord Chesterfield's letters. The "Points of Humor" marks the change, and the more decidedly that it was followed closely by the well-known "Peter Schlemihl," and this by the famous set of Grimm's "German Stories," the most renowned of all George Cruikshank's works. Of these, therefore, a word of criticism.

"Points of Humor" is a collection of comic passages from different authors, and anecdotes or legends from various sources. The longest selection is Burns's remarkable poem, "The Jolly Beggars: a Cantata," which is given in full, and has four illustrations, one of which is our No. 5. This book contains in its two parts twenty etchings and twenty wood-cuts. The former are not all technically successful, but the designs are full of life, and the wood-cuts are most admirable. The illustration, No. 5, selected as much easier of reproduction by a photographic process than some others, does scant justice to the original considered as an etching, or as a composition in black and white; but renders faithfully the expression of face, gesture, and general character. We give nothing from the "Grimm's Household Stories," because the reproductions contained in the volume published by John Camden

Hotten, in 1868, are in everybody's hands. They give all of the original except that evanescent charm of the artist's own touch on the copper. Faithful as they are, however, one who reads Mr. Ruskin's laudations of the originals, or Mr. Hamerton's words in "Etching and Etchers," will feel that what those lovers of art find so beautiful is not before him.

"Mornings at Bow Street," containing in two series forty-five delightfully delicate and spirited wood-cuts, came out in 1824 and 1827; "Greenwich Hospital," with twelve etchings and sixteen wood-cuts, in 1825; the "Universal Songster," which still holds its own in many editions, came out in 1825 and 1826. In 1827 appeared also "Phrenological



NO. 10. "AND I THOUGHT IT WAS RIGHT, AS THE MUSIC WAS COME, TO FOOT IT A LITTLE IN TABITHA'S ROOM."

Illustrations," with which Thackeray was so delighted.

Our picture, No. 7, is from "John Gilpin;" it is the last of six wood-cuts, and represents the cavalier returning through the toll-gate the second time, chased as a highwayman. This was published in 1828; the prints alone in a wrapper, "proofs on India paper, 2s. 6d." The reproduction comes nearer in this case than in the last two to the look and style of the original. These wood-cuts are worthy of examination, on account of the great difference between



NO. 11. THE PAY-TABLE.

them and the "effect" wood-cuts of the present day,—works of the style which this magazine has done so much to perfect. Cruikshank's work is more like the wood-cut engraving of old times. Dürer would have liked it; Andreani would have understood it. It is more evidently fitted to the material on which the engraving is made and to the destination of small pictures of the sort; the difference between a carefully printed proof from the block and the 75,000 or more steam-press-made copies from electrotypes is not so great,—so discouraging. This much may be said in favor of Cruikshank's early manner. The advantages of the other style need hardly be dwelt upon here. It is observable that this style of design, now (in 1828) fully matured, is kept up by our artist for twenty years, and only gradually passes into the more modern fashion in the course of the years 1845-50. "The Witch's Switch," a little wood-cut from an amusing book of sketches and anecdotes, Clarke's "Three Courses and a Dessert," published in 1836, forms our illustration, No. 8. The rustic, who thought he was safe from the witch if he kept at a distance, finds it not so easy to keep "out of her reach;" the self-acting cudgel has followed him up with a vigorous rap on the shoulder, which it seems to think of repeating. This print is also reproduced by a photographic process. The fifty-one illustrations of this book are very amusing,—a perfect gallery of quaint little fancies; copies of a late edition of it, with the wood-cuts still tolerably preserved, can easily be procured, as the book belongs now to Bohn's Illustrated Library.

Cruikshank is famous for his elves and imps, fairies and goblins. No artist has ever surpassed him in this department. From the goat-footed devils in the "Ingoldsby Legends" to the dancing elves in the famous picture in Grimm's "Household Stories," all the aspects of the extra-human world of popular superstition in England are familiar to him, and are portrayed with a vivacious reality all his own. A lady says to the writer, "But none of his fairies are pretty." Alas! fairies never were pretty, except in very modern books for children. The *genuine* fairy, so to speak, was a tricky, capricious, ill-conditioned

sprite, doing good but rarely, and for definite purposes of its own, doing harm as a rule, and by nature. There is only one Titania, and one Oberon. Cobweb and Mustard-seed, Moth and their fellows, were big-headed, prick-eared little scamps, in need of bats' wings for their coats, and kept out of mischief by being stationed on watch around their sleeping queen. Look well at our illustration, No. 9—a wood-cut, admirably copied by Mr. Whitney from the etching in Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft." There is the whole fairy world of English popular legend; the elves had been well-treated by the former mistress of the house, and had found white bread and a bowl of cream set for them every night, but the new housewife was careless or sullen, and offered only red herrings and brown bread. See the catastrophe!

Of this same year, 1830, is the illustrated edition of Anstey's "New Bath Guide,"—a poem whose jingle lives in the memory of many readers of old books. Our illus-



NO. 12. THE BUTTERFLY.

tration, No. 10, shows how Mr. Simpkin, in his lodgings at Bath, utilized the music which an admirer of his sister had sent (this was a custom, and "sending the fiddles" was like sending a bouquet or a box of bonbons); also, it shows how the French valet of the lodger below-stairs conveyed his master's objections to the amusements of his neighbors. This wood-cut by Mr. Hayman is very successful in giving the character of the original design, and is at least as fine as the etching, which is not, indeed, very admirable as a piece of handiwork.

English novels before Scott; also, "Don Quixote," each story having from four to eight etchings. These books, with their illustrations, are still published, with sadly worn and defaced plates; perfect early copies are not easy to find, the editions having been thoroughly worn out in the service. About 175 designs of Cruikshank were published for the first time in that year. Our illustration No. 11 is from "Sunday in London," which appeared two years later. This picture has been selected for reproduction partly because it gives an early indication



NO. 13. "HARKAWAY! DICK!"

By this time our artist must have been pretty generally recognized as the best illustrator to be found of books, particularly of humorous books. The amount of work which he did during the quarter century from 1830 to 1855, in this one line of book illustration, is wonderful. The "Novelists' Library" was published in 1831, or at least the greater part of it came out in that year; it included "Roderick Random," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones;"—in short, many of the best

of our artist's espousal of that "Temperance" cause to which he gave such sincere and uncompromising aid in after-life. It seems to have been an abuse too common at the time to have the "pay-table" at a public house, and to allow workmen to run up a score to be paid out of their week's wages by the master. The picture needs no further introduction, but tells its own story; it is fairly well reproduced. No. 12, from "Mirth and Morality," because simpler, has come out still better from our photographic

process. This seems to the writer an almost faultless piece of work. It is simple; but how could it be bettered? How could the story be better told? "Mirth and Morality" is a stupid little book enough, with less of mirth than of the other thing; but Cruikshank's twenty little pictures redeem it at once; each one has something of the direct and vigorous action and the quiet beauty of "The Butterfly" which we give. This book appeared in 1835, and in the same year began the "Comic Almanack," destined to a popularity almost unexampled and to an existence of nineteen years.

The student is made to feel very often that it is disappointing to find so much of Cruikshank's best efforts spent upon books which, from their very nature, cannot have much permanent value. Consider Ainsworth's dreary stories—perfect desert wastes of literature! A New York critic, writing about Jules Verne's "Isle Mystérieuse," said that the mysterious thing about it was that anybody should buy it and read it; and, indeed, it *is* pretty long and wordy and "slow;" but it is of absorbing interest and condensed beauty, in comparison with "Rookwood" or "Jack Sheppard." How a "Newgate novel" can be made so dull passes comprehension. What! with a highwayman or a cracksman for your hero, nothing more exciting? not even a shudder? The story of "Rookwood" creeps, but the twelve etchings have spirit enough, and the out-of-doors feeling and rapid movement. We give the one which is, on the whole, the best,—No. 13,—a scene in Dick Turpin's famous ride from London to York, on his mare, Black Bess. The reproduction, fortunately, is very good.

By way of contrast, probably, as he began on Ainsworth he began also on Scott, in this same year 1836. The illustrations to the

"Waverley Novels" are, perhaps, not equal to his best work; but, then, it is as hard to illustrate Scott as Shakspeare! Who shall give us the embodied form of Major Dalgetty, or of Dandie Dinmont? Not Cruikshank, for he was not a Scotchman, nor possessed of the dramatic power of conceiving the man he had not seen, but, as stanch a Londoner as Dickens himself, is ill at ease when he is "off the stones."

"Rejected Addresses" had gone through a number of editions from the time of the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theater, and, to float an eighteenth edition in 1838, six woodcuts by Cruikshank were added to it; we give one of these in our No. 14, which heads the poem assigned to "Lord B——." This has also been engraved, with entire success, by Mr. Hayman. "Oliver Twist," is of the same year. This story appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany," and the etchings are found in better condition in that periodical than elsewhere. In their present state, retouched, and in spite of their retouching having worn out, they are familiar enough to our readers.

Also, in 1838, appeared "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, edited by 'Boz,'"—one of the most entertaining books ever written, even by Charles Dickens, and containing twelve capital etchings. Our No. 1 (head-piece) appertains to an episode of which Grimaldi was not exactly the hero, for he lost his bet. He and a friend were traveling in a post-chaise, and a well-mounted farmer came up behind, rapidly overtaking them. "I'll bet a guinea," says the friend, "that he won't overtake us before we reach the next town," and once the bet fairly made, the friend adopted the simple and efficacious means shown in the picture. Grimaldi, seeing his bet lost, and willing to get his full allowance of laughter, helps on the deception by his warning and deprecating gestures, with his body half out of the other window; as much as to say, "You see he's a madman!" This illustration is a wood-cut, admirably made by Mr. Whitney, and reproducing with almost perfect success even the most subtle characteristics of the etching,—even to the expression of the faces.

Cruikshank never did any more work for Dickens than the two sets of the "Sketches," the "Grimaldi," and the "Oliver Twist." It is a pity that this was so. One can but regret that "Nicholas Nickleby" was not illustrated by this great master of humorous design.

But, if the "Waverley Novels" proved to



NO. 14. SPURNING THE WORLD.



NO. 15. SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

be not quite adapted to Cruikshank's genius, and if the great chance of the Dickens books was taken from him, he had plenty of Ainsworth, at least! In the years 1840-41 appeared the "Tower of London," "Guy Fawkes," "The Miser's Daughter," and "Windsor Castle," with, in all, one hundred and seventy-eight designs by Cruikshank! Some of these are wonderfully good! The burning of Underhill on Tower Green is one of the most powerful pieces of tragedy ever engraved. There is a peculiar inequality among them, however, and we are left wondering why the "Guy Fawkes" etchings are so inferior to all the others.

In 1841 came out an edition of Dibdin's "Sea Songs," from which we take the capital picture, No. 15. Cruikshank must needs have been popular with the sea-loving, sailor-worshipping English of the "long peace," with their memories of Nelson and Collingwood, and the supremacy of the seas. This "Saturday Night at Sea," is just so far conventional that it smacks of the sailor as conceived by landmen; and one is inclined to challenge the propriety of some of the accessories: thus, the hooped quaighs,—what are the tars drinking out of such huge mugs? Spirits and water? Tea? In Queen Elizabeth's time, beer went to sea in Her Majesty's ships, but not under the Georges, nor under Queen Victoria.

These are busy years, when George Cruik-

shank had passed forty-five, and was not yet sixty. Tragedy and comedy crowd each other close. "Arthur O'Leary," and the "Bachelor's Own Book" (a most comical performance of the order of broad farce) are followed by "Old Saint Paul's, a tale of the Plague and the Fire," in which—whatever Mr. Ainsworth may have done with his ghastly subject—the artist's part is serious enough. In 1845 appeared Maxwell's "History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798." Cruikshank's share in this work is very remarkable, on account of its extent and elaborateness. The book is a stout octavo, and the twenty etchings are all of the full size of the page; all are scenes of the most furious and savage conflict, or of wild orgy, and all but one or two are crowded with a multitude of minute figures. It is difficult to name a better instance of success in representing violent action, throngs of people, headlong rage and brutality.

Illustrations Nos. 17 and 18 are from "The Table Book," one of the numerous attempts at an annual volume, like the "Omnibus" some years before. This "Table Book" has a well-known story by Thackeray, then first published ("The Legend of the Rhine"). It is curious how many "first appearances" of afterward well-known bits of literature one finds scattered about among the Cruikshank books, and written for Cruikshank to illustrate. To take Thackeray alone: in





NO. 17. FELIX'S FAMILY.

the "Comic Almanack" are "Cox's Diary" and "Lord Cornwallis, or The Fatal Boots," with twelve large etchings to each. But as for our illustrations, Felix's family are seen above and their shoes below, and Mark Lemon's ingenious text connects the two pictures.

Illustration No. 16 is also from the "Table Book." It is a wood-cut, copied by Mr. Le Blanc from the etching which forms the frontispiece. It needs no introduction nor showman to

"take his stand;
Motley on back, and pointing-pole in hand
Beside it"—

but can be trusted to explain itself, and make its own way. The engraving on wood

divergence from the etching, even in the expression of the hundred little faces.

Illustration No. 19 is from the "Comic Almanack" for the same year, 1845. It is a wood-cut, copied in fac-simile, by Mr. Bancker from the original etching, and is very successful, except for a certain flatness and hardness most difficult to avoid. The original is more soft and translucent. As for the not wholly pleasant engraving of the faces, it comes of a very successful attempt to preserve the exact expression of



NO. 18. THEIR SHOES.

is very remarkable. The most minute examination reveals hardly a shade of

face of the original. Cruikshank's fancy for filling his pictures with little allusions to its principal subject was never more fully shown. Even the picture seen over the footman's head is Rubens's "Fall of the Amazons," or some such scene.

From this time, the amount of work per year somewhat diminishes, and perhaps the



NO. 19. THE FALL OF THE LEAF

culminating time is passed for excellence, as well as quantity. But the "latest manner" of a great designer is as full of interest and of value of a certain kind, as that of his youth or of his prime. Moreover, Cruikshank seems to have been a youth still. See his portrait in illustration No. 20. It is copied from the center-subject of a cover designed for several pieces of music,—comic songs by Mr. Cooke, published in 1849. The composer, like an itinerant musician, is playing on the flageolet, while the artist passes round the hat. In spite of his unempt condition, Cruikshank does not look old for a man of fifty-seven, and we cannot but believe him a faithful portrait-painter. It is curious what a fancy he always had for putting his own portrait into his designs. Mr. Reid mentions one instance which the writer has not seen, and is not likely to see short of the British Museum,—an etching of his very earliest youth, in which George is seen taking the copperplate to the publisher's shop. Mr. Reid adds this note:

"Curious early instance of Cruikshank giving his own portrait to the world, a predilection which has clung to him throughout his whole career. Mr. Cruikshank says this was generally done at the instigation of his publishers."

Three instances of this are before the reader, or indeed five, for "The Triumph of Cupid" counts three portraits within itself. And is not this image of the artist himself taking his own picture from himself a curi-

ous bit of self-consciousness? Evidently he knew how fond he was of taking his own likeness. In the whole list of his works there are as many self-made portraits, it would seem, as there are among Rembrandt's etchings. In the "Sketches by Boz" we have him and Dickens, as managers of a charity dinner. In a caricature of a Dissenters' meeting made in 1811, he and his brother appear together. His appearance in "Coriolanus Addressing the Plebeians" has been noticed. In "Scraps and Sketches" he stands at his easel, palette and brushes in hand, while "Nobody" seated before him "desires the artist to make him as ugly and ridiculous as possible." In the "Sketch Book" he is holding a certain obnoxious publisher by the nose with a pair of tongs, and this subject is repeated in a pamphlet as late as 1860. In fine, Mr. Reid mentions several more instances not otherwise known to the writer.

In this year of 1849 came out Taylor's translation of the "Pentamerone,"—Neapolitan fairy tales, with six full-page etchings, some of them containing several subjects. Our illustration, No. 21, is from this book, a wood-cut copy by Miss Powell of the illustration to the well-known story of "Fine-Ear, Strong-Back, and their Wondrous Companions." Particularly to be enjoyed is the packing of the king's treasure on "Strong-Back's" shoulders. Even His Majesty's silver candlesticks are tied fast to the pile.

Illustration No. 23 is from "Talpa, or, Chronicles of a Clay Farm," published in 1852. Each chapter has a wood-cut tail-piece, illustrating in a jocose way its last few words. Thus one chapter ends with the words of the title of our illustration used seriously as part of the discussion about labor and proprietorship. Were these jolly little designs meant to make the book more salable? It is not impossible, and it

Falstaff," of which Cruikshank's share was a set of twenty large etchings and a wood-cut. These prints are well known, and still easy to get in tolerable condition, and they are the most desirable things of the artist's later style. Their short-comings are obvious, and in no way injure the designs, either as very graceful comedy or as interesting studies of character. There were few more important undertakings after this one. Cruikshank



NO. 20. CRUIKSHANK AT FIFTY-SEVEN.

is to be desired that writers of severe and heavy books would imitate the author of "Talpa," and so secure immortal fame, at least for their titles. Government documents might be so decorated, and so be as eagerly sought as they are now despised by the recipient, while a school of designers and wood-engravers would thus be built up. It is a bright dream.

In 1857 appeared the "Life of Sir John

was sixty-five years old when "Falstaff" was published, and although he did a good deal of good work during the twenty years that followed, keeping the pencil in his hand until the very year of his death, it was of a desultory sort. He was exceedingly interested in all sorts of philanthropical projects, and full of opinions and ideas on public matters. He wrote, now and then, pamphlets of a singular vivacity of expression,

with amusing wood-cuts; one of these we give in illustration No. 22, a little nothing, from a pamphlet about the "volunteer movement," which was published in 1860. A few political caricatures of the size and

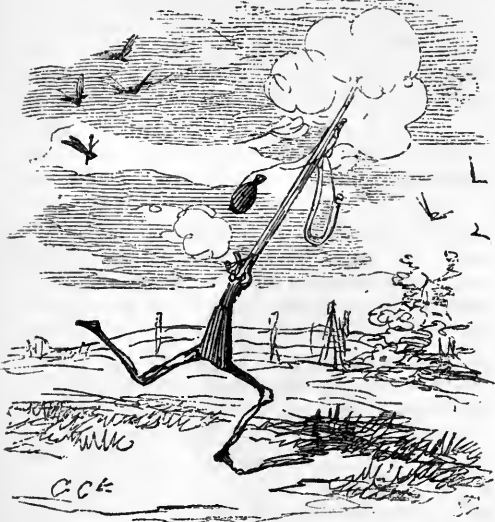
Bomb," and Colonel Mackinnon throwing it "out of the house." One of 1869 ridicules Miss Rye's scheme of taking away from London "Our Gutter Children," who are swept and shoveled up by various par-



NO. 21. THE FOUR MIGHTY SERVANTS.

appearance of those of half a century before belong to this period. One of 1861 shows Palmerston and Russell on the treasury bench, Disraeli and the Opposition opposite, John Bright presenting his "Reform

sons and philanthropists, and piled in a cart for exportation. One of 1871 is still more like the work of 1812 in appearance and character: "The Leader of the Parisian Blood-red Republic, or the Infernal Fiend;"



NO. 22. GOING OFF BY ITSELF.

in the old way it is colored in strong crude color, by hand, with plenty of red in the composition, and, in the old way, it is written all over with significant legends.

It is more agreeable to think of the illustrations to children's books, of which many were issued during this time. The "Fair Library" came out in 1854 and 1857, and of this the text, as well as the pictures, are Cruikshank's own. He took the old tales—"Cinderella," "Hop-o'-my-thumb," etc.—and turned them into temperance stories,—of all things in the world! The designs are pretty and interesting, and would seem excellent but for comparison with better fairy pictures of an earlier time. Woodcut illustrations to "The Brownies," "Lob Lie-by-the-Fire," and "The Rose and the Lily," bring down our brief abstract of a

busy life to the year 1877 and the age of eighty-five. The old man was proud of his green old age and his unabated strength, as well he might be. The newspapers have been telling anecdotes illustrative of this;—it is our business to refer rather to the evidence of the designs themselves. Mr. Bouton, the New York book-seller, has a business card of Cruikshank's design,—a spectacled book-worm surrounded with folios,—and on a scroll appears this inscription: "Designed & etched by George Cruikshank in September 1871, who was born on the 27th Sept^r 1792." Mr. S. P. Avery has a business card of still more elaborate design, and this is signed as follows: "Designed & etched by George Cruikshank, age 81. Sept^r 27th 1873." And, finally, the frontispiece of "The Rose and the Lily," which was probably the last published of all his designs, has an inscription nearly in these words: "Designed & etched by George Cruikshank, aged 85, in 1877." Our space has not admitted any attempt at critical examination of the artistic character of Cruikshank's work. The charm of such humoristic art as his is very subtle. A thin partition divides fun from vulgarity. And when the painful and really tragic is mixed so closely with the humorous, as it constantly is in this artist's most important work, the native good taste required to keep the result from being ridiculous—to keep it impressive and powerful—is so great that it may be considered an essential part of that combination of qualities which we call "genius." As it is, no amount of familiarity can weaken the delight which George Cruikshank's best work is capable of giving. Time can only add to the reputation of the thousand designs of his maturity, and the museums of the future will contend for their possession.



NO. 23. ANTAGONISM OF INTEREST YET MUTUALITY OF OBJECT.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LUNCH-PARTY.

THERE was certainly something very mysterious about the family. This was the universal judgment rendered at last upon the Drakes, though Mrs. Akers kept her own counsel as to her call, adding nothing by word or look to the general suspicion. She even found herself taking their part—the part of these people who were nothing to her, and who,—the widow, at least—had been anything but civil to her. She tried to understand it. Some sympathetic chord between herself, strong, young, and happy, and this poor Emily Drake, had been feebly touched. It was this which made her screen the family so far as she could, from the arrows of scorn showered upon them. For the small community had been disappointed, not to say shocked, and feared it had committed a grievous error in thus taking up these people whose antecedents were unknown. It had not even the late satisfaction of dropping them again, since the Drakes showed themselves by no means anxious to turn these much-regretted civilities to account. The calls, made from various motives—in which curiosity had a large share—were never returned. They ignored all invitations, and repelled every advance toward further acquaintance. They seemed to desire only to be left to themselves; and to this the small circle making up the society of the town, at last consented with a severity which showed something of pique.

Mrs. Akers, alone, would not give them up. Poor Emily Drake's life must be a lonely one. It would be no more than Christian charity to do what she could to brighten it. The girl had not been unresponsive. It was the mother who had watched, checked, and repressed her. Why did she thus act the part of a dragon over her daughter? "She's a tartar," was Mrs. Akers's mental comment, reviewing her visit, "and leads the poor girl a dreadful life, I am sure." And being both courageous and warm-hearted, she determined to become as intimate with Miss Drake as circumstances—twisted by her own hands—would allow.

When some weeks had elapsed, and no notice was taken of her visit, she prepared

to repeat it,—ostensibly to ask after Miss Drake's health, which must suffer from too close confinement within doors. She filled a small basket with fruit, fresh from her own garden, and tied her pretty chip hat under her chin, prepared for a most neighborly and unceremonious call. A great quiet hung over the place as she pushed the gate open. The blinds of the house were closed, and no one was in sight; but as she raised the knocker, she fancied that the laugh of a child came from the lower end of the garden, and that something white moved in the shrubbery there. Could it be the child and Emily? But no; when the same untidy maid who had let her in before answered her summons, she was assured—with a half-frightened glance of the girl over her shoulder—that Miss Emily was confined to her room with a headache. Mrs. Akers could only leave her basket and come away, having no desire to encounter the widow again,—even supposing that Mrs. Drake would have received her. The little empty basket was left at the door, "with thanks," the next day.

"But who brought it?"

"A servant, ma'am."

So Miss Drake had not taken the trouble to leave it herself. Mrs. Akers had clung to a frail hope, until now. And there was only this cool verbal message! She would not persist after this. She then and there resigned all interest in the Drakes.

But the fates were stronger than her resolves. She met them, mother and daughter, at their own gate, less than a fortnight after this rather mortifying visit. As she came along High street, she met them face to face. They had come up from the lower town, and turning the corner suddenly, could not well avoid her.

"I am glad to see you out. The air will do you good; or perhaps you do not fancy our east winds?" Mary Akers made a bold sweep at Miss Drake, whose pale face brightened with real pleasure at this encounter. She even turned and walked back to their gate, suiting her steps to Emily's slow pace. "You have quite recovered from your headache, I trust; I was sorry to hear you were ill."

"It was very kind in you to remember me. The fruit was delicious. You will

think it strange, but I had never eaten raspberries before in my life. I hope you got the basket, and my message," Emily went on shyly, halting between each sentence. So there had been something more than these cool thanks, after all. "I wanted to take them to you myself, but I was not able," she went on. "I am often not well now," she said, with almost childish simplicity, merely stating a fact; by no means asking for sympathy.

"I am afraid you stay too closely within doors. She needs a little change," Mrs. Akers said, boldly, to the widow, who was standing uneasily by her own gate now, as though she wished herself and her daughter safely behind it. "I am sure a little society would do her good. Let me take her home to lunch with me. Are you fond of pets?"—addressing Miss Emily again, "I have quite a menagerie, and the prettiest pair of white mice in the world, sent to me only yesterday."

At the mention of the mice the girl hardly restrained a shudder; but a soft gleam crept over her face at the kindly, heartsome words.

"If I might," she stammered, appealing to her mother, whose countenance was perplexed and forbidding.

"And you too. Of course I wish you both to come." It was hardly true; but she could not carry Emily away alone, she saw at once; nor at all, but for this unexpected attack, in the face of which the widow could not rally. She found herself and her daughter borne off before she knew that she had given her consent to this most unwelcome proposition.

Once in her own house, Mary Akers set herself to entertaining her strange visitors. She brought out the white mice, and a wonderful learned cockatoo for Emily. Poor Miss Drake's nerves were not strong enough to bear the sight and the odor of the strange little creatures. Even the parrot's hoarse voice thrilled her unpleasantly; but she turned, with real enjoyment, to a large cabinet of curiosities in one corner of the room, the contents of which had been gathered from many lands. She evinced little interest in the explanations Mrs. Akers kindly offered, but it was enough that she appeared amused and happy to turn the articles over in her hand, struck by the bright colors or the strange forms, as a child might be.

It was not so easy a matter to entertain the mother, who hardly concealed her dis-

gust for the mice, and looked coldly upon the parrot's accomplishments. She did not care for such things—turning her back upon the cabinet, before which Emily still sat engrossed,—nor for anything else, her hostess thought in despair, after trying her with the whole circle of ordinary topics of conversation. She sat in uncomfortable erectness upon her chair, as though ready to fly at the first opportunity; her long, half-closed eyes taking in everything at the corners; her ears, keen as those of an animal, startled at every sound. If she had been a prisoner, longing for a chance to escape, she could not have been more keenly observant; if she had been intrusted with secrets of state she could scarcely have been more guarded in speech.

But two people cannot sit face to face in a drawing-room utterly silent, and Mrs. Akers was still making these futile efforts to establish something that should at least simulate conversation,—wishing with all her heart that luncheon would be announced,—when suddenly an entirely unlooked-for diversion occurred. There came a little, startled sound from the corner where Emily was bending over the cabinet, hardly loud enough to be called a cry; but in an instant the widow was upon her feet.

"Em'ly! What is it, Em'ly?"

The girl stood swaying on the floor, her hands clasped together, a strange excitement and pallor upon her face. Her mother seized her in her arms, hushing her,—almost threatening her, it seemed to Mary Akers; but in words too low to be caught. The parrot, who had gone to sleep in a corner, its ruffled head under its wing, roused by the excitement, burst out now, "Ha, ha! Dead and buried! dead and buried!" ending with a diabolical laugh.

"Hold your tongue, you jade!" cried the widow harshly to the bird. But the girl in her arms fell back in a dead faint.

This was a fine condition of affairs for a quiet household. The servant-maid, throwing open the doors from the room where the lunch was set out, offered a shrill scream instead of the announcement upon her lips, bringing the other domestics from the kitchen. But the widow motioned them all to a distance. She laid her daughter upon the floor, sprinkling her face with the water Mrs. Akers had brought after the first expression of fright. Silence fell upon them all; even the parrot, over whose cage a rug had been thrown, was shamed into quiet.

It was but a brief fainting-fit. While

Mrs. Akers was dismissing the gaping company of servants who still hovered in the doorway, Emily came to herself, sat up, looked about her in surprise at her strange position and surroundings; then gathering her recollections, burst into tears and hid her face in her mother's bosom.

"Now, her hat, if you please, and mine," said Mrs. Drake.

"But you are not going? Let me give her a glass of wine. She will be quite herself in a moment,"—for Miss Drake still sobbed feebly. "These lifeless summer days——" began Mrs. Akers, politely ignoring any other cause for this sudden illness. Lunch had been set out with more care than usual to do honor to these strange guests; it was a pity that it should be for nothing. Then, too, she could not bear to lose sight at once of these people, who were only more mysterious the more closely they were brought to sight. Assuredly some explanation would be offered for this unusual scene.

"I don't mind if you give her a glass of wine," the mother said; "but we'll go home, if you please. It's but a step."

"I'll send for the carriage, then; or at least call——"

"Nothing at all, ma'am; though we're obliged to you all the same. She can walk now. Can't you, Em'ly?"

The woman had forgotten herself, and fallen into a servile manner of speech, which did not escape Mrs. Akers's quick ears. "She has known nothing of society; she has been a servant, or—something of the kind," that young woman said to herself, as the dragon did indeed put on her bonnet and lead her daughter away, without a word of apology or regret for the disappointment and trouble they had occasioned.

When they had gone and she had taken her solitary lunch, by no means pleased with this unexpected ending to the morning, Mrs. Akers returned to the drawing-room to remove the extinguisher from poor Poll, who was still in disgrace. As she passed the cabinet her foot struck some small object upon the floor. It was only a diminutive Indian moccasin, embroidered with beads, which had found a place among rarer articles of curiosity. The girl's sleeve had perhaps swept it from the shelf. It did not occur to Mrs. Akers—it never crossed her mind for an instant—that this trifle, forgotten as soon as laid down, could have had anything to do with poor Emily Drake's illness.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A VISITOR AT THE BROCK HOUSE.

SOME time elapsed before anything more was seen of the Drakes. A succession of visitors, with the gayety this occasioned, followed immediately upon the heels of the interrupted lunch-party, sweeping away all thought of the incident from Mrs. Akers's mind. She did send the same evening to inquire after Miss Drake, who was quite recovered, the servant brought back word. And there all intercourse seemed likely to end.

It was several weeks after this that she was driving home from the adjoining city, where she had been to dine with a party of friends. The carriage rolled slowly up one of the quiet streets skirting the park, grand now with an iron railing, concrete walks and a soldier's monument, but then only a damp, neglected play-ground and thoroughfare, shaded by handsome trees,—when a slight figure with a child by its side came slowly down one of the diagonal paths in the soft darkness, under the brooding elms. Other figures passed swiftly to and fro; this alone lagged feebly, resolving itself into shadows at last, as the sweeping branches seemed to gather it from sight.

As the carriage swept around a curve, it suddenly stopped. Two trembling hands rested upon the window-sash, and Emily Drake's tired face, a little flushed at this moment, looked in at the window.

"You will think me overbold, but indeed I wanted to tell you—to thank you—— What must you have thought that day?" she began hurriedly. There followed what sounded like a suppressed sob and a tear wet Mrs. Akers's hand, laid over Emily's. Dear me! Was she going to cry here in the street? Or, would she faint again? Mrs. Akers's thoughts had been miles away from Emily Drake at the moment of her appearance. She could hardly gather them or her sympathies upon such sudden demand.

"My dear," she said hurriedly, with that practical forethought so destructive of sentiment, "don't stand there; the evenings are chilly, and the park is wretchedly damp. Get in," and she made a movement to open the carriage-door. But Miss Drake shrank back into her shell of shy reserve at this proposal.

"We have not yet finished our walk," she said in a different voice, and withdrawing a step. "I—I hope you will pardon me for detaining you; but it had been such a long

time—and you came so close to us—we were just leaving the park,—I could not help motioning for the carriage to stop. I wanted to apologize for causing you so much trouble that day.” Her very embarrassment multiplied her hurried words.

“Pray don’t speak of it; I was only troubled that you would go away so soon; that you would let me do nothing for you. When one is not well —”

“But I was well—or as well as usual,” Miss Drake corrected her quickly. “I am always weak and nervous now. I dare say you think it is silly. Mother says I could overcome it if I would make an effort.

“All that will pass away of itself when you are stronger. But what was it, my dear girl? What ailed you?”

“It was only that something brought back the time when I was so happy,” Emily answered simply. “That was very long ago and miles away from here, in a place not at all like this,” she added, glancing at the straight row of handsome houses above them, already darkening into a solid wall as the twilight closed in. “Then a great trouble came,” she went on in a vibrating voice as though she were standing at an immeasurable distance from this life which she described,—as one might perhaps in the next world review the past. “I cannot forget it.” It was like the hopeless statement of a fact. Then she burst out with wild passion, “Oh, how can I forget it!”

The excited tone caught the ear of the child. She left off her playing and ran to pull at Emily’s gown.

“Come, come,” she lisped, throwing her arms tight around Emily’s knees with an odd little gesture of protection and love.

The girl’s face had dropped into her hands.

“Don’t, my dear, don’t,” said Mrs. Akers soothingly. What did it mean?—but this was too exposed a place for a scene. “You really must let me take you home.” It was no time to ask the girl to explain herself, at least until she was safe within the carriage.

But Emily refused.

“It would only alarm mother if you were to bring me home.”

“But, you will come and see me very soon—to-morrow?”

“I—I wish I might; I don’t know.” The girl had dropped her veil and taken her sister by the hand, prepared to move away. “But I shall never forget your great kindness.”

Then she disappeared in the shadows creeping out from the park. Kindness!

It followed Mrs. Akers like a reproach as she drove home. Had she been kind? She had been suspicious of these people, almost of Emily herself while this strange scene was passing. The feeling of doubt was gone now. She was ashamed to remember it, but her great kindness had been no more than the sympathy which any human being would give to another in trouble. Poor Emily Drake! Her grief was doubtless some disappointment of the affections. The mother had interfered, perhaps. But if there had been true love, it would claim its own, Mary Akers prophesied with happy philosophy. And as Emily Drake did not come,—she had hardly expected it at the time,—after a few days, the subject was overlaid by others though hardly forgotten.

The autumn hurried away. White-footed winter followed. Even the spring came round again and nothing more was known of the Drakes. They had not sufficiently conformed to New England proprieties to attach themselves to any one of the churches of the town; they had shown themselves in no congregation of worshippers. Each clergyman had felt it incumbent upon him to call; but these visits had been as coldly received as those of the neighbors and had not been repeated. Even Christian kindness can scarcely force itself upon people. The general belief by this time had grown to be that the Drakes had come into a fortune unexpectedly—being but ill-prepared for it. Every one agreed to this simple theory—though speculating a little upon its margin—with the exceptions of Mrs. Mincer, who had no decided views upon any subject, and of Mrs. Akers, who offered no opinion whatever and knew not what to believe.

But about this time—the last of the spring or beginning of summer—there was a change. A visitor was seen to come out of the much-be-watched gate—a young man, who turned to raise his hat to some invisible form within as he closed the gate after him, thus hiding his face from Mrs. Colonel Stryker who was passing upon the opposite side of the street. Now Mrs. Stryker was no gossip; but it would have been beyond human nature in its present fallen state to forbear mentioning this circumstance to the two or three friends who dropped in for an hour’s chat after tea the same evening. There had been wanting in its darkest moments but this one element to make the mystery complete. Given, a dragon, a young and pretty girl,—though upon this point there was a diversity of opinion,—and finally

a young man. Nothing more could be asked for.

"But there is no mystery at all about it," said Amy Stryker. "I saw you, mamma, from across the way, and met him full in the face as he left the house, and it was only Edgar Wyman."

"Only Edgar Wyman!" repeated every voice. "What was he doing there?"

Now the Wymans were scarcely considered to belong to the "society" of the town, though Mrs. Mincer, Mrs. Wyman's own sister, had crept into a tolerably assured position partly through her marriage, and in a measure by reason of a certain moral flexibility which made it easy for her to twist through very sinuous passages and make an entrance by extremely narrow doors. The Wymans themselves had not always lived in the vicinity of the square. They had come up from some burrow in the lower streets of the town—so it was said, though no one was supposed to be sufficiently familiar with the locality to point it out. They had made their fortunes hastily and had come up the hill to build a showy house and put themselves in violent contrast to it at once. As for Edgar Wyman, the only son, since the family had enjoyed its prosperity, for a dozen years now, he had been sent to the best of schools, where it must be owned his acquirements had not been great. They had sufficed, however, to obtain for him an entrance to one of the oldest colleges in the country, through which he had passed, having contrived to rub off and bring away very little knowledge and still less of the good-will of his associates. He was mean to penuriousness; sly and a sycophant; receiving a kick from those above him without a demur and passing it on to his inferiors—as he judged those to be who were poorer in estate than himself. In this only was he generous. Added to this it might be said that he was not ill-looking,—aside from his pretentious swagger,—but even this circumstance, and in a community where young men were at a premium, had failed to make an entrance for him into the best society of the town.

"He always was——" began some one, taking up the conversation. Then the sentence with its unflattering accent was choked back.

Everybody looked at Mrs. Mincer.

"I do not understand it—in the least. What can it mean?" she gasped.

"I am inclined to believe that it means nothing at all," said Mrs. Akers, "except

that the poor girl is at last making friends among us. For myself I am glad to think it is so."

She remembered the interview at her carriage window, of which no one of her friends knew anything at all. And was Emily Drake forgetting her "great trouble?" She could hardly repress a momentary contempt for a sorrow that could find consolation and forgetfulness in such an one as Edgar Wyman.

"It must have been he who came out at the gate, two nights ago, as we drove by from town," said another. "It was certainly the figure of a man, though it was entirely too dark to distinguish his face." And then by comparing notes it was found that this mysterious figure—mysterious no longer—had been seen many times of late slowly passing the house or going in and out at the gate.

Whatever secrecy there might have been in these visits at first there was none from this time. Edgar Wyman went openly and often to the Brock house now. And whether from the influence of his new associates, or because he found himself all at once an object of interest, he began to wear a fresh air of importance by no means well-fitting.

"It is her money. He cannot really feel any interest in that poor, pale creature," Mrs. Mincer said with an animation which savored of anger, turning upon her own family after trying in vain to learn from her nephew the occasion of these frequent visits, or at least some account of how the acquaintance had begun.

"Why shouldn't I visit them?" he had said. "Didn't you all run there when they first came to town? I'm a little late to be sure, but it was the tortoise, you know, who won the race." By which it will be seen that the young man had not studied the classics in vain.

"But, my dear Edgar, no one goes there now." Mrs. Mincer knew nothing about tortoises or races except that the latter were in very ill taste and not considered select by the best people.

"And why don't they go there now?" He laughed in a quiet, exasperating manner as he answered his own question, "Because they know they're not wanted; because they were never asked to come again. The old woman is a——" what, Mr. Edgar did not say, "but the elder daughter is a confoundedly pretty girl and I shall go there when I please."

This conversation Mrs. Mincer reported

word for word to her friends. It demonstrated nothing, to be sure, but the manly spirit Mr. Edgar Wyman had developed; but of this Mrs. Mincer was rather proud.

"He said the old woman was a—What *is* the old woman?" queried she when her story was ended, referring to the only mysterious point in what had been an unpleasantly plain statement of facts.

"She is a dragon," Mrs. Akers replied with a good-natured laugh. "And your nephew is quite right; she does not wish us to call upon her. Why shouldn't she choose her own friends?" Unconsciously she bristled to the defense of these people.

They were rising from a social tea-table as she spoke.

"I must go," she said to her hostess. "I have friends coming from town, they may have arrived already. So I must run off like a beggar, with hardly a 'thank you.'" And she made her adieus and left her friends to discuss Emily Drake and her new acquaintance at their leisure. She was glad of an excuse to leave them. It had been upon her tongue more than once to tell the little she knew of the girl. But she would not; it would be a betrayal of confidence. And yet the temptation was strong. She turned the corner of the square rather hurriedly from the impetus of this resolution. The soft, early twilight was slowly gathering, melting the sharp angle at the top of the granite shaft above her, laying deeper shadows upon the trees about the mound, and idealizing the two figures moving slowly along the walk at a little distance before her. A young man and maiden they seemed to be. There was a drooping, listless air about the girl, a languor in her walk and the slow sweep and trail of her gown which could not be mistaken. It was Emily Drake, and the young man could be no other than Edgar Wyman. So indeed it proved, when the more hurried step of the woman had brought her nearer to them. They had reached the end of the square by this time, just beyond which was the Brock house. At the gate they separated, the young man going on without looking back. The girl stood for a moment in the open gate-way. The vine-covered trellis over the house-door behind her made a background of dark leaves against which the slight figure dressed in black was thrown out like a silhouette. A figure of despondency it might have been,—the head drooping, the hands clasped loosely before her and holding her hat, whose

long black ribbons trailed upon the ground. Certainly happiness—if that had indeed come to her—had made little change in poor Emily Drake's appearance. She turned to go into the house giving a little start at sight of Mrs. Akers who had taken up her flounced skirts at the moment to cross the dusty street toward her own home upon the other side of the square.

"Good-evening," the latter said with a cheerful little nod to the girl. Two wistful brown eyes seemed to follow her as she crossed the street, urging her to return. "What does ail the girl?" she said to herself impatiently. There was something almost exasperating to the woman of strong nerves and a happy nature in this moping figure with its mysterious trouble. She glanced back as she passed the corner. Emily still stood in the gate-way. "But why should I interfere?" she thought, with that putting away of responsibility in other people's affairs which is sometimes as culpable as interference. It was late; her friends had arrived already, perhaps, and she hastened her steps. "Why did I not go back?" she asked herself long afterward when it was too late.

A good angel had whispered to her, but she would not listen. She went on to her home and met her friends, and forgot the wistful eyes and the dark, slender figure standing dejectedly in the gate-way.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"SHE'S NOT GOING TO BE WORSE!"

IT was not long after this that a report crept around the square that Emily Drake and Edgar Wyman were engaged to be married. The story was authenticated by Mrs. Mincer. But for her, it might have passed on and away, since there was absolutely no one—if we except the butcher and the grocer—who held any communication with the Drakes. She, however, declared it to be true. She had received it from Edgar Wyman himself. It was an official announcement, but even she did not hesitate to discuss the matter, and as Edgar became more communicative, dropped various hints as to the strange ways of this young girl whom he had won. He hated a black gown; and she had refused to lay by her mourning, though her father had been dead some years—four or five at least—now. It came out that he found her often weeping—at what? She had accepted him without an objection, and was presuma-

bly happy. What did it mean? "It almost seems—as though she had had another lover, and lost him," some one said, fearfully, for Mrs. Mincer was present when this remark was made. "Another lover!" the listeners to this fanciful suggestion exclaimed, contemptuously. It was impossible always to remember Mrs. Mincer, who, poor thing, was not of much account after all, and bore no resentment. But no one of them believed that pale, spiritless Miss Drake could ever have had another lover. Mrs. Mincer, having with many sighs let fall these dark suggestions of happiness not without alloy, was obliged to explain them away as best she could. The woman had no firm standing ground in these days between contempt for this girl, and a desire to uphold her own family.

But while this not entirely unfriendly gossip went on, there was no perceptible change at the Brock house, save that Edgar Wyman went in and out with, if possible, a more swaggering air of single proprietorship than ever. The family still kept to itself. Mrs. Wyman, a meek woman, as faded in spirit as in complexion, had at Mrs. Mincer's suggestion, asked her son if she were expected to call.

"You stay away, if you don't want to spoil everything," was the filial response of the young man. And no one of the family, besides Mr. Edgar himself, had extended a hand to the Drakes. Even Mrs. Akers seemed to have lost her slight hold upon Emily, who was seldom seen beyond the gate. But at one of the windows overlooking the garden, in the early twilight, as the summer wore to a close, Emily's shadowy figure often appeared; her little sister leaning over her shoulder or held tight in her arms; or alone, her face lying on her hands, while she gazed out and away in a reverie which seemed rather of memory than of hope. People fancied that her face grew whiter day by day, and shook their heads with a touch of pity over the girl who had moved them to little besides curiosity, until now. "Poor Emily Drake," they began to call her. Poor Emily, indeed, who might have been pretty Emily, fresh and young and happy for years to come, if only some one could have spoken the words she would have almost died of joy to hear.

The girl was fading away. By the time the apple-trees in the garden had shed their withered brown leaves, she had ceased to leave the house. She still sat in the window at night-fall, until the long evenings

with the early twilight came on, and the drawn curtains shut in the vision of the sad face. It was weeks before it became known that she was really ill—not until Edgar Wyman began to show symptoms of annoyance; for in this form his anxiety displayed itself. Could it be that his triumph was to end here? For a triumph he considered his relations with this family. Had not others striven and failed? He had aimed beyond them all, and could he lose all now? Would Fate be so hard upon him as to allow this girl, with all her wealth,—of which there was no need to feel a doubt,—would Fate curse him by letting her vanish like a shadow, slipping out of his grasp where he could neither follow nor bring her back? His alarm became too great to be concealed, and yet he was half ashamed to acknowledge it. Real feeling of any kind he had been accustomed to put out of sight as soon as possible, since it was usually of a kind to do him no credit. But failing in this now, he strove to cover it up with weak complainings and self-pity, honest enough, alternated by seasons of moroseness, hard to be endured by his own family, but doubly trying to Mrs. Mincer, through whom the kind-hearted ladies upon the Square hastened to offer any assistance in their power. Was Miss Emily's appetite feeble? Any little delicacy, etc., etc. Did she require a nurse? It was Mrs. Mincer's unpleasant task to receive her nephew's ungracious and even rude rejection of all such aid as was proffered, and translate it into the language of polite society.

Mrs. Akers alone employed no ambassador.

"I am sorry to hear that Miss Drake is seriously ill. Is there anything that a neighbor could do for her—or for the family?" she asked boldly of Edgar Wyman, stopping him at the very gate of the Brock place one morning. Something had tugged at her heart of late, very like regret or self-reproach. Had she done all that she might have done for this girl?

"Thanks; nothing at all," the young man replied, stiffly. "She has every comfort and attention that can be purchased." Even at such a time as this his true boastful self would come to the front. He lifted his hat, and would have passed on, but she still stood in his way.

"It would give me great pleasure to call. A friend from outside can sometimes suggest——"

"She is unable to see visitors." How he

rejoiced to show his power to one of these people who had scorned to notice him—until now!

"But you have consulted a physician, I trust," persisted Mrs. Akers, who felt her spirit taking up arms within her at his tone scarcely removed from insolence.

"We have done everything necessary. I think you may trust us," he added, with a disagreeable smile. "We do not consider her case hopeless, by any means." And then he did at last escape, leaving Mrs. Akers in a most disturbed state of mind. She still stood upon the sidewalk, directly before the Brock house. The curtains were drawn aside from one of the upper windows. Was it there that the sick girl lay? For it had crept about, one hardly knew how, that Emily Drake had taken to her bed. "I was so happy for a little while," she had said. "How can I forget it?" What was it that she could not forget? She, Mary Akers, had decided in her happy, healthy mind that it was some misplaced attachment; some hope rudely shattered, which time would build again. What if she had been mistaken after all, and a real trouble and grief which never could be set right had befallen the girl? It was this possibility, inwardly vexing her, which had stirred up regret, keen almost as remorse.

People jostled her as they pushed by; men hastening to their business, children late for school; some of them nodded and stared to see her standing there. It was morning, a late October morning, raw and chill; a rollicking north wind came down the street whistling to the leaves, which were like crisp red gold. They danced about her feet, and, whirling into the air, almost touched the window which she had fancied to be Emily's. What if the girl were to die? She started with a sudden resolution. She would see Miss Drake. Once more, if never again, she would see her face to face. What was it that the girl longed to tell, the very burden of which was breaking the poor heart. She pushed the gate open, and hurried up the walk to the door, a sudden terror pressing her lest she should even now be too late. An air of desolation pervaded the garden. The dead leaves lay where they had fallen, only the besom of the wind had disturbed them. The summer flowers had died upon their stems or scattered their seeds at will,—their stalks bent and broken by storms. Even the rose-bush over the door, once so carefully trained, had fallen away from its fastenings and flapped dis-

mally against the house. The knocker gave out a hollow sound at the touch of her hand, as though it could arouse only echoes. She was hesitating, unwilling to strike it again, and yet resolved not to quit the door until it was opened to her, when it was cautiously slipped ajar with a faint echo, and the face of the maid she had seen before appeared in the opening. It was a dull countenance, but the last trace of intelligence was swept from it at the sight of this visitor. She still held the door ajar, to be sure, but seemingly from inability to close it through the sudden disturbance of her faculties.

"I want to see Miss Emily, my good girl; is she very ill?"

Before the servant could reply, a voice sounded from above and behind her, from the top of the dim broad stair-way it would seem. And if it had come from still more aerial heights it could hardly have brought greater terror to the poor maid, who shrank back, letting the door slide open. It was a woman's voice, harsh, though repressed.

"What is it, Nora? Send them away. We don't want anything."

"It's a lady, ma'am, as would like to see Miss Em'ly."

Then the visitor stepped into the hall.

A dark figure came hastily down the stairs in a kind of rush, as the maid closed the door, standing upon the last, as though to bar the way. It was Mrs. Drake, "the dragon," but so changed that for a moment Mrs. Akers almost doubted if it were she. The deep red of her face had changed to a sickly color, almost livid in the dim light of the closely shaded hall. Her eyes seemed to have burned their way into her head, where they smoldered now like exhausted fires. Her dress was untidy in its arrangement; the shawl thrown over her shoulders awry; and she stood, without a word of greeting, as though waiting for her visitor to declare the object of her coming. There are certain conventionalities of speech which become so much a part of ourselves as not to be, even under the strongest excitement, entirely thrust aside or forgotten. But the words which came of themselves fled from Mrs. Akers's tongue at this moment, and she stood utterly speechless and confused before the strange figure.

"What is it? What did you come for? We have sickness in the house, and cannot see visitors. Nora, why did you let her in?"

It was so far beyond rudeness—the refined rudeness of society—that the very shock

of surprise restored Mrs. Akers's mental equilibrium.

"I have not come as an ordinary visitor," she said quietly; "but knowing your daughter was ill—— Do let me see her!" she burst out warmly. "Only for a moment. I will be very careful; I——"

But the woman upon the stairs threw out her arms and grasped the heavy rail upon either side.

"You can't see her; no one can see her. You have only come to find out——" Then she paused, an expression of terror upon her face, and added, with an evident striving after self-control, "It's very polite in you, I'm sure; but nobody can do anything."

"But if I could? If she should be worse?"

"She's not going to be worse!" And the fierceness came back to the mother's tone and manner. "My Em'ly's going to be well. She's better now, and happy—very happy." She threw her head back and regarded her visitor defiantly.

"I am glad to think so; I am, indeed," Mrs. Akers replied rather faintly, moving toward the door. Was the woman insane? It almost seemed so; and a thought of poor Emily in such hands had very nearly roused her to the point of pushing by the figure, with its rigid, outstretched arms, and seeing for herself how the poor girl fared. But, strangely as the woman appeared, she was still Emily's mother. And what but anxiety and watching could have changed her like this? Certainly the girl would not suffer under the jealous care which seemed more like the fierce love of an animal than the affection of a mother for her child. There was nothing to do but to come away.

"At least, you will tell Miss Emily I called?"

"She doesn't care about visitors," the woman replied doggedly.

"How can you be rude to me, when I came out of real interest for Emily?"

A whirl of indignant feeling had brought Mrs. Akers back from the door and compelled her to speak.

"She's mine, mine!" the mother burst out with wild passion. The rigid figure gave way at last. She swayed back and forth, wringing her hands in a spasm of grief,—for what else could it be?—dreadful to look at. "Nobody loves her but me. O, Em'ly, Em'ly!—Go away!"—for the visitor, remorseful over the storm she had called down, drew near and laid her hand softly upon the woman's arm. "Go away!" she said, turn-

ing upon her. "Why do you come here to spy upon us? I'd do it again, I tell you."

Some one pulled at Mrs. Akers's shawl. It was the frightened servant-maid who had let her in, and who, from an angle in the wall, had been trying to motion her toward the door. Yes, it was better for her to go. This could be only the raving of a lunatic. But she had gained nothing, she thought regretfully, as she walked quickly away from the house.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DEAR CHILD, YOU FORGOT TO TELL HIS NAME."

THERE come to us in New England, certain days in the late autumn, like a recollection of past summers, as though Nature, hoarding her treasures or disbursing them with a miserly hand, had, at the last, repented and poured out lavishly of her sweetest and best;—days softer than rose-full June, which have so little to do with the outer world, that they cannot be spoken of after the manner of an almanac, but must be reckoned among the tender emotions. If it were not for the haze which hangs over the hills, for the still air, softer than samite, one would know nothing of this season through the senses. The earth is bare and brown, the blossoms have turned to fruitage and dropped from the trees. The heart, alone, at this late moment, awakens to bloom again. All past summers and delights give of their fullness to this time; so that it might be called remembrance,—or possibly regret for some of us.

It was late in the afternoon upon one of these days that Mrs. Akers was summoned hastily.

"Oh, please, will you come?" said the Drakes' maid, who stood at her door bare-headed and frightened of face, catching her breath over her words. "Miss Emily's a-dyin,' an' the mistress has a turn."

Then she utterly broke down.

Mrs. Akers waited for nothing more, but catching her hat and shawl, followed the girl hastily out of the house and through the street. The gate, and even the door of the Brock house, for once, stood wide open. Any one might go in and out at will, now that the awful visitor had come, whom neither bolts nor bars could keep out, and who waited for no summons. No rigid form upon the stairs guarded their passage to-day, or motioned her back as the woman groped her way up their dark length to where the

girl who had preceded her beckoned from an open door. With all the dread of the moment, as she stepped over the threshold, Mrs. Akers's first sensation was one of utter bewilderment at the wild, disorderly magnificence of the room before her—a dazzling barbaric splendor of color, a crowded confusion of elaborate forms upon which her eye had no time to rest; for in the midst of all this, upon a bed which might have served in richness for a Pagan altar, lay the girl she had come to see. Whatever the excitement of the previous moment had been, there was only quiet and peace here now. The windows were opened wide, and something of the hush and stillness of the closing day outside seemed to have stolen in.

"I knew you would come," Emily said. "You were always kind. Where is Edgar; he was here a moment ago; and Remember?"

There was a faint stir in the room beyond, the door of which was ajar. A woman's still form was lying outstretched upon a couch, with one arm hanging lifelessly to the floor. Then Edgar Wyman appeared with the child, closing the door and shutting out the vision which seemed so much more death-like than the one before Mrs. Akers's eyes. For the strength which comes often to the dying had fallen upon Emily now. She beckoned to the child, who ran to nestle close by her pillows, while the young man nodded half sullenly to the visitor, than threw himself into a chair by the bedside.

"This is for you, my darling," Emily said, solemnly as though it had been a sacrament, drawing a broad gold ring from her finger, and placing it upon the little hand she held in hers.

The child looked up in happy wonder. What was it came to Emily's face at that moment, at the sight of which even the woman beside her started? *It was the mother-look.*

"She is mine!" Emily cried suddenly holding the little one close in her arms and turning her eyes, big with terror, and beseeching, upon her betrothed lover. "It was my wedding ring! I ought to have told you; but I had promised mother long before. But it cannot matter now. It was for her, poor mother! who did everything for me;" she went on hurriedly. "I was very young, it was away out on the plains, farther away than you can know of, that I met him. He was an officer at the fort;

and he chose ME!" Oh, the loving pride and wonder in the words!—"though beautiful ladies used to come there to visit. It was summer-time, like this," and the haze of the Indian summer seemed to have fallen on her face, from which the terror had died away, making it beautiful and unearthly.

"Every one wondered that he should have married me, for father was only the post-sutler, and not an officer at all. But we were so happy, oh, so happy, for a little time! Mother used to say that he would come into his inheritance some day, and then I should be a grand lady. But I was grand enough, being his wife. I was all she had, poor mother! for father was dead, and when she found after awhile that he was not to come into his property, that it was all changed, or there had been a mistake from the first,—*though never any mistake in his love for me*,—she could not forgive him. That was after he was ordered away—to carry dispatches to a fort in the north. He went with the others,"—in the eagerness of her recital she raised herself in the bed—"yes, he went away with the others, and he never came back. They were attacked. They were all killed but two; and he never came back. I cannot remember, for I was ill. But we came away. It seemed very soon; but mother said there was nothing to stay for now. Still, when we were once away, and I had gained a little strength, I begged to return,—I begged even to go and search for his body; but they said that could not be. I did not believe he was dead. For at the last, when he was going away and I felt my heart breaking, he said, 'I *shall* come back to you.' And so I knew he would," she added, simply. "And what if he should return and find us gone—no one knew where? But mother would not go back. She hated the place, she said, where nothing but trouble had come to us.

"Then by and by the baby came, and still I did not believe that he was dead though I felt that I had not long to live. I used to lie awake at night and think he would return some day, and how sorry he would be to find the baby and not me. So I named her Remember. Oh, he would remember what I had been to him and he to me, and love her because he had once loved me. We moved from place to place. I could not rest; and mother let me have my way. Father had left more money than we had dreamed of. We were rich, though I was never to be a great lady.

Another year and more—two or three, it may be—dragged by. I scarcely know. It was a weary time, though it seems short enough to look back on now. Mother used to cry over me in those days, and say that I was lost to her. She urged me to forget that time and him, to give the child to her and begin again. It would be all the same, she said. We should never be separated. But how could I forget? I would not listen to her—not till long afterward, when I was tired and weak with contending. Not until I knew that it would not be for long—that nothing would be for long to me here. And then at last—do you think he will blame me for it?—at last I began to feel that he would never come, and that nothing mattered any more. I would try to make poor mother happy, and he would know—oh, wherever he was, he would know that I never forgot; that I only waited for the time when I could go to him, since he could not come to me. I was tired of the noisy cities, so we came here, and—you know all the rest.” Her eyes turned again to Edgar Wyman. “You knew that I had no love to give to any man,” she said, solemnly. “You knew—I told you.”

He did not seem to have heard her.

“And that is your child?” His words

came sluggish and thick, as though he were drunken. “And you deceived me from the first!” He was bending over her, his face white with passion. He seized her arm, and shook her in her bed. “I will never forgive you while I live!”

The child screamed. Mrs. Akers sprang forward with an exclamation of horror, but the man had staggered out of the room.

A change had come over Emily's face, pressed close to that of the sobbing, frightened child—the change which can never be mistaken. But the woman holding her in her arms must ask one question. A dreadful fear possessed her.

“Dear child,” she said, “you forgot to tell his name. Who was your husband? Who was this man that loved you so?”

A kind of wonder spread over the girl's face. “I must have said it.” Then with loving pride: “His name was Elyot, Captain Robert Elyot.”

“Oh, my dear, my dear!” Mrs. Akers cried, in a passion of remorse. “Did you never know—has no one ever told you——”

The girl rose up in the bed, terror and doubt and an awful longing in her eyes.

“What is it? What could they have told?”

Then she fell back upon the pillows, dead.

(To be continued.)

A WHITE DAY AND A RED FOX.

THE day was indeed white, as white as three feet of snow and St. Valentine's sun could make it. The eye could not look forth without blinking or veiling itself with tears. The patch of plowed ground on the top of the hill where the wind had blown the snow away was as welcome to the eye as water to a parched tongue. It was the one refreshing oasis in this desert of dazzling light. I sat down upon it to let the eye bathe and revel in it. It took away the smart like a poultice. For so gentle, and on the whole, so beneficent an element, the snow asserts itself very loudly. It takes the world quickly and entirely to itself. It makes no concessions or compromises, but rules despotically. It baffles and bewilders the eye, and returns the sun glare for glare. Its coming in our climate is the hand of mercy to the earth and everything in its bosom, but a barrier and an embargo to everything that moves above.

We toiled up the long steep hill where only an occasional mullein-stalk or other tall weed stood above the snow. Near the

top the hill was girded with a bank of snow that blotted out the stone wall and every vestige of the earth beneath. These hills wear this belt till May, and sometimes the plow pauses beside them. From the top of the ridge an immense landscape in immaculate white stretches before us. Miles upon miles of farms, smoothed and flattered by the stainless element, hang upon the sides of the mountains, or repose across the long sloping hills. The fences of stone walls show like half obliterated black lines. I turn my back to the sun, or shade my eyes with my hand. Every object or movement in the landscape is sharply revealed; one could see a fox half a league. The farmer foddering his cattle, or drawing manure afield, or leading his horse to water, the pedestrian crossing the hill below, the children wending their way toward the distant school-house,—the eye cannot help but note them; they are black specks upon square miles of dazzling white. What a multitude of sins this unstinted charity of

the snow covers! Yonder sterile field might be a garden, and you would never suspect that gentle slope with its pretty dimples and curves was not the smoothest of meadows, yet it is paved with rocks and stone.

But what is that black speck creeping across that cleared field near the top of the mountain at the head of the valley, three-quarters of a mile away? It is like a fly moving across an illuminated surface. A distant mellow bay floats to us and we know it is the hound. He picked up the trail of the fox half an hour since, where he had crossed the ridge early in the morning, and now he has routed him and Reynard is steering for the Big Mountain. We press on, attain the shoulder of the range, where we strike a trail two or three days old, of some former hunters which leads us into the woods along the side of the mountain. We are on the first plateau before the summit; the snow partially supports us, but when it gives way and we sound it with our legs we find it up to our hips. Here we enter a white world indeed. It is like some conjurer's trick. The very trees have turned to snow. The eye is bewildered by the soft fleecy labyrinth before it. On the lower ranges the forests were entirely bare, but now we perceive that the summit of all the mountain about us runs up into a kind of arctic region where the trees are loaded with snow. The branches bend with it. The winds have not shaken it down. It adheres to them like a growth. On examination I find the branches coated with ice from which shoot slender spikes and needles that penetrate and hold the chork of snow. It is a new kind of foliage wrought by the frost and the clouds, and it obscures the sky and fills the vistas of the woods nearly as much as the myriad leaves of summer. The sun blazes, the sky is without a cloud or a film, yet we walk in a soft white shade. A gentle breeze was blowing on the open crest of the mountain, but one could carry a lighted candle through these snow-curtained and snow-canopied chambers. How shall we see the fox if the hound drives him through this white obscurity? But we listen in vain for the voice of the dog and press on. Hares' tracks were numerous. Their great soft pads had left their imprint everywhere, sometimes showing a clear leap of ten feet. They had regular circuits which we crossed at intervals. The woods were well suited to them, low and dense, and, as we saw, liable at times to wear a livery whiter than their own.

The mice, too, how thick their tracks were, that of the white-footed mouse being most abundant; but occasionally there was a much finer track, with strides or leaps scarcely more than an inch apart. Who was he? I am half persuaded there is a mouse in our woods that the naturalists do not know about. The hunters say they often see him, while sitting on the runway waiting for the fox,—a small, red mouse, quick and shy as a spirit. I have had glimpses of him myself. This is, perhaps, his track,—the finest stitching this snow coverlid has to show.

At one point, around a small sugar-maple, the mice-tracks are unusually thick. It is doubtless their granary; they have beech-nuts stored there, I'll warrant. There are two entrances to the cavity of the tree,—one at the base, and one seven or eight feet up. At the upper one, which is only just the size of a mouse, a squirrel has been trying to break in. He has cut and chiseled the solid wood to the depth of nearly an inch, and his chips strew the snow all about. He knows what is in there, and the mice know that he knows; hence their apparent consternation. They have rushed wildly about over the snow, and no doubt given the piratical red squirrel a piece of their minds. A few yards away the mice have a hole down into the snow, which perhaps leads to some snug den under the ground. Hither they may have been slyly removing their stores, while the squirrel was at work with his back turned. One more night, and he will effect an entrance: what a good joke upon him if he finds the cavity empty! These native mice are very provident, and, I imagine, have to take many precautions to prevent their winter stores being plundered by the squirrels, who live, as it were, from hand to mouth.

We see several fresh fox-tracks, and wish for the hound; but there are no tidings of him. After half an hour's floundering and cautiously picking our way through the woods, we emerge into a cleared field, that stretches up from the valley below, and just laps over the back of the mountain. It is a broad belt of white, that drops down, and down, till it joins other fields that sweep along the base of the mountain, a mile away. To the east, through a deep defile in the mountains, a landscape in an adjoining county lifts itself up, like a bank of white and gray clouds.

We pause here, and with alert ears turned toward the Big Mountain in front of us, listen for the dog. But not a sound is heard. A flock of snow-buntins pass over, uttering

their contented twitter, and seen against the intense blue of the sky, they are white as snow-flakes. I hear a purple finch, too, and the feeble lisp of the red-pol. A butcher-bird (the first I have seen this season) finds occasion to come this way, also. He alights on the tip of a dry limb, and from his perch can see into the valley on both sides of the mountain. He is prowling about for chickadees, no doubt, a troop of which I saw coming through the wood. When pursued by the shrike, the chickadee has been seen to take refuge in a squirrel-hole in a tree. Hark! Is that the hound, or doth expectation mock the eager ear? With open mouths and bated breaths, we listen. Yes, it is old "Singer;" he is bringing the fox over the top of the range toward the Butt End, the *Ultima Thule* of the hunters' tramps in this section. In a moment or two the dog is lost to hearing again. We wait for his second turn; then for his third. "He is playing about the summit," says my companion.

"Let us go there," say I, and we are off.

More dense snow-hung woods beyond the clearing where we begin our ascent of the Big Mountain,—a chief that carries the range up several hundred feet higher than the part we have thus far traversed. We are occasionally up to our hips in the snow, but for the most part the older strata, a foot or so down, bears us. Up and up into the dim, muffled solitudes we go, our hats and coats powdered like a miller's. A half hour's heavy tramping brings us to the broad, level summit, and to where the fox and the hound have crossed and recrossed many times. As we are walking along discussing the matter, we suddenly hear the dog coming straight on to us. The woods are so choked with snow that we do not hear him till he breaks up from under the mountain within a hundred yards of us.

"We have turned the fox!" we both exclaim, much put out.

Sure enough, we have. The dog appears in sight, is puzzled a moment, then turns sharply to the left, and is lost to eye and to ear as quickly as if he had plunged into a cave. The woods are, indeed, a kind of cave,—a cave of alabaster, with the sun shining upon it. We take up positions and wait. These old hunters know exactly where to stand.

"If the fox comes back," says my companion, "he will cross up there or down here," indicating two points not twenty rods asunder.

We stand so that each commands one of the runways indicated. How light it is, though the sun is hidden! Every branch and twig beams in the sun like a lamp. A downy woodpecker below me keeps up a great fuss and clatter,—all for my benefit, I suspect. All about me are great, soft mounds, where the rocks lie buried. It is a cemetery of drift-boulders. There! that is the hound. Does his voice come across the valley from the spur off against us, or is it on our side down under the mountain? After an interval, just as I am thinking the dog is going away from us along the opposite range, his voice comes up astonishingly near. A mass of snow falls from a branch, and makes me start; but it is not the fox. Then through the white vista I see a red object emerge from the lower ground and, with an easy, jaunty air, draw near. I am ready and just in the mood to make a good shot. The fox stops just out of range and listens for the hound. He looks as red as an autumn leaf upon that spotless surface. Then he starts on, but he is not coming to me, he is going to the other run. Oh, foolish fox, you are going straight into the jaws of death! My comrade stands just there beside that tree. I would gladly give Reynard the wink, or signal to him, if I could. It does seem a pity to shoot him, now that he is out of my reach. I cringe for him, when, crack goes the gun! The fox squalls, picks himself up, and plunges over the brink of the mountain. The hunter has not missed his aim, but the oil in his gun has weakened the strength of his powder. The hound, hearing the report, comes like a whirlwind and is off in hot pursuit. Both fox and dog now bleed,—the dog at his heels, the fox from his wounds.

In a few minutes there came up from under the mountain that long, peculiar bark, which the hound always makes when he has run the fox in, or when something new and extraordinary has happened. In this instance, he said plainly enough, "The race is up; the coward has taken to his hole, ho-o-o-le." Plunging down in the direction of the sound, we were soon at the spot, a great ledge thatched over with three or four feet of snow. The dog was alternately licking his heels, and whining and berating the fox. The opening into which the latter had fled was partially closed, and, as I scraped out and cleared away the snow, I thought of the familiar saying, that so far as the sun shines in, the snow will blow in. The fox,

I suspect, always has his house of refuge, or knows at once where to flee to if hard pressed. This place proved to be a large vertical seam in the rock, into which the dog, on a little encouragement from his master made his way. I thrust my head into the ledge's mouth, and in the dim light watched the dog. He progressed slowly and cautiously till only his bleeding heels were visible. Here some obstacle impeded him a few moments, when he entirely disappeared. Fearing that the fox might have a way of escape on the other side of the ledge, we made our way around there, and were astonished to hear the dog barking fiercely, apparently just behind and beneath some flat stones held only by the front. He was evidently face to face with the fox and pressing him close. I imagined them sparring like two deadly combatants there in the darkness. Presently the dog appeared to grapple him, and a fierce but brief struggle ensued. A moment before I had encouraged the hound, but now I was sorry for the fox, and would fain have encouraged him. We fell to pounding and wrenching the ice-bound stones to expose the combatants to view, but made but slow progress. The dog was now thoroughly enraged, and made assault after assault upon the poor fox. We could hear as distinctly every charge and repulse as if separated from them only by a thin partition. The hound made a great uproar, but the fox was silent as death. Not a cry or sound did he make during that struggle of three-quarters of an hour. Now the hound would seem to have the advantage and there was exultation in his tones, but quickly he would utter a cry of mingled pain and wrath, and we knew it was the fox's turn to exult.

"Now he is giving it to him! Take him, 'Singer'! Take him, 'Singer'!" shouted his master, and we could hear the panting and the struggling. Then the fox would break the dog's hold, and keep him at bay again. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed beneath the rocks, and I confess with humility I took a fierce delight in it, though my sympathies were entirely with Reynard. No very deep scraping is required to find the savage in me: he came to the surface the moment that encounter began under the ledge. But the dog is determined to end it now. He grapples the fox again, for the sixth or eighth time, and after a moment of hard breathing and snorting, a long silence ensues. We have removed some outer obstacles, but seem no nearer them than before. What

has happened? Are fox and dog both dead? No; the dog has seized the fox and dragged him near the entrance, where the barking and struggling are renewed after some minutes; but the sound is still apparently just beneath us, and we continue our efforts some time longer. Finally my companion goes round to the mouth of the den, where he finds the dog pretty well "tuckered out," and the fox nearly dead. Reynard winks and eyes me suspiciously, as I stroke his head and praise his heroic defense; but the hunter quickly and mercifully puts an end to his fast ebbing life. His canine teeth seem unusually large and formidable, and the dog bears the marks of them in many deep gashes upon his face and nose. His pelt is quickly stripped off, revealing his lean, sinewy form. What a merciful provision it would have been to many poor sufferers, I thought, as I saw this furry vestment peeled off, if the human pellicle had come off with like ease! Man is like the hog in one obvious respect at least,—his skin sticks very close.

The fox was not as poor in flesh as I expected to see him, though I'll warrant he had tasted very little food for days, perhaps for weeks. How his great activity and endurance can be kept up on the spare diet he must of necessity be confined to, is a mystery. Snow, snow everywhere, for weeks and for months, and intense cold, and no hen-roost to rob, or bird or fowl to catch. The hunter, tramping miles and leagues through his haunts, rarely sees any sign of his having caught anything. He does not watch for his prey like a cat, and it must be rare indeed that he comes up with a mouse out on his travels, or a bird asleep upon the snow. He no doubt at this season lives largely upon the memory (or the fat) of the many good dinners he had in the plentiful summer and fall.

As we crossed the mountain on our return, we saw at one point blood stains upon the snow, and as the fox-tracks were very thick on and about it, we concluded that a couple of males had had an encounter there, and a pretty sharp one. Reynard goes a-wooing in February, and it is to be presumed that, like other dogs, he is a jealous lover. A crow had alighted and examined the blood stains, and now if he will look a little farther along, upon a flat rock he will find the flesh he was looking for. The dog's nose was blunted now, speaking without metaphor, and he would not look at another trail, but hurried home to rest upon his laurels.

THE STORY OF LESKEN.

CHAPTER I.

OLD LESKEN NOW WAS YOUNG DE LESKEN
ONCE.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction."

Poor old Lesken knew it well, for he had lived through the truth, and fiction passed before him every night behind the foot-lights of the old Wallack Theatre, as he sat in his place in the orchestra and scratched away at his fiddle as if for dear life. Perhaps you know how wearing the melodrama is on fiddle-strings.

The others in the band called him "poor



YOUNG DE LESKEN.

old Lesken." Life was very hard for them, too, with wife and children. But even they could look with pity on the lonely old man, who, year in and year out, sat in the same corner of the orchestra and saw generations of actors pass away; and could, if he only would, have recognized among the fashiona-

ble dandies in the stalls many a child of long ago.

Eight chairs had old Lesken worn out in his corner, and the plush top of the orchestra railing had become old and shabby many a time with the weight of his heavy hand, as he sat lost in thought, or shaking his head at the play deprecatingly, as much as to say:

"You painted images, do you call *this* a play, *this* grief, *this* misfortune? Why, I could show you——"

So ran his thoughts as his old head sank forward on his breast—his old head with its grizzled hair and dim eyes that looked at fiction through a huge pair of silver spectacles, perched on the end of a long, thin nose.

Who would have thought of a romance in connection with old Lesken, as he sat there with a look about him as if he had gone to bed in his clothes? He brings forth from the depths of a musty pocket a little, soiled paper parcel, out of which he takes a comforting pinch of snuff, while the hero on the stage declares his undying love for the heroine, looking passionately over her head into the wings.

One night old Lesken heard a song. A young girl stood behind the foot-lights, and sang with trembling voice a simple melody, which made the man forget half a century. Though the worn hand still guided the bow, fifty years had fled, and he was young again. Thousands of miles had disappeared, and he stood once more before his father's house in the neat Dutch town that lay so—yes, so phlegmatically, being a Dutch town, on the banks of the Rhine, which, as if in deference to the highly practical nature of the good burghers, had left behind it castles and hills and legends, and appeared instead with low, grassy banks that appealed to the best emotions of every ox and cow in the little kingdom. Did a stranger weary of the prospect, he was shown the wind-mills. If these bored him in the course of time, it was his own fault, for Mynheer, who did the honors of the town, had always found them sufficient food for his contemplative mind.

There was nothing exciting about the irregular streets, the gabled houses with their red roofs. Even the cobble-stones proclaimed the peace that reigned, for the thick grass grew in the middle of the street, and could not even tempt an accidental horse passing by in jog-trot fashion.

Young de Lesken may have found the peace of his native town slightly oppressive as he strode up and down before his father's house under the noon sun, stamping his foot



MISTRESS BETTY.

and pulling at the silver buttons of his blue coat in a way unbecoming a future burgher of Arndt.

So thought his father, as, looking out of the window, he caught sight of his son. Mynheer de Lesken was filled with righteous wrath, and, leaning out, he cried :

"What are you doing there at this time of day, Jan? What will the burgomeister say, should he see you? Go to the counting-room instantly!"

Then the window was closed with a phlegmatic deliberation that argued ill for the culprit.

Burgomeister van der Velde lived over the way in a severely substantial dwelling, of a buff color, with gabled roof, innumerable windows, and a green front door that boasted a brass knocker of dazzling brilliancy, and the pride of Mistress Betty's heart.

Old de Lesken's remark was merely a chance shot; for the burgomeister was, at that moment, puffing away at a long clay pipe in his own room in the town-house on the market-place, performing the arduous duties of his office in stealthily

watching the servant-maids as they came to draw water from the town pump in the center of the great square, and making a mental note of all such as stopped to gossip by the way.

If the burgomeister was not at home, Mistress Betty was, shyly watching Jan over the way as he stood there, with the silver buttons of his coat and the buckles of his shoes glittering in the sunlight. There was a nameless grace even in the black ribbon that tied his long brown hair.

"All the other young mynheers are so fat!" thought Betty, and stole another glance at the tall, agile figure.

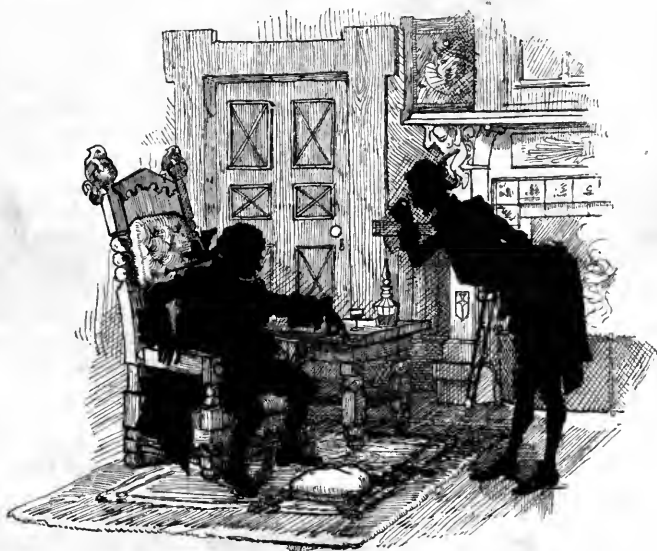
However, Mynheer de Lesken was not born to be disobeyed, and at his words Jan slowly disappeared into the house. For a moment the duster in Mistress Betty's little right hand stopped its godly work, while she heaved a gentle sigh, just enough to set a few particles from the powdered hair floating in the breeze of the summer day.

Such was her unwonted absence of mind that she knocked down a very hideous, but very sacred ornament, and, as she examined the injury done to the ugly little object, wondered what could for a moment have disturbed the calm placidity of her even life.

CHAPTER II.

MYNHEER, HIS FATHER.

MYNHEER DE LESKEN was a well-to-do man,—some said a rich man.



DIETRICH EXAMINES THE DISASTER FROM A DISTANCE.

Once there had been a mevrouw. Yes, fate had ruffled Mynheer's calm career with a wife,—peace to her gentle, troubled soul!—who had during her life-time been his constant worry, just as Jan was now.

"You're the son of your mother!" Mynheer would cry, in the hottest part of the battles with his heir. Not that he hated the boy,—heaven forbid!—but they were antagonistic to each other.

When Mynheer could so deviate from practical life as to wonder, he did wonder how he, an honest, steady citizen of Arndt, happened to be the father of a boy who was a dreamer; who could be passionate; who hated his father's East India and grocery trade, and who had once declared that he hated Arndt and wanted to see the world.

See the world! As if the career of all the dead and buried de Leskens was not good enough for him!

Jan's greatest disgrace—and, as he thought of it, Mynheer came as near shuddering as a phlegmatic Dutch burgher can—was that he played the violin—neglected everything for it, so his father thought. He filled the house with its high, clear tones till Mynheer, in a fit of rage, with his fingers in his outraged ears, strode up and down the room twice in succession,—a circumstance which had not happened even when Mevrouw died.

Once before there had been such a scene: when Jan said that he wanted to be an artist—a violinist.

High words there had been between father and son. His son a musician—his son! A beggar, a thief, an artist! So Mynheer classified these professions. A beggarly fiddler, when there was an opening in the wholesale grocery business worthy of a king, if such a one had leisure to undertake other duties than those of reigning! In bitterness of spirit the old merchant walked through his richly filled warehouses, and stood in stern contemplation of raisins and coffee and grains and molasses.

The divine art was represented in Arndt by Kobus (short for Jacobus), who held the position of town trumpeter. Kobus had left one of his legs in the Seven Years' War, and having, in this practical way, been cured of roving, settled down in his mother's house by the river, and constituted the only element of romance in Arndt. He was the only artist Mynheer had ever seen; and, good heavens! his son wanted to become an artist!

Mynheer de Lesken's house lay unpromisingly on the street, with neither tree

nor grass-plot to relieve its white exterior. It was only back of the house, beyond the beds of gorgeous tulips, that Mynheer's domain impressed you; there stood the great warehouses and the counting-room, into whose windows a couple of apple-trees nodded cheerily. Four clerks sat at the tall desk in the center of the large, bare room, while a smaller desk, in a state of chaos, stood deserted in a corner. The head clerk, old Dietrich, glancing at it, shook his long, wooden head disapprovingly. Length was Dietrich's chief characteristic, just as roundness was that of the other three. Thirty-five years had he been in Mynheer's employ, and if faithfulness is rewarded, Dietrich was a candidate for a crown.

Suddenly there came through the open window the passionate, pleading tones of a violin, and Dietrich, looking up with a start and a frown, saw Jan at his attic window, with his violin under his chin, playing as if the world could live without sugar and molasses, and as if he, simple Jan de Lesken, could conjure up another world with fiddle and bow. Old Dietrich scratched his head under his sandy wig, in much displeasure. Striding to the window, he called to the unsuspecting culprit:

"Come down instantly, Mynheer, and finish your letter about the herrings!"

So Jan came back to the world and the herrings, and Jan's father, smoking a pipe in the family sitting-room, hearing all, glared at the portraits of his ancestors that lined the walls, as if bidding them bear testimony against such depravity.

"Don't scold, old fellow!" Jan cried, as he entered the counting-room. "Only let me play to you some day, and I'll show you that something besides herrings and molasses can touch your flinty old heart," and he laid his hand affectionately on Dietrich's shoulder.

"Mynheer Jan, you waste so much time," the other said half reprovingly, as Jan stooped to pick up his fallen pen.

"Why, I call *this* wasting time," cried Jan, pointing with some scorn at the fat ledgers. "Anybody can do this; but not everybody can be an artist."

CHAPTER III.

MYNHEER'S LITTLE PLAN.

MYNHEER DE LESKEN, waking from his nap late one afternoon, was the victim of crossness and gout combined. Mynheer's

chair and the table at his side were planted on a little island of carpet in the exact center of the spotless, waxed floor. From this point of observation his sharp gray eyes reconnoitered in search of hidden dust and cobwebs.

Suddenly Mynheer rang a little bell that stood on the table beside him, and as a red-cheeked maid softly opened the door, Mynheer, staring with much wrath at the very edge of the carpet before him, demanded furiously:

"What do you call that, Babette?"

Babette examined the fatal mark, and, after a thoughtful pause:

"I should call it mud; mud from the street, Mynheer."

"I knew it, I knew it!" he cried in triumph; then, with a glare at Babette, he exclaimed:

"Send Dietrich to me at once."

"In my house mud,—mud," he muttered as she left the room.

Dietrich looked in with misgivings, being uncertain if he were called in as adviser or victim. Neither was Mynheer's opening address re-assuring:

"Come in and be —! Do you think I like to sit in a draught? Have you wiped your feet on the door-mat?"

"Yes, Mynheer."

"'Pon my word—amazing! Do you see that? I tell you this house will be turned into a pig-sty," he cried, pointing to the carpet.

"Don't go near, don't step on the carpet," he interrupted himself, just as Dietrich was about to place an immense foot on the little island.

So Dietrich took out a pair of horn spectacles and examined the disaster from a distance.

"Mud! Mud brought in by my son Jan!" shouted Mynheer. "I tell you he is capable of anything, a fellow who brings mud into his father's house. But I'll end it! He shall not fill my house with mud and fiddles! I've made up my mind! He must marry, and then he can go to the devil with his fiddles and mud and his wife into the bargain."

"Mynheer Jan marry?" said Dietrich, dubiously. Then, in the character of adviser, he took a hard chair, and sitting outside the charmed circle, repeated, doubtfully,

"Mynheer Jan marry?"

"Certainly! He's old enough—twenty-three; don't you call that old enough? I do. That's enough, Basta!"

When Mynheer cried "Basta!" his word was law, and now only a special dispensation of Providence could keep young Jan single.

"There's Jufrow Marie Velters," said de Lesken.

"But she's nearly forty," murmured Dietrich.

"Katho Schneider."

"She has but one eye."

"Minna Fincke," Mynheer cried sharply, objecting to Dietrich's unasked-for criticisms.

"Mynheer, if Master Jan must marry, it should be some one near his own age and whom he will like."

"Stuff!" interrupted Jan's father.

"Not stuff, Mynheer; you have no right to make him unhappy. If he must marry, let it be Mistress Betty van der Velde. She alone will make him a suitable wife."

"Hum, hum!" murmured the match-maker, and fell into a brown study.

Who will declare that the good man had no imagination, when we say that there appeared before him a pleasant vision of Mistress Betty filling his pipe and brewing a glass of grog for him?

Lastly, when he thought of two soft, brown eyes looking up affectionately at him, the prospect was so enticing that now, thinking of it—yes, he would have married her himself, if it were not, really and truly, so very much trouble.

"Hang the young dog; he shall have her," he thought, with a sigh, and, taking up a tiny steel mirror that lay at his side, he looked at the reflection of his fat, choleric, well-preserved old face.

"Jufrow Betty,—if I should try? Who knows?"

Dietrich was accustomed to his master's calm contemplation of his own charms, so he waited patiently till Mynheer, laying aside the glass, exclaimed with decision,

"Yes; he shall marry Jufrow Betty!"

In those old days there were grand confabulations in regard to such a thing as a marriage, and everybody was deeply interested in the matter, except, perhaps, the parties directly concerned. Jan did not see his father knock solemnly with the brass knocker at Mynheer van der Velde's spotless front door. He was still unconscious when Mynheer commanded him to be ready at three o'clock that afternoon to call at the burgomeister's.

"Where you may perhaps see Mistress

Betty," the old gentleman added, with a stiff wink in his right eye.

Never had Mynheer been so facetious before, and Jan stared; but imputing it to an extra allowance of grog,—such things happened in those days,—said nothing.

The burgomeister's room of state was open to receive the visitors; the room, with its angular furniture, slippery floor and innumerable van der Veldes staring at you from the

With a half-uttered exclamation, "father!" Jan had started back. His heart beat wildly; he could have rebelled against this—this—what? Against Betty? Silently blushing before him, with a look in her dark eyes, as if she were quite content! No, impossible! Jan, seeing that look, felt all his innate manliness come to his aid, and, bending forward, he kissed the little hand that was as helpless as his own at the mercy of



"HE KISSED THE LITTLE HAND."

walls, and, over all, that air of painful neatness which will freeze the most cordial visitor. This was just what old de Lesken reveled in, so in great content he sat down on a hard, uninviting sofa, while Jan stood at the window and looked wistfully out of the small diamond-shaped panes. The burgomeister had solemnity enough, and to spare, as he entered, leading Mistress Betty by the tips of the fingers. As for this same Mistress Betty—well, well! one could forgive old de Lesken for gallantly advancing and kissing one rosy cheek—at which her father looked discomposed and Jan wondered. Jufrow Betty lowered her brown eyes and a pink blush came and went as Jan stepped forward to greet her. Mynheer de Lesken, taking her hand in his, stopped him.

"Jan, there is a great surprise in store for you. Be grateful to me, for I arranged it. This, sir, is Betty van der Velde now, but she is to be Mevrouw de Lesken and your future wife! Yes,—I swear,—before the apples are ripe!"

these old men, who stood by making mental calculations and hugely satisfied with their day's work. Life was being shaped for Mynheer Jan by his cautious father as it had been cut and dried for all his ancestors.

Why should he complain? Love? Away with such foolish thoughts! What does a Dutch burgher want of so useless an article! Will it bear interest? Can it be bartered? No! Then out of the way with it!

CHAPTER IV.

KOBUS, THE TRUMPETER.

KOBUS camped out by the river in a thatched cottage containing one room. With the fiction of a camp and a ruthless enemy in mind, he had everything ready for instant retreat. A great hearth there was; a bed in a corner; an easy-chair (with a romance attached.) In a corner near the

bed stood the trumpet wrapped in green baize, and above it, against the rude, bare wall, hung Jan de Lesken's fate—a fiddle and a bow.

How often Jan had heard the old man play on it the melodies he had learnt in his progress through the world, believing what he said of elves who lived in the quaint wooden box and touched the strings with invisible fingers!

One never-to-be-forgotten day old Kobus placed the fiddle in his arms, and little by little, taught him all he knew, till he discovered that, ignorant as he was, the boy played as only untaught genius can play. Like a couple of conspirators, they used to come together of an evening, with the fear of Mynheer's righteous wrath before their eyes, and Kobus would tell stories of the Seven Years' War, interlarded with goblins, till Jan shivered even at the familiar plashing of the river as it flowed by.

At the foot of the path that led to Kobus's house the old soldier had built a rude wharf by the stream, where a boat lay moored, and here the peasants, in their heavily laden boats, would stop for a bit of gossip with the old man. Jan's visits were, however, his greatest joy; he was the child of his heart; the triumph of his clandestine teaching.

Rumors were rife in Arndt. They reached Mevrouw's ears, and Jan made his confession. His mother went by stealth to Kobus's house and heard her boy play; then wept bitterly, as if old memories had been awakened. Mevrouw had the absurdity to be proud of her son's talent. In a moment of insanity she planned a surprise for Mynheer.

The door was opened one afternoon, and Mynheer, waking from his nap, saw little Jan with his violin followed by his mother. Pleadingly, she said to Mynheer:

"It is a surprise."

It was a surprise all round; for, as Jan played, Mynheer's face grew fiery red.

"Take that beggar's trash away," he shouted, "and don't let me hear it again! You'd like Kobus's place, would you, young

man? As for you, Mevrouw, accept my congratulations; your son bears the strongest resemblance to you—ugh!" Mynheer cried in undisguised disgust, and so ushered them out of the room.

There is nothing like the hopelessness of a passion, to make it strong. What could Jan help it that every lovely sound knocked at his heart's door? Music was to him a purer, nobler language than earthly tongues; it filled his soul with dreams that were but fantastic foolery to other men.

Had Mynheer been less stern, Jan, after having seen the world, might have come back contented to Arndt with the knowledge that while the wholesale grocery business has its sunshine, the life of an artist has its shadows.

Meantime Kobus's house was Jan's paradise; here all space became alive with the tones the young fellow drew from the violin while Kobus looked with proud eyes on Mynheer Jan.

"You are my child," he would say.



KOBUS AND HIS PUPIL.

"When I die you will take the violin and trumpet and my sword, and keep them in memory of me, will you not? This house is to go to my old cousin, for what do you care for it. Are you not Mynheer Jan de Lesken!"

That was just his misfortune; to be Jan de Lesken, with his path in life so neatly marked out for him, that he awoke one fine morning and remembered that the day

before it had been decreed that Betty van der Velde should become his wife.

Then did Jan, looking up at the white bed-curtain, heave a rebellious sigh; but the next instant he turned over to the other side and calmly went to sleep again.

CHAPTER V.

JAN'S COURTSHIP.

THE betrothal day had come and gone. The burgomeister's house had been thrown open on that occasion,—if one can apply so violent a term to the serious ceremony. Fat mynheers and buxom mevrouws, besides sons and daughters of various shapes, had, with staid demeanor, congratulated the happy couple.

Mistress Betty, in her blue brocaded gown, with the yellow satin petticoat, looked demurely satisfied out of her brown eyes, calm and quiet and fair—just the ideal of a Dutch maiden, as she leant back in the high-backed chair, while Mynheer Jan, who stood at her side rather listlessly, if too tall and agile for a young mynheer, wore a look of unconcern, nay, quiet indifference, which was felt to be highly proper under every circumstance, and especially the present.

Mynheer van der Velde, if not much acquainted with that organ called the heart, so much the more understood its neighbor—the stomach.

Rich, sweet cordials were drunk to the health of bride and groom; tarts of magic flavors, with true-lovers' knots upon them, stood on long tables; pine-apples, brought at great expense from the East Indies, made the mynheers' mouths water; delicious teas furthered gossip, and there was a certain little room to which the city fathers of Arndt were led by a red-cheeked maid in a white cap, with glistening, golden ornaments hanging down on either temple, where they were given grog and rum, and many another good thing besides.

So Mynheer van der Velde and Mynheer de Lesken were well content, and as the sentiments of the newly betrothed were a matter of utter indifference to everybody, bliss may be said to have reigned supreme.

There came a mid-autumn day when the apple-trees near the counting-house knocked with ripened fruit against the little windows; when the flowers were in their last superb

glory; when the grapes hung heavy and purple on the vines. The afternoon sun still shone, but there was a chill in the air.

Mynheer de Lesken walked through the long hall in his house, wrapped in half a dozen cloaks, and with his cocked hat on his head. As he reached the kitchen, he slipped in suddenly for a breath of warm air, and at the same time to see if the maids were doing their duty. Mynheer was a housewife at heart; he had a neat turn for cookery and was a connoisseur in polished copper. As he put his head in at the door, scores of mynheers were reflected back from the scoured pans and pots that hung against the walls.

Satisfied with the effect his unexpected presence produced, wrapping himself more tightly in his cloaks, the old gentleman directed his steps along the kitchen-garden to the counting-room.

Mynheer understood well the poetry of the kitchen-garden. With approving eyes, he looked at the yellow pumpkins that had tried, with elephantine playfulness, to grow over the fence of the inclosure; then at the delicate rose-cabbage, the lettuces, the juicy turnips and carrots, which, if not quite in their youth, were not to be despised. Then came the tulip-bed. The gay, flaunting flowers were long since dead, and only a few withered stalks remained. Old de Lesken had no objection to tulips; his grandfather had been a monomaniac on the subject, and he had a great respect for his ancestors. Tulips had also a market value, and were not merely idle sentiment. So Mynheer cultivated them, and felt as if he were patronizing Nature. But now the tulip-bed was bare; a chill wind, sweeping by, lifted the fourth of his six cloaks and gave Mynheer a humorous poke in the ribs, then, passing on, made the withered tulip-stalks so very conspicuous that Mynheer's orderly soul writhed at the confusion.

At that unlucky moment, Jan, with a quill behind his ear, stepped out of the counting-house and, in the supposed sweetness of solitude, gave an enjoyable yawn of the most honest description, when he suddenly caught his father's eyes fixed on him with a look of unmistakable wrath.

"Perhaps you'd like a bed next to your desk, sir!"

"But, father——"

"Don't interrupt me!" Mynheer cried, growing red. "I have some other things

to say to you. It's enough to—to—to choke with rage, to be your father!"

"Father, you ——"

"Don't interrupt, sir! Here I have worked myself to death for you, and you're not grateful! I betroth you to a young person of—of—unexceptionable qualities, and you neglect her. Yes, neglect her!" Mynheer cried, quite regardless that Dietrich's wooden face involuntarily turned to the window, troubled and perplexed.

"Father," said Jan, straightening himself up proudly, "you're unjust to me; you have always been so. As you say, this marriage is of your making; you never consulted me about it. Let that pass, for I expect that; others are no better off. I suppose you married my mother in the same way."

"How dare you, sir ——"

"Father, hear me! If I make no opposition to your desires, you have at least no power to make me love Jufrow Betty."

"Love! Stuff! Who wants you to love any one? I want you to marry her, that is all. You're to be civil. As for love——d——d nonsense, all of it!" cried Mynheer, quite beside himself.

"I do enough, father. I will even marry her; but I cannot pretend to what I do not feel. If that displeases you, release me. Jufrow Betty will not break her heart."

"Why should she break her heart, you



JAN'S COURTSHIP.

coxcomb? But you shall marry her, sir. Do you hear me? Yes, you shall marry her two weeks from to-day. I swear you shall!"

Mynheer gasped furiously, and so shook under his six cloaks, that there is no knowing what he might have done had not old Dietrich at that moment opened the counting-house door, and so become an unconscious lightning-rod.

Had Jan really neglected Jufrow Betty? Was it true?

Well, one could hardly say neglected; he only, for the first time in his life, made a practical use of his native phlegm, and calmly accepted Mistress Betty as the inevitable.

Once a week he sat in the state-room of Mynheer van der Velde's house, and saw Betty knit with tireless hands, or embroider moral samplers—in fact, do any of those useless things with which young ladies whiled time away one hundred years ago, as well as now.

His betrothed was satisfied. Her little day-dream had become a reality.

There sat the hero, so different from the other young mynheers. To be sure, he was as silent as they; but while they stared at her with round, admiring eyes, Jan sat there with thoughts far off, without a glance even at the fair hands, as they deftly moved in and out of the dainty work.

Still, she was satisfied. A moral victory had been gained over those of her bosom friends who had confidentially declared to her their admiration for this same tall and silent youth.

Passion? Love? Such words were unknown to her. They would have thrown her peaceful little soul into a state of confusion.

So Jan sat dumbly by, and Betty was satisfied. Mynheer de Lesken, in a curious feeling of affection for his future daughter, had let his imagination run away with him; for Jan seemed to all the town of Arndt a model lover.

So old de Lesken's angry words fell on deaf ears; for Mynheer Jan continued his wooing with even more than Dutch indifference and tranquillity.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE THE WEDDING; THE WEDDING DAY.

WHAT Mynheer de Lesken had once decreed, was sure to be.

The burgomeister had consented and the wedding was to take place in two weeks.

There was no surprise for Mistress Betty, no bustle and hurry and excited consultations. Mevrouw van der Velde had occupied her placid career in collecting her daughter's trousseau, when that daughter was still in swaddling clothes.

Why, the great presses groaned with the weight of exquisite linen, each dozen of every thing tied with dainty red ribbons and the odor of all as fragrant as new-mown hay in an early summer's morning.

Invitations were sent far and wide. The

Silver by the ton, by the square yard, and all to burst in an accumulated flash of glory upon the good town of Arndt on the eventful wedding day.

How the sun shone that day! As if it had determined

to do something great in honor of the occasion! Van der Veldes and de Leskens came from everywhere: on foot, in unwieldy chariots, and some in sedan chairs,—as there were only two sedan-chairs in Arndt their owners may be said to have made their fortune that day.

Mynheer the burgomeister's house was hung with garlands inside and out. The state-room was turned into a delicious arbor of flowers, amid which wandered illustrious van der Veldes in velvet cloaks and coats, and knee-breeches, and massive golden chains, and van der Veldes in silken and satin gowns and feathers and powdered hair.

Over the way, Mynheer de Lesken had sworn not to be outdone. He was to give

the dinner after the ceremony, and, ah! if you could only have seen the gorgeous plate. Even de Lesken of the posts and chains raised his eyebrows one-eighth of an inch, which is equivalent to a dictionary of the adjectives of ordinary mortals.

The whole of Arndt had flocked together before the burgomeister's house; everybody who had a spare moment devoted it to staring at the two all-important mansions, or at a great glass coach with four horses which stood before the burgomeister's door, ready to bear off Mistress Betty to the old church on the market-place, where the dominie already stood in the vestry, rehearsing his address to the young couple.

Dominie, dominie; there's many a slip between the cup and the lip!

As for Mistress Betty she also was ready. Calm, demure, plump and rosy, she sat in her little room, while about her bustled various illustrious feminine van der Veldes; one adorning her hair with a pat more of white powder, another bestowing a last touch on a rich pearl circlet about the fair throat, while still another smoothed admiringly the dainty brocade of the bridal dress.



DE LESKEN ENTERTAINING.

burgomeister of Amsterdam came,—he was a van der Velde, and the most illustrious of his name. There was invited a syndic of Rotterdam, and two from the Hague, and a godly divine from Arnheim.

There came a de Lesken from Amsterdam, who had obtained leave of the city fathers to have the great posts and connecting chains, which extended the whole length of his house, made of silver,—solid silver, while iron contented most people. But he cursed his boasted folly; for, though they remained there as a lasting token of the honesty or incapacity of every Dutch thief, this de Lesken could never go to sleep without the haunting fear of finding them gone. One morning they found him dead at his window. Physicians called it apoplexy; but, no, he was killed by his silver chains.

He was still enough alive to come to Jan's wedding; fleeing from his torture in a lumbering chariot and six; and as he descended at Mynheer's door he shed much glory upon the town.

What a time it was!

Such packages as the mail-coach brought!

This was the realization of Mistress Betty's most romantic dreams: not marrying the man she loved, oh, no! but sitting here in so lazy a fashion in such fine robes, and having every one at her beck and call. Jan, to be sure, was tall and thin, so thought his future *mevrouw*; but he was so odd, and the more she knew him the stranger he seemed. Indeed, she would far rather have him sit beside her without an idea in his head than, as unfortunately was often the case, with his thoughts far away, coming back to himself with a start when she spoke to him. Once, on such an occasion, he had begged her pardon and said he was wondering about something,—what it was she had long since forgotten; but Mistress Betty abhorred wondering as much as

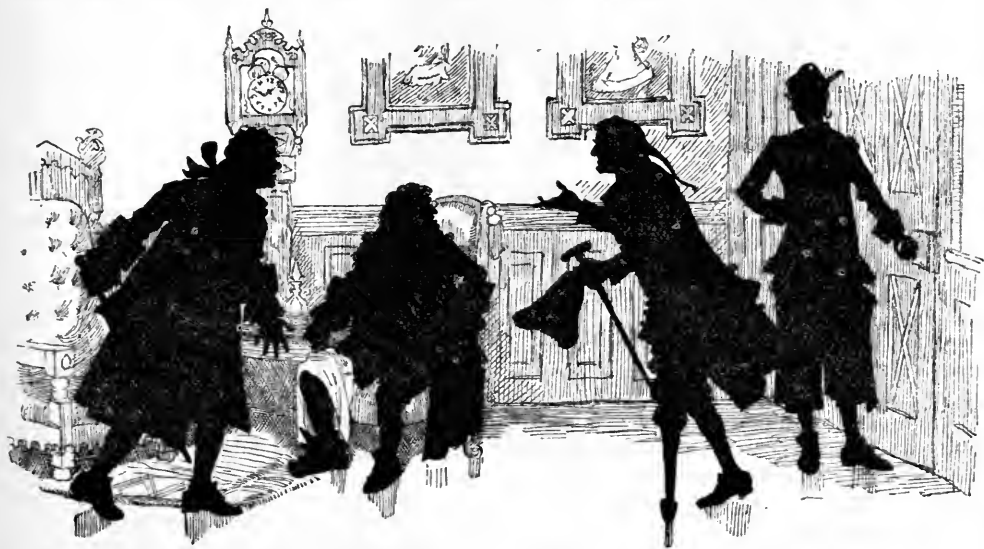
CHAPTER VII.

THE WEDDING-DAY (CONCLUDED).

CONTENTMENT was enthroned on Mynheer de Lesken's countenance that morning, as he sat in the leathern chair in the sitting-room, doing the honors of his house to his kinsman of the post and chains, who sat opposite to him, tramping quite unconcernedly with one gouty foot—for of course he had the gout, this rich man—upon the sacred carpet; a liberty which would have brought down maledictions from Mynheer on anyone else.

In one hour Mynheer would have a daughter; a dear, ideal daughter, who could fill a pipe and mix a glass of grog.

Jan had, to be sure, a part to play in the



KORUS BRINGS NEWS OF MYNHEER JAN.

did her future father-in-law, and she pouted her pretty red lips with as much scorn as her little phlegmatic soul could exhibit. If Jan had had even the heavy gallantry of one of the despised young *mynheers*, he would have kissed the pout away from the rosy mouth; but, instead, he looked calmly on and moved not a muscle. So Jufrow Betty never forgot that he had an uncomfortable habit of wondering, and that he would not kiss her, even with the best of opportunities.

Therefore she sat calm and rosy and contented, without the unpleasant emotion of having her heart beat one degree faster than ordinary.

A model daughter-in-law for Mynheer de Lesken!

coming event; and Mynheer, suddenly overcome by paternal feelings, remembered that, in attending to the welfare of de Lesken of the posts and chains, he had quite lost sight of his son, whom he had not seen since the state dinner of the evening before. Then, too, the pleasant opportunity of being wise before his honored guest!

"I must see him," thought Mynheer, and rang the bell.

"Babette, tell Mynheer Jan, if he is at leisure,"—wonderful thoughtfulness and condescension!—"to come here; I wish to speak to him. A good lad, a good lad," he said pompously to Mynheer of Amsterdam, with a wave of his right hand; "but more like the late *Mevrouw* than myself,"—the most touching allusion he had ever made

to his departed wife. Here the door was opened and Babette's head appeared.

"If you please, Mynheer, I knocked at the door, but no one answered."

"Go back and open the door."

"If you please, Mynheer, I opened the door," said Babette, re-appearing.

"Well?"

"Then I walked in, if you please, Mynheer——"

"What then?"

"If you please, Mynheer——"

"D——n 'if you please, Mynheer!'"

"Certainly, if—if you—I—I mean, Mynheer Jan was not there, and his wedding suit was lying on the chair, just as I had placed it there last night."

"That's enough. Go to Dietrich; perhaps my son is with him. You must know," he added, turning apologetically to his relative, "Jan, I am ashamed to say, is quite absent-minded, and—and——" he stammered, becoming embarrassed as he saw the other's look of horror, "perhaps he doesn't know how late it is."

"Not know how late it is any day—and on such a day? Absent-minded—absent-minded? What is the world coming to?" exclaimed he of Amsterdam, in a rich, wheezy voice, that harmonized finely with his gouty foot.

Mynheer felt the full force of this appeal, and was silent; but his face grew forebodingly red.

There was the sound of the shuffling of a pair of awkward feet, as if in the act of wiping themselves on the door-mat. The door was opened, and in came Dietrich, superb in cotton velvet.

"Was Mynheer Jan with you, Dietrich?"

"Yes, Mynheer."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Blockhead! I want to see him now," cried Mynheer.

"I have not seen him to-day. Isn't he in his room?" Dietrich asked in some surprise.

"Of course he isn't. What are you staring at me for?" cried Mynheer, in a passion. "Why don't you look for him? Send some of the men to hunt him up. He shall pay for this, the rascal! He was only born to be a trouble to me—just like his mother. Here, you, Dietrich, send some one to Kobus; perhaps the old fool will know where my son is." And, for the second time in his life, Mynheer stalked about the room in uncontrollable rage, till de Lesken of Am-

sterdam began to perspire, merely with the fatigue of looking at him.

Mynheer was, however, too excited to be thoughtful. He strode up and down, fast and furious, till Mynheer of Amsterdam, with a celerity of imagination that did him all credit, thought of apoplectic fits, and what not, and grasped the handle of the tea-kettle, that was singing away over the flame of a spirit-lamp on the table ready for instant use.

Again old Dietrich appeared.

"Mynheer, Mynheer!" he cried anxiously. "Mynheer Jan is not found, and Kobus is nowhere to be seen. Oh, if something should have happened to the boy!"

"Nonsense!" cried Mynheer, in great rage. "It's only some of his impudence; but he shall pay for it!" he gasped, pulling an immense gold chronometer out of his breeches-pocket, and consulting its staring face. Dietrich shook his head, when suddenly out in the hall a zealous voice shouted, "We've got him, we've got him!" and Mynheer, with a gulp of relief, and a muttered "D——n him!" tore open the door, and discovered Kobus, trying with difficulty to keep Babette and two enthusiastic men-servants from doing him a bodily injury.

"Where's my son?" cried old de Lesken, looking from one to the other.

"O, Mynheer, Mynheer! I came here of my own accord to speak to you. I must speak to you; let me go into your room."

"Go!" Mynheer commanded the servants, and, leading the way into the room, shut the door.

In his agitation Kobus saw neither Dietrich nor Mynheer from Amsterdam.

"Mynheer," he cried pleadingly, "the wedding cannot take place to-day."

"Good God! what do you mean? Is my son sick? Is he—is he dead? Speak, fellow!"

"No, neither. He is gone."

"Gone! Gone! Where? Can't you find your tongue?" Mynheer screamed, beside himself with rage and consternation.

"Mynheer, it was all my fault, and yet I, too, was innocent! Be merciful, Mynheer, he had forgotten that to-day was to be his wedding-day."

"Forgotten!" It was all the other three could gasp in their bewilderment.

"He came to my house last night after the dinner," Kobus said in a low voice. "He often came of an evening, and—oh, Mynheer, I love him like my own child. Be lenient with him!"

"Go on. We're not interested in your feelings," muttered Dietrich, a prey to grief and jealousy.

"We talked of this and that, and at last about music—Mynheer knows how his son loves music," said Kobus, pleadingly, "and we quite forgot that to-day was to be his wedding-day. At last I said that I had heard from some one who passed by that day, that the greatest violinist in the world was to give a concert at Arnheim to-day at noon. When I told him, he was quite beside himself, and spoke of nothing else, and said it was the dream of his life to hear such a master. Then he grew quieter, and soon he went away, quite lost in thought. I have not seen him since. This morning the miller of Gravow anchored at the wharf, and I went down to him for a bit of a talk, and then, for the first time I missed my boat. 'Some one's stolen my boat!' I cried to the miller of Gravow. 'He's honest,' said the miller. 'What d'ye mean?' says I, staring at him. 'Why,' says he, 'I saw Mynheer Jan de Lesken step out of her at Arnheim, bright and early this morning, and a good two hours' row he had. 'Merciful God!' I cried, 'and to-day is his wedding-day.' Then I ran to tell you. Oh, Mynheer, he will come back this afternoon, or to-morrow. Forgive——"

"Out of my sight, you scoundrel!" shrieked Mynheer. "Out, or I'll—I'll murder you!" And Dietrich pushed the bewildered Kobus out of the door and shut it in his face, while Mynheer de Lesken sank into his leathern chair and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he started up.

"Bear witness," he cried, "I disown him from this day forth. I have no more a son!"

"Mynheer, Mynheer, think of what you say," cried Dietrich, laying his faithful hand on his master's arm.

"Silence!" the other cried, shaking him off. "Not another word. I have spoken,—so it shall be. Oh, disgraced, disgraced!" he groaned, sinking into his chair again.

"Betty, poor child!" he muttered. Then aloud to Dietrich, "To Mynheer van der Velde's instantly. Tell him I must see him this moment. Go! Better that he were dead than this, the villain! But I have done with him. He may go to the devil for all I care. But Betty—poor, poor child! How will it be with her? This mummery, this confusion! It will never be forgotten that Jan de Lesken's bride was not worth the

scrape of a fiddle. Faugh!" And Mynheer shivered in his soul-felt disgust.

"Mynheer de Lesken, marry her yourself," said a fat voice, and Mynheer turned about with a start and stared in sheer amazement at his honored relative, who presented in his right eye a very good imitation of a wink.

"Marry—marry—I—marry her myself?" Ha! ha! ha!" And Mynheer laughed a furious, bitter laugh. The fury and the bitterness, however, faded away, and the idea remained. The idea was wonderfully enticing. Mynheer leaned back in his chair, and, in the silence that ensued, for the second time in his life allowed his imagination to run away with him.

"I marry her myself! Ha! ha! ha!" But this was a laugh of the deliciously yielding sort. "Why, if she will have me—to be sure, thirty years is—hum! hum! But I'm a *man*!" cried Mynheer, with a self-satisfied slap on his breast. "If she will only—and I'm a rich man!"

So loose-jointed were Mynheer de Lesken's thoughts, there is no knowing where they would have stopped if, at that moment, Mynheer the burgomeister had not opened the door.

"It is very late, Mynheer de Lesken; we must be moving; where is your son?"

"Mynheer, I have no son. For me he is dead. This morning he was seen in Arnheim where he forgot, in listening to a trumpery fiddler, that to-day he was to be married to Mistress Betty van der Velde."

Curious questioning went about; eyebrows were raised; little groups of whisperers stood around.

Two hours had passed since the time of the proposed ceremony, yet nothing had taken place; so the illustrious van der Veldes and the rich de Leskens raised their eyebrows and whispered. Not that they had been neglected—by no means. They had been very well treated, which meant, in the understanding of van der Veldes and de Leskens, well-fed and well-wined. But they had come for a wedding, and—where was the wedding?

Mistress Betty had been told.

"Tears?" Yes, tears had been shed; but, behind these same tears her common sense was on guard.

"What! she forgotten for a mere beggar?" Mistress Betty's classification was after the same standard as Mynheer de Lesken's.

She jilted? How her bosom friends would laugh! and, as she thought of that climax to her woes, tears of bitter earnest rolled down the plump cheeks. She to suffer for this insult all her life, and he, the villain, to go scot free? Oh no, no,—it must not be!

Then did the burgomeister very falteringly offer her Mynheer de Lesken's hand, and, as instructed, lay his old heart and all his riches at her feet.

Tears flowed unhindered down the rosy cheeks, but they did not prevent Jufrow Betty from calculating in a way that would have done honor even to the kinsman of the posts and chains. A sense of calm and security came upon her; after all, she could, if she only would, be married that day and become a *Mevrouw de Lesken*. Then must that other *de Lesken* beware,—and through her placid little soul there shot a feeling of hate as strong as it was rare.

After all, a *van der Velde* was to marry a *de Lesken*, and there was the excitement of unheard-of circumstances into the bargain; so thought the old people. All the young girls said they pitied the bride,—though there was not one who would have refused Mynheer *de Lesken*; and the young men seemed to think that the father of Jan had too much luck.

The dominie, who had been waiting at the church all day, was hastily notified of the curious change, so that he should leave out of his discourse all objectionable points, such, for instance, as the matter of age.

At last, then, the glass coach started off with the fair bride, and another followed with the bridegroom.

"Hurrah!" shouted all the little ragamuffins, in Dutch, as they should.

And so the dominie made them one.

Who cared that the flowers in the arbor began to droop; that the dishes at the state dinner were overdone; that the guests had more the aspect of condoling than congratulating? Who cared? You see, after all, a *van der Velde* married a *de Lesken*, and everything is in a name.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN; ANOTHER VERSION.

Yes, young Mynheer was honest, at least.

In the early dawn of the next day, Kobus found his boat again in its usual place on the wharf.

"Poor boy, perhaps he has come back! God have mercy on him!" thought the old man, sorrowfully. "I must see him,—I might meet him if I went toward the town. O, Mynheer *de Lesken*, Mynheer *de Lesken*, if you'd only waited till to-day!"

Never was the good town of Arndt in such a state of excitement before. Mynheer *de Lesken*'s house was the cynosure of all eyes. Was it surprising, then, that at every sound or noise proceeding from that respectable dwelling, every *mevrouw* and *mynheer* should stare at it stealthily through the round hole in the closed shutters till there was an unseen line of night-caps with frills, brought up in the rear by night-caps in tassels, through the whole row of houses opposite Mynheer *de Lesken*'s?

Still, exhausted nature must seek relief, and they were all sleeping the sleep of the just, when some one knocked with the brass knocker against Mynheer's front door.

"Merciful Father, it's Mynheer Jan!" cried an excited feminine voice.

"Open the door instantly, Babette," cried Jan—for it was he. His face was haggard and pale, and his whole appearance was disordered.



JAN RETURNS.

The housemaid proceeded to obey this command with great deliberation. Being a woman, Babette felt as if she had a personal grievance against this errant bridegroom.

The door opened. Babette concluded, on nearer examination, that Mynheer Jan was not to be trifled with.

"Babette, I must speak with my father; has he come down yet? Stay! I will go to his room."

"If you please, Mynheer," cried Babette, laying a detaining hand upon his arm and speaking with great distinctness; "if you please, Mynheer and *Mevrouw* have not yet come down-stairs."

"Mynheer and *Mevrouw*—*Mevrouw*?" Jan repeated, staring at her in utter astonishment.

"What do you mean? Who? *Mevrouw*? What *Mevrouw*?" he cried.

"*Mevrouw de Lesken*; for, as you did not come, Mynheer your father married the pretty young lady himself," Babette exclaimed spitefully and triumphantly, in the happy consciousness that she had avenged her sex.

"Married Betty—married her himself? Why," said Jan, with a wild laugh, quite forgetting Babette's presence—"why, then I don't need to ask his forgiveness,—indeed, he should thank me for my absence."

Then he laughed again, and, after the manner of men, felt as if he had been shamefully abused.

"Babette, I shall go to my room and wait till Mynheer and *Mevrouw*"—with a just perceptible stress on the last—"till Mynheer and *Mevrouw* come down to—"

"Not in my house, sir. You have no room in my house—you are a stranger here!" a harsh voice suddenly interrupted.

As Jan, with a start, raised his eyes, he beheld his father, enveloped in a voluminous dressing-gown, standing in the middle of the great stairs.

For a moment they looked at each other like two mortal enemies, with emotions too strong for words. Then the violent passion of the elder, made more furious by a sense of intense jealousy, spurned control.

"Leave my house, you—you wretch!" he cried, striking the balustrade with his clenched hand. "Leave this house, and let me never see your face again, you man without honor or shame! you disgrace to your name —"

"Stop, father! do not goad me on! You are my father, and—heaven forgive me!—I am in danger of forgetting it."

"Hold your tongue!" screamed Mynheer. "You have brought wretchedness enough here."

"I know,—I know; I cannot excuse

myself; you would not understand me should I try. But it seems you have no reason to complain of the wretchedness I caused," cried Jan.

"What? what? Do you taunt me with trying to hide your disgrace?" Mynheer screamed, leaping down the stairs toward his son, with strong, uplifted arm.

"Beware!" Jan shouted, holding his two hands out before him, while his eyes flashed fire. "Beware, Mynheer de Lesken! You have no son, I no father; as you have forgotten, I may forget. We are strangers now, as you wished."

"Be it so. I have many things to repent of in my life; but my last words to you, which will ever remind you that you had a son, shall be, that I might have been a better son, had you been a different — No, no! It is cowardly to accuse you—cowardly—cowardly! We shall never see each other again. May you—be—happy!"

So speaking, faltering, Jan, without another word, another look, left his father's house, and closed behind himself forever the spotless front door with its brass knocker. He strode down the silent street till some one came stumping up toward him.

"Dear boy, dear Mynheer Jan de Lesken —"

"Kobus, Kobus, never more Jan de Lesken!" cried Jan, covering his face with his hands, and a great, shuddering sigh went through him.

"Mynheer Jan, dear boy, come to my house. All will be well again in a few days," old Kobus pleaded, laying his hand on Jan's arm.

"Never, never, old friend. I must be gone. I must go far away, where no one will ever be disgraced by me again," Jan murmured. So the two walked slowly toward the little house by the river, and those of the good mynheers and mevrouws who were up early, were rewarded by seeing, for the last time, Mynheer Jan de Lesken in the respectable town of Arndt.

CHAPTER IX.

THE END.

WHY try to excuse him? It is impossible.

He went far, far away, as he said he would. Far away meant at first to Amsterdam, and then to Rotterdam; but life was not pleasant in the neighborhood of illustrious van der Veldes.

Opposers of the illustrious van der Veldes made quite a lion of him at first, but a more entertaining lion was sure to come and take his place before long.

One weary day, as he was purposely roaming about the great docks of Rotterdam, he thought:

"Why not sail away in one of these vessels, and see if there is any future for you in another country?"

So it came to pass that Jan sailed over the wide ocean to see the world—too late!

Poor, unfriended as he was, he tried to make the best of life. He was a dreamer. The world only tolerates rich dreamers; poor dreamers come to nothing. So Jan de Lesken came to nothing, like many another man. He turned for help to the instrument that had caused him so much misery, but among men who had lived and learned, he knew nothing.

He dreamed his life away, playing here

and playing there, barely earning his livelihood, till one day he obtained a place in the orchestra of the old Wallack Theatre. As the years went on, the old feeling of what he had been grew duller and duller, till it seemed a forgotten dream.

One night, he heard a song.

Fresh and strong, the memory of his life's story returned to him; for in this song he recognized a simple melody the great violinist had played the morning of the day, fifty years ago, that should have been his wedding-day. Father and bride and friends were long since dead, and he, who had nothing to live for, sat there, where they made people merry for money, and scratched away at his fiddle. Were you ever in the old Wallack Theatre? Did you never see the bent old man in the left-hand corner of the orchestra, who played the violin with trembling hands, or sat there lost in thought? That was old Lesken.



A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

In the old time, when New England orchards bent low with burdens of ripe apples, the farmer sent away barrels of the best fruit in trepidation lest the market be overstocked. Usually the fruit made small returns, and frequently it disappeared altogether before a purchaser could be found. The cider-mill grew fragrant with heaps of apples, and under all the trees they lay in golden and rosy masses, not

worth the gathering. Then it was the thrifty housewife came to the rescue with her needle and ball of twine. The "apple-paring bee"—a device to save the too abundant crops—became a high festival, at which young men and maidens met to slice apples and make love. Then every farm-house hung out festoons of "halves" and "quarters" to yellow in the sun.

But fruit-drying has now become a novel

and prosperous industry; from the domestic economy of that time, has sprung new wealth, and from dried apples have come delicious confections as yet without a name.

Since the old days when Norsemen navigators named New England "the Vine-land," this country has rejoiced in an abundance of fruit. Three million peach-trees bloom each spring on the sunny plains that lie between the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. The apple crop of the country is almost past counting; our surplus fruit if rightly saved, would keep all Europe in table luxuries. The birds on New Hampshire hills are feasted with raspberries, while the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee are purple with blackberries that go to waste. The time has been when an extra good crop of peaches in Delaware meant a million baskets of fruit left untouched upon the trees.

The primitive work of drying fruit in the sun is still followed in many parts of the country. Maine is noted for its sliced apples; New York is the chief dried-apple state, and sends its sun-dried product for export in halves and quarters. Ohio and Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, produce large quantities in the order in which we name them. Georgia makes a sun-dried apple of a fine gold color, and North Carolina, with only seedlings and wild fruit, produces sliced dried apples and peaches delicately colored from light straw to pale flesh color. Everywhere in Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, one may see at the farmsteads rows of boards tilted up to the sun and covered with sliced fruit. Sometimes it is spread between sheets of muslin to keep away the insects and to give the fruit a finer color. These small lots of fruit are collected by the country store-keepers, and thus find their way to the great cities and a market.

The first improvement made in drying fruit was tried in the North, and consisted of covering the fruit with glass. The hot-bed sash idle in the barn found a new duty. Wooden boxes or frames made to fit the sash were prepared and set upon legs to raise them above the ground. Holes were cut at the front near the bottom, and at the back near the top, to secure a current of air through the frame; within these glass-roofed frames the fruit was spread on trays in the full sunlight. The glass kept out rain, birds and insects, and the fruit dried more quickly and with less labor than in the old way, and with a decided improvement in its appearance.

Experiments were also made with stoves. The cooking stove dried the fruit more quickly than the sun, but it was wanted for other purposes. The next step was to erect drying closets. A small inclosed place or closet of any convenient shape or size was put up in the farm-house or shed, and in this was placed a small stove. The sides of the closet were protected from the fire by brick-work and above the stove were placed shelves for the fruit; inlets for the fresh air were made at the bottom, and at the top ventilators were provided for the escape of the heated air and vapor. Such appliances answered a very good purpose, and are often used to save the surplus fruit of a small farm for domestic use or for sale.

Besides these domestic appliances, there is now in use a very good iron stove or drying machine, costing about seventy dollars, and serving to dry all kinds of fruit in a much better manner than the wooden closets, which are liable to take fire. This stove is portable, and may be used out-of-doors or in a building, as is most convenient. A fire is kept up in a fire-box at the base, and above it are movable shelves for the apples, peaches, berries, corn, grapes, or other fruits or vegetables. A constant stream of hot air passes through the apparatus, sweeping across the trays of fruit and quickly extracting all their moisture. The smoke-flue from the fire passes through the escape for the hot air and materially assists the movement of the air. Dryers of this form are largely used in the peach districts of the East and the grape-growing country of the Pacific coasts. They are easily managed, and will dry as much fruit in a day as a family can peel and slice in that time.

Between Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware is a broad and level peninsula,—the center of the peach-garden of the continent. Here the peach-trees stand in rows a mile long, luxuriating in a warm and mellow soil and a genial climate. Every farm counts its hundreds or thousands. There are forests of twenty thousand trees standing in prim and stately lines. The plowman, guiding his horses between the trees, seems to be traveling off to the next county. Here also, blackberry and strawberry, pear and raspberry, spread wide in the mild and sunny air, growing up to new stateliness, or covering the ground with a fruit and foliage in a luxuriance unknown to New England gardens. The white and sandy soil, free from stones, invites to culture. Plants and trees grow as if it were a pleasure to reward

the labor spent upon them. Here and there the pines make a pleasing contrast with the monotonous peach-groves, and immense fields of wheat and corn alternate with acres of strawberries.

Each farm in the vast peach-garden, which covers the whole of Delaware and a part of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, has an average of a thousand peach-trees. Some large estates count ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand trees in one block. With a fair crop, there will be five million baskets of peaches on these trees. A good crop will yield six million baskets—more peaches than the nation can eat while they are in good condition.

When, in April days, the blossoms of these million trees foretoken an abundant crop, the good news is telegraphed all over the country. It is a new spur for trade and commerce. The basket factories drive a lively trade, the steamship companies rub up their rusty engines and lay in new stores of coal, and the railway lines buy or hire more freight cars. A million dollars will soon be poured into the lap of Delaware, and every one hastens to reap his share of the golden harvest. The farmer, long waiting for a return on his invested money and labor, sees the daily swelling crop with sparkling eyes; the express companies reorganize their routes; through trains for New England, for northern New York, Chicago and the West are arranged on fast timetables, that the peaches may be moved quickly to the waiting markets; June and July slip away, and the peaches swell and yellow in the sun; huge steamboats appear on the Delaware, and engines stand on every switch with steam up and cars waiting.

Suddenly, at four o'clock in the morning, there appears at some way station in southern Delaware, a multitude of farm-wagons, ox-carts, and teams of every description. In the early morning light there is a scene of lively competition to get to the depot, each man striving to bring his load of fruit first to the car. It seems as if all the country-side had turned out in mad haste to reach the station. At last the heavy train is off for the Delaware Breakwater, where, in a wonderfully short time, the thousands of baskets of fruit are transferred to the steamship, which steams away along the sandy shores of New Jersey toward New York.

The arrival is heralded in all the papers. The peaches have come! On the same day long trains of fruit-cars pull up at Baltimore and Philadelphia, or steam away at express

speed for Boston or the West. From day to day the excitement spreads. More and more peaches ripen, and every car and steamboat is packed to the utmost. Around every rural station in the peninsula and at every steamboat landing there is each day a scene of hurrying, confusion and uproar. The rural mind seems to lose its traditional calm in the haste to realize the immense harvest of fruit poured out upon the land. The farmer already counts his gains, and thinks of the release of the mortgage on the farm, or of new home luxuries for wife and little ones. All, from rich to poor, share in some way in the harvest, for every man, woman and child is employed in some fashion in securing the crop. Even the public school closes its door, for all the boys and girls are picking peaches.

Suddenly a mysterious blight seems to fall on this vast activity. The mails and telegraph bring sad news to all the farms. The farmer is paralyzed as by enchantment, and sits idle in bitter disappointment, while the peaches drop unheeded from the trees. The steamships bank their fires, and all the children wonder at the sudden stop in the glorious fun in the orchards. The market has broken. There are too many peaches. They do not sell for the cost of picking. The poor man can have peaches in plenty; but every peach he eats costs the farmer more than the price paid in the city. Perhaps in a few days the market recovers, and the steamships sail again with fragrant cargoes; but the shipper has grown timid, and refuses to trust his fruit upon a shaken market, where perhaps not even the cost of the freight can be recovered. At last the season ends in disaster. A million baskets of peaches have been left to decay under the trees, and another million has been sold at a partial loss. The crop was too abundant. It perished before it could be consumed.

A good crop of peaches is estimated at something over six million baskets. Vast as this product is, it could be easily disposed of in our eastern markets if distributed over a longer time. The Delaware peach crop is over in about forty days. It must be sold and eaten in that time, or it will perish. If it could be packed in barrels, like the apple crop, and shipped abroad, the problem would be solved, and the Delaware peninsula would be a bonanza of rural wealth. The peach is too frail and delicate for export, even for home consumption, and formerly a good crop on all the trees meant a broken market and unprofitable prices. This has had a tendency to

check the culture of the peach. There were too many trees by half a million or more. Unless the crop could be in some way saved, it was useless to cultivate so many orchards.

Under the stimulus of this state of affairs canning and preserving sprang into activity, and these industries have done much for the peach-growing interest. Drying in the sun and in such stoves as we have described has been tried; but the result, while it is good as far as it goes, does not meet the difficulty. Mere domestic saving on small farms may be useful; but when a man has ten thousand peach-trees in bearing at once such devices are practically useless. It seems to be a habit of the American mind to turn instinctively to machinery in every business and manufacturing difficulty. To peel, slice, and spread in the sun even a hundred thousand baskets of peaches by hand labor, would be utterly beyond the reach of the entire rural population of a state. How, then, can a million or two be saved? Something of this kind must be done, or a portion of the Delaware peach-groves must be suffered to grow up to scrubby pines.

The peach season of 1877 was a good one. There was a fair crop, and the market was maintained without a break and at very fair prices. In one sense it was a remarkable season, for it showed what has been done to save the surplus fruit crop, and the experience points the way to a new and even more brilliant future for this great interest.

The season opened hopefully, and the growers felt sure of a paying crop. A new market had been found close by the farm, and by judicious management the disaster of a crowded market could be avoided. Again the teams thronged about the railway stations and the long peach trains rolled over the level country. The steamships sailed up the coasts with golden cargoes, and the demand was active and promising. If the news from the city hinted of an excess, there were other buyers about the stations and landings, with ready cash in hand. The farmer whose consignments to the market were large or of doubtful value, turned his horses from the struggling throng about the cars and boats and drove away to a quiet farm near by.

Here among the orchards and berry-fields is a two-story frame building with a tall chimney smoking furiously; at the door is a platform or landing for teams, so that the fruit may be conveniently unloaded. At the roof of this factory are one or two singular-looking ventilators, with blinds and shutters

spread wide; every window is open, and there comes out the sound of a merry industry. The peaches are quickly unloaded and taken into the building. The farmer gets his money for the load and drives away contented.

Within is carried on the new industry,—science and machinery applied to fruit preserving on a commercial scale. The fresh peaches are brought into a large room on the first floor, and are poured, a basket at a time, into a curious machine called an assorter. This machine sorts or separates the peaches into three sizes, without injuring the ripest “Crawford.” Having been thus sorted, the fruit is taken to another room to be peeled and cut in half. Here a hundred girls and women are seated at long tables, each with a basket of fruit before her, and all busily paring and taking out the stones of the peaches. Each peach is then cut in two parts and put in a dish. A man comes around every few minutes and takes away the refuse and stones or gathers up the cut fruit. The soft and dripping fruit—for it is at its ripest stage—is taken to another room where shallow trays made of galvanized iron wire netting inclosed in wooden frames are placed on tables. Here, other girls pack the halved peaches close together into the trays till they are filled.

Near by are two square closets or shafts reaching from floor to ceiling, and extending from top to bottom of the building. At the sides of each shaft are four iron chains of a peculiar pattern, and in front is a low door. Presently, a tray is loaded with the cut fruit, and two men, taking it in hand, open the door and slide it into one of the shafts. A furious blast of hot air rushes out into the room, and, for a moment, we can look into the dark shaft. There are four iron chains inside next the walls, and on each are iron fingers projecting horizontally into the shaft. The trays rest on these fingers and are thus suspended in the shaft, very nearly filling it. As soon as the tray is in place, the door is closed and the attendant looks at the clock and makes a mark on a wooden dial to record the movement of the tray. When he puts in the tray, he also examines a thermometer hung inside and makes a note of the temperature. For several minutes the shaft remains closed while another tray is being prepared. Meanwhile, we may examine the evaporating apparatus, above and below.

Down-stairs in the basement is a brick furnace resembling the furnaces used to heat

dwellings in winter. In this, a bright fire is burning. Inlets are provided at the base for fresh air, and, as the top of the furnace is open and leads directly into the shaft above, the heated air rises and mounts swiftly through the shaft, and finally escapes through the ventilators at the top of the building. On its way, it sweeps through the trays of fruit that are suspended in the shaft.

Now to the top of the building next to the roof. Here the shafts are still seen passing upward through the floor and out into the open air above the roof. On this floor are doors in each shaft, and an iron hand-wheel for moving the elevating chains. A man is in attendance, aided by a number of girls as helpers. There are a clock and a wooden dial, and by these guides the attendant gives a turn to the wheel once in a certain number of minutes; presently he opens the door in one of the shafts. A sudden blast of warm air, heavy and moist with the watery vapor escaping from the fruit, rushes out. By taking a quick look we may see the inside of the shaft. It is full of trays of cut peaches, one above the other. The top tray is level with the door, and the attendant remarks that it is ready to come out. Above the door, the shaft may be seen open to the top, where the ventilators give free escape to the vapor-laden air; the man quickly draws the tray out into the room and closes the door.

The work is finished. The ripe peaches are now in proper condition and will not decay. They are said to be evaporated. When they entered the drying-shaft they filled the tray, touching each other at every point; now they are shrunk and lie flat and thin on the wire netting. Taking up half a peach that a short time ago was a plump and juicy "Crawford" or "Clingstone," we find it dry, very nearly of its natural color, flexible, and glistening with tiny drops of crystallized sugar. It is candied in its own sweet juices, preserved in its natural state without the addition of sugar, syrup, brandy, or any other preservative. It is not a cooked peach, but a raw, ripe peach, deprived of its water; everything that it held when fresh, mellow and ripe is retained, save the pure water that formed so large a portion of its bulk. In its present condition it will remain unchanged in any climate and for an indefinite time, provided it is kept dry.

The girls in attendance slip thin knives under the evaporated fruit and clear the hot tray of its fragrant load. The fruit is then packed securely in strong paper-bags, to

keep away insects and dampness, or stored in bulk in tight, dark closets till it is packed in wooden boxes for the fall or winter market.

It now may be well to examine, first, the philosophy of the work, and, secondly, its financial aspect in regard to the peach, apple, and berry crop of this country.

There are several forms of these fruit evaporators, but this is the oldest, and is a good type of them all. The apparatus that has been described consists essentially of an upright wooden shaft or tower erected in a three-story building. At the base is some form of hot-air furnace, with proper inlets for fresh air. The air passes over the furnace, becomes heated, and ascends through the shaft and escapes at the top of the tower. When the temperature of the interior ranges from 250 to 300° Fahrenheit, a tray of fresh fruit is suspended on the elevating chains just above the furnace. At this temperature the fruit would be cooked instead of dried, were it not for the fact that it is dripping with moisture. It is bathed in a steaming vapor and begins to dry, not on the outside, but from the inside first. The air, saturated with water, keeps the pores of the fruit open and the surface unchanged. There is no formation of a hard, dry, and discolored skin, as when fruit is dried in the open air. In this high temperature, in a few minutes, the fruit would begin to cook; but before this can happen, the elevating chains are moved and the tray is raised about thirteen centimeters (five inches), and another tray is placed below it. The first tray is now shaded from the direct heat and the lower tray gives off clouds of vapor that rise and bathe the fruit above in a hot and steaming atmosphere. In a certain number of minutes, regulated by the heat, the kind and quality of the fruit, and the state of the weather, the two trays are raised another thirteen centimeters, and another fresh lot of fruit is inserted below. The first lot is still more shaded from the heat, but remains in an atmosphere saturated with moisture from the new supplies below. Thus the fruit rises a few centimeters every ten or fifteen minutes, moving continually away from the fire, and yet always bathed in vapor from the fruit under it. In from four to six hours it rises to the top of the shaft, and is by this time finished. It has parted with all its water, and has undergone an entire change in its nature. When fresh, four-fifths of the ripe peach consisted of water. It also contained a certain percentage of

acids and a certain proportion of sugar, starch, and other chemical constituents. After passing through the evaporator, it is reduced to four-fifths of its original weight, the loss being almost wholly in water. The fibrous skeleton of the fruit remains, but the acids are reduced and the sugar has increased in quantity. The other portions—starch, etc.—are nearly unchanged, the color is retained, and there is still a trace of the fragrance of the ripe fruit. The process the fruit has passed through seems to resemble a supplementary ripening. The familiar instance of the after-ripening of winter pears in a dark closet, where the hard and sour pear becomes sweet, juicy, and mellow, may serve to illustrate the chemical change that takes place in this process. The evaporated peach is dry, but ripier and sweeter than when fresh. Every valuable quality of the fruit is retained; the water alone has been extracted. Soak the dry peach in enough cold water to cover it and it assumes its natural size and flavor. It is then practically a ripe peach, with the water restored. It makes no difference when the water is replaced; it may be now, next year, or ten years hence, in this or in any other climate; add the water to the dry peach at any time, and it may be cooked and eaten in any form that fancy dictates.

This process of preserving fresh fruit is no longer an experiment. The work is carried on upon a large commercial scale in all parts of the country. Its success has naturally incited new inventions in the same field. The oldest and best known evaporator consists essentially of an upright shaft from 6.30 to 8.82 meters high, and from .94 to 1.57 centimeters square on the inside. In this are four elevating chains that pass up the inside and down the outside of the tower. These chains have fingers of iron which, as the chain rises, assume a horizontal position, and thus serve to support the trays of fruit placed in the tower. These evaporators cost about one thousand dollars each, and are usually built in pairs, so that one fire may serve for the two shafts. The fruit is prepared and put into the evaporator on the first floor and is taken out on the top floor. This machine has been in practical use for several years, and was the first that showed a decided advance on the crude method of drying in the sun and under glass. It embodied the correct scientific principles upon which this work of drying fruit must be carried on, and all the later machines simply introduce mechanical changes without departing from its principles.

The nearest approach to this original evaporator is a machine that employs the trays to form the shaft. The furnace is erected in the basement of the building and above it is a square opening just the size of the trays in the first floor. The fire is started and a tray loaded with fresh fruit is placed over this opening and completely closing it. When the fruit has dried sufficiently, a simple and ingenious piece of mechanism is employed to raise it a few centimeters. Another tray is slipped under it and the first tray is then supported by the one below. In this manner tray after tray is put one under another till the piled-up trays reach through a second opening in the floor above and part way into the top story. The trays thus make their own shaft, and the hot air from the furnace must pass up directly through them, and as the trays fit tightly one on the other a material economy of the heat is claimed for the apparatus. This machine has also an arrangement for spreading the hot air evenly through all parts of the shaft formed by the trays. The top tray is always open and exposed to view and the ventilators are omitted, the vapor freely escaping into the room and thence out the windows. The operator has also a view of the work at all its stages. Such an evaporator with trays 157 centimeters (5 feet) in diameter may be put up for something less than the other pattern.

Another form of evaporator employs two towers or a double shaft. The trays are suspended in sections on an endless chain in the two towers. The door is placed on the first floor just above the fire, and in use the trays are put into one shaft and then pass down over the fire and into the second shaft. They then move upward, as in the other forms of evaporators. At the top the trays pass over into the first shaft and descend to the door where they were put in. Certain advantages are claimed for this evaporator over the others. It is cheaper than the first style and does not require so high a building, as the double tower rises above the roof and stands quite alone. The machine may be easily put up and taken down in a few hours. The cost ranges from \$400 to \$800, the three sizes having a capacity of 40, 60 and 100 baskets of peaches in a day of twenty-four hours.

Besides the two evaporators mentioned, there have been others invented, some employing a horizontal shaft with a fan-blower to drive the hot air through it and with the trays moving on a track inside;

others more or less resembling a mechanical cracker-bakery or oven.

An evaporating "plant" in Delaware usually consists of a two-story frame building capable of accommodating from 40 to 100 hands and from one to four machines. With two machines and 80 helpers, four being men, 8,371 baskets of peaches have been dried, giving about 13,906 kilograms (27,800 lbs.) of dried fruit in one season of only forty days. The labor required for such a plant is usually four men and from 50 to 80 girls and women. The men are required to attend to the machines and the women to peel and cut the fruit. One town in southern Delaware having fifteen evaporators of all kinds turned out 100,000 kilos, (200,000 lbs.) of evaporated fruit in the season of 1877.

This work, valuable as it is to the peach-growing interest, is not confined to that fruit; apples, raspberries, currants, plums, blackberries, grapes and cherries, are preserved in large quantities in this manner. Ripe tomatoes, corn, Lima beans and other vegetables, treated in this way, may be exported to any climate, and will come back to their original condition when placed in water.

The city fruit-dealer and housekeeper may here remark that this is all very well for the fruit-grower; but is the evaporated fruit really good to eat and will it sell? At first it was difficult to find a market for this product. The people did not know what it was. They naturally thought it simply sun-dried fruit, and like such fruit, not wholly attractive. It took a long time to convince the retail trade that the new product could be sold, the price asked was thought to be excessive, and the city buyer was conservative and would not touch the "processed

fruit"; added to this was the fact that the owners of the evaporators, ignorant of the best methods of conducting the work, produced burned and badly colored fruit, and thus injured the reputation of the new product. Finally, the merits of the process and the excellence of the fruit became known and since that time the demand has steadily grown.

The evaporated fruit is no longer an experiment for courageous housekeepers or a doubtful venture on the markets. The common sun-dried fruit produced in such large quantities, already finds a market in Europe, South America and Australia, and this better and higher-priced product will undoubtedly follow it. Thus our millions of peach-trees will pay a surer return than ever; we may even need other millions of trees to supply the new foreign demand.

Any one may see at the confectioners' sugared fruits from France, neatly packed in fancy paper boxes and commanding fancy prices. These confections, that are now all imported, can be produced in the evaporators. Ripe pears, dipped in boiling sirup and then passed through the evaporator, come out a conserve as rich and delicate in flavor as the foreign article. The citron, black as it is, is a favorite with the confectioner. From the evaporator comes a new citron, silvery white.

It cannot be said that the present machines mark the final stage of the work. This part of the matter is yet in the field of experiment; only the processes that have been described have reached a commercial position. Enough has been done to show that a new industry has been established which will ultimately prove of the greatest advantage to the consumer, the exporter and the horticulturist.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

THE old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
 Anoint of nature, fauns and dryads fair
 Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
 And waxen lilacs and those birds that rise
 A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise
 Brought charmed thoughts; and in earth everywhere
 He, like sad Jaques, found unheard music rare
 As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.
 A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
 He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
 Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
 As if Theocritus in Sicily
 Had come upon the Figure crucified
 And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

THAT SAME OLD 'COON.

WE were sitting on the store-porch of a small Virginia village. I was one of the party, and Martin Heiskill was the other one. Martin had been out fishing, which was an unusual thing for him.

"Yes, sir," said he, as he held up the small string of fish which he had laid carefully under his chair when he sat down to light his pipe; "that's all I've got to show for a day's work. But 'taint often that I waste time that way. I don't b'lieve in huntin' fur a thing that ye can't see. If fishes sot on trees, now, and ye could shoot at 'em, I'd go out and hunt fishes with anybody. But it's mighty triflin' work to be goin' it blind in a mill-pond."

I ventured to state that there were fish that were occasionally found on trees. In India, for instance, a certain fish climbs trees.

"A which what's?" exclaimed Martin, with an arrangement of pronouns peculiar to himself.

"Oh yes!" he said, when I had told him all I knew about this bit of natural history. "That's very likely. I reckon they do that up North, where you come from, in some of them towns you was tellin' me about, where there's so many houses that they tech each other."

"That's all true about the fishes, Martin," said I, wisely making no reference to the houses, for I did not want to push his belief too hard, "but we'll drop them, now."

"Yes," said he, "I think we'd better."

Martin was a good fellow and no fool, but he had not traveled much, and had no correct ideas of cities, nor, indeed, of much of anything outside of his native backwoods. But of those backwoods he knew more than any other man I ever met. He liked to talk, but he resented tall stories.

"Martin," said I, glad to change the subject, "do you think there'll be many 'coons about, this fall?"

"About as many as common, I reckon," he answered. "What do you want to know fur?"

"I'd like to go out 'coon-hunting," I said; "that's something I have never tried."

"Well," said he, "I don't s'pose your goin' will make much difference in the number of 'em, but, what's the good uv it? You'd better go 'possum-huntin'. You kin eat a possum."

"Don't you ever eat 'coons?" I asked.

"Eat 'coons!" he exclaimed, with con-

tempt. "Why, there isn't a nigger in this county 'd eat a 'coon. They aint fit to eat."

"I should think they'd be as good as 'possums," said I. "They feed on pretty much the same things, don't they?"

"Well, there aint much difference, that way; but a 'possum's a mighty different thing from a 'coon, when ye come to eat him. A 'possum's more like a kind o' tree-pig. An' when he's cooked, he's sweeter than any suckin'-pig you ever see. But a 'coon's more like a cat. Who'd eat cats?"

I was about to relate some city sausage stories, but I refrained.

"To be sure," continued Martin, "there's Colonel Tibbs, who says he's eat 'coon-meat, and liked it fust-rate; but then ag'in, he says frogs is good to eat, so ye see there's no dependin' on what people say. Now, I know what I'm a-talkin' about; 'coons aint fit fur human bein's to eat."

"What makes you hunt 'em, then?" I asked.

"Hunt 'em fur fun," said the old fellow, striking a lucifer match under his chair, to re-light his pipe. "Ef ye talk about vittles, that's one thing, an' ef ye talk about fun, that's another thing. An' I don't know now whether you'd think it was fun. I kinder think you wouldn't. I reckon it'd seem like pretty hard work to you."

"I suppose it would," I said; "there are many things that would be hard work to me, that would be nothing but sport to an old hunter like you."

"You're right, there, sir. You never spoke truer than that in your life. There's no man inside o' six counties that's hunted more'n I have. I've been at it ever sence I was a youngster, an' I've got a lot o' fun out uv it,—more fun than anything else, fur that matter. You see, afore the war, people used to go huntin' more for real sport than they do now. An' 'twan't because there was more game in this country then than there is now, fur there wa'n't,—not half as much. There's more game in Virginny now than there's been any time this fifty years."

I expressed my surprise at this statement, and he continued:

"It all stands to reason, plain enough. Ef you don't kill them wild critters off, they'll jist breed and breed, till the whole country gits full uv 'em. An' nobody had no time to hunt 'em durin' the war,—we was busy huntin' different game then, and

sometimes we was hunted ourselves; an' since then the most uv us has had to knuckle down to work,—no time for huntin' when you've got to do your own hoein' and plowin',—or, at least, a big part uv it. An' I tell ye that back there in the mountains there's lots o' deer where nobody livin' about here ever saw 'em before, and as fur turkeys, and 'coons, and 'possums, there's more an' more uv 'em ev'ry year, but as fur beavers,—them confounded chills-and-fever rep-tyles,—there's jist millions uv 'em, more or less."

"Do beavers have chills and fever?" I asked, wonderingly.

"No," said he, "I wish they did. But they give it to folks. There aint nothin' on earth that's raised the price o' quinine in this country like them beavers. Ye see, they've jist had the'r own way now, pretty much ever sence the war broke out, and they've gone to work and built dams across pretty nigh all the cricks we got, and that floods the bottom-lands, uv course, and makes ma'shes and swamps, where there used to be fust-rate corn-land. Why, I tell ye, sir, down here on Colt's Creek there's a beaver-dam a quarter uv a mile long, an' the water's backed up all over everything. Aint that enough to give a whole county the chills? An' it does it too. Ef the people 'd all go and sit on that there dam, they'd shake it down. I tell ye, sir, the war give us, in this country, a good many things we didn't want, and among 'em's chills. Before the war, nobody never heard of sich things as chills round about hyar. 'Taint on'y the beavers, nuther. When ye can't afford to hire more'n three or four niggers to work a big farm, 'taint likely ye kin do no ditchin', and all the branches and the ditches in the bottom-lands fills up, an' a feller's best corn-fields is pretty much all swamp, and his family has to live on quinine."

"I should think it would pay well to hunt and trap these beavers," I remarked.

"Well, so it does, sometimes," said Martin; "but half the people aint got no time. Now it's different with me, because I'm not a-farmin'. An' then it aint everybody that kin git 'em. It takes a kind o' eddication to hunt beaver. But you was a-askin' about 'coons."

"Yes," I said. "I'd like to go 'coon-hunting."

"There's lots o' fun in it," said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and putting up his cowhide boots on the top of the porch-railing in front of him.

"About two or three years afore the war, I went out on a 'coon-hunt, which was the

liveliest hunt I ever see in all my life. I never had sich a good hunt afore, nur never sence. I was a-livin' over in Powhattan, and the 'coon was Haskinses 'coon. They called him Haskinses 'coon, because he was 'most allus seen somewhere on ole Tom Haskinses farm. Tom's dead now, an' so is the 'coon; but the farm's thar, an' I'm here, so ye kin b'lieve this story, jist as ef it was printed on paper. It was the most confoundedest queer 'coon anybody ever see in all this whole world. An' the queerness was this: It hadn't no stripes to its tail. Now ye needn't say to me that no 'coon was ever that way, fur this 'coon was, an' that settles it. All 'coons has four or five brown stripes a-runnin' roun' their tails,—all 'cept this one 'coon uv Haskinses. An' what's more, this was the savagest 'coon anybody ever did see in this whole world. That's what sot everybody huntin' him, fur the savager a 'coon is an' the more grit ther' is in him, the more's the fun when he comes to fight the dogs—fur that's whar the fun comes in. An' ther' is 'coons as kin lick a whole pack o' dogs, an' git off; and this is jist what Haskinses 'coon did, lots o' times. I b'lieve every nigger in the county, an' pretty much half the white men, had been out huntin' that 'coon, and they'd never got him yit. Ye see he was so derved cunnin' an' gritty, that when ye cut his tree down, he'd jist go through the dogs like a wasp in a Sunday-school, an' git away, as I tell ye. He must 'a' had teeth more'n an inch long, and he had a mighty tough bite to him. Quick, too, as a black-snake. Well, they never got him, no how; but he was often seed, fur he'd even let a feller as hadn't a gun with him git a look at him in the day-time, which is contrary to the natur' of a 'coon, which keeps dark all day an' on'y comes out arter dark. But this here 'coon o' Haskinses was different from any 'coon anybody ever see in all this world. Sometimes ye'd see him a-settin' down by a branch, a-dippin' his food inter the water every time he took a bite, which is the natur' of a 'coon; but if ye put yer hand inter yer pocket fur so much as a pocket-pistol, he'd skoot afore ye could wink.

"Well, I made up my mind I'd go out after Haskinses 'coon, and I got up a huntin' party. 'Twa'n't no trouble to do that. In them days ye could git up a huntin' party easier than anything else in this whole world. All ye had to do was to let the people know, an' they'd be thar, black an' white. Why, I tell ye, sir, they used to go fox-huntin' a lot in them days, an' there wasn't half as

many foxes as ther' is now, nuther. If a feller woke up bright an' early, an' felt like fox-huntin', all he had to do was to git on his horse, and take his dogs and his horn, and ride off to his nex' neighbor's, an' holler. An' up 'd jump the nex' feller, and git on his horse, and take his dogs, and them two 'd ride off to the nex' farm an' holler, an' keep that up till ther' was a lot uv 'em, with the'r hounds, and away they'd go, tip-ti-crack, after the fox an' the hounds—fur it didn't take long fur them dogs to scar' up a fox. An' they'd keep it up, too, like good fellers. Ther' was a party uv 'em, once, started out of a Friday mornin', and the'r fox, which was a red fox (fur a gray fox aint no good fur a long run) took 'em clean over into Albemarle, and none uv 'em didn't get back home till arter dark, Saturday. That was the way we used to hunt.

"Well, I got up my party, and we went out arter Haskinses 'coon. We started out pretty soon arter supper. Ole Tom Haskins himself was along, because, uv course, he wanted to see his 'coon killed; an' ther' was a lot of other fellers that you wouldn't know ef I was to tell ye the'r names. Ye see, it was 'way down at the lower end of the county that I was a-livin' then. An' ther' was about a dozen niggers with axes, an' five or six little black boys to carry light-wood. There was no less than thirteen dogs, all 'coon-hunters.

"Ye see, the 'coon-dog is sometimes a hound, an' sometimes he isn't. It takes a right smart dog to hunt a 'coon; and sometimes ye kin train a dog, that aint a reg'lar huntin'-dog, to be a fust-rate 'coon-dog, pertickerlerly when the fightin' comes in. To be sure, ye want a dog with a good nose to him to foller up a 'coon; but ye want fellers with good jaws and teeth, and plenty of grit, too. We had thirteen of the best 'coon-dogs in the whole world, an' that was enough fur any one 'coon, I say; though Haskinses 'coon was a pertickerler kind of a 'coon, as I tell ye.

"Pretty soon arter we got inter Haskinses oak woods, jist back o' the house, the dogs got on the track uv a 'coon, an' after 'em we all went, as hard as we could, skoot. Uv course we didn't know that it was Haskinses 'coon we was arter; but we made up our minds, afore we started, thet when we killed a 'coon and found it wasn't Haskinses 'coon, we'd jist keep on till we did find him. We didn't 'spect to have much trouble a-findin' him, fur we know'd pretty much whar he lived, and we went right thar. Taint often anybody hunts fur one pertickerler

'coon; but that was the matter this time, as I tell ye."

It was evident from the business-like way in which Martin Heiskill started into this story, that he wouldn't get home in time to have his fish cooked for supper, but that was not my affair. It was not every day that the old fellow chose to talk, and I was glad enough to have him go on as long as he would.

"As I tell ye," continued Martin, looking steadily over the toe of one of his boots, as if taking a long aim at some distant turkey, "we put off, hot and heavy, arter that ar 'coon, and hard work it was too. The dogs took us down through the very stick-eryest part of the woods, and then down the holler by the edge of Lumley's mill-pond,—whar no human bein' in this world ever walked or run afore, I truly b'lieve, fur it was the meanest travelin' groun' I ever see,—and then back inter the woods ag'in. But 'twa'n't long afore we come up to the dogs a-barkin' and howlin' around a big chestnut oak about three foot through, an' we knew we had him. That is, ef it wa'n't Haskinses 'coon. Ef it was his 'coon, may be we had him, and may be we hadn't. The boys lighted up their light-wood torches, and two niggers with axes bent to work at the tree. And them as wasn't chooppin' had as much as they could do to keep the dogs back out o' the way o' the axes.

"The dogs they was jist goin' on as ef they was mad, and ole Uncle Pete Williams—he was the one thet was a-holdin' on to Chink, the big dog—that dog's name was Chinkerpin, an' he was the best 'coon-dog in the whole world, I reckon. He was a big hound, brown an' black, an' he was the on'y dog in thet pack thet had never had a fight with Haskinses 'coon. They fetched him over from Cumberland, a-purpose for this hunt. Well, as I tell ye, ole Pete, says he, 'Thar aint no mistook dis time, Mahsr Tom, now I tell you. Dese yar dogs knows well 'nuf dat dat 'coon's Mahsr Tom's 'coon, an' dey tell Chink too, fur he's a-doin' de debbil's own pullin' dis time.' An' I reckon Uncle Pete was 'bout right, fur I thought the dog ud pull him off his legs afore he got through.

"Pretty soon the niggers hollered fur to stan' from under, an' down came the chestnut-oak with a big smash, an' then ev'ry dog an' man an' nigger made one skoot fur that tree. But they couldn't see no 'coon, fur he was in a hole 'bout half way up the trunk, an' then there was another high ole time keepin' back the dogs till the fellers

with axes cut him out. It didn't take long to do that. The tree was a kind o' rotten up thar, and afore I know'd it, out hopped the 'coon; and then in less than half a

a long time ago, and I've been on lots o' hunts since thet; but the main p'int's o' this hunt I aint likely to furgit, fur, as I tell ye, this was the liveliest 'coon-hunt I ever went out on.



ONE OF THE 'COON-DOGS THAT "LEFT FUST."

shake, there was sich a fight as you never see in all this world.

"At first, it 'peared like it was a blamed mean thing to let thirteen dogs fight one coon, but pretty soon I thought it was a little too bad to have on'y thirteen dogs fur sich a fiery savage beast as that there 'coon was. He jist laid down on his back an' buzzed around like a coffee-mill, an' whenever a dog got a snap at him, he got the 'coon's teeth inter him quick as lightnin'. Ther' was too many dogs in that fight, an' t'wa'n't long before some uv 'em found that out, and got out o' the muss. An' it was some o' the dogs thet had the best chance at the 'coon thet left fust.

"Afore long, though, old Chink, who'd a been a-watchin' his chance, he got a good grip on that 'coon, an' that was the end of him. He jist throw'd up his hand.

"The minute I seed the fight was over, I rushed in an' grabbed that 'coon, an' like to got grabbed myself, too, in doin' it, 'specially by Chink, who didn't know me. One o' the boys brought a light-wood torch so's we could see the little beast.

"Well, 'twa'n't Haskinses 'coon. He had rings round his tail, jist as reg'lar as ef he was the feller that set the fashion. So ther' was more 'coon-huntin' to be done that night. But ther' wa'n't nobody that objected to that, fur we were jist gittin inter the fun o' the thing. An' I made up my mind I wasn't a-goin' home without the tail off er Haskinses 'coon.

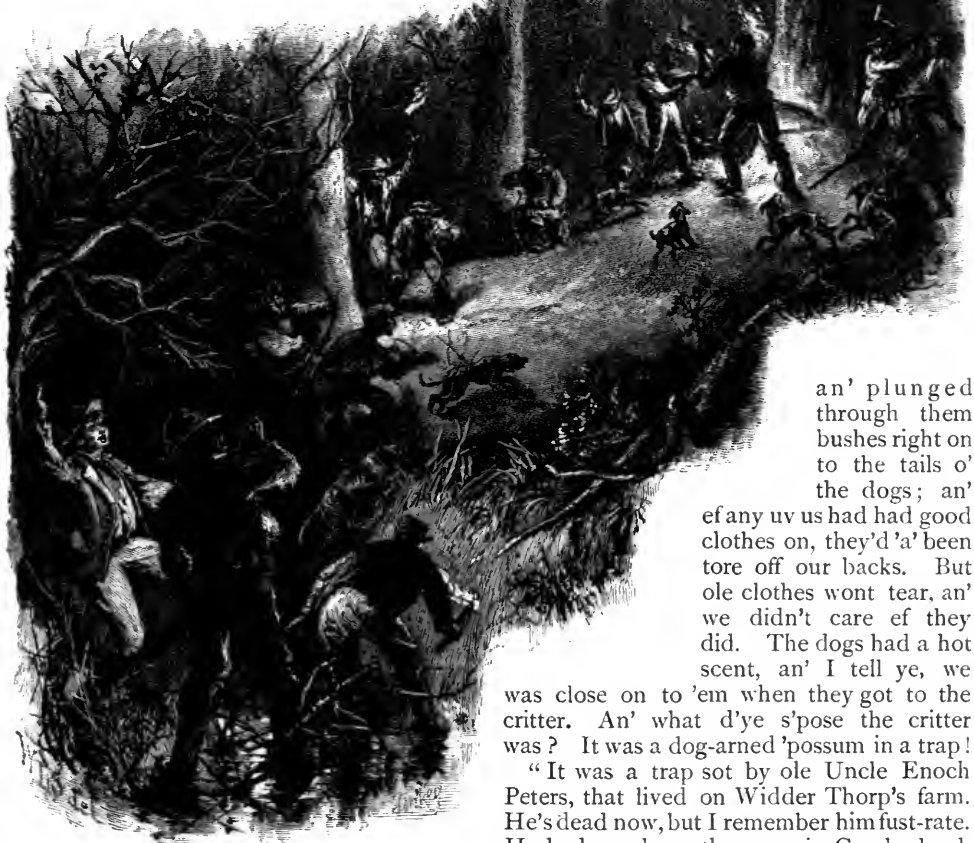
"I disremember now whether the nex' thing we killed was a 'coon or a 'possum. It's

"Ef it was a 'possum we got next, ther' wasn't much fun about it, fur a 'possum's not a game beast. Ther's no fight in him, though his meat's better. When ye tree a 'possum an' cut down the tree, an' cut him out uv his hole, ef he's in one, he jist keels over an' makes b'lieve he's dead, though that's jinerally no use at all, fur he's real dead in a minute, and it's hardly wuth while fur him to take the trouble uv puttin' on the sham. Sometimes a 'possum 'll hang by his tail to the limb of a tree, an' ye kin knock him down without cuttin' the tree down. He's not a game beast, as I tell ye. But they aint allus killed on the spot. I've seed niggers take a long saplin' an' make a little split in it about the middle of the pole, an' stick the end of a 'possum's long rat-tail through the split an' carry him home. I've seed two niggers carryin' a pole that a-way, one at each end, with two or three 'possums a-hangin' frum it. They take 'em home and fatten 'em. I hate a 'possum, principally fur his tail. Ef it was curled up short an' had a knot in it, it would be more like a pig's tail, an' then it would seem as ef the thing was meant to eat. But the way they have it, it's like nothing in the whole world but a rat's tail.

"So, as I tell ye, ef thet was a 'possum thet we treed nex', ther' wasn't no fight, an' some of the niggers got some meat. But after that—I remember it was about the middle o' the night—we got off again, this time really arter Haskinses 'coon. I was dead sure of it. The dogs went diff'rent, too. They was jist full o' fire an' blood,

an' run ahead like as ef they was mad. They know'd they wasn't on the track of no common 'coon, this time. As fur all uv us men, black an' white, we jist got up an' got arter them dogs, an' some o' the little fellers got stuck in a swamp, down by a branch that runs out o' Haskinses woods into Widder Thorp's corn-field; but we didn't stop fur nuthin', an' they never ketched up. We kep' on down that branch an' through the whole corn-field, an' then the dogs they took us cross-ways up a hill, whar we had to cross two or three gullies, an' I like to broke my neck down one uv 'em, fur I was in sich a blamed hurry that I tried to jump across, an' the bank giv way on the other side, as I might 'a' know'd it would, an' down I come, backward. But I landed on two niggers at the botttom of the gully, an'

woods, which is the wust woods in the whole world, I reckon, fur runnin' through arter a pack o' dogs. The whole place was so growed up with chinkerpin-bushes and dogwood, an' every other kind o' underbrush that a hog would 'a' sp'iled his temper goin' throughthar in the day-time; but we jist r'ared



THE 'COON-HUNT.

that kinder broke my fall, an' I was up an' a-goin' ag'in afore you'd 'a' know'd it.

"Well, as I tell ye, we jist b'iled up that hill, an' then we struck inter the widders

an' plunged through them bushes right on to the tails o' the dogs; an'

ef any uv us had had good clothes on, they'd 'a' been tore off our backs. But ole clothes wont tear, an' we didn't care ef they did. The dogs had a hot scent, an' I tell ye, we

was close on to 'em when they got to the critter. An' what d'ye s'pose the critter was? It was a dog-arned 'possum in a trap!

"It was a trap sot by ole Uncle Enoch Peters, that lived on Widder Thorp's farm. He's dead now, but I remember him fust-rate. He had an ole mother over in Cumberland, an' he was the very oldest man in this country, an' I reckon in the whole world, that had a livin' mother. Well, that there sneakin' 'possum had gone sniffin' along through the corn-field, an' up that hill, an'

along the gullies, and through that on-earthly woods to Uncle Enoch's trap, an' we'd follered him as ef he'd had a store order fur a bar'l o' flour tied to his tail.

"Well, he didn't last long, for the dogs and the niggers, between 'em, tore that trap all to bits, and what become o' the 'possum I don't b'lieve anybody knowed, 'cept it was ole Chink and two or three uv the biggest dogs."

I here asked if 'coons were ever caught in traps.

"Certainly they is," said Martin. "I remember the time that ther' was a good many 'coons caught in traps. That was in the ole Henry Clay 'lection times. The 'coon, he was the Whig beast. He stood for Harry Clay and the hull Whig party. Ther' never was a pole-raisin', or a barbecue, or a speech meetin', or a torch-light percession, in the whole country that they didn't want a live 'coon to be sot on a pole or somewhar whar the people could look at him an' be encouraged. But it didn't do 'em no good. Ole Harry Clay he went under, an' ye couldn't sell a 'coon for a dime.

"Well, as I tell ye, this was a 'possum in a trap, and we was all pretty mad and pretty tired. We got out on the edge o' the woods as soon as we could, an' thar was a field o' corn. The corn had been planted late and the boys found a lot o' roastin' ears, though they was purty old, but we didn't care for that. We made a fire, an' roasted the corn, and some o' the men had their 'ticklers' along—enough to give us each a taste, an' we lighted our pipes and sat down to take a rest afore startin' off ag'in arter Haskinses 'coon."

"But I thought you said," I remarked, "that you knew you were after Haskins' 'coon the last time."

"Well, so we did know we was. But sometimes you know things as isn't so. Didn't ye ever find that out? It's so, anyway, jist as I tell ye," and then he continued his story:

"As we was a-settin' aroun' the fire, a-smokin' away, Uncle Pete Williams—he was the feller that had to hang on to the big dog, Chink, as I tell ye—he come an' he says, 'Now, look-a-here, Mahsr Tom, and de rest ob you all, don't ye bleab we'd better gib up dis yere thing an' go home?' Well, none uv us thought that, an' we told him so, but he kep' on, an' begun to tell us we'd find ourselves in a heap o' misery, ef we didn't look out, pretty soon. Says he: 'Now, look-a-here Mahsr Tom, and you all, you

all wouldn't a-ketched me out on this yere hunt ef I a-knowed ye was a-gwine to hunt 'possums. 'Taint no luck to hunt 'possums: eberybody knows dat. De debbil gits after a man as will go a-chasin' 'possums wid dogs when he kin catch 'em a heap mau comfortable in a trap. 'Taint so much diff'rence 'bout 'coons, but de debbil he takes care o' 'possums. An' I spect de debbel know'd 'bout dis yere hunt, fur de oder ebenin' I was a-goin' down to de rock-spring, wid a gourd to git a drink, and dar on de rock, wid his legs a-danglin' down to de water, sat de debbil hisself a chawin' green terbacker!' 'Green terbacker?' says I. 'Why, Uncle Pete, aint the debbil got no better sense than that?' 'Now, look-a-here, Mahsr Martin,' says he, 'de debbil knows what he's about, an' ef green terbacker was good fur anybody to chaw he wouldn't chaw it, an' he says to me, "Uncle Pete, been a huntin' any 'possums?" And says I, "No, Mahsr, I nebber do dat." An' den he look at me awful, fur I seed he didn't furgit nothin', an' he was a sottin dar, a-shinen as ef he was all polished all over wid shoe-blackin', an' he says, "Now, look-a-here, Uncle Pete, don't you eber do it; an' w'at's dat about dis yere Baptis' church at de Cross-roads, dat was sot afire?" An' I tole him dat I didn't know nuffin 'bout dat—not one single word in dis whole world. Den he wink, an' he says, "Dem bruders in dat church hunt too many 'possums. Dey is allus a-huntin' 'possums, and dat's de way dey lose der church. I sot dat church afire mesef. D'y' hear dat, Uncle Pete?" An' I was glad enough to hear it too, for der was bruders in dat church dat said Yeller Joe an' me sot it afire, cos we wasn't 'lected trustees, but dey can't say dat now, fur it's all plain as daylight,

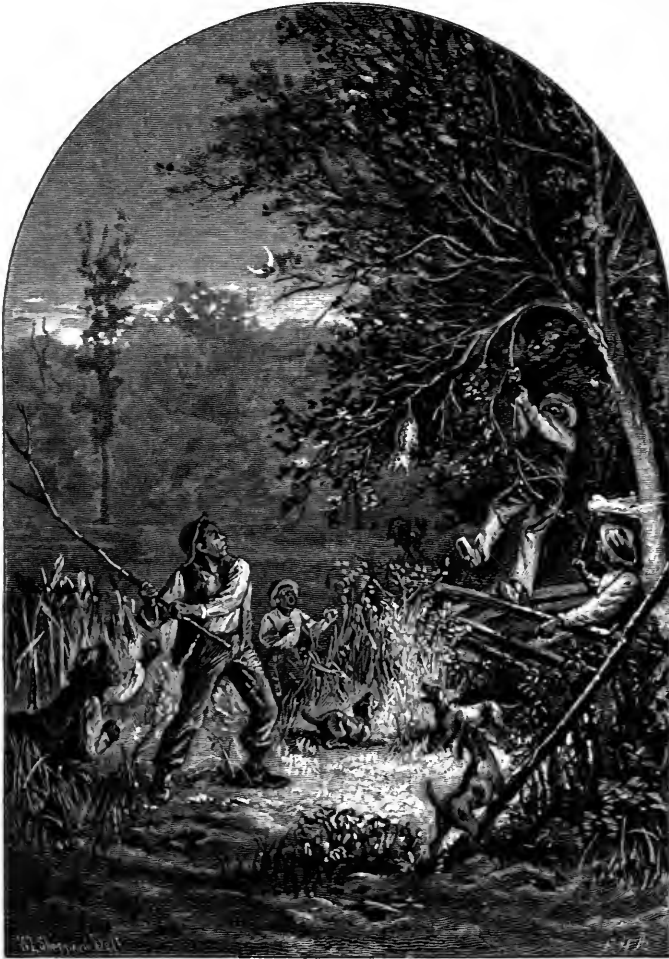


"PUTTIN' ON DE SHAM."

an' ef dey dont bleab it, I kin show em de berry gourd I tuk down to de rock-spring when I seed de debbil. An' it don't do to hunt no more 'possums, fur de debbil 'd jist

but he had to come along all the same, as I tell ye.

"'Twa'n't half an hour arter we started ag'in afore we found a 'coon, but 'twa'n't



"SOMETIMES A 'POSSUM 'LL HANG BY HIS TAIL TO THE LIMB OF A TREE."

as leab scratch de end ob his tail agin a white man's church as agin a black man's church.'

"By this time we was all ready to start ag'in, an' we know'd that all Uncle Pete wanted was to git home ag'in, fur he was lazy and was sich an ole rascal that he was afraid to go back by himself in the dark fur fear the real debbil 'd gobble him up, an' so we didn't pay no 'tention to him, but jist started off ag'in. Ther' is niggers as b'lieve the debbil gits after people that hunt 'possums, but Uncle Pete never b'lieved that when he was a-goin' to git the 'possum. Ther' wasn't no chance fur him this night,

Haskinses 'coon. We was near the crick, when the dogs got arter him, an' inste'd o' gittin' up a tree, he run up inter the roots uv a big pine thet had been blown down, and was a-layin' half in the water. The brush was mighty thick jist here, an' some uv us thought it was another 'possum, an' we kep' back most uv the dogs, fur we didn't want 'em to carry us along that creek-bank arter no 'possum. But some o' the niggers, with two or three dogs, pushed through the bushes an' one feller clum up inter the roots uv the tree, and out jumped Mr. 'Coon. He hadn't no chance to git off any other way than to clim' down some



FULL CRY.

grape-vines that was a-hangin' from the tree inter the water. So he slips down one o' them, an' as he was a-hangin' on like a sailor a-goin' down a rope, I got a look at him through the bushes, an' I see plain enough by the light-wood torch that he wa'n't Haskinses 'coon. He had the commonest kind o' bands on his tail.

"Well, that thar 'coon he looked like he was about the biggest fool uv a 'coon in this whole world. He come down to the water, as ef he thought a dog couldn't swim, an' ef that's what he did think he foun' out his mistake as soon as he teched the water, fur thar was a dog ready fur him. An' then they had it lively, and the other dogs they jumped in, an' thar was a purty big splashin' an' plungin' an' bitin' in that thar creek, an' I was jist a-goin' to push through an' holler fur the other fellers to come an' see the fun, when that thar 'coon he got off! He jist licked them dogs—the meanest dogs we had along—an' put fur the other bank, an' that was the end o' him. 'Coons is a good deal like folks—it don't pay to call none uv 'em fools till ye're done seein' what they're up to.

"Well, as I tell ye, we was then nigh the crick, but soon as we lef' the widder's woods we struck off from it, fur none uv us, 'specially the niggers, wanted to go nigh 'Lijah Parker's. Reckon ye don't know 'Lijah Parker. Well, he lives 'bout three mile from here on the crick, an' he was then, an' is now, jist the laziest man in the whole world. He had two or three big

red oaks on his place that he wanted cut down, but was too durned lazy to do it, an' he hadn't no money to hire anybody to do it, nuther, an' he was too stingy to spend it ef he'd had it. So he know'd ther' was a-goin' to be a 'coon-hunt one night, an' the evenin' before he tuk a 'coon his boy'd caught in a 'possum-trap, an' he put a chain aroun' its body, and pulled it through his woods to one of his red oak trees. Then he let the 'coon climb up a little ways, an' then he jerked him down ag'in, and pulled him over to another tree, and so on, till he'd let him run up three big trees. Then his boy got a box, an' they put the 'coon in an' carried him home. Uv course, when the dogs come inter his woods—an' he know'd they was a-goin' to do that—they got on the scent o' this 'coon, an' when they got to the fust tree, they thought they'd treed him, an' the niggers cut down that red oak in no time. An' then, when ther' wa'n't no 'coon thar, they tracked him to the nex' tree, an' so on till the whole three trees was cut down. We wouldn't 'a' found out nuthin about this ef 'Lijah's boy hadn't told on the ole man, an' ye kin jist bet all ye're wuth that ther' aint a man in this county that ud cut one o' his trees down ag'in.

"Well, as I tell ye, we kep' clear o'



UNCLE ENOCH AND HIS 'COON-TRAP.

Parker's place, an' we walked about two mile, an' then we found we'd gone clean around till we'd got inter Haskinses woods ag'in. We hadn't gone further inter the woods than ye could pitch a rock afore the dogs got on the track uv a 'coon, an' away we all went arter 'em. Even the little fellers

house, an' his wife she had a tame 'coon, an' this little beast was a mighty lot smarter than any human bein' in the house. Sometimes, when he'd come it a little too heavy with his tricks, they used to chain him up, but he always got loose and come a-humpin' inter the house with a bit o' the chain to



"HE WAS A-HANGIN' ON, LIKE A SAILOR A-GOIN' DOWN A ROPE."

that was stuck in the swamp away back was with us now, fur they'd got out an' was a pokin' home through the woods. 'Twa'n't long afore that 'coon was treed, an' when we got up an' looked at the tree, we all felt dead sure it was Haskinses 'coon this time an' no mistake. Fur it was jist the kind o' tree that no 'coon but that 'coon would ever 'a' thought o' climbin'. Mos' 'coons an' 'possums shin it up a pretty tall tree, to git as fur away from the dogs as they kin, an' the tall trees is often purty slim trees an' easy cut down. But this here 'coon o' Haskinses he had more sense than that. He jist scooted up the thickest tree he could find. He didn't care about gittin' up high. He know'd the dogs couldn't climb no tree at all, an' that no man or boy was a-comin' up after him. So he wanted to give 'em the best job o' choppin' he know'd how. Ther' aint no smarter critter then 'coons in this whole world. Dogs aint no circumstance to 'em. About four or five year ago, I was a livin' with Riley Marsh, over by the Court-

his collar. D'y'e know how a 'coon walks? He never comes straight ahead like a Christian, but he humps up his back, an' he twists roun' his tail, an' he sticks out his head, crooked like, frum under his ha'r, an' he comes inter a room sideways an' a kind o' cross, as ef he'd a-wanted ter stay out an' play an' ye'd made him come in the house ter learn his lessons.

"Well, as I tell ye, this 'coon broke his chain every time, an' it was a good thick dog-chain, an' that puzzled Riley; but one day he saw the little runt goin' aroun' an' aroun' hoppin' over his chain ev'ry time, till he got an awful big twist on his chain, an' then it was easy enough to strain on it till a link opened. But Riley put a swivel on his chain, an' stopped that fun. But they'd let him out purty often, an' one day he squirmed himself inter the kitchen, an' thar he see the tea-kettle a-settin' by the fireplace. The lid was off, an' old 'cooney thought that was jist the kind uv a black hole he'd been used to crawlin' inter afore

he got tame. So he crawled in an' curled himself up an' went to sleep. Arter awhile, in comes Aunt Hannah to git supper, an' she picks up the kittle, an' findin' it heavy, thinks it was full o' water, an' puts on the lid an' hung it over the fire. Then she clapped on some light-wood to hurry up things. Purty soon that kittle begun to warm, an' then, all uv a sudden, off pops the lid an' out shoots Mister 'Coon, like a rocket. An' ther' never was, in all this wholq world, sich a frightened ole nigger as Aunt Hannah. She thought it was the debbil, sure, an' she giv' a yell that fetched ev'ry man on the place. That ere 'coon had more mischief in him than any live thing ye ever see. He'd



WASH WEBSTER.

pick pockets, hide ev'ry thing he could find, an' steal eggs. He'd find an egg ef the hen ud sneak off an' lay it at the bottom uv the crick. One Sunday, Riley's wife went to all-day preachin' at Hornorsville, an' she put six mockin'-birds she was a-raisin' in one cage, an', fur fear the 'coon ud git 'em, she hung the cage frum a hook in the middle uv the ceilin' in the chamber. She had to git upon a chair to do it. Well, she went to preachin', an' that 'coon he got inter the house an' eat up ev'ry one o' them mockin'-birds. Ther' wasn't no tellin' 'xactly how he done it, but we reckoned he got up on the high mantel-piece an' made one big jump from thar to the cage, an' hung on till he

put his paw through an' hauled out one bird. Then he dropped an' eat that, an' made another jump, till they was all gone. Anyway, he got all the birds, an' that was the last meal he ever eat.

"Well, as I tell ye, that 'coon he got inter the thickest tree in the whole woods, an' thar he sat a-peepin' at us from a crotch that wasn't twenty feet frum the ground. Young Charley Ferris he took a burnin' chunk that one o' the boys had fetched along frum the fire, an' throw'd it up at him, 'at we could all see him plain. He was Haskinses 'coon, sure. There wasn't a stripe on his tail. Arter that, the niggers jist made them axes swing, I tell ye. They had a big job afore 'em; but they took turns at it, an' didn't waste no time. An' the rest uv us we got the dogs ready. We wasn't a-goin' to let this 'coon off this here time. No, sir! Ther' was too many dogs, as I tell ye, an' we had four or five uv the clumsiest uv 'em tuk a little way off, with boys to hole 'em; an' the other dogs an' the hounds, 'specially old Chink, was held ready to tackle the 'coon when the time come. An' we had to be mighty sharp about this, too, fur we all saw that that thar 'coon was a-goin' to put the minute the tree come down. He wasn't goin' to git in a hole an' be cut out. Ther' didn't 'pear to be any hole, an' he didn't want none. All he wanted was a good thick tree an' a crotch to set in an' think. That was what he was a-doin'. He was cunjerin up some trick or other. We all know'd that, but we jist made up our minds to be ready fur him, an' though, as he was Haskinses 'coon, the odds was agin us, we was dead sure we'd git him this time.

"I thought that thar tree never *was* a-comin' down, but purty soon it began to crack and lean, and then down she come. Ev'ry dog, man an' boy, made a rush fur that crotch, but ther was no 'coon thar. As the tree come down he seed how the land lay, and quicker 'n any light'in' in this whole world he jist streaked the other way to the root o' the tree, giv one hop over the stump, an' was off. I seed him do it, an' the dogs see him, but they wasn't quick enough, and couldn't stop 'emselves—they was goin' so hard fur the crotch.

"Ye never did see in all yer days sech a mad crowd as that thar crowd around that tree, but they didn't stop none to sw'ar. The dogs was arter the 'coon, an' arter him we went too. He put fur the edge o' the woods, which looked queer, fur a 'coon never will go out into the open, if he kin

help it; but the dogs was so hot arter him that he couldn't run fur, and he was treed ag'in in less than five minutes. This time he was in a tall hick'ry-tree, right on the edge of the woods, and it wa'n't a very thick tree, nuther, so the niggers they jist tuk ther axes, but afore they could make a single crack, ole Haskins he runs at 'em an' pushes 'em away.

"Don't ye touch that thar tree!" he hollers. 'That hick'ry marks my line!' An' sure enough, that was the tree with the surveyor's cuts on it, that marked the place where the line took a corner that run atween Haskinses farm and Widder Thorp's. He knowed the tree the minute he seed it, an' so did I, fur I carried the chain fur the surveyors when they laid off the line, an' we could all see the cut they'd blazed on it, fur it was fresh yit, an' it was gittin to be daylight now, an' we could see things plain.

"Well, as I tell ye, ev'ry man uv us jist r'ared and snorted, an' the dogs an' boys was madder 'n the rest uv us, but ole Haskins he didn't give in. He jist walked aroun' that tree an' wouldn't let a nigger touch it. He said he wanted to kill the 'coon jist as much as anybody, but he wasn't a-goin' to have his line sp'iled, arter the money he'd spent, fur all the 'coons in this whole world.

"Now, did ye ever hear of sich a cute trick as that? That thar 'coon he must 'a' knowed that was Haskinses line-tree, an' I spect he'd 'a' made fur it fust, ef he'd 'a' knowed ole Haskins was along. But he didn't know it, till he was a-settin' in the crotch uv the big tree and could look aroun' and see who was thar. It wouldn't 'a' been no use fur him to go for that hick'ry if Haskins hadn't 'a' bin thar, for he know'd well enough it ud 'a' come down, sure."

I smiled at this statement, but Martin shook his head.

"Twont do," he said, "to undervally the sense of no 'coon. How're ye goin' to tell what he knows? Well, as I tell ye, we was jist gittin' madder an' madder when a nigger named Wash Webster, he run out in the field,—it was purty light now, as I tell ye—an' he hollers, 'O, Mahsr Tom! Mahsr Tom! Dat ar 'coon he aint you' 'coon! He got stripes to he tail!'

"We all made a rush out inter the field, to try to git a look, an' sure enough we could see the little beast a-settin' up in a crotch over on that side, an' I do b'lieve he knowed what we was all a-lookin' up fur, fur he jist kind a lowered his tail out o' the

crotch so's we could see it, an' thar it was, striped, jist like any other 'coon's tail."

"And you were so positively sure this time, that it was Haskins' 'coon," I said. "Why, you saw, when the man threw the blazing chunk into the big tree, that it had no bands on its tail."

"That's so," said Martin; "but ther' aint no man that kin see 'xactly straight uv a dark mornin', with nolight but a flyin' chunk, and specially when he wants to see somethin' that isn't thar. An' as to bein' certain about that 'coon, I jist tell ye that ther's nothin' a man's more like to be mistook about, than a thing he knows fur dead sure.

"Well, as I tell ye, when we seed that that thar 'coon wa'n't Haskinses 'coon, arter all, an' that we couldn't git him out er that tree as long as the ole man was thar, we jist give up and put across the field for Haskinses house, whar we was agoin' to git breakfus. Some of the boys and the dogs staid aroun' the tree, but ole Haskins he ordered 'em off an' wouldn't let nobody stay thar, though they had a mighty stretchin' time gittin the dogs away."

"It seems to me," said I, "that there wasn't much profit in that hunt."

"Well," said Martin, putting his pipe in his pocket, and feeling under his chair for his string of fish, which must have been pretty dry and stiff by this time, "the fun in a 'coon-hunt aint so much in gittin the 'coon, as goin' arter him—which is purty much the same in a good many other things, as I tell ye."

And he took up his fish and departed.



ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



IMPROPER FRACTIONS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BACKSLIDINGS.

As the days grew shorter and the night frosts began to give tone to the atmosphere, Colonel Bonamy gradually improved in strength under the care of Roxy. He was very lame and walked with difficulty, leaning on the arm of his daughter-in-law. They would go down between the Lombardy poplars, through the front gate, across the open commons to the river-bank, where he would stare awhile in vacant fashion on

the broad water and then petulantly demand to be taken back to the house. His faculties were evidently weakened; when he wanted his hat he would demand his boots, and he called his watch his knife. Nouns, proper and common, were hopelessly mixed in his mind; he almost never called anything or any person by the right name, though he seemed generally to keep some sort of hold of the initial sounds. By some kind of quick sympathy Roxy was able to guess at his meaning and he always preferred to have her with him.

Amanda held toward her sister-in-law an air of patronizing toleration. Colonel Bonamy liked Roxy, in a selfish way, as the best nurse of all; but he could not endure that she should give Bobo a part of her kindness. So for the most part she taught the lad in another room for a short half-hour each day, getting scolded by her father-in-law on her return.

"Now, Roly, I know what you've been doing," he would say, with a querulous paralytic lisp. "You've been trying to teach little Bubble Ham. But you can't teach him. He won't learn a shingle liver. No blubbers in his head. Give me a goggle of fresh wash; I'm thirsty. Don't go away again."

But Roxy's chief trouble was not Amanda nor the colonel, but Mark. For, sisters-in-law and fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law, despite all stale jokes about them, chiefly trouble a body as the ailments of somebody else do—through the sympathies. Real troubles are nearer of kin. More and more Roxy saw Mark drifting utterly away from all the missionary enthusiasms that gave significance to life in her eyes. At first this showed itself only in a total absorption in the large law business which had suddenly fallen into his hands. He knew that the eyes of court, clients and lawyers were on him, questioning whether he would or could take his father's place, should the senior remain disabled. He knew that the public was wondering whether he or the energetic and able Dan Barlow, who had lately come down from the eastern end of the county, would lead the bar. The pursuits in which he now engaged were more congenial to his nature than preaching, and he took them up again with eagerness. Law business gave a delightful play to his active mental faculties; the conflict of the courtroom stirred his combativeness, and victory pleased his ambitious vanity.

He threw himself with fiery impetuosity into the half-prepared cases of his father, and carried them through to success; he more than held his own against young Barlow, and new business began to come to him freely. He was not a man to be insensible to this sudden opening of a prospect of wealth and reputation.

Luther might not have been an iconoclast if he had not begun by being a monk; and Mark might have reached an average piety, if he had not striven for more. He had been held by external influences at a pitch of self-sacrifice foreign to his temper, and the reaction was rapid and dangerous. In

three weeks after the Texas mission was given up, Roxy could see that all thinking and talking about religious matters grew irksome to him. He declined all requests to preach on the ground that he was overworked, and it was evident that even his license to preach would soon become hateful.

Those who had before admired his zeal lamented his backsliding. The severe ordeal of the Methodist confessional he shrunk from. He might have talked platitudes in class-meeting; but hypocrisy of that sort he did not like, and so he stayed away, consulting his own comfort in this, as he did in everything. When he went to church he did not sit any more among the great lights in the amen corner, but drifted gradually back until he found a seat aft of the box-stove, which held a central place in the church, and was a sort of landmark dividing the sheep from the goats. On many Sundays he was so tired that he did not go to church at all; he wanted to rest and keep his father company in the absence of Roxy. But, for the most part on such occasions, he walked up and down in the warmish winter sunshine, and in colder weather watched the grinding cakes of floating ice in the river, while he planned his business. When Roxy was well out of sight, he even wrote a little now and then on unfinished pleadings. The thoughtful Amanda generally contrived to let Roxy know that Mark had been writing,—such interest do we take in another's happiness.

Roxy was surprised at finding that marriage had not increased, but lessened her influence over Mark. A wife is something so different from a sweetheart! There is no poetic halo about a wife; she is one of the commonest of commonplaces, like one of those every-day forces of nature to which one submits when one pleases or when one must, but which one never scruples to evade when one wishes to and can! The interest of a sweetheart in your welfare is something flattering; your wife's interest is a matter of course,—an interest *ex officio*. It is an act of the highest grace to yield to the entreaty of a sweetheart; the beseeching of a wife seems more like a behest; it is to be resisted, according to the maxim that vigilance is the lowest market price of liberty.

Mark respected Roxy's enthusiasm. But he was tired of the strain on his easy disposition. He could not live at a moral concert-pitch, and every attempt to bring him back to the old way of feeling and thinking only irritated him, and deepened his resolu-

tion to brook no further restraint. He was not sure that he did not owe himself certain compensations for what he had suffered in the past.

The prospect of his soon inheriting his father's property had increased his importance in the town, and the state of being important is not disagreeable to the self-love of any man. Mark's old visions of political ascendancy again dominated over him, and he bent all his energies to satisfy his ambition. He was young, and full of vigorous life, rich, as the country went,—popular, and with a great capacity for enjoyment. It is easy for such a man not to be religious, it is hard for such a man to be religious, after the fashion of thirty years ago.

To add to the embarrassment of Roxy's situation, her sensitive father would not cross the Bonamy threshold, and it was rarely that she could get away to see him, and then it was only to take a scolding for her folly in "wearing herself out" with taking care of Colonel Bonamy, and teaching Bobo. "An imbecile and an idiot!" Adams thundered.

Mark was often absent, while attending to business on other parts of the judicial circuit, and Roxy felt, with terror, when he returned, how far away, the one from the other, they were drifting. Mark's pleasure-loving disposition had revived with increased power since his long self-restraint. He was the leader of every party in wit and buoyant spirits, and to be leader was to be happy. He was happier away from home, where he was petted and admired, than he was at home, where he was under condemnation.

Roxy's temper did not stand the strain very well. Hers was a character noble in the direction of action, and self-sacrifice for an object. But the higher nobility of patient endurance of suffering, inevitable and apparently useless, she had not yet learned. Against Mark's neglect of her advice, his carelessness for her society, and the general disappointment and inactivity of her life, she rebelled bitterly. Only a high-spirited woman can undertake such a life as Roxy proposed, and no high-mettled woman can brook neglect. She had too much elevation to enjoy the only life that offered itself to her. She had not yet, at least, elevation enough to accept with peace and patience what she could not avoid. A young person full of energy is apt to beat against the impenetrable and insurmountable walls of fate. After awhile, one learns that this beating wounds the one who beats and flutters,

but affects not a jot the wall. Then the imprisoned yields, it may be with a cheerful make-the-best-of-it, it may be with a sullen and sulky despair, it may be with querulous and hopeless longing. Roxy had yet to find out that she could not beat down the wall.

The opportunities for Mark's ambition came to him rapidly. The death of the member for Luzerne County left a vacancy in the legislature; a new election was ordered, and the Whigs, seeing a chance to seize once more a representation which they had not held since Mark's previous election, nominated him again for the place. The canvass was short and vigorous, and Mark won the election. He was just two weeks in the legislature,—a leader in all the boisterous fun that members of the legislature find so necessary for recreation. Until this time, Mark had so far preserved his Methodism that he did not drink spirits or gamble; but when he came back, Roxy felt sure that this line also had been passed.

A collision of some kind with the severe discipline of the old-fashioned Methodism was not to be avoided by any one taking Mark's road. His prominence would only serve to insure his not being overlooked. Roxy awaited this inevitable collision with hope and fear. It might startle Mark into some kind of recoil from the downward tendency of his present course of greedy ambition and lazy self-indulgence; but it might break all the restraints that held him. For the moral restraints of habit are but so many lines at which one stops—with every line obliterated there are the fewer checks in the way of the impetuous man. Unhappily, the first collision was on one of those restrictions so often insisted upon by religionists, with a stress in inverse ratio to their importance. Mark went to a circus. A man in that time might be a miser, he might be dishonest in a mild way, he might be censorious and a backbiter from a pious stand-point, he might put the biggest apples on the top of the barrel or the little potatoes in the bottom of the bag, and the church could not reach him. But let him once see a man ride on two bare-back horses, and jump through a hoop! That was a tangible apostasy, sure to bring ecclesiastical penalties.

Brave old ironside forefathers! Blessings on you for chopping Charles Stuart's head off, and planting Plymouth Rock! You freed us from the Middle Ages; for which thanks. But you straightway bound upon us your own severe prejudices, and they

have come down to us by all hands. The most dominant influence in this English-speaking world of ours to-day, is not that of Shakspeare, but of the men who hated him and his play-house. The Puritan preachers, the brave cobblers and tinkers, whom the seventeenth century stuck in the stocks and prison-houses, and the fervent Wesleyan village blacksmiths and Yorkshire farmers of the eighteenth century are yet masters of the nineteenth. To this day we take our most innocent amusements in a guilty and apologetic fashion, bowing to the venerable prejudice, and saying: "By your leave, sir."

Mark was called before the church, with other like offenders. His pride was wounded, and he would fain have thrown up his membership, but that he could not quite resist the entreaties of Roxy. As it was, he surrendered his license to preach, and expressed his sorrow that he had offended, and solemnly promised not to go to a circus again; not a hard promise, surely.

But though Mark had apologized, he was now entirely estranged from the influences of the church. For discipline may save the credit of the church, at the expense of destroying the offender. It seems never to have occurred to people that it is sometimes the business of a church to suffer, the just for the unjust.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AN IMPROPER FRACTION.

IT was in October that Whittaker took his resolution to start a school. He got consent of Mr. Highbury and the other trustees to use the church. With a true Yankee ingenuity, he hinged a writing shelf to the back of each pew, so that it could be dropped down out of the way in church time. He introduced the improved methods of teaching of that day, to the great surprise of those who had never seen anything but the barbarous school discipline of the beech-switch pedagogues. He could teach Latin and algebra, and a schoolmaster who knew these wonderful things was indeed a Solomon. All the country had heard that Whittaker knew nearly all the languages of the earth except the red Indian. This last Mother Tartrum assured people he did not know. She had met him on the street, and asked him point-blank. And he had to confess that he couldn't read and write Indian. So that exception was admitted.

In a country town, no young woman not married, and no man not settled in business for himself, is too great to go to school. Nearly all the grown-up young people availed themselves of the setting up of this school to "finish" their education, hitherto much broken by the intermittent nature of the old district schools, which taught the three R's only so long as there was school-money to be had. Twonnet was enrolled among Whittaker's scholars, and Janet Bonamy, who had heretofore been sent to Kentucky to school, now concluded to get a little more knowledge.

Twonnet Lefaire was a sort of leader of the school in good-natured mischief. She was vivacious and witty, in talk and laughter like Tennyson's brook, going on forever, but she could not get her lessons. Whittaker was surprised to find that the Swiss, who in business were the abler and generally the richer people of the town, who, as far as affairs went, were quick and penetrating, were yet slow in taking knowledge from teacher and text-books. It was in school hours that the Americans were superior.

Twonnet tried to study. She even cried over her "sums" in vulgar fractions, but crying did no good. Common denominators and common multiples, multiplications and divisions of compound and complex fractions, swam in her head in a general confusion, and Kirkham's rules about nominative cases governing verbs, and prepositions governing objective cases were quite unintelligible.

"How do you reduce an improper fraction?" the teacher asked her one afternoon in the arithmetic recitation.

She drew her mouth down, wrinkled her forehead, concentrated her wandering thoughts, and replied, with a hit-or-miss desperateness: "Multiply the greatest common denominator of the integer by the least common divisor—no multiple—of the whole number, and write the remainder for the numerator of the mixed number."

"Twonnet!" said the master, and he looked at her sternly, while the class laughed. He could hardly bear to rebuke her. There was something so inexpressibly refreshing in her mobile face and quick bright eyes. But there must be no partiality. "Twonnet! You are not wanting in intelligence. You can learn if you will. If you had spent the time in studying that you spent in spelling on your fingers across the room, you would have been able to answer my question. Go to your seat

now, and say this rule after school. I shall expect you to understand it."

Poor Twonnet, of all things, could not help wishing to stand well with Whittaker. She pouted, and went to her seat. She read over and over a page of Ray's arithmetic about improper fractions, without understanding its abstractions. Janet Bonamy, who sat next to her, surreptitiously gave her all kinds of hints, but Janet's comments did not help the matter at all. When at last the gloaming of the snowy winter's eve began to mellow the light on the white walls of the church, and Whittaker had sent away the school, he found himself alone with Twonnet. He was not prepared for this. He had expected to have other culprits, in whose presence he could scold Twonnet. But there she sat, drawn near to a window for light, looking poutingly at the incomprehensible words about improper fractions and mixed numbers.

Whittaker sat still a moment at his desk after all had gone and the door was closed. He could not quite summon courage to speak to her as justice demanded. In awkward embarrassment he arose from his place, walked to the stove, poked the fire a little, then turned back again to his desk, all the time watching furtively the pouting face of his pupil.

"Twonnet," he said presently, with great gentleness, "you'd better bring your book here. I think I can make you understand."

"I don't understand it, and I can't!" she said, vehemently, as she threw the book down on his desk.

"I'm sorry," said Whittaker, with kindness, and the tones of his voice made Twonnet cry, in spite of herself. "Sit here by the window."

Whittaker, in an abstract way, had a contempt for people who could not learn easily, but he could not feel so toward this girl. She had shown herself his superior in other things. And besides, he found her presence here in the snowy evening light like a benediction. He went over the explanation two or three times. Somehow he was not in a hurry.

"It's of no use," lamented Twonnet, "I can't understand anything. I haven't any head," and she shook her brown curls about her face and looked out the window.

It was not considered proper for a teacher to praise a pupil in those days. But her evident distress touched the man. His voice trembled a little when he said:

"You have a superior mind and a very superior heart——"

But this set Twonnet a-crying again.

Not knowing what to do Whittaker at last hit upon a plan very much in advance of the methods of that time. He took out of his desk two apples captured from unlucky boys in school hours. Trimming the one that was bitten down to a half, he put it with the whole one, and Twonnet, amused now at the curious action and quick enough at perception of the concrete, understood at once what a mixed number was. Then he divided the whole apple and the half into quarters and made an improper fraction, causing her to write it on the slate. Then he made her reduce it again to a mixed number, and then he cut it into eighths and made other fractions. But it was getting dark and Whittaker hurriedly closed the church and walked home with Twonnet, whose spirits were entirely restored. He enjoyed her society as one does that of a child.

At the supper-table Twonnet surprised everybody by taking two biscuits at once. She cut off half of one and laid it off her plate. Then addressing the younger children who sat near her, she began:

"This is a mixed number, one and a half, you see." The imitation of Whittaker's hesitant tones and New England accent were so perfect that Isabelle and Adolphe were set laughing at once.

"Toinette, que fais-tu?" said her father, not quite understanding what mischief she was at.

Mr. Whittaker smiled and reddened.

"Je donne une leçon d'arithmétique à mon frère," she answered with simplicity. "Now you see, Adolphe, I cut this into quarters—six quarters are made. That is an improper fraction because it is more than a whole number."

At this the children and Whittaker all laughed, even Petite Julie joined with them and the father saw plainly that Twonnet was mimicking Whittaker's manner.

"Tais-toi, Toinette!" he said.

"Yes, sir," said the incorrigible girl, speaking now to her father but holding fast to the minister's tone and manner, "but if these children would only think of something besides play I wouldn't have to cut up my biscuits to get knowledge into their shallow minds."

She closed this with an angular gesture and an inflection peculiar to Whittaker, and so set the table in a roar, while she looked

round inquiringly as one who would say, "Why this merriment?"

"Tais-toi, je vous dis!" cried her father, all the more angry that she had provoked even him to laughter.

Whittaker did not like being laughed at,—who does? But in his life of dry application and stern propriety the girl's daring animal spirits were as refreshing as a well in a desert. Nevertheless, he reflected, when alone in his room, that she was of inferior mental ability, for she could not master her lessons easily, and then her laughter about it seemed flippant and frivolous. So unlike Roxy, over whom even yet he could not quite help sighing! But this theory of the flippancy of Twonnet's character was disturbed by what he knew of her at other times, and he fell back upon his old conclusion that there was something about the strange girl that he could not make out.

He did not know that she had her cry in the garret the next morning when she told the old doll that nobody would ever, ever love her because she did not know anything and had no head at all.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DIVISIONS.

It does seem that matrimony might be improved "in this progressive age." How is it that there is no method by which a husband can be guaranteed? When one considers how often a woman who has married a saint of twenty-five finds in ten years that by some transformation she is wedded to a middle-aged sinner, it really seems that there ought to be bondsmen who should stand surety that the piety, industry and supple courtesy of the bridegroom shall be perpetually maintained at the standard of the days of courtship. A husband warranted to keep in any climate and to stand the test of extraordinary temptations without molding or deteriorating in any respect would be most desirable. In how few cases do women find the goods "as represented." Indeed, it seems that the durability of a husband's good qualities does not enter into the thought of a bride. All men are unchangeable in the eyes of their sweethearts. Does it never occur to a young woman who inquires anxiously whether a certain sort of dry goods "will wash," to ask also whether a fair-seeming young man has fast colors in his character, or whether after the first scrubbing that adverse circumstances

shall give him, he will come out a faded rag?

Here was Roxy, who had loved and married a heroic missionary, impatient to brave malaria, alligators, and persecution in the republic of Texas, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. In three-quarters of a year she finds that she is married to a popular young lawyer, eager for small political honors, and caring nothing for missions and precious little for the kingdom of heaven. By some enchantment the man she had married is changed to another; one restraint after another is slipping away. To what kind of a man will she be wedded in another year?

But it is not the husband alone that needs to be warranted. If Mark had ceased to be the blazing comet of the religious firmament of Luzerne, Roxy's steadier light also paled. The differences of thought and feeling between the two were so great that Roxy had now a constant sense of being half deserted, though Mark would have resented a charge of neglecting her. Mark, indeed, found to his surprise that he had not married the meek and inoffensive saint he thought. The shoe-maker's daughter developed the shoe-maker's temper. She put Amanda's innuendoes and Mark's heedlessness together. Whether she spoke her reprehension of Mark's ways, or whether she kept silence, he knew that she was offended with him. Roxy began to backslide—so it seemed to the church-members. For, from her constant perturbation of mind and her constant irritation of temper, she was ever in a state of self-reproach. She went to all the meetings, but she no longer took a leading part. She sat off, as one apart from the rest; she spoke with reserve; she treated her old friends shyly, and they said that her position and the temptations of this world had led her away from the cross and made her too proud to meet her friends cordially. For often a reserve that hides a bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.

Is it any wonder that Mark felt his marriage a disappointment? He had given Roxy social position, every comfort, liberty to be as pious as she pleased, a house with a row of aristocratic Lombardy poplars, the Bonamy name. He had asked nothing on the other hand but liberty to do as he pleased. And now because she could not domineer over him and keep him from the career that his gifts fitted him for, she was unhappy and ill-tempered. Was there a

more inoffensive, easy-going and kind-hearted husband in the world than he? He gave Roxy everything. Do you wonder that he was angry and stubborn when he thought of her dissatisfaction?—that he determined not to be controlled by a woman?—that he showed his defiance by doing what he knew she most disliked him to do? Mark Bonamy's friends should know that he was a man with a mind of his own. Many a man sacrifices possible happiness to his vanity.

Amanda, by indirect means, encouraged this state of mind in Mark. Not that she had any definite purpose in making mischief. Mischief-makers hardly ever do; they make mischief from an appetite—in a sort of devilish enjoyment of the upsetting they produce. Besides it was not pleasant to Amanda to have Roxy the chosen nurse of her father. She inly believed that Roxy had interested motives. And Mother Tartrum had evolved a similar theory from the shallows of her own consciousness. Roxy was looking out for the will.

But Roxy found her former self only in what she did for Colonel Bonamy and Bobo. She read to the old man. Sometimes she tried to awaken a religious sense in him, but he only smiled or spoke petulantly. It was hard to trace the action of his mind. To the controversy about Texas and the mission he never alluded. He did not seem much interested in Mark's success. A state of general apathy or petulant indifference seemed to have supervened on his life of restless and energetic action. He was relieved when the spring came again. With the aid of his cane he promenaded, on clear days, up and down the front porch, hobbling and holding by the balusters at times. What he thought or felt, or whether he thought of anything or felt aught beyond his physical ailments, Roxy could not guess. His mind seemed a little stronger than at first and his hold on the nouns came to be firmer in proportion.

Roxy used to wish that some of his old combativeness might return; then she might come to know without humbling herself to ask, just what there was in his allusion to Nancy Kirtley.

As for Nancy, when she had found that Mark was to remain within reach she had given up all thought of berating him or his wife. There might be a chance for revenge more to her taste. She had no very definite idea of what this possible revenge was, or what it might lead to. She was im-

pelled by blind forces within her to seek conquest, to gratify vanity and resentment, to use craft. She had no more forethought of the ultimate result of a course of action, and hardly any more freedom of will, than an animal. She had all the qualities of her race. Her ancestors delighted only in the craft, the pursuit, the victory and the destructiveness of the chase. Nancy had the same elements in her character; her weapons and her game were different. That was all. She was still, like them, a beast of prey. Even her resentments were as unreasonable as blind impulse could make them. It was not Mark whom she hated, it was Roxy. Now that the "old man Bonamy," as she styled him, "had the palsy bad," and Roxy was likely soon to be mistress of the Lombardy poplars and the brick house, she found another reason for malice. In her primitive state of savagery, the sense of right and wrong had only reached a point according to which everything she desired ought to have been hers. She wanted Mark and what pertained to him, therefore she had been robbed by her who possessed him. And she meant "to be even some day." Such was her notion of equity and retributive justice. In moral culture she had not got beyond the age of stone hatchets. The purpose of revenge grew to be part of her very nature, it mixed itself with and intensified her passion for Bonamy; it became the most desirable object in the world to her pride. She exulted at the thought of a victory she meant to win, when everybody would see that she, Nancy Kirtley, knew how to get even with that hateful Adams girl, and "pay her back."

Nancy did not find much opportunity to try her blandishments on Mark. She and her sister-in-law, the drayman's wife, did not get on harmoniously together, and it was not possible for her to remain in her brother's house more than a day or two at a time. By the end of two days spent together, the incompatibility of the two women generally reached a climax, and separation became inevitable. Whereupon Nancy would return to Rocky Fork, and while away her time in dazzling the rustic beaus, according to her wont, keeping half the young men and all the young women of the neighborhood in a state of distraction.

In her occasional trips to town, she had only chance conversations with Mark on the street. In these interviews Mark treated her with off-hand cordiality, partly because he was afraid of her, but partly also because

he could not but feel the fascination of her physical perfectness.

Nancy saw with delight that McGowan, the most devoted of her lovers, was waxing desperate under her treatment. She alternately fascinated and froze him. She was "like the second-day ager," Jim said. "She was now this away, now that away. Some days she was all shiney-like and sweet; and then the very next day she looked at him so as to make the cold chills run down his back."

Nancy took so much pleasure in the cat-like sense of power she had in playing with the hopes and fears of the poor fellow, who was thus beyond escape the prey of her fascinations, that she was delighted to see him in these days often intoxicated. She knew that everybody would say that she had "played the devil with Jim," and that was a tribute to her power. Her pleasure at having thus enmeshed the poor fellow tended to abate her resentment toward Roxy; but that resentment was suddenly fanned into a new flame.

As McGowan went past the cabin of the Kirtleys one evening early in June, just enough intoxicated to be defiant, he reined up his horses and began to call Nancy. The girl was wonderfully amused at his inebriate condition, and she came out prepared to enjoy it.

"Nance," said Jim, looking at her with suppressed glee, "ole Bonamy's dead. Had another fit to-day, and cleared out. Guess the money's gone to Mark. Git up!"

And Jim comforted himself for the next mile by chuckling in his inebriety, "I made her mad that time. Wont ole sis hop around now? Hoop!"

And could he have heard the denunciations of Roxy to which Nancy gave vent when he was gone, his drunken malice would have been content. Nancy's one consolation was that she would "get even," and "pay her back yet." She began her revenge by quarreling with her mother, and making the house so hot that even the thick-skinned old Gid left the old woman and her youngest child to "have it out," while he went over to Canaan and got his twisted bottle filled.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GOING WRONG.

COLONEL BONAMY died sitting in his chair on the porch while Roxy was reading to him. That is all there is to say about it,

except that there was a very large concourse at the funeral. It is quite worth while to be a leading man in one's town, if one wants to be followed to the grave by a great procession of indifferent people, and discussed adversely by all the gossips of the county. Of what use was Colonel Bonamy's money now? The unanswerableness of this question gave great satisfaction to those who had envied him all his life. "He couldn't take the money with him." "Wonder if his property will do him any good where he's gone?" "Guess he's found out to his satisfaction by this time whether there's any hereafter." It is a great comfort to us all that death brings everybody to a level at last.

All the world, as the French say, had talked about Mark's backsliding, and now all the world wondered whether this solemn warning would do him any good. Mark was not without feeling, though he had never loved his father, except with what might be called a conventional affection. He shed conventional tears, and felt a conventional sorrow. He really thought himself bereaved, and, in a conventional way, he was bereaved. He did feel touched to have so active a force as his father had been, wholly gone out of his life. He went softly for awhile. He attended church for two consecutive Sundays, and once even staid to class-meeting with Roxy.

But the habits of life he had been forming were too congenial to his ambitious and self-indulgent nature to be easily broken. When the will was read, it was found that fully one-half of the property was his. Stepping at once into the position of a rich man—rich, as the times and the town went—was not a means of grace to a young man prone to regard himself as the most important person within the horizon, and to deduce from that importance an inference of self-indulgence. It surely is not needful that I weary the reader with the story of his moral decline during the year following his father's death. Look into the face of your next neighbor, and perhaps you can read this same trite story of vanity and egotism, ambition and self-indulgence, pampered by the flattery of friends. It is one of the oldest stories in the world. Nevertheless, this world of ours, which is always learning and ever forgetting, never fails to be filled with surprise when a man of ability travels in this way—the "easy descent to perdition." Hasn't a smart man sense enough not to walk straight into the fire?

But it is the smartness that helps to drive a man sometimes,—the smartness and the power of intense enjoyment and of intense suffering that a man of active faculties possesses,—the intoxication that comes of flattery and success,—the provocations to pleasure that beset a man of vivid imagination above all his fellows. The dull man is only tried by those temptations that can reach his senses; the man of imagination is be-deviled by a thousand sirens that others never see, and he has the power of putting garments of light on Diabolus, for his own delectation. If you will add to all this the self-confidence that is fed by a sense of power, you will have some of the elements that make men of quick intelligence walk face forward into moral perdition. Genius is, indeed, "the worst horse in the stable," as says the clown. A little helm for a little ship, but a greater vessel needs a larger rudder, and woe to him who has imagination and mental activity and passion, disproportioned to his moral sense.

It matters not to this story that I shall tell you how Amanda Bonamy was married. It was not a marriage you would care to hear about. A matter of active, pushing, self-seeking young Benjamin Barlow, attorney and counselor-at-law, on the one side, and Miss Amanda Bonamy and ten thousand dollars on the other. Roxy's life was all the less unhappy after Amanda had moved to the other end of the village, though she could not help hearing repeated the words by which Mrs. Barlow suggested to her friends that it was hardly fair that Roxy Adams should have crowded her out of the house her father built. And all the town imagined that the luckiest woman of all the town was the shoe-maker's daughter, whose principal occupation in life it was to entertain the local politicians in the brick house behind the two rows of Lombardies, which stood like stiff grenadiers guarding an entrance. Her distaste for her occupations and her sharp discipline in living under the surveillance of Amanda, had given her an air that passed among superficial observers for hauteur. The politicians, when they were her guests at dinner, thought her proud. Her old neighbors deemed that she "put on airs," and consoled themselves by remembering how poor she had been.

So came the summer of 1843. Mark's father had been dead a year. Mark's habits in the matter of occasional drinking and frequent gambling for small amounts had

come to be so well known that he preferred to withdraw from the church rather than to fall under discipline again. His ambition was now his consuming passion. The Whig victory of 1840 had been barren enough. It had brought the party nothing but chagrin and John Tyler. Despite the all-prevailing Millerite excitement about the end of the world, the Whigs were now preparing to win victory, if possible, once more in 1844. And Mark was so absorbed with desire to be the candidate for Congress in that next year's campaign that more than ever he became uncongenial to his home and his home distasteful to him.

For the more he wandered the more did Roxy, like many another wife, seek to make atonement for his sins by redoubled faithfulness and severity in her own Christian life. Not that she would have confessed any belief in the transferable value of works of supererogation. But we all believe in our secret superstitious selves many things that would horrify us if written out in creeds. And had she not been taught by ministers of every name, that the incessant prayer of a faithful wife would surely be answered? Her growing austerity was partly for Mark's sake, and this growing austerity repelled the husband she sought to reclaim.

What a reconciler of uncongenialities may a child become! Given a child and there is at least one strong common interest, for when man and wife are partners in a new life there are a thousand things to draw them together. But there was no heir to the Bonamy home and the Bonamy ascendancy. So that Amanda being married, and Janet having found the discord between Mark and his wife uncomfortable and having betaken herself to a residence with a widowed aunt in Louisville, Roxy's life was lonely, inactive and unhappy. Disappointments that would have made some women viragoes, made Roxy austere. She was afraid that in the temptations about her she should somehow "compromise her religion" as the phrase went. Much of her attitude of censure and rebuke toward Mark came from this resolution not to compromise her integrity in any way.

There was only one person who profited by Roxy's unhappiness. All the wealth of her love and benevolence were poured out upon Bobo, whose intelligence slowly increased under her teaching. He could read a little now, and he learned to recite a great deal of poetry, but his understanding was very one-sided and lame. Mark dis-

liked him with a sort of jealousy, and he in turn shrank away from Mark, and so he added to the division of feeling in the house.

As Roxy's loneliness increased the old intimacy with Twonnet came back by degrees. But there was always a little sacred fiction kept up between them. Both pretended that Roxy's married life was happy, both knew that the pretense was a hollow one, and both knew that its hollowness deceived neither of them. But there are some hypocrisies that are purely provisional,—meant to impose on no one, but only to furnish a basis for possible intercourse. Any confession of her unhappiness on Roxy's part would have put an end to the intimacy at once.

As for Twonnet, life went on with her much as ever. She still attended in the winter Mr. Whittaker's school. She still cried over her lessons. She still tormented the good man with her mischief. And though he had a sense of being perpetually ridiculous in her eyes she was the one piquant element in his life full of dry and dusty application to duty. He had come by degrees to tolerate her slowness in getting her lessons, though he could not understand how so stupid a student could be so bright a woman. For woman he knew she was,—a woman hiding yet under the mask of a merry and thoughtless girl. He understood enough of her to guess at her purpose in seeing so much of Roxy. And when one evening in the latter part of the September of 1843, Twonnet came back from Roxy's with a sobered face, Whittaker guessed that the uncongeniality in the house behind the poplars had brought on some kind of a climax.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE EASY ROAD DOWNWARD.

WHEN a man abides in a mine and sees no sunlight he cannot know when there come over him, crookedness and purblindness, but crookedness and purblindness come. When a man digs in the caverns of conceit, of self-indulgence, of sensuality, he may not see the change that comes over him, but sooner or later he is transformed, and when at last he tries to shake off the goblin shape he wonders perhaps when it was that his erect soul became so distorted by darkness and burdens. No man falls like Lucifer from heaven—the progress of

evil is slow and not easily perceived. If thou hast defeated Circe, and escaped all swinish transformations then mayest thou proceed in safety and resist the sirens.

Perhaps it was because Roxy felt by intuition the steady decline of Mark's tone, that she took so strong a course of opposition to things that, by themselves, were hardly worthy the serious treatment she gave them. And it was no doubt because Mark was prone to take lightly his own peccadilloes because they were his own, that he counted Roxy unreasonably severe and domineering. An act that seemed grave to her because it was symptomatic was utterly trivial to him, accustomed as he was to see himself always in the light of his own unclouded complacency. And because he judged Roxy to be harsh and unreasonable he threw off her influence wholly.

In order to bring about his own nomination to Congress in 1844 it was necessary to secure the election of his brother-in-law Barlow to the legislature in the previous year, that Bonamy's supporters might have the prestige of success in their own county. It was Mark's great recommendation that he had popularity enough to carry a Democratic county. And now Barlow was to help Mark to conquer if Bonamy would help him to the legislature. It was in fulfillment of his part of this compact that Mark prepared to ride to the Republican meeting-house just before the election. Barlow was strong in the eastern end of the county but he needed help in the northwest where Mark had some friends.

"You will remember," said Bonamy, "that I shall expect the same kind of service from you next year. We must hold together and win, whatever we do."

"Yes," said Barlow. "But if you want to succeed you'd better stop asking people home to dinner. Your wife is peculiar and people think——"

"Now Barlow," said Mark, "that'll do. My wife is not to be discussed even by my brother-in-law."

But Mark went home angry. His wife not only vexed him with foolish scruples, but she stood between him and success. She was a clog. She weighed him down. He felt sorry for himself. Poor fellow! What a pity that he had married a cobbler's girl, who never would rise to her station. That she was unfit for her position he had now conclusive evidence. The township magnates were not conciliated by her. And Mark, who hoped by dint of his smartness

and family position to win Congress at the very start of his life, found himself balked by an unlucky marriage to a woman who was smart enough, but with no largeness of aspiration.

I doubt not many another woman not wanting in quality would have been a dead weight to Mark in such circumstances. Imagine Jacqueline Pascal entertaining at dinner the most influential blacksmith in Posey township and the capacious hotel-keeper of Braytown, in the interest of a husband's election to the American Congress. It is just possible that good Hannah More, or enthusiastic Eugénie de Guérin, for instance, would neither of them, in Roxy's situation, have laughed heartily enough at the funny stories of the landlord, which he himself emphasized with uproarious mirth. Even Maria Hare or Madame de Meulan-Guizot would probably have failed to show sufficient interest in the blacksmith's account of his wife's achievements in making "blue-dye" by a method her grandmother learned in Tennessee. There are limitations of excellences as well as of defects.

But the more Mark thought about it, the more grievous it seemed to him that all the bright prospects of his life should be blighted by Roxy's unwillingness to help him. Of course it is not the business of a husband to consider whether a wife's hopes are clouded. The rib came from Adam's side, and the woman was made for man. Barlow's words about Roxy rankled. The next morning, as Mark put a few needful things into his saddle-bags before starting away, he nerved himself to deliver a serious protest to Roxy. It is a little hard to declaim to a clairvoyant woman, who gives one the uncomfortable feeling that she is looking through all small hypocrisies. But it must be done sometimes.

Mark began in a tone of appeal, as of one who has suffered many things.

"Roxy, I do wish you could be a little more—obliging—and—polite, you know, to the people I ask here to dinner. They are common, country people; but you oughtn't to look down on them."

"I look down on them!" And Roxy turned full upon him her wide-open, wondering, guileless eyes. "I hope I don't look down on anybody."

"But then you—you might say pleasant things to them about their wives and children and their—their affairs. Make them feel happy. Amanda flatters everybody that comes to her house, and she will make Ben's

fortune if she keeps on. People go away from here and say you are proud."

Roxy's eyes fell.

"I can't say such things as Amanda does. She pretends to like people that she doesn't like. The people you bring here are rough, tricky, and drinking men. I can't bear them."

Mark winced under this. There was a latent consciousness that in the particulars she named he was growing more like these men, and he suspected a thrust at himself. He slowly rolled up his leggins and stuffed them into his saddle-bags.

"I think you might take some interest in my affairs." Mark's strong refuge was a constant sympathy with his own sorrows.

"But I can't tell lies, Mark, and you oughtn't to ask *that*. I haven't any heart for this whole business. It ruins my husband. He comes home to me smelling of spirits; he brings home men whom he ought to despise; he thinks of nothing but of winning an office, and he goes with men that do him harm, I'm sure. Oh, Mark! —"

But Roxy broke down here and left her appeal unuttered. It is a woman's way, and very exasperating to a man, to break into unanswerable silence or eloquent tears in the middle of a controversy. But Mark had now thoroughly lost his temper, and his voice assumed a rasping harshness quite unusual with him.

"This is the honor you show your husband. I've given you every comfort, and a high social position; but you care more for that idiot Bobo than for me. You take no interest in my affairs because I won't turn preacher and go moping around like Whittaker."

The mention of Whittaker at this point stung Roxy far more than Mark intended. Quick as a flash there sprang into view in her mind a most disloyal and unwisely comparison, which may have been latent there for a long while. The superiority of Whittaker, in all his pursuits and aims, to Mark, stood forth in her thoughts, and for the first time there was forced upon her, with a dreadful pang, a confession to her own soul that her choice had been a mistake. How long had she fended off this feeling! Once recognized, her thoughts about her husband could never more be the same. Mark had meant to say a rude thing; he little dreamed how his own image in Roxy's heart had been dragged into the dirt and forever degraded by the train of thought his words had started. It was because of the great agony she suf-

ferred from the sharp contrast so unfavorable to the man she had chosen, that she sat silent. Mark was sure that his words were having an effect. Now was the time to achieve that mastery in his own house so necessary to re-establish his standing with his friends—with Barlow and Amanda and the rest. So he proceeded:

"You ought to know what people will say. They think that, because you were poor and then married a man well off, that you are stuck-up. I don't like people to say that. And really, Roxy, you ought to be pretty well satisfied with your position." Mark hardly intended this last sentence to have the condescending tone that he gave it. He did not mean to insult his wife, but to defend his own dignity. He would fain have recalled the words when he saw the first flash of quick and fiery indignation in Roxy's flushed face and eyes that shone like live coals.

"Mark Bonamy, do you think I thank you for giving me this house and making me the wife of a rich man? I took you because you were poor and a missionary, going to endure everything for a good cause. Your father meant to leave you poor." Here Roxy stopped to take breath. "I wish to goodness you were poor again, and the Mark you used to be, or the Mark I thought you. Isn't it bad enough that you have changed? Is there any reason why you should insult your wife with such words? I thank you for nothing! I thank you for nothing from this time forth!"

"Well," said Mark bitterly, "the truth is the truth. If you let your notions interfere, you show that you are not fitted for your station. It is time you learned that you are not a poor shoe-maker's girl any longer."

"I wish I was. From the bottom of my heart, Mark, I wish I was. If I could only go back to the dear old home, and be what I was! You have made me wish it this day, by the words you have said. You drive the love out of my heart entirely. If you say much more, you'll make me despise you!"

Roxy ran away to her room. She could not control her temper now; but she knew how severely she must do penance for it after awhile. For even in her passion she knew, in a blind way, that all this could do no good, and might do a great deal of harm. But her sensitive pride, so long wounded by the tacit assumption that she was under obligation for the dignity of her social position, now uttered one vehement protest against all the torture it had endured since her marriage.

Mark rode away angry, and, as usual, with a very genuine sorrow for himself. For in the long-unused upper chambers of his soul there was still a sort of love for Roxy. Now he felt all the bitterness of sorely wounded vanity. He drank more deeply than usual before leaving the town, and he stopped at Sterling for another drink. He drove his horse on and on, over the rough limestone of the hollows, that he might give vent to his impatience. The deliciousness of the early autumn in these deep, shady glens, the muffled murmur of the brooks, already choked with the accumulated leaves and other debris of the summer, only irritated him, by making more evident to him the turbulency of anger and something akin to despair in his own heart.

He did not see the oncoming of a great storm until the thunder burst overhead. Then he would not so much as tie on his leggins. He relished the pelting of the dashing rain. It was a counter-irritant to the storm within. He rode past many farm-houses, but he would not stop.

It was characteristic of the impetuosity of the man that he should feel so keenly this terrible blow to his self-esteem. He was sure the fault must be Roxy's. All his friends admired and flattered him. She alone took it on her to rebuke him; and, as hers was a voice solitary and unsupported, and above all disagreeable to his feelings, she was clearly wrong. And what a gross and wicked shame it was, that a well-natured and indulgent husband—such as he—should be stung by such insulting taunts, all because he did not want his prospects blighted by a perverse wife!

It had rained an hour and he was wet through when he came to Kirtley's cabin, standing low-browed and dripping in the rain like a brute that sullenly endures a storm from which it has no shelter. When he saw it a new train of thought seized him. In that cabin was a woman who loved him and who would go to the ends of the earth for him. There were plenty of women who would give the world for what Roxy spurned. The thought flattered and solaced him. He slackened pace a little, looked through the window at the blazing fire on the great hearth, asked himself whether he should not go in and dry himself by the fire. But a sudden vision of the possible results of such a course made him whip up his horse in desperation.

Ulysses stopped with wax, you will remember, the ears of his sailors while they

were in hearing of the sirens, and caused himself to be fast bound to the mast, taking the same precaution against the seduction of temptation that our Farragut took against bombshells. But he who loosens in any degree the moral restraints of his life, unstops his ears and unbinds his limbs that he may fall easy prey to the "sirens sitting in the meads." And now as Mark plunged on through the deepening mud and the pouring rain he hearkened to the voice of the siren. The Homeric Greeks in their simplicity dreaded only sirens within ear-shot. But the modern man of more complex nature and gifted with a brooding imagination cannot run away so easily from the "mellifluous song" of seducing tempta-

tion. Half a mile beyond the Kirtley cabin was the ford. Rocky Fork had risen bank-full. There was no crossing except by swimming his horse. A daring fellow like Mark would not mind a spice of danger; he knew that he ought to go on at all hazards; but the siren's voice was in his ear. Self-pity had unbound all his resolution. The flood in the creek afforded him a pretext. He rode back and took refuge for the next twenty-four hours in the house of Kirtley, while he waited for the creek to subside.

Now there was a certain foolish man that builded his house upon the sand. The rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house.

(To be continued.)

MAY.

I SAW a child, once, that had lost its way
 In a great city: ah, dear Heaven, such eyes!—
 A far-off look in them, as if the skies
 Her birthplace were. So looks to me the May.
 April is winsome; June is glad and gay;
 May glides betwixt them in such wondering wise,—
 Lovely as dropped from some far Paradise,
 And knowing, all the while, herself astray.
 Or, is the fault with us? Nay, call it not
 A fault, but a sweet trouble. Is it we,—
 Catching some glimpse of our own destiny
 In May's renewing touch, some yearning thought
 Of Heaven, beneath her resurrecting hand,—
 We who are aliens, lost in a strange land?

JUNE.

FAIR month of roses! Who would sing her praise,
 One says, should come direct from banqueting
 On honey from Hymettus, that he bring
 Fit flavor to the strain his lip essays.
 As if, around these exquisite, rare days,
 Of richest June, for him who fain would sing
 Her loveliness, did not such sweetness cling
 As Hybla or Hymettus scarce could raise
 For all their storied bees!

And yet, in vain,
 Poet, your verse: extol her as you will,
 One perfect rose her praises shall distill
 More than all song, though Sappho lead the strain.
 Forbear, then; since, for any tribute fit,
 Her own rare lips alone can utter it.

THE ENGRAVER :

HIS FUNCTION AND STATUS.

"WOOD-ENGRAVERS, properly speaking, are not artists, nor do artists, as a rule, recognize them as such."—New York "Evening Post."

REFERRING to the text above, and resuming a recent controversy, I ask—Is an engraver an Artist? And I have to answer—Not necessarily so. Which, as an excellent painter and critic observes, is true of painters and of sculptors likewise.

First, on the supposition that the material in which an engraver works may be worth consideration, I may begin at the lowest form, engraving on wood. An engraver on wood must be of lower grade than a cutter of copper. Steel should rank a trifle above the inferior metal, and silver may have yet higher estimation. So the whole question is easily settled by the ancient appreciation of Phidias. Who knows not how he only reached the perfection of his art when, passing from the outer stones of the Parthenon, he completed in the inner sanctuary that wonder of ivory and gold, which, but for the tempting preciousness of the materials, might have stood till now, the unquestionable standard of Highest Art—big work in the costliest of substance! Eheu! only the stones remain. Yet our high-wrought imaginings may dwell awhile in admiration of that image of the great Athene. There was Art. Blind as a post were he who could not recognize so much as that. Can it possibly be Art too—the same Art, differing only in degree—which produced these miserable wood-cuts—cuts so rough, not even upon rather expensive box-wood, but upon cheapest pear—in which the world is glad to perceive the handiwork of Albert Durer and Hans Holbein? Be not too quick in answering, for the designs of the "Great" and the "Little Passion," and those of the "Dance of Death" also, so cut upon mere pear-tree planks, were cut as any boy may whittle his monogram on a tree or on his desk at school with a jack-knife or such like instrument in the finer parts, and in the broader with a common carpenter's gouge. Is that Art? The designs were Durer's and Holbein's, but the cutting was done by mechanics. There is no Art in the cutting.

However, the material need not concern us. Had Durer drawn upon ivory or on a plank from Paradise, it had made no difference. He drew—with pen and ink, or brush,

or pencil—hard, unmistakable black lines on the white surface. And to cut away the wood between the lines, after sufficiently deep outlining with the jack-knife to prevent splitting off the surface of the plank (left to receive the ink), was but the work of a mechanic. No Artist was required, nor artistic skill, or taste, or judgment. The poorest Chinaman could not mistake the firm-drawn lines. Care to leave them standing unbruised and patient mechanism did all. The blocks of the "Little Passion" may yet be seen at the British Museum. One is cut more carefully than another, one deeper than another. In some the lines are left more nearly perpendicular, some are cleaner, some more broken; but of artistic difference there is none whatever. There is no Art here, but good mechanism.

Very good mechanism, painfully exact and conscientious. These wood-engravers of the first days of printing (wood-cutters or engravers—is not all trench-cutting engraving, and the plow only a larger graver?)—especially the engravers of Holbein's "Dance of Death"—are to be credited with a fineness and nicety of touch which the most accomplished engraver of later time will hardly excel. Something of the same kind was in vogue but a few years ago, and perhaps is now, in Germany,—knife-work so delicate that even an expert, without examination of the block, could with difficulty distinguish it from graver-work. Else, outside of Japan, such dexterous mechanism as was employed in cutting Holbein's drawings, is lost to the world. Such painstaking under progressive commercial arrangements can no longer be afforded. Who can know how much of taste and real artistic feeling helped toward that wonderful execution? Even Mr. Inness can allow that a carpenter may be in some degree an Artist, though it were misuse of the word to call such work as we have been speaking of, or the carpenter's, however tasteful, by the name of Art. There is some distinction implied by the word Artist.

Neither does the particular tool affect the question of Artist or mechanic. The sort of work that carries the names of the brothers Dalziel is, I believe, done mainly

with the graver; but is as mechanical, and very far from as mechanically perfect, as the Durer and Holbein knife-work of between three and four centuries ago. The graver-work of the London "Graphic" (not always, but the exceptions expose the rule, —and I name the "Graphic," not as notably bad, but as easy for reference) is for the most part merely mechanical. That in "Punch" is the same, though the practiced hand of Tenniel has led to a pleasant delicacy in his cutters. All these works, and much other work likewise, may be set down as mechanism,—but seldom of Japanese ability. The poor mechanic—Chinese-like, not Japanese—carves out laboriously the white spots left for his dull, monotonous hand-practice, and has no pretension to be called an Artist.

It is only with the exercise of something like independent judgment, and with the opportunity consequently for taste (to say nothing yet about originality), that the method of the Artist begins.

Copper-engraving always had this. No master here draws the lines and contents himself with bidding the cutter to clear out the whites between and not disturb the black. The engraver on metal must himself draw his lines, tracing with a hard point a furrow in the ground, into which to pour the acid that shall bite to a sufficient depth to take the ink, or with his graver cutting (*i. e.*, drawing) a firm line or series of regulated lines, such as few mere painters are capable of drawing. In truth, the first copper-engravers might well claim rank beside the early painters through whom they were inspired,—their work more difficult than the painter's own. His, some vague outlines, say of features; light and shadow helped by local color; false strokes easily effaced and corrected: all easy in comparison with what was left to the engraver,—to represent form by clear and ineffaceable lines, and by gradation and momentarily invented variety of line to give both form and *chiaro-scuro*. The copper-engraver's work is precisely that of the draughtsman on wood or paper. Is the Artist's hand less traceable in Durer's engravings than in his paintings? And his drawings on wood were only less finished because he left them to mechanics, on account of the material and the purpose for which they were required. Of Hogarth we may say the same. Painter or engraver, he is never less than Artist.

Or to compare "only engravers" with

the painters. How many portrait-painters may take rank as Artists if we deny the rank to Houbraken or to William Sharpe? The heads of greatest Titian, of the Rembrandt and the Velasquez, surpass them; and yet the engravers' work is in the greater painters' vein—artistic also. I can recollect an etching of a lion by Thomas Landseer (by him etched, I believe, from life, not drawn for him by any painter), which etching, for life-likeness and vigor of action, for artistic power of the highest kind, I would prefer to any painting of his renowned brother; ay! even to that great accomplishment of the united genius of Edwin Landseer and the Baron Marochetti (painter and sculptor working together), the four stone beasts under the mast-headed Nelson on Trafalgar Square. That Thomas, the engraver, was but an Associate by condescension; sat only at a side-table at state dinners of the Royal Academy, not cheek by jowl with Artists (painters) like his brothers, Edwin and already-forgotten Charles,—this did not deprive him of his faculty as an Artist or his right to be recognized as one. The two great Landseers were James Landseer, the father,—only a "line-engraver,"—and Thomas Landseer, the son—a mere engraver also.

To descend again to the poor wood-engraver. The first, in time and talent, was Thomas Bewick. Not known as a painter: a mere wood-engraver, and but an experimenter at that. Nevertheless, if there is room at the table (not in any Royal Academy, of course) where Blake has so lately taken his seat beside Hogarth, set a third plate, or only a wooden platter, for the Engraver of the British Birds! Of drawing, as it is called, even on the wood for his own cutting, I think there was not much, and of his painting I have heard no talk; but with the bird before him, he drew with his graver such portraits (were they only birds) as made his name immortal and entitled him, at least as much as Morland, to the rank of Artist. He did more than bird-portraiture: but that alone had earned his title.

"Only engravers!" do I call these? The expression is not mine. An engraver worthy of the name cannot be "only an engraver." He may be "a plodder." So was Durer, so was Buonarroti, so were some others of good artistic repute. Not "only a copier." But for the moment let that limitation hold! What else is the painter? Is he always a "designer?" Bewick drew with his graver from the bird before him. I have known

an engraver at least to finish a portrait from the sitter before him. In what does such work, as artistry, differ from that of the portrait-painter? Or is it easier, when the engraver unfortunately has not natural objects before him, to copy from the vague, loosely drawn, lifeless canvas, than from the life? The painter copies his model. First places him—so does the photographer; arranges the light—so does the photographer; hangs up his draperies or what not for background—so does the photographer. But the painter's is an original composition, in virtue of which he may write himself down designer and creator: his only claim, perhaps, to the designations being that his designed improvements on the copy before him are false to Nature and to Art,—his creations monstrous. Or allow his imitative work to be never so fairly done, true, faithful, and to the life, is it his undesigning fidelity, or the mere use of brush and pigment instead of graver or etching-point, which constitutes his eligibility to an R. A. or an N. A.-ship, with power to exclude the as faithful copier or translator (which you will) in another mode? The best composer of landscape, except Turner, among our English painters—William Leighton Leitch—told me that he did but choose what to copy. He might leave out something standing in his way, some accidental, unessential hindrance or impertinence; but he never found anything to improve,—he had nothing to create or to design. Thorwaldsen's one work of real genius, his "Mercury," was, I have heard, a direct copy of an Italian lad, whose grace of form and attitude caught by accident his attention. Not one of all his many mythological creations, nor all of them together, could so enforce his claim to the rank of Artist. Am I seeking to lower the status of the painter or the sculptor? Not so: none stands higher for putting down another. But, having to show what constitutes an Artist, I must reach some exacter definition of that word design, which now bars the door against one "only an engraver,"—in other words, "a copyist."

What has this "copyist" to do? Does his master, Raffaele, do all the designing for him? He gives a "Madonna," or his "Planets," to be copied, only copied, by a Marc-Antonio or a Dorigny. This mere copying clerk has to draw an outline which (be pleased to observe this, though the remark be new) is not in the picture; he has to invent, to design, the lines, the regulated strength and order of which shall

not only most faithfully, but also most beautifully round the forms and place at proper distance, and in perspective, the hollows of face and figure. There is not a fold of drapery that can take its right position and proper value in the engraving without his most careful judgment and some degree of designing taste. If a poet is needed to translate the written verse from one tongue into another, is not he an Artist who can translate a painting into the different and less felicitous language of mere black and white? Though Chapman had never uttered a line of original poetry, his English Iliads had stamped him as Homeric—as a poet. So is it with the engraver who knows how also to express his original in the new (no matter how inferior) language, to express it in that language as the painter himself could not. It is not every painter who knows or can understand the equivalent of color in simple black and white. Your one trial, Mr. Inness! may prove the truth of that. That equivalent has to be designed by the engraver, without help or hint from the master painter; and his capacity in this respect alone will vindicate his faculty as an Artist, however rude, ungainly, or unsatisfactory else, may be his work.

He who works in Art, artfully, artistically, is an Artist, whatever his subject, whatever his material, whatever his tools. The relative grandeur and importance of this or that branch of Art is altogether beside the question. Great as was Blake for his power as a designer, unrivaled as he is as a colorist, he had been not less than an Artist had he been only an engraver. How many landscape-painters are the equals, as Artists, of Pye and Lupton, who were only able to understand and translate Turner? How many portrait-painters are equals of the engraver Calamatta? Who, with any appreciation of Art, would hesitate between a picture by Jaques and one of his finest etchings, whether original or not? or between an ordinary painting and an etching by Seymour Haden or by Forbes? Some small wood-cuts too by Clennel are of more artistic value than many paintings.

Further, as to the scope and qualifications of the engraver. The painter may choose his walk, and limit his studies and his labor accordingly. A landscape-painter need not trouble himself about his figures. Any untaught old cow, from mere instinct of propriety, will place herself in his picture, sometimes better without his interposition,

sure at least to be on the right plane when not imported from his sketch-book. "Only a face-painter" knows nothing below the neck-tie, and of anatomical study perhaps not even suspects the need. He paints masks, for which there is no occasion to refer to Bell. And the high historical, mythological, classical and poetical figure-painter may be no more satisfactorily informed. I heard Haydon say that in his own time—and there were giants in that day—not more than three or four men in England could draw the human figure. Of lower grades,—here is an artist in dogs, excellent when they sit to him. Another paints choice marketable fruit or a few picked flowers; designs and composes his pictures too—four peaches on a plate. One affects interiors, and so may possibly have meditated on some theory of perspective. Another—no matter what! All these for all their narrowness and short-comings are Artists, forsooth! and may point their maulsticks at the engraver. Claiming for myself, I do not deny their claim; and however faulty, and for all their short-comings, I would say, they may yet indeed be Artists, so long as their true and earnest worship brings them even into the outermost courts of the Temple. The veriest menials there yet are of the tribe of Levi—a priesthood consecrated and set apart.

The engraver—the wood-engraver especially—can rarely confine himself to one kind of subject. One day he is employed upon a sea-piece; the next it is a portrait; on another a draped or nude figure; on another a basket of fruit, a butterfly, or a shell. He should know something of every department of Art. Will the painting, or the painter's drawing before him, be sufficient for his guidance? There is a blob of color. "I meant to suggest a flower," says the Apelles. Nothing of a flower is there; and the "copyist" must design it. "I intended that to be vague." Well, it is easy enough to be vague without intention; but to render the vague (what even the creator could not understand) in positive lines is not so easy. For my own part, I would rather copy from the life than have to imitate the meaningless uncertainties of certain painters. For the engraver there is no scumbling in order to improvise accidentally some tolerable semblance of he knows not what; no smear of paint or charcoal may assist his ingenious obscurities.

I have already spoken of the engraver as of necessity a designer of lines. Mere lines!

Giotto is famous for only one. "By the simple device," writes my friend, the painter-Artist, "the simple device of fineness or openness of lines he can indicate aerial perspective." And probably expression and texture also. Very simple, my friend! But when you write such nonsense, you are either in too much haste, or you know but little of what an engraving is. Try, before you would again impress us with your simplicity, to draw the simplest flower and to indicate so much perspective as is necessary for that only by the device you find so simple! Is it so simple to choose the lines which may distinguish marble from plaster, metal from glass, hair from tapestry, silk from wool, which shall give roundness, angularity, and distance, or which may express with more or less of truth-semblance the roll of a cloud, the sweep of a wave, the rushing of the wind through the boughs, the character of foliage; when also it may be that the painter has not known how to render them distinctly? The engraver—and most certainly the wood-engraver, whose lines cannot be hidden under a multiplicity of cross-hatchings—ought to know how to do all this. These things are left for his designing; and the power to do this constitutes him an Artist. The very perception of beauty in line is proof of his Artist feeling; and the power of expressing that feeling is his diploma as Artist. Thurston's aptitude for this alone gave added value to the best works of one of the foremost line-engravers, James Heath (Thurston laying the direction of his lines); and helped the hand of the very best of engravers on wood (as engraver), John Thompson, whose best engravings are from Thurston's drawings.

What should we think of a landscape-painter knowing nothing of the seasons, ignorant of the laws of storm and cloud and water force, of the geological formation of hill and dale, of the mountain curve (which never a landscape-painter among them all could perceive till it was pointed out to them by Ruskin), of the nature and variety of tree and grass, of the habitats of plants, of the articulation of tree-joints? He were a great artist who could only copy these things, half understanding them, or but seeing them with his eyes, and give some transcript to the world with but an approach to faithful imitation. He who designedly departs from the exactest rendering may escape being called a "copyist," but is only the less an Artist.

What shall we say to the figure-painter or sculptor, pretending to follow in the steps of Phidias or Angelo, who yet cannot tell what, under such or such impulse or excitement, would be the action of an outer muscle? We do not absolutely deny him the name of Artist, albeit, putting his model into the attitude of action, he copies only the already flaccid sinew, lamely fixes his running or flying lay-man on the canvas, never to move again, and calls that design, composition, creation and originality. Lucky for him that he is not threatened by Mohammed's ordinance, that his figures shall rise to life, to meet him at the Day of Judgment. God be merciful to the multitude of the Christian halt!

Here I note only the absence of preliminary study, the want of knowledge of drawing sufficient for a simple outline, which every engraver—on copper at least—is required to possess, as it is the very beginning of his work. How many painters can do as much as that? I say nothing of color. If that alone, or chiefly, is to distinguish the painter as an Artist—color-blindness is the prevalent malady of painters.

Art is the truthful representation of the Beautiful. The question of the Grotesque seems to contradict this; but, I believe, only seems. The Tragic and the Comic, "High Art" and Caricature, all are under the same law. But this goes beyond the purpose of my present argument. Art, I repeat, is the truthful representation of the Beautiful. He who can see beauty and truthfully render it is an Artist,—whatever tools he may use, and in whatever material he may work. It is altogether a most false and invidious distinction which would shut out the engraver (a Toschi or a Bewick), the worker in metal (some Cellini), or the wood-carver (like Grinling Gibbons) from the Guild of Art. For me, I would admit the photographer also, whenever his work gave evidence of an artistic spirit. The boundaries of Art are well enough defined; but within them should be no division into castes. My friend Alfred Stevens was architect, sculptor, painter, wood-carver,—working in the spirit of the old masters; designing as readily a fender or an ornament for one of Minton's plates, as he would have etched or engraved on wood, had either come into his course of work. Surely he was not less an Artist when carving for his own book-case, or copying closely the "Planets" in that little Chapel of the Virgin of the People, outside of Rome, than when

at work upon the noblest (though unhappily unfinished) English work of the present age, the "Wellington Monument" in St. Paul's. Not only an Artist by calling, he was the Artist in all his life, whose constant study was the production and presentation of the Beautiful; and his greatness never felt it to be condescension to admire or to produce the "lesser" beauty. Enough for the true Artist that it was beauty, so worthy to be translated truly, in however unregarded way.

I am not forgetting the differences of worth. I do not say that a fender is so grand a work as the sarcophagus of a hero. Yet Flaxman and the potter who gave only shape to that Wedgwood-ware might both be Artists; and it was good for them to work together. I do not say that the man who can paint nothing but a tree is the equal of him who can paint the forest. But he who can see and render all there is in a tree—in one branch—in a single leaf—is more truly an Artist than the painter of colossal landscapes, improvements upon Nature; untrue and therefore inartistic, however dignified with the name of compositions; compositions of chaotic lawless skies, and ungeological mountains of impossible strata (I care not if Claude have done so too), of immovable waves, and unreal growths of tree and herb and grass,—all designed to suit the picture. One of LaFarge's choicest flowers is of more value—so far as I can judge of values—than twenty feet length of painted canvas by—no need to point at names! I will call them Legion. Even Turner's magnificent dreams are false to Art, unworthy of his wakeful hours. His "Frosty Morning," a faithful rendering on canvas (why not a copy?) of one of the happiest phases of Nature, will outlast all his curiosities of color. The exceeding beauty of Titian's portraits is their truth. We know the men: their souls are on the canvas. I care not how finely they might be painted else. Before all things Truth! And Beauty? Yes. Only there is no beauty in a painted lie.

And imagination? Not part of the present argument, though the word had more of meaning than is sometimes attached to it. I guess that Chaucer never thought much of his imagination: yet his "Pilgrims" move before us. I doubt if Buonarrotti troubled himself about it either, wide as was his range. When imagination becomes more common, it will be time enough to eliminate the unimaginative, and narrow yet more the chosen company of Artists.

"But the ordinary engraver? For we

all allow of exceptions, and your argument has dwelt so entirely among them." Surely, as when we started on our discussion, the ordinary engraver may join hands with the ordinary painter. As the painter who cannot see and consequently cannot paint color, may be fairly denied the very name of painter, so far as that means Artist, so I would deny the name of Artist to the engraver who cannot rise to the proper status of his profession. Of course there are degrees of merit in all things. All cannot

excel. Honor to him—and let not his superior grudge it—who only earnestly attempts! Not less than warrior is he who is defeated in a fair fight. We do not call him other than a soldier. But for him who is content to be only an artisan or a tradesman, let him take to honest carpentering, which has its dignity of usefulness, and retire as quickly as may be convenient from his present fraudulent practice! Some cheap publishers may miss him; but the world will be better for his abolition.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

SERGIUS AZOFF was a lucky fellow. It was little more than a year since he had landed, friendless and penniless, in New York, with a barbarous name utterly unfamiliar to American artists and critics; yet already he had taken his place as undisputed master in the instruction of his art, and as the most brilliantly gifted young painter in the town. His was the good fortune, not only to have his genius recognized by diletanti and by his brother craftsmen, but to become, by a happy chance, the favorite of the blind goddess of fashion. Never before had so many of the wealthiest merchants' and bankers' daughters been inspired with a zealous devotion to Art; and, whatever stage of advancement their culture had attained, all seemed now to have but one ambition,—to become the pupils of Azoff, either to enter upon their auspicious career under the direction of so efficient a guide, or to receive from him the finishing touches of style, the final ideas as to color and tone, the vigorous boldness of brush which he best knew how to impart.

At this hour of high noon, his studio is invariably filled with his fair young feminine disciples,—for young and fair without exception are the six or eight American ladies diligently at work around the artist's easel. From so-called New York "society," it were difficult to select any group of women under thirty years of age, of whom a majority do not possess graceful figures and pleasing faces. But Azoff's pupils are the fine flower of the best, and as the bright February sunshine streams down upon them from the high window-top, it illuminates an unbroken array of genuine American beauties.

Here are the large, expressive eyes; the fair, delicate complexions, neither sallow nor too highly colored, but of an aristocratic paleness; the clean-cut profiles; the coquetish, laughing mouths; the abundant hair, ranging through every variety of shade, from the blue-black of yonder tall girl, in whose veins flows a mixture of Austro-Spanish blood and who holds herself with the haughty grace of a huntress-Diana, to the crisp golden curls of the blonde who bends her dainty head and short-sighted blue eyes close over her sketch.

But Azoff evidently does not regard his charming class with any eyes but those of an artist and a teacher. He moves from one to another with counsel, help, encouragement, or, most rarely, words of praise; to him the face of the most beautiful suggests nothing but the indolent, petulant nature, the flippant mind, and the bungling hand which accompany it. What he prizes incalculably beyond the attractions of his lady-pupils, is the severe art-conscience, the religious devotion to the ideal, which he finds in the poor crippled boy who steals an occasional evening hour to develop a divine gift, and whom Azoff counts as his only worthy disciple. His morning visitors, on the contrary, are simply cultivating an "elegant accomplishment;" they are neither desirous nor capable of producing anything of real value or beauty. Yet, no; this perhaps is overstating or understating the truth. One, at least, among them has, if not the innate talent, yet the sincere ambition of the artist. Whatever Ellen Bayard does, she does with her whole heart; and though her original gift is probably the most meager of her class,

and her bright hazel eyes are the least accurate in their report of nature, yet Azoff finds in guiding and instructing her the nearest approach to sympathy and pleasure which his irksome hours of tuition afford.

Watch her as she sits utterly absorbed in her work. One would say that she was the youngest of the group, so slight and supple is her frame, so child-like and pure the expression of her face, and so youthful is the effect conveyed by the simple arrangement of her braided chestnut hair. Yet is she already a wife and a mother, to whom, in her social circle, her girlish name of Ellen perpetually clings with a sort of aroma of maidenhood, but who is only known to Azoff as Mrs. Richard Bayard.

Sergius Azoff himself is not the least picturesque figure in the studio, as he bends his tall, dark head over his pupils' work. He is apparently between twenty-five and thirty years of age, and he possesses that rarest and most desirable of physical gifts—a presence. He is one of the few men who seem to fill and animate with a majestic grace even a large, bare apartment, and whose stately carriage and harmonious proportions render them conspicuous in a crowded assemblage. He had the pose of head, the commanding stature, and the dignified elegance of movement which one looks for in a prince, but which one is more apt to find in a great actor. So marked was this combination of strength and virile beauty in his frame that, as in a fine statue, the face became of secondary importance. It was pale and swarthy, surrounded by a full, dark beard; the nose was thin and aquiline; from the broad white brow the short hair waved upward in crisp brown ripples, and the round, dark-gray eyes were unusually large and luminous. If any feature inclined to the expression of weakness, it was the full, somewhat sensuous mouth; but this was the least likely to be remarked, for in repose it was almost hidden behind the thick, silky mustache and heavy beard, and when animated by laughter or speech, the brilliant teeth alone attracted attention. A grave, melancholy air, however, habitually overclouded Azoff's face, and, as may be supposed, did not detract from the sympathy which his romantic personality inspired. Whether by nature, or because he happened to live now among strangers, he was the reverse of communicative in regard to himself and his belongings, and none of his American friends had any positive knowledge of his real inner life. Any one who had felt sufficiently interested,

however, during the past six weeks, to observe him closely, could not have failed to notice that this overhanging veil of melancholy had almost daily perceptibly deepened and darkened, and his original expression of serious thought had been succeeded by one of harassed fatigue and despondency.

The slender stock of actual information which the town possessed in regard to Azoff's history was more than counterbalanced by the variety and extravagance of the versions supplied by the "pipe of rumor, blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures." He was a noble Polish refugee; a Russian prince in disguise; a dangerous adventurer; he was the disinherited son of a high Russian dignitary, degraded from his native rank in his own aristocratic country by his artist proclivities and Bohemian associates; he was a Hungarian nobleman, whose stormy youth had already exhausted a magnificent fortune, and for whom the cultivation of his talent was not an end, but only a means of redeeming his debts. All these suppositions, however contradictory in details, agreed in general coloring and in two essential features,—that Mr. Azoff had noble blood in his veins and a bar sinister in his escutcheon. Those who knew him best, knew that he was neither a Pole, a Hungarian, nor a Russian, but born in Roumania, of mixed parentage; and, among all his friends, the Bayards alone knew, further than this, that his father was dead, and his mother, a Russian lady, still lived in St. Petersburg with her widowed daughter.

The clock strikes the half-hour, and there is a general rustle of gowns and movement of departure among the students. Portfolios are taken out, sketches laid aside, and hats, jackets, and gloves are donned for the street. All the ladies, in bidding good-morning, exchange a few gracious, unprofessional words with Mr. Azoff, whom they condescend to treat as an equal and a friend. Mrs. Bayard, however, who slowly arranges her hat and furs, and is the last to leave, has a quite peculiar note of cordial kindness in her vibrant, sympathetic voice as she lingers to speak with her master. That just perceptible tone of condescension, which Azoff feels rather than hears in the voices of his other pupils, is altogether missing in hers. She treats him, not as her equal, but her superior.

"I could not go away to-day, Mr. Azoff, without asking if you had better news from St. Petersburg yet?"

"You are very kind to remember my

troubles," answered he, gravely. "I heard only yesterday that my mother is out of danger. She writes herself a few lines in my sister's letter to tell me that she is convalescent."

"I am so very glad," said Mrs. Bayard, in her simple, earnest way. "Then you are quite free from all anxiety?"

"I am quite free from all anxiety," he replied, with a deep sigh, not of relief, but of heavy oppression. Mrs. Bayard looked at him wonderingly, as if seeking the key to the contradiction between his words and his manner. He seemed discomfited by her kindly glance, and went on hurriedly, "I am doubly glad that I shall not be obliged to go home again. If the news had not been better by this mail, I should certainly have left New York, where I am just beginning to feel that I have friends."

"It is something to hear you say that, at least," replied Mrs. Bayard, smiling. "I began to believe you did not value the friendship of Americans."

He started, his pale face flushed, and his eyes beamed with a singular emotion. With an impulsive movement, he took both her hands in his own.

"Dear Mrs. Bayard, if that be a reproach, forgive me! Believe me, I am neither indifferent nor ungrateful to the generous kindness I have received from your warm-hearted Americans, and, above all, from yourself. Forgive me if I seem unappreciative; I have been very much harassed."

"I did not intend it as a reproach," said Mrs. Bayard, quietly withdrawing her gloved hands and taking up her muff; "I must altogether disclaim your gratitude before it is due, but I should like to feel that your American friends will some day deserve it. *Apropos*, or rather, *mal apropos*, Mr. Bayard has been buying some pictures lately. He has picked up, as he thinks, a genuine Titian, besides some modern trifles. He told me to ask if you would care to come see them. Will you dine with us informally to-day?"

"With all the pleasure in the world."

"Till seven o'clock, then," said Mrs. Bayard, moving toward the door.

"Are you walking, or may I have the honor of seeing you to your carriage?" asked Mr. Azoff.

"Thanks,—no. I should prefer not. I know my way through these corridors now," she replied, with a charming smile.

Mrs. Bayard, with all her simplicity, rarely lost sight of conventionalities, and did not

care to be singled out among Mr. Azoff's pupils for his too frequent attentions, in this crowded art building where every studio had eyes and tongues. He opened the door and held it wide, saluting her with that haughty yet deferential grace peculiar to Slavonic races, and developed by their characteristic dances. She passed out, leaving behind her a sort of wave of warm violet perfume, glided down the dusty staircase, and stepped into the coach that stood awaiting her, while an expression of puzzled thought came over her child-like face as she leaned back on the cushions and was rolled away.

A few moments later, Sergius Azoff locked his studio door behind him, and went out to deliver his weekly lecture to the pupils of the "Turner Institute," and then, again lessons, lessons and lessons, till within half an hour of the time when he had promised to present himself at Mrs. Bayard's.

II.

MRS. BAYARD was an arch-woman, simple and cunning, vain and disinterested, noble and petty, capable of entering with ardent enthusiasm into the thoughts and feelings of others, yet always retaining in the fervor of her generous emotion an undefined pleasant consciousness of her own sympathetic qualities. She resembled ten thousand other women already ten thousand times described, and yet fundamentally indescribable. A little more agreeable, perhaps, a little gentler, fairer to see, and more *naïve* than many of her sisterhood, but intrinsically the same creature of undisciplined imagination, of impossible logic and magnetic intuition.

To-day, from the moment she left the studio till now, when she presides at her little circular dinner-table, around which are seated her husband and Mr. Azoff, she has not been able to forget the latter's singular agitation after the drawing-lesson; she could have sworn that his eyes had grown moist and his colorless face had flushed. She fancies she can discern in the artist's whole manner and attitude in her presence the germ of that which, if he be a man of honor, he must stifle in embryo to prevent its development into a bitter, poisonous fruit. And yet she, one of the gentlest and sweetest of her sex, who would not willingly crush the life out of an insect, and who entertains a genuine sympathy and friendship for the isolated, gifted young stranger,

has, nevertheless, felt all through the day a complacent sort of pleasure, a subdued, triumphant sense of power, in imagining his unhappiness. She has not put her thought into words even in her own mind; it has all floated vaguely, yet persistently, within her idle little brain, and has not in the least diminished—nay, it has even added zest to—her interest in the performance of her household duties and to the affectionate greeting with which she met her husband upon his return home. Poor Mr. Azoff! he is so alone, so unlike the people around him, and consequently so susceptible to kindness, so sensitive to all impressions. And she is so securely sheltered in her happy haven, so safe under the protecting shield of her love for Dick, from even the threat of danger. None the less has she selected this evening her most coquettish gown, whose soft, clinging folds of sky-blue crape and Elizabethan ruff and trimmings of broad, yellowish lace, admirably set off the whiteness of her throat and the fresh, delicate tint, as of early spring flowers, of her round, wistful face, with its fawn-like eyes and glossy dark hair.

Mr. Bayard was a rather slight young man of medium size, but his well-knit figure gave the impression of elastic, sinewy strength. The intense blackness of his straight, Indian-like hair (whose stray locks were perpetually falling over his forehead) and of his thick, bold, perfectly horizontal eyebrows, heightened the pallor of a skin as fair as an infant's. His smooth-shaven face, bare of mustache or beard, gave him at a little distance the air of a school-boy, though he had already passed his thirtieth year, but a nearer examination revealed certain inexorable lines about the brow and mouth which can only be stamped by years of mature thought. It is rare to see such eyes as Dick Bayard possessed. They were neither those of an Apollo nor of a man of genius, but they were emphatically those of an honest man,—so limpid, so keen, and so fearless, they looked out from under the frank, square brow as if they had nothing to conceal, and as if nothing could be concealed from them. Decidedly he was not a handsome man, but his expression was one of winning loyalty and sincerity, and the weird, almost uncanny effect produced by his pale skin and elfin hair, together with a certain gnome-like uncouthness about his presence, irresistibly attracted the glance again and again. He had but little acquaintance with that infinitesimal division of our globe which arro-

gates to itself the title of "the world," and his natural timidity, already a morbid one, was increased by the consciousness of his inexperience. He was consequently seldom understood by the people he met, more especially when these happened to be Europeans. An intelligent American is apt to feel a peculiar interest in any deviation from the high road of convention, and there was something about Dick Bayard which continually piqued the curiosity, and thus appealed to one of the strongest instincts of his compatriots. But to the cultivated, polished foreigners whom Mrs. Bayard's exquisite grace attracted to the house, the young man's sylvan, untamed *naturalness* (we know of no other term for it) seemed only the boorishness of the uncivilized American, and his odd, abrupt ways led them to the general belief, which they did not hesitate to express, that he was "*un peu toqué*."

Azoff, however, was not among the holders of such an opinion. He had not waited till to-day (when Dick, in a discussion on art, had given evidence of critical judgment, broad culture and acute insight) to know that Mr. Bayard was a man of real significance. He had begun by covertly studying the young American as a faun, a kobold, a subject for a fantastic sketch of moonshine madness, the leader of a dance of gnomes. How effectively the light of torches could be made to bring out the contrast between his eerie white face and wild, black, floating locks! What a weird grace his features would acquire if surrounded by the proper accessories of haunted forest and fallow marsh-land! But every day of nearer acquaintance led Azoff farther from this first superficial view, and deepened his astonished admiration and respect for the young man's intellectual and moral force. This change, however, may have been partly owing to other causes than that of a more intimate acquaintance; for, as the artist's despondency and dissatisfaction with himself and his own work daily increased, he may have been disposed to think less of the mere æsthetic and picturesque, and attach a higher value to straightforward, indomitable integrity.

"Richard, I am almost inclined to quarrel with Mr. Azoff," said Mrs. Bayard, "over his severity to me. Do you know what he obliged me to do with the pretty little river-sketch I showed you, and that I was so proud of having made? I had to rub out every line, and begin it all over

again. He was gracious enough to say that the composition was tolerable, but then, the drawing! And yet, I looked over Nina Morton's landscape and saw faults just as glaring as my own, and he allowed her to carry it home in triumph!"

"Perhaps that is because Mr. Azoff feels that you are capable of better things, Ellen, and that Miss Nina Morton is not," said Mr. Bayard, turning with an inquiring glance from his wife to Azoff.

"I should not have dared put it in just those words," replied Azoff, smiling; "but that is the true explanation. If Mrs. Bayard knew of my exacting rigor in regard to my own work, she would feel that my severity is the highest compliment I can pay a pupil. To prove this, I will make you a humiliating confession. I wiped out of existence, yesterday, Mr. Bayard, the sixth attempt at a beginning of the picture you were good enough to order from me three months ago."

"What a shameful pity!" cried Mrs. Bayard. "How can you be so cruel to yourself? Dick, I saw this 'attempt,' as Mr. Azoff calls it, and it promised to be a perfect gem. It was a Russian interior, but genuinely Russian,—it looked like a leaf out of Tourguéneff,—and painted in a style of which we have seen no specimens yet in this country. Why did you destroy it, Mr. Azoff?"

"It is scarcely a case in point, after all," replied Azoff, thoughtfully. "I destroyed it for precisely the opposite reason from that which made me ask you to work over yours, because I have lost faith in myself."

He spoke so seriously that Mrs. Bayard felt a conventional compliment would be out of place. She looked at him in surprise, and was silent.

Richard fastened his penetrating eyes on the artist and asked in his direct way:

"Do you think it is your occupations here and the commercial American atmosphere that have materialized your life and undermined your confidence in yourself?"

Sergius Azoff raised his eyes to Mr. Bayard, but they quailed before that candid, searching glance; his heart glowed with a grateful warmth, for he felt that he had spoken and had been understood, but he shrank at the same time from so close a scrutiny, as if Mr. Bayard's eyes had really the power to see behind the veil.

"I cannot tell," he replied, slowly, after a short pause, "if the fault be in myself or in

my circumstances. I feel as if my brain were being gradually ground into a dry powder by this tread-mill routine. A man whose eyes, and nerves, and patience have been continuously overstrained six days out of seven is scarcely able to bring a fresh set of organs to bear upon an original production on the seventh. My ideal has certainly not risen any higher since my arrival here, and yet my work gives me less and less satisfaction. Ten years of this life might make me financially independent;—they would certainly be my ruin as an artist."

Dick Bayard had a curious way, when deeply interested, of losing himself in his own thoughts and allowing them to leap over such broad generalizations that when he spoke again his words seemed wide of the original mark. The oracular, half-intelligible phrases which he uttered on such occasions had strengthened the prevailing belief that he was a trifle unsound; but upon any one who had faith in him these very speeches made a profound impression, and if such a one would try to follow out the course of reasoning which must necessarily have preceded them, he would often find a positively startling, almost demonic intuition at their root. So it was in this case. Mr. Bayard's head was almost buried in his breast, his eyes had a singular, dreamy look, and he spoke, with the voice of a man only half awake, not *to* but *at* Azoff.

"He has not properly assimilated himself yet. America is not a bad *milieu* for the true artist. And then, half truths are no truths. We know his secret."

Azoff was like a wounded man who feels the surgeon's probe reach the very bottom of his hurt. What did this strange American know of his, Sergius Azoff's, life-secrets, that he should speak of them with the voice of a prophet!

But Mrs. Bayard interposed:

"Why, Dick, what are you muttering about?"

"Oh, I was thinking, Ellen dear," replied Dick, with a start, passing his hand over his forehead, tossing back his hair, and smiling like a sphinx at his guest. "Tell us, Mr. Azoff, how you happened to come to America."

"There is scarcely anything to tell," said Azoff; "it was partly accident. In the east of Europe, where the nineteenth century ideas are fermenting no less actively than in the west, yet where the spirit of feudalism is still the breath and soul of social institutions, you can have no conception of the

imaginary glories with which we invest America. When I was a boy of fourteen at the Gymnasium, I knew by heart the Declaration of Independence, and I designed, with a set of lads as enthusiastic as myself, a little socialistic community, based upon American principles, with which we were later to overturn thrones, principalities, and powers. That, of course, was broken up before I left the Academy, but the enthusiasm itself did not die out. In Bucharest, in Petersburg, in Paris, my dream of America, my ardor for republican ideas grew with my growth, and everywhere I found ambitious youth,—Roumanians, Bulgarians, Frenchmen, Russians, Bohemians from all parts of the world,—artists, students, poets,—whoever had felt the cramping influence of ignorant legislation, whoever had conceived freedom, or desired progress, or loved beauty,—to stimulate me and participate in my illusion. Perhaps the peculiar circumstances of my life have made me suffer more from Old World prejudices, and have given me a more bitter aversion to the vicious distinctions of rank and caste, than my more fortunate college companions. At any rate, I am the only one who has had the courage or energy to endeavor to realize our common dream. Who knows? Perhaps——”

Azoff stopped abruptly.

“Perhaps they were wiser than you,” said Mr. Bayard, finishing his phrase. “With them the illusion will slowly die a natural death under the ordinary influences of time and change, while you have crushed it at a blow by coming to see with your own eyes the practical working of the principles you cherished so long. Confess that that was what you wanted to say.”

“I have found so many kind and noble hearts among the Americans,” replied Azoff evasively, “that I feel like an ingrate if I attempt to express the peculiar disappointment I have experienced.”

“But you cannot keep it a secret from your friends,” said Mrs. Bayard. “Mr. Bayard and I have no intention of quarreling with you for the honor of our political institutions, but if you do not wish us to know that you sought something in America which you have not found, you must not speak so eloquently about the anticipation and let your face fall and your voice fade away so significantly when you talk of the reality.”

“If you were to leave us now,” said Richard, “no doubt you would paint a dismal picture to your old comrades of the modern

Utopia. But patience, I say, patience, Mr. Azoff! Wait five years, three years, one year longer, till you have adapted yourself to the groove, and see if you cannot carry home a representation of the country and the people that shall correspond better with your youthful dreams.”

“I cannot imagine myself fitting into any groove,” said Azoff with a smile. “But you know I have not the habit of talking about myself,” he went on, “and indeed, since I have been in America, I have seemed to be surrounded by a wall of ice. Why is it that when I am with you, dear friends, the ice seems to melt? I experience an irresistible desire to talk of my life, my disappointments, my ambitions, even my *ennuis*. Bah!” he exclaimed, with a laugh and an entire change of tone; “it is because you are too good to me, and I abuse your goodness by becoming *ennuyeux* to you as well as to myself.”

Dick was not pleased with Azoff’s suddenly assumed carelessness, but Mrs. Bayard felt that the ice having been broken, nothing would be easier, if only it were not insisted upon at the moment, than to draw the artist back to the theme on which her curiosity had been so strongly excited. She answered therefore with a re-assuring smile:

“*Ennui* is a thing that neither Mr. Bayard nor I believes in, Mr. Azoff. Nothing can be *ennuyeux* as long as one is young and well and sane. Shall we go in now and see the Titian? Our coffee can be brought to us in the library.” She rose and the two young men followed her into the adjoining room.

It was a gorgeous, warm, golden-toned picture, representing the full-length dazzling figure of the sleeping Venus voluptuously reclining beneath a wide-open window, beyond which spread a sunset sky illuminated by dusky golden clouds overhanging a somber landscape. Mr. Azoff in his enraptured admiration was as excited as a child; while Richard, with his solemn American air stood by with no other demonstration of pleasure than a gnome-like half-smile on his face. Mrs. Bayard watched them both for a little while, looking on in silence or responding sympathetically to the artist’s delight, and then excusing herself to make sure that her baby was sleeping, she left her husband and Azoff alone. When she returned to the room a half-hour later, she found them quietly seated some distance from the Titian, and her quick eye noted

that Mr. Azoff's face had become as calm and solemn as Richard's. He brightened up as she took her seat near them, however, and the ready tact and grace with which she entered into the conversation soon gave it a lively animation and flow.

For all three it was a memorable evening. Within Dick Bayard's heart a disinterested friendship was then first awakened toward this brilliant young stranger endowed with such remarkable physical and intellectual gifts, and yet whom he, the plodding American, instinctively desired to guard and protect as he might a weaker younger brother. Certain suspicions were aroused in his breast almost amounting to pangs of fear and misgiving. His peculiar mind dealt frequently with symbols and tropes, and his thoughts had a habit of painting themselves in pictures; to-night he could not exorcise the haunting vision of a flawless, superb vessel without a compass, dangerously drifting on a dark open sea.

Never before had Mrs. Bayard been so interested and charmed by the young foreigner who was at the same time her master and her protégé. He talked with the fire of genius on every subject that was broached, and his manner to her was so grateful, so earnest, so devoted, that her excitable mind and nerves were wrought to a pitch of almost painful exaltation. Then, too, she succeeded at last in gratifying, on at least one item, her feminine curiosity. Azoff chanced, in the most natural way, to divulge a romantic fact concerning his mother, of whom he had only spoken hitherto in vague terms of affection. They were talking of music, and Mrs. Bayard went to the piano to exemplify her idea of a certain song of Schumann's. When she rose, Azoff, to her surprise, took the seat, and, respectfully differing from her conception, struck a few chords to illustrate his own.

"That is far better than my idea of the theme," she said. "But I never knew you were a musician."

"Nor am I," he replied, rising from the piano. "But it is only a chance that I am not. A taste for music was the first aptitude that developed itself in me, and I was destined to be an artist. It is a legitimate inheritance—my mother was a musician."

"An artist?" asked Mrs. Bayard.

"Yes, a pupil of Liszt, in the days when Liszt still gave lessons to his pupils. Her name was ———." And Azoff mentioned the name of one of the most

widely renowned pianists of twenty-five years ago.

Mrs. Bayard knew how to express exactly the requisite amount of surprise and friendly curiosity, in order not to startle the habitually reserved stranger out of his unwonted confidential mood, and to draw from him a hundred interesting details of his mother's life and artistic career before she had adopted her present retired existence. It was easy to see that for this enthusiastic son the very air was sanctified which his mother breathed.

But most of all by Sergius Azoff was this evening never to be forgotten. The recollections of his home thus vividly awakened; the thrill of enjoyment aroused in him by the sight of such a work of art as his eyes had not rested upon since he left Europe; the whole atmosphere of luxury, of rest, and of sympathy which surrounded him in the Bayards' house, together with a myriad vague, beautiful dreams and ambitions mingling confusedly in his brain, caused his sensitive temperament a singular, powerful emotion. When he pressed his friends' hands at parting, and went out into the mild, spring-like February midnight, he looked up at the familiar stars and felt that he was no longer an exile.

III.

A MONTH had elapsed since Sergius Azoff had gone to see the Titian, and his visits to the Bayards had rapidly increased in frequency and length, and yet a quiet, trustful friendship was not established. He appeared more than ever subject to fits of depression, which he was either no longer able or no longer desirous to conceal, and, since the evening when he had talked so frankly about his feelings and his home, he had more than ever avoided all confidences concerning either himself or his family. He saw Mrs. Bayard often alone, and she would have been more or less than woman could she have failed to notice that her influence exercised a powerful sway over him. However moody, weary, or caustic he might feel, he was always tranquilized or cheered by her presence. He could not himself have told what it was that he found so exquisitely suave in her voice and manner,—why the delicate refinement of her slim white hands made such a pleasing impression upon him. As for Dick, Azoff grew less and less at ease in his presence. At times, he actually shunned that searching, loyal glance,—then again he would

evinced a feverish, almost childish desire to be with Dick, to win his friendship, to court and please him. But Dick was not a man to be courted. There was a great deal about Azoff which he neither liked nor approved, and, notwithstanding an underlying sentiment of mingled friendliness, admiration, and compassion, he did not hesitate to manifest his disapprobation in a repellent coldness and a reserve still greater than Azoff's own. For Azoff, however uncommunicative in regard to his personal affairs, being a man of the world and a man of talent, was generally a brilliant, animated talker; but Bayard, a thinker and a man of firm will, was silent to moroseness when those around him did not inspire his confidence or affection.

"Dick," said Mrs. Bayard to her husband one day after her return from the studio, "I am so sorry for Mr. Azoff. I am sure he must have some great trouble. He is simply ruining himself. He is gradually losing all his pupils. I told you the other day about two of the girls leaving him, and to-day three more of the class whose quarterly term was over, said they would not return."

"The man is throwing himself away," replied Dick between his teeth, "but that is no affair of mine."

"It is hard enough to see a man of his talent throwing himself away," said Mrs. Bayard, without heeding her husband's last phrase. "But it is not his fault that he is losing his pupils. He works as conscientiously with them as ever, but you know what New York fashion is. Nina Morton left him in a pet, and whatever example Nina Morton sets, half a dozen toad-eaters will follow. They will probably all go over to Mr. Brillonnin, who is giving Mary Hunt lessons, and who will be the next favorite."

"It might not be the worst thing for Azoff if they did," answered Mr. Bayard. "To be 'the fashion' in New York is not the most desirable fate for a man with real grit in him. These mincing young ladies, with their feminine compliments and *frou-frou* of silk gowns around his studio all day, are enough to polish all the manhood off him. I don't know but that it would be advisable for you, too, Ellen, to drop him,—for his ultimate good, you know," and Mr. Bayard looked at his wife with his customary enigmatical smile.

"Richard, how queer you are!" cried she, half vexed. "If I didn't know you better, I should think you were as savage as the Indian you look like just now. Why are

you so hard upon Mr. Azoff? If we all give him up he will starve."

"Perhaps, even that might be better than the life he is leading now," muttered Dick.

Mrs. Bayard's wide eyes opened wider.

"What do you know of his life, Dick? Isn't he a gentleman?"

"What do I know?" said Richard, thoughtfully; "I know nothing. But I don't trust him,—there is something wrong, and wicked, and weak in him. And why does he force himself upon me? I am tired of seeing him around, tired of hearing his name; we are not related to each other in the most remote degree. He is utterly uninteresting; let us say no more about him, Ellen."

And Ellen said no more about him. She had never seen her husband jealous, and a not altogether easy conscience whispered to her that perhaps this suspicious petulance and unusual deafness to an appeal to his charity, resulted from her own overwarm partisanship of the young man's cause.

That evening, Azoff was again at the Bayards', but he was not the only visitor. Ellen shuddered as she saw him enter the room. She had been ill at ease ever since her conversation with her husband; she was frightened at the possible consequences of her own rash vanity. Sergius Azoff was not to be trifled with, and she saw him with new eyes this evening; powerful of frame, with those fine, severe features, that transparent swarthy skin, and those fiery Eastern eyes—how could she ever have dreamed that it would not be playing a dangerous game to arouse the passions of such a man? To-night he was so pale as to look positively ill, and her anxious scrutiny revealed to her the full extent of the change that had taken place in his appearance during the past month; his face was thin and sunken, making conspicuous the high Wallachian cheekbones, and the strained, dissipated expression of the eyes seemed underscored as it were, by deep, almost violet-colored lines. It required an effort to receive him naturally, but he, on his part, appeared in a far more cheerful mood than usual. With a liveliness suggestive at moments of undue excitement, he talked to Mrs. Bayard and her guests; brilliant, witty, and eloquent, he left on the latter the impression of dazzling genius.

What Ellen Bayard had not dreaded least that evening, was the unfriendly attitude Richard would in all probability assume toward Azoff, and the latter's possible resentment of it in his present singular ex-

citement and unnatural tension of nerve. She had not guessed her husband amiss; his manner to the artist was cold, sullen, almost gruff. But she had been mistaken in regard to Mr. Azoff. So far from being irritated by this *brusquerie*, he evinced a more than ordinary deference to every word and movement of his host, and late in the evening, when he found himself for a moment separated from the others and alone with Mrs. Bayard, he whispered to her impulsively:

"Mrs. Bayard, your husband is my guardian angel."

She raised her face suddenly and inquired to his.

"Trust him and he will help you," she said quickly, and returned to her guests.

"Trust him and he will help you." The words rang in Sergius Azoff's ears; they haunted his brain for days, together with the gentle earnest glance that had accompanied them. And yet he lacked the moral courage to intrust to Richard Bayard, of all men, that which was preying upon his life. There was something so clean, so lofty, so chaste as it were, about the young American, that Sergius Azoff felt as if it would be almost like laying bare his soul to a woman, to confess himself to Dick. And then, if Dick had not been rich! But would it not be beggarly in him to reveal to this fortunate young man the humiliating straits to which his own evil luck and evil habits had reduced him?

But, if he would not confide in Richard, yet twice did accident reveal somewhat of that which he had fain so carefully suppressed. One night toward the middle of April, the Bayards' baby had fallen ill, and Dick, in consideration of his wife's anxiety, rather than lose time by calling one of the men-servants from the stable, had gone himself at two o'clock in the morning to summon the physician. He had but a few squares to walk, the streets were silent and deserted, and until he reached within a door or two of the doctor's dwelling, he met no living creature. It was doubtless the previous solitude which made more conspicuous the first human figure he encountered now. A tall, powerful man was approaching; at a distance of several feet he recognized Sergius Azoff. The two men stood face to face under a flaring street-lamp. Mr. Azoff was haggard and white; he was walking in a dogged, aimless way, with both hands in the pockets of a shabby, light-gray overcoat; his eyes were heavy and half closed, and he had the air of a somnambulist. He

looked Richard full in the face without a gleam of recognition, and passed on. They were so close that his unfastened, flying overcoat brushed against Bayard, who was conscious at the same moment of a faint, sultry, peculiar odor. He looked back after Sergius Azoff, and saw that he staggered as he walked. A mingled expression of pain and astonishment crossed his features,—"The man is an opium-eater," he muttered, half articulately, and with bent head he hastened on his errand.

Richard never told his wife of this meeting with Azoff, but in his own mind he resolved to have all friendly, unprofessional intercourse between Ellen and the artist gradually cease. But he had no opportunity to take any active measures to this effect, for Azoff did not again appear at the house, and Mrs. Bayard, who still went regularly to the studio for her lessons, said that his whole manner toward her had changed and had become that of a social inferior, humble, respectful, almost deprecatory. He no longer spoke of anything but the work in hand, he seemed to feel that he had something to atone for, and only a remnant of his former pride appeared to prevent him from begging her forgiveness. Her quick eye noticed in glancing around the studio the gradual disappearance and finally the total absence of all the little superfluities and knickknacks which had formerly adorned it; it grew shabby, bare and poor. Knowing the haughty sensitiveness of the artist's temperament, she was firmly convinced that his rapidly increasing poverty was the sole barrier which had arisen between them. When she looked into his altered face, and observed the listless, tired movements of his stately frame, her whole heart seemed to melt in sympathy, and she longed to say something that would break through this unnatural formality, and make him give utterance to the trouble that oppressed him. Yet, day after day passed by, and she dared not say a word; she grew almost afraid of those strange, large, hungry eyes, that stern, set, impassive face. And what was the use of offering her sympathy and prevailing upon him to speak, when she was powerless unaided to help him? For she felt that Richard was no longer her ally; during the past two or three weeks, he had discouraged all allusion to Mr. Azoff; never before had Ellen known him so uncharitable and ungenerous. She saw clearly that very little would be required to make him forbid her continuing her lessons at the studio.

There was no need, however, for his interference in this case. One morning Mrs. Bayard received a card from Mr. Azoff begging her to excuse him from that day's lesson, as he was obliged to be from home at the appointed hour. She said nothing of it to her husband, but the next time she went to the studio Mr. Azoff was not in. She returned home provoked, not only at the artist, but at herself, for the awkward position in which she was placed toward her husband, to whom she would now be forced to confess her former concealment, as well as her present annoyance. When she reached the house, however, she found a brief note awaiting her from Mr. Azoff, in which he thanked her for her great kindness to him and begged permission to discontinue the lessons altogether for the present, as he was about to leave town. She was perplexed, pained, disappointed; the man was evidently determined to ruin himself, since he repelled his last friend. She showed the note to Richard, who read it in silence, and Azoff's name was not again mentioned between them.

The spring of 1877 was a beautiful season in New York. After a warm, rainy April succeeded a few days of midsummer heat, which brought out, as if by magic, the foliage and flowers in the streets, the gardens and the parks. A day or two of cooling showers restored the natural temperature, and in the beginning of May came that exhilarating, brilliant weather when every hour even in the heart of the city, made sweet with the chirp of birds and the fragrance of flowers, seems a renewal of some covenant of joy. With Richard Bayard the enjoyment of Nature was a passion; he seemed nearer than most men to her heart; he knew the secrets of her weeds and herbs; he loved almost equally her heats and colds, her days and nights, her sunshine and storms. During the spring and early summer, he was in the habit of rising at five or six o'clock, to walk for an hour or two in Central Park before the business of the day began. It was there on a bright Saturday morning, in the latter part of May, that occurred his second unexpected encounter with Sergius Azoff, still more singular than the last.

He had been walking some time, and was in haste to leave the Park, when he found himself at its extreme end, near the western boundary. If his time allowed, he would gladly continue to walk homeward, but he feared he should be obliged to cross

the road at once and take the nearest street-car that would carry him down town. He drew his watch from his pocket and found that it had stopped at six o'clock. He looked around for some one of whom he could inquire the precise hour. There was not even a policeman in sight, but a few yards away, on a lower grade, some workmen were repairing the road.

"My friend," he called down to one of them from a little distance, "can you give me the hour?"

The overseer consulted his goodly sized chronometer and informed Mr. Bayard that it was "exactly eight o'clock, barring five minutes."

By the side of the overseer, with his back to Richard, stood a tall, muscular man, pounding the stones with a paving-beetle. Under the shadow of his broad-brimmed straw hat, Richard could discern against the clear blue of the morning sky, a familiar, bearded half-profile.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "it is Sergius Azoff."

But the laborer had averted his head, and the brawny back, in its coarse flannel shirt, no longer suggested the elegant figure of the artist. Mr. Bayard rubbed his eyes like a man awaking from a dream. He walked thoughtfully across the road, hailed the first car that passed, and within an hour was in his office.

IV.

THERE was no light burning in Mr. Azoff's studio, though night had long since fallen. Behind the high screen which divided that part of the room where the artist slept from the studio proper, was a tall window opening on a series of leads and roofs. Through the uncurtained glass the bright rays of the moon rendered visible a low iron cot, upon which slumbered heavily a man dressed in the red shirt and soiled, worn trowsers of a laborer. Sergius Azoff, overcome by the unwonted physical fatigue of a day of manual toil, had thrown himself upon his bed as he entered the studio, and had not stirred from the position in which he had fallen. That was three hours ago; it was now ten o'clock. Suddenly he awoke,—not partially and gradually, but thoroughly, all at once. His sleep had been so deep that he felt as if it had lasted all night. The clear radiance of the moon on the white coverlet seemed to startle him, and he rose hastily to a sitting posture and looked about him with the air

of a man who has overslept the hour of an important event. No, it was not too late; another day had not yet dawned. He stretched himself wearily and went to the dressing-table, dipping his face and hands again and again in the cold, fresh water, until he felt all the heaviness and fumes of sleep washed from him; then he struck a light, sat down by a very disordered secretary, and began to write. His hands burned as if blistered; they felt hard, sore, benumbed; but that was of no consequence, his letter would not be very long. He wrote it as fast as his pen could move, and it ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. BAYARD: I do not feel as if I need explain in any wise to you why I should burden you rather than another with the responsibility of fulfilling the last wishes of an unhappy man. In this hour, when every word represents to me its full significance, I wish to tell you that ever since I have known you, you have unconsciously exercised a powerful influence upon my actions; your chance words have often struck the very core of my malady; your severe silence and keen glance have made me pause and resist the proffered temptation. I cherished a superstitious feeling that from you, in some mysterious way, help was sure to come to me. I had never been a believer in Spiritualism, in supernatural agencies, in presentiments, in elective affinities, in any of the fantastic delusions with which wretched men have built up for themselves the dream of an independent soul-life. And yet to you, a man of such different habit, complexion, and race from myself, I felt at first sight drawn as to a brother. At one moment during the course of our acquaintance, I half fancied that I also, on my part, had inspired you with a certain degree of friendship, of sympathy—who knows?—of confidence, perhaps. But the moment passed, and I saw clearly that you turned from me with aversion and mistrust. The folly of my strange delusion has been conclusively proved by the result. I have been in grievous straits and you have not divined my necessity; I have despaired, and you have not heard my cry. But you need have been more than human were it otherwise, for my lips have remained sealed. You have been neither supernatural nor demonic, but my faith in you as a man of immaculate probity and adamant will still subsists; myself I feel unstable as water, and therefore it is a natural polarity that attracts me to you.

"I die by my own hand. I take my life with an absolutely clear and deliberate mind. In this act I cannot see any sin or any injury to a single human being, though I have carefully weighed every conceivable argument. I am tired of the burden, and I lay it aside. My earnest request to you is that as far as lies in your power you will use every means to prevent the fact of my suicide from reaching the ears of my mother. I inclose her address in Petersburg. You are the only man in America who knows her true name, and I beg of you, as an act of charity, to impart to her the news of my death as having occurred in a natural manner, and to tell her that my last thought, my last prayer was for her.

"One more word: When I met you on the night of the 16th of April, in Waverley place, I was intoxicated with opium. Was it your glance that

sobored me? I do not know. I had no control over myself at the time. I passed on, and knew that you despised me. I felt you look back at me,—your eyes seemed to burn into my flesh. I staggered and nearly fell. Since that night I have not tasted opium.

"To Mrs. Bayard I send thanks, and thanks, and thanks. The voice, the pitying glance, the gentle presence of such women, are the only compensations with which Fate lightens the miseries of men.

"I desire that the few artistic effects left in my studio shall go to Joseph Bradford, the crippled boy, to whom I have given lessons since my arrival in America.

"SERGIUS AZOFF."

As he finished in a firm, though rapid, hand the signing of his name, he drew a deep breath, threw aside the pen and raised his eyes. Richard Bayard stood before him.

His arms were crossed over his breast, his head downcast, his eyes intently fixed upon Sergius Azoff; his straight, black locks had fallen as usual over his forehead. Azoff looked at him for a few seconds in silence; it was so natural and yet so strange to see him there, that perhaps at that moment he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"I have startled you," said Richard, in a gentle voice and with an indescribable smile. "I beg your pardon most sincerely," and he held out his hand and clasped that of Sergius. "I have been here twice to-day to find you, but the janitor told me you had gone out early this morning, and had not yet returned. I came the second time at eight o'clock, and I have been walking up and down the street to make sure of seeing you as you entered. A few minutes ago, I caught the glimmer of your light through a rent in your front window-curtain, and I knew you must be here. Either the janitor deceived me or was deceived himself. I came upstairs without asking any more questions. You did not hear my knock at the door. I don't know why, but I had a suspicion of something wrong, and I came in without invitation. I have been waiting till you finished your letter, to speak."

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Bayard," replied Sergius, with visible constraint.

"You are very glad to see me," repeated Dick, seating himself on the cot beside Azoff, "and yet you do not even ask a fellow, who tells you he has been walking up and down for two hours for the pleasure of seeing you, to take a seat."

Was it embarrassment, also, on Bayard's part, or the effort to conceal unwonted emotion, that made him talk so little like himself? The effort, if it were one, was not

successful, and he began again rapidly in an altered, low, moved voice.

"Sergius Azoff, I came to beg your pardon. In my thoughts, for many a day past, I have wronged you cruelly, but, thank God! not irretrievably, since I find you still here to receive my atonement. Do you know what it is that makes my heart go out to you to-night? It is that coarse, soiled, hideous garb which seems to me at the same time to desecrate and to sanctify the bravest and noblest man I have ever met. I came first to ask you to forgive me, and then to tell you that I should consider it the most singular good fortune of my life to be allowed the luxury of helping such a man."

And once again he extended his hand to Azoff, who clasped it long and warmly.

"I have never been mistaken in you, Richard Bayard," said the artist, after a pause. "But you are certainly in error about me. Why should I not speak frankly and freely to-night, if never again? Your suspicions were neither unfounded nor unjust. But your generosity now is based upon an altogether false idea of my qualities. This honest apparel is nothing but a masquerade costume. I have worn it for a day to cast it off forever. I am no more fit to wear it than I have been all my life to wear the garments of a prince. If it be this which commands your respect, take it back; I do not deserve it; I am a weakling and a fool."

He spoke in great excitement, and there was an unnatural gleam in his eye.

"You are neither one nor the other," said Richard; "you are an unhappy man. Life is so hard at times upon the strongest of us that we are apt to accuse ourselves of weakness because we faint and succumb. And yet I believe there is a remedy for all ills—but one."

"Which is, therefore, no ill," said Azoff, in a scarcely audible voice.

A sudden light flashed over Richard's face, but he made no answer.

"It is strange that you entered as you did," continued Mr. Azoff, hurriedly changing the conversation lest he should betray his purpose. "I was writing you a letter, which there is now no need to send," and in order to avert suspicion, he tore the note before him to scraps. "I wished to tell you about the night I met you in Waverley place. I was drunk,—besotted,—as I had been for many a night before with the same degrading poison."

"And as you have not been since, nor will be again, I think," said Bayard, calmly.

"How do you know that?" asked Sergius. "I make no pledges."

"The man who wielded the paving-ram on the high-road, this morning, was not an opium-eater," replied Dick.

"No, the opium-eater had fallen one degree lower," said Sergius, with a bitter laugh. "It was the merest accident that you saw me as you did this morning. I am neither a Saint-Simonist nor a common laborer. I have simply tried one more experiment in a life of experiments, and failed. I am used to that result now. Listen, Mr. Bayard. You are a man, I take it, of indomitable will,—of unassailable integrity. You are rich; you lead an honored, sheltered life. I should like to tell you the follies and miseries of a man who is adrift and isolated among his fellows; who, from no fault of his own, inherits a stigma which prevents him from meeting the eyes of his social peers; who is weak, who despises himself, and who is hungry. Hold! not now," he added, with almost a smile, detaining by the arm Bayard, who half rose from his seat with a pained expression at the last words. "To-day I have earned my dinner. You saw me. I speak of the past month,—the previous six months. You are magnanimous, but it is not for that reason I consent to humiliate myself before you; it is because I feel the need to talk of myself freely and openly,—I am suffocating,—and because I am now past the reach of help or harm. I will begin at the beginning."

He paused, but only for an instant, and then went on slowly, thoughtfully, in that monotonous narrative tone with which men revive the emotions they have outlived:

"I have already told you that my mother was a famous artist. She was not married to my father. He was a Roumanian nobleman, one of the highest dignitaries of the state. I was a boy of thirteen when he deserted my mother. A short time after, we heard of his marriage with a lady of the court. I had been carefully brought up at home, away from boys of my own age, and had been kept in absolute ignorance of the stain upon my birth and the irregularity of my parents' life; now everything was revealed to me at once by a hundred voices, and I leave you to imagine the swelling torrent of indignation, grief and shame which overflowed my heart. I idolized my mother—no particle of blame then attached

itself to her in my eyes,—nor ever has. Her love for my father was a passionate and a loyal one; it was the act of a coward to break the bond because no legal force had confirmed it; the burning desire of my heart for years was to avenge her wrong. As I grew older, I did not forgive him, but I recognized the fact that his sin was not one that could be punished by man, least of all by his own son. I hated, I scorned, I cursed him, but I met him face to face for years in the streets of Bucharest without even the desire to take the revenge I had vowed. When I was twenty years old he died.

"My mother has suffered cruelly from the wrong resulting from her own rashness; but I think I have suffered no less. Fancy a creature into whose veins has been transfused the blood of the poet and the aristocrat, sensitive at every pore, proud, passionate, ambitious, with a blight upon his birth, a jeer and a reproach connected with that which he holds most sacred,—his mother's fame,—a perpetual sneer as his greeting upon every face he meets. You have in this an explanation of my excessive ardor for republican principles, my extravagant idea of republican virtues.

"I have read somewhere that at the Devil's *Sabbat*, among all the elegant courtiers in their magnificent costumes, no matter how stately their bearing or how graceful their forms, there is always something about them, either too much or too little, which shocks the sense. They are a little too thin or a little too stout; a shade too pale or a shade too red; or suddenly a bird's claws or the inevitable cloven foot will appear inopportunely. I never could rid myself of the idea that I resembled one of these infernal gentlemen in my relations with the society to which my mother's genius and my father's rank should have admitted me. To all appearance I was one of that world, but the irremediable flaw was there, the cloven foot could not be concealed. In a word, in Europe there was no place for me, or, rather, I was wrongfully excluded from my proper place, and I resolved to come to America and, if possible, make my home here. Not that I desired any other companions than the artists who received me fraternally everywhere; but the constant sight and presence around me of the invidious distinctions of rank and caste and all the misery and meanness which they entail, continually stirred up the inexhaustible gall in my heart and made me unable to forget for a moment that I was a pariah.

"I came to America with brilliant, impossible dreams. Here I would work, here I would produce masterpieces, stimulated by the seething activity, the unhampered liberty, the splendid promise around me! You know what I found,—a place where a man who would live with beauty and art as his ultimate aim must feed on air and feast on moonshine,—who must be overwhelmed as a dreamer and a lunatic beneath the streaming tide of practical activities. There was no market for my pictures, and if I would gain a livelihood, I must fall into the ordinary business groove of the people who surrounded me.

"Nor was my only disappointment a purely personal one. The republican government which at a favorable distance seemed to me the simple reduction to practice of large and ennobling principles, I found on a nearer view, to be impeded by a hundred brawling political parties, corrupted by unscrupulous office-holders and attacked by still more unscrupulous office-seekers; the daily journals were filled with misgovernment in the cities, maladministration at the capital; abuse and obloquy heaped upon the central figure, I had pictured to myself as the most majestic and unimpeachable dignitary of all ages,—the President of the United States! And where were the republican equality and simplicity of manners I had dreamed? The standard of values was a little different, it had become one of fortune rather than of birth, necessarily in a country that had not yet seen its hundredth birthday. But that was all,—the same meanness, the same cringing, fawning snobishness, a travesty of Old-World society,—the same ridiculous distinctions that even to a European seem ludicrous when conducted on so lilliputian a scale. The few intelligent elderly Americans with whom I had an opportunity of talking, scattered to the winds my darling political delusions. They who had lived longest under the existing institutions denounced universal suffrage as a failure, liberty of the press as an unbridled nuisance, invading the sanctity of men's most private affairs. Some went even so far as to advocate the abolition of the office of president and the substitution of a limited monarchy, or an electoral life protectorate. Richard Bayard, I would have cut off my hand rather than write home to my college comrades what I found in America!

"Nevertheless, I went bravely enough to work. I began to give lessons and lectures, with the hope of being able to earn

enough to devote myself in time exclusively to producing, whether I sold my pictures or not. Alas! I found that the asphyxiated art-atmosphere, the tedious routine of monotonous grinding work were gradually paralyzing my productive faculties. Even when I had the leisure, I could not paint—my mind seemed stultified. I was constantly haunted by visions of young men of brilliant promise whose talent had prematurely exhausted itself. I grew morbidly distressed, and finally the idea of my incapacity became a monomania. I was in a fever from the moment I touched the brush. My hand trembled, and refused to obey my will. So this was the end of my lofty ambition—I had settled down into the fashionable drawing-master of New York! I grew impatient and indifferent toward my pupils, and gradually all—but one—fell from me. I deserved this, and accepted it doggedly. I had evidently miscalculated my stars when I fancied I was to remain a fashionable teacher. I was to be a beggarly artist starving in the streets. I actually suffered from hunger; I should have suffered from cold if the season had not been in my favor. When Mrs.—when my only remaining pupil paid me the amount of my last quarterly term, do you know what I did with it? I took it into a faro-house, laid it all desperately on a single stake,—and won! In one evening I gained double, treble, fourfold the amount of what I had worked away my soul for during the previous year. From that time I kept myself in a constant state of excitement with gambling and opium to forget my degradation and misery. The opium-eating ceased on the 16th of April,—it would have choked me after that. The gambling continued until my luck changed, and I lost everything I possessed but the clothes on my back. I passed two days sauntering through the streets—I think it was raining. In the afternoon of the second day,—that was yesterday,—I chanced to meet an artist friend, who asked me to dine with him. It was my breakfast, my dinner, my supper, for the previous forty-eight hours. Sandford had seen too much of Bohemian life, I fancy, to be surprised at my ravenous appetite. As we left the café, two burly Irishmen passed us by, and I heard one of them say, ‘Damme! I had rather pound stones in the street than be dragged as low as that!’ I almost felt as if he were talking to me.

“After my meal with Sandford I felt stronger and better than I had done for

weeks. When I came home, I looked at myself with new eyes. In what respect was I different from that man who need never starve, nor beg, nor stoop to a vile act, while he had health and hands to wrest from the earth a livelihood? Anything would be better than the life I was leading now—a term of manual toil would only be carrying out the communistic ideas to which I had strongly leaned in my early youth. Well, I borrowed these clothes this morning, and I pounded stones on the road. Great God! With all my imagination, I never before realized the abject slavery in which millions of human beings are bound, to keep body and soul together. Yet even they cling to life, and wish to see the sun a little longer, as the saying goes. And as for me, I must wake up to the fact that even that brute, mechanical servitude was better than the use I had been putting my enlightened brain to for the past six months,—and, moreover, that even in this sphere there is no place for me, for Nature refuses to the effeminate bastard the power to dig and delve in her earth.”

Azoff ceased. His whole figure and attitude suggested a hopeless dejection, with his elbows resting on his knees, his face supported by both hands, and his eyes blankly fixed in an ominous stare. Dick Bayard did not know how he could speak and at the same time suppress the painful emotion which swelled his heart to bursting. He felt that it was of far less importance at this moment to give vent to his sympathy (which was indeed sufficiently established by the fact of his presence and by his breathless attention to the artist's narration) than to maintain the firm yet gentle tone of authority which would enable him to preserve his beneficial ascendancy over this noble, unbalanced nature.

“There is but one use, Sergius,” he said at last, with tolerable composure, “to which I never can believe in putting a human being, as long as he has a brain and limbs that need not be perverted to ignoble ends, and that is to shuffle him into a hole in the ground and shift the responsibility of his foibles on those who brought him forth, or those who come after and who must necessarily suffer for his loss. My ideas concerning life have been greatly influenced, no doubt, by the business community in which I have always dwelt. I do not consider it either a boon to be eternally grateful for, or a burden to be laid aside at pleasure. I consider it a difficult duty which has been imposed

upon us without consulting our desire. The world seems to me an immense working-place,—a factory, if you will,—where each one of us has his special task assigned, which he cannot honorably shirk. A certain amount of labor has to be accomplished, for some universal end which we cannot conceive. The law is Progress; in generations we scarcely see a step of advance. *Eppure si muove!* The only cowardice I recognize is that of the man who doubles the work of his neighbor by deserting his post."

Sergius Azoff did not move.

"I have been listening to you," continued Dick, "with deep interest; but I must beg you in return to listen to me, even if I do not talk with quite so much eloquence. To begin as a patriotic American, I must tell you that there is one grain of wheat for twenty bushels of chaff in all you have rattled forth about America. The truth about this country lies just midway between the Utopian fancies you brought here, and the gloomy conclusions to which you have arrived now. You have made the common mistake of most Europeans of bringing the miniature standard of Europe with which to measure and judge a colossal experiment. In the first place, New York is not America, as Paris is France. Travel over the whole country from New York to San Francisco, from St. Paul to New Orleans, and tell me then that you have been disturbed by the Old-World prejudices of rank and caste. In the second place, you must learn to discriminate between the vulgar noise of a venomous world of ignorant politicians, and the grand, solemn, seldom-heard voice of the American people. It was the former that infested the presidency of General Grant with an infamous clamor of abuse; it was the latter which awarded to him, a second time, the highest honor in its power to bestow—the presidential chair. America is a country where art and beauty must and will thrive, though in the present transition-period of upheaval and reconstruction, it is

impossible to discern what forms they will assume. Wait until you have become better acquainted with the immense forces at work, with the gigantic scale on which the building of cities, the prosperity of a continent, the execution of divinely simple laws is conducted, before you write to your college-friends what is to be found in America. You were right," he went on with visibly increasing emotion, "in saying that Nature refuses a place to you among her delvers and diggers of the soil. Nature makes no mistakes; she does not create a sensitive, receptive brain, an accurate eye, an unerring touch, a poet's imagination, an ardent heart of universal sympathies, for the purpose of securing one more beast of burden. I thank God that you have failed to-day, Sergius Azoff, even though the failure has brought you to the brink of despair. I thank Nature that she has set her irrevocable fiat against degrading to servile uses the hand of the man I love."

Sergius Azoff did not speak, but he dropped his head and hid his burning face within his palms. Dick rose from his seat and moving toward him, laid his own hand gently on the artist's shoulder.

"Sergius," said he, "I came to ask of you a favor which you have not yet granted. Will you sacrifice your pride and condescend to accept help from me until you are better able to help yourself? Look at me,—we have talked out the night,—a new day is dawning."

Sergius started; a violent shudder passed through his frame. He rose and looked Richard full in the face; his eyes were moist, his cheeks were glowing, but his expression was firm and composed.

"You have saved my life," said he: "I lay it at your feet."

And in the gray light of the morning which broke in like a promise and an encouragement, the stately artist in his mean attire and the loyal-eyed American stood and clasped each other's hands.

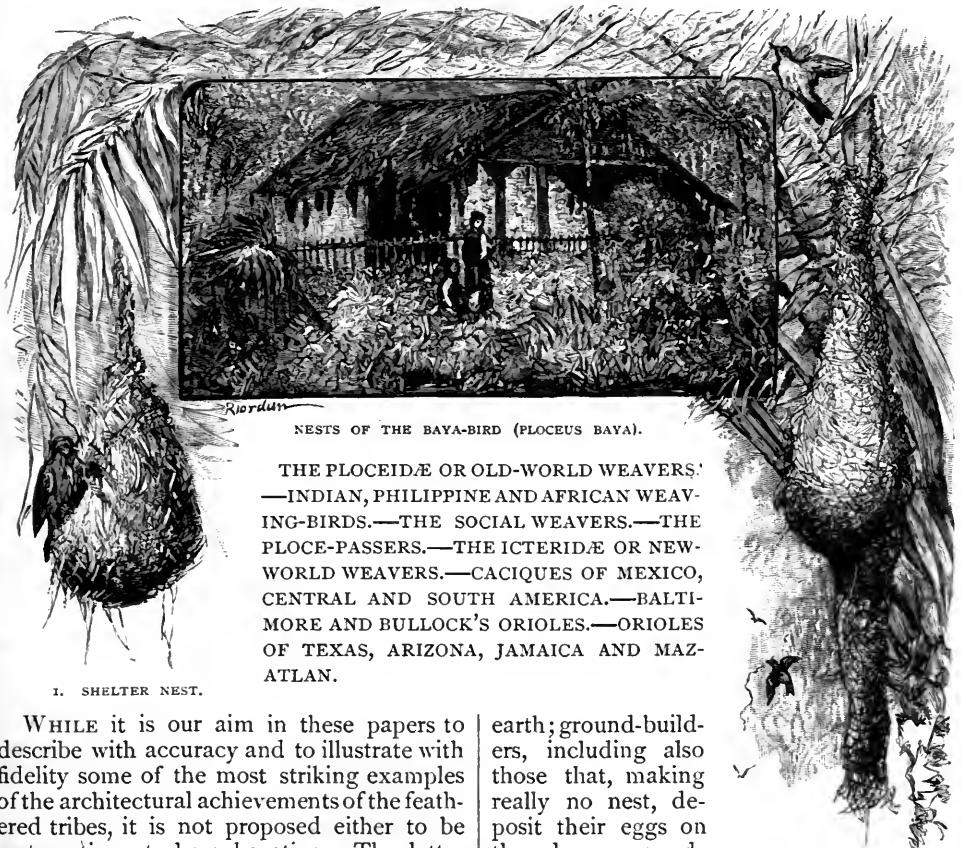
HUGH LATIMER.

His lips amid the flame out-sent
A music strong and sweet,
Like some unearthly instrument
That's played upon by heat.

As spice-wood tough, laid on the coal,
Sets all its perfume free,
The incense of his hardy soul
Rose up exceedingly.

To open that great flower, too cold
Were sun and vernal rain;
But fire has forced it to unfold,
Nor will it shut again.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.—II.



NESTS OF THE BAYA-BIRD (PLOCEUS BAYA).

THE PLOCEIDÆ OR OLD-WORLD WEAVERS.—INDIAN, PHILIPPINE AND AFRICAN WEAVING-BIRDS.—THE SOCIAL WEAVERS.—THE PLOCE-PASSERS.—THE ICTERIDÆ OR NEW-WORLD WEAVERS.—CACIQUES OF MEXICO, CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.—BALTIMORE AND BULLOCK'S ORIOLES.—ORIOLES OF TEXAS, ARIZONA, JAMAICA AND MAZATLAN.

1. SHELTER NEST.

WHILE it is our aim in these papers to describe with accuracy and to illustrate with fidelity some of the most striking examples of the architectural achievements of the feathered tribes, it is not proposed either to be systematic or to be exhaustive. The latter would require vastly more space than can be here allotted to so comprehensive a subject, and the former is not practicable. Although nearly half a century ago, Professor Rennie published a very interesting volume, in which he sought to classify the various architectural forms and styles displayed in the construction of nests and substitutes for them, his attempted system was illusory, and contained radical defects. Its chief fault was that it did not admit of general application. The same species of birds often exhibit, at different times, under varying circumstances, such great deviations in habit as to bring them within two, and even three, of the proposed divisions, and any attempt to apply such a classification universally would lead to no end of confusion and inconsistencies.

In these proposed groupings were recognized twelve distinct classes. These are: miners, or birds that make burrows in the

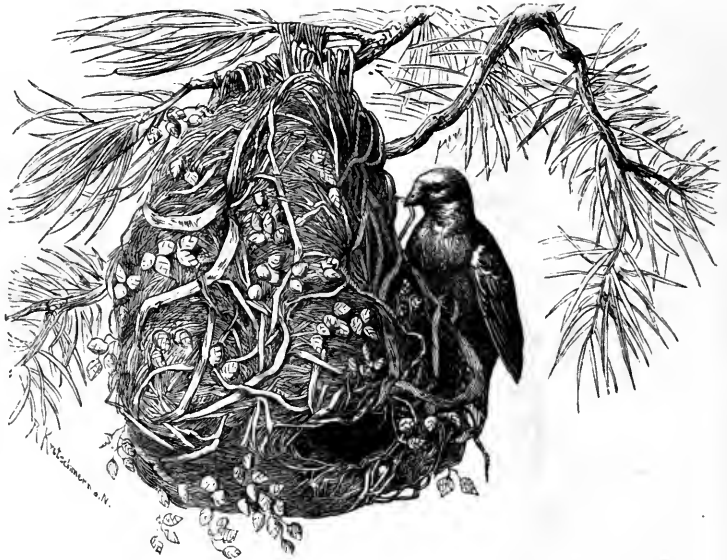
earth; ground-builders, including also those that, making really no nest, deposit their eggs on the bare ground; masons, or birds that work with plastic materials; carpenters, or those that bore through wood; builders of platforms, basket-makers, weavers, tailors, felt-makers, cementers, builders of domed nests, and parasitic birds.

This arrangement fails to recognize distinctly several very remarkable groups, among them the mound-builders of the Australian hemisphere, which, though at once miners and ground-builders, exhibit other wonderful peculiarities, equally well worthy of separate attention. Probably the greater proportion of the feathered tribes are ground-builders, and among them are members of nearly every family. These differ greatly in their several ways of using this position; some merely hide a frail nest in low and secluded valleys; others resort to open, but high and inaccessible crags. Eagles and vultures are platform-builders when they construct their massive nests in the lofty forest-

2. COMPLETE NEST.

trees. But the same species become ground-builders when the lofty cliff serves them with a more solid platform. Weavers, tailors, and basket-makers so blend their peculiarities together that no line of separation can be drawn between them. Many, owing to varying circumstances, build indifferently—that is, on the ground, on low bushes, or in high trees. Why they so vary in their modes of nesting is not always apparent. At other times, however, the occasion is more evident. In the summer of 1875, so far as was then noticed, all the wild geese in the vicinity of Camp Harney, Oregon, built their nests on the ground, as is the usual practice with this species. But in the following spring their nests were all, or very nearly all, built in trees, high up from the ground. So unusual a procedure at first caused no little surprise; but this remarkable change of habit was seen to be an instinctive foreboding when, soon afterward, unprecedented floods filled the valleys wherein the geese had previously nested in safety.

The herring-gull in Europe nests on the



SHELTER NEST OF MALE GOLD-FRONTED WEAVER-BIRD (*ORIOLINUS ICTEROCEPHALUS*).

ground, in exposed and open situations; while in America the same bird, in large numbers, nests in high trees, or on inaccessible crags; in the one case it is protected and unmolested, but in the other is persecuted and plundered.

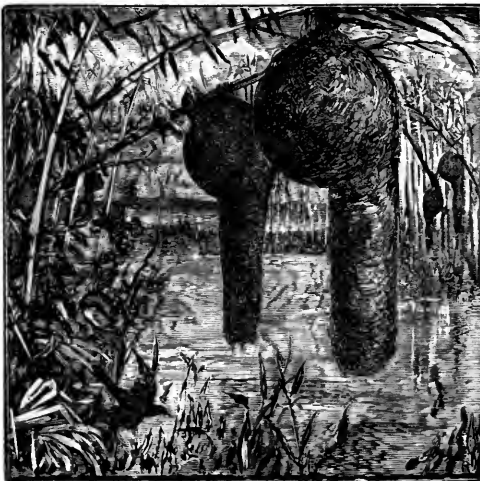
Mr. Rennie's classification fails to recognize distinctly a large number of families, which, without being, properly speaking, miners, always occupy similar places of concealment, without having created them. Other birds are not actually carpenters, though they nest in hollow trunks and limbs of trees, since they never excavate their own sites. Of this nature are our own blue-birds.

Such instances as these show the fatal incongruity of this inharmonious, though plausible and ingenious attempt to classify, by its manner of nesting, the entire bird family. While not confining ourselves to any such bed of Procrustes, we may find frequent occasion to accept certain of the more striking and well marked of these styles of architecture, such as may best exemplify the indisputable peculiarities of several well-defined groups.

The present paper illustrates two large families or groups, whose wonderful powers of construction well entitle them to be designated as, *par excellence*, the weavers.

WEAVING-BIRDS.

THE true weavers belong to two very distinct groups, the *ploceidæ* of the Old World and the *icteridæ* of the Western Hemisphere.



NEST OF PHILIPPINE WEAVER (*PLOCEUS PHILIPPINUS*).

These two families are well marked, are sufficiently divided by natural separations, the one from the other, and, at the same time, have many peculiarities in common. Both families abound in species of brilliant plumage, with bright and glittering colors. But the most remarkable of their common peculiarities, and one which distinguishes them from all other families, is the curiously movable articulation of the upper jaw. In

nearly every other family this is fixed and immovable, but in the weavers of Africa and Asia, and in the so-called orioles of North and South America, is so far movable as to enable them to interweave the material with which they construct their nests, with a celerity and facility that is often truly marvelous.

The Old World weavers are divided into five well-distinguished genera, and by systematists again subdivided into innumerable subdivisions, to which it is no part of our plan to refer. In these are included upward of a hundred different species, of which fully four-fifths are African, and only

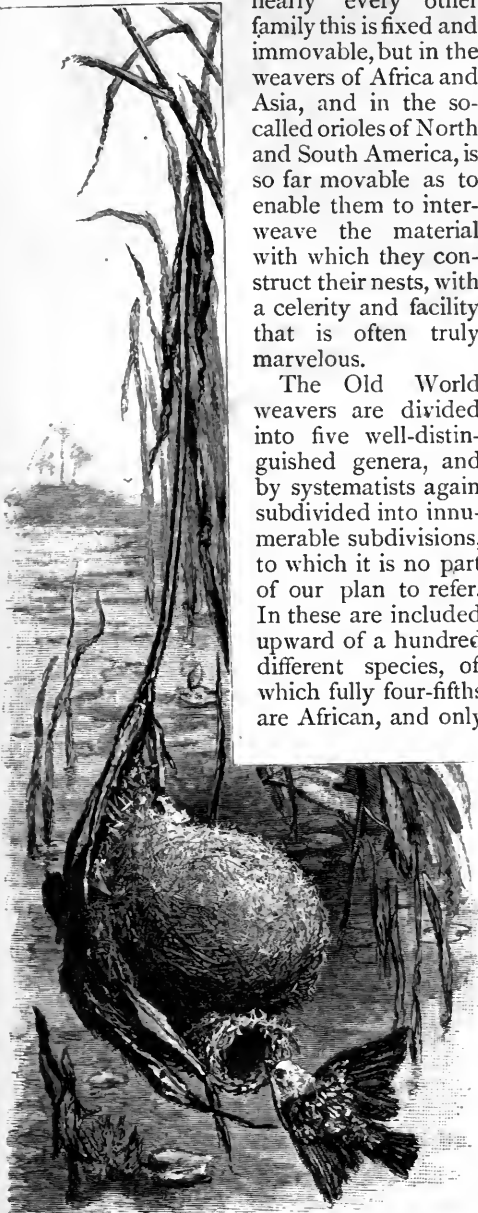
a comparatively small proportion either Indian, or natives of islands south of Asia.

THE BAYA-BIRD.

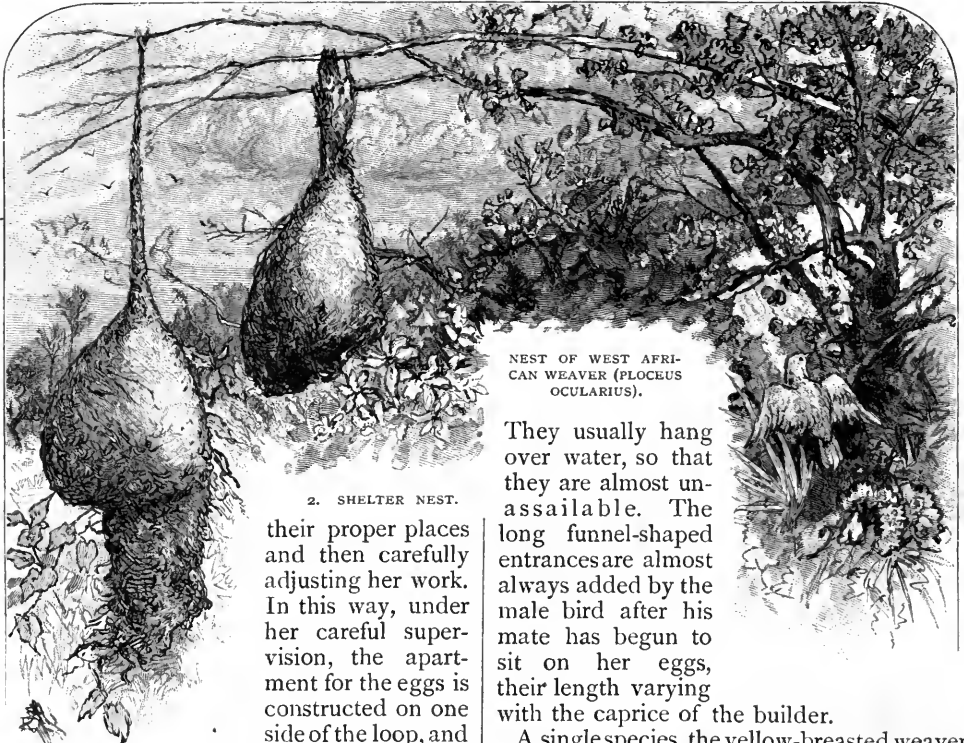
THE nests of the baya of India (*Ploceus baya* of Linnæus) are probably the most familiar and common in our museums, and its habits the most generally known, of the exotic species of weaving-birds. This, one of the most common birds of Calcutta, builds a long retort-shaped nest, that is a marvel of skill,—elegant and graceful in form, substantial in structure, and weather-proof, even against the down-pouring of an East Indian monsoon. It is usually suspended from the blended stems and leaves of a lofty tree, such as the palm or the babool, for the most part one with spreading branches and a scanty foliage. In India it is rarely seen except on trees, but in some parts of Burmah the bird is said to suspend its nest from the thatch of the pent-roofed houses peculiar to that region. Dr. Jerdon mentions having seen some thirty of these nests hanging from the end of a thatched roof of a bungalow in Rangoon. In one instance above a hundred were observed thus attached all around the house.

These nests are woven of grass plucked when green, and of strips of plantain-leaf, or date-palm, or cocoa-nut; nests made of the last-named material are always smaller, as if these intelligent little architects were well aware that with such strong fiber less material was required. The upper part of this structure is a strong and solid support, varying in length and strength. When woven down to a certain point, where the compartment for the reception of the eggs and for rearing the young and the entrance from below diverge, a strong transverse loop is formed. At this point the structure resembles a basket with a handle, in a reversed position. Nests are often found finished only to this point, and are regarded by some as the shelter-nests of the male birds, but this support exists primarily in all these structures, whether finished or not.

Thus far in building their edifice both sexes have worked together indiscriminately. As soon as the loop is completed, the female assumes the direction of the work. She takes her place on this convenient roosting place, directs her mate, who remains on the outside, what materials to supply. He works only from without, while she diligently weaves on the inside, drawing through, with the aid of her mate, the fibers brought and pushed through by the latter, re-inserting them in



NEST OF STRIATED WEAVER (*PLECEUS MANYAR*).



1. COMPLETED NEST.

2. SHELTER NEST.

their proper places and then carefully adjusting her work. In this way, under her careful supervision, the apartment for the eggs is constructed on one side of the loop, and the long tubular entrance on the other.

For some unexplained reason, when the nest is partially finished lumps of clay, sometimes as much as three ounces, are stuck on the nest. The natives have the fanciful idea that its purpose is to stick fire-flies on, to light up the apartment. The most probable conjecture is that it is to balance the nest, lest it be blown about by the wind. So powerful a stimulant is the constructive faculty of this little bird that it keeps on adding to the tubular entrance long after his mate has begun to sit on her eggs. At other times he occupies himself in constructing the upper portion of a superfluous nest. The baya always breeds in society; never less than ten nests are found together, and often more than a hundred.

OTHER INDIAN WEAVERS.

In India there are at least four species of weavers, all of them having similar distinctive peculiarities with the baya. They all weave similar nests, closed over at the top with an elaborate covering woven of various materials, and all entered from below through a tubular entrance. Generally these are not pensile, like those of the baya, but attached at the side and top to reeds and bushes.

NEST OF WEST AFRICAN WEAVER (*PLOCEUS OCULARIUS*).

They usually hang over water, so that they are almost unassailable. The long funnel-shaped entrances are almost always added by the male bird after his mate has begun to sit on her eggs, their length varying with the caprice of the builder.

A single species, the yellow-breasted weaver (*Ploceus hypoxanthus*), unlike the rest, is unsocial in its habits, and, though very abundant, the nest is always solitary, and, though similarly constructed, is supported at the bottom instead of at the top.

PHILIPPINE GROSBECK.

ANOTHER not unfamiliar and one of the most interesting forms of these remarkable structures, is the nest of the Philippine grosbeck of the Indian Archipelago. This differs but little in its general style of construction from the baya, is larger, longer in proportion, and woven of long and flexible fibers of grasses. These are cut out from the edges of a long and fibrous blade of grass by the birds in a most ingenious manner. The bird first marks out the intended length of the selected fiber by biting into the outer edges at two places at a proper distance apart, and then, taking hold of it at the lower end, tears out a long and slender strip. These strips are green and flexible when woven, but become stiff and hard, and protect the inner nest from sun, or storm, or the assaults of enemies. These nests also are found both in the completed form, and in that of an inverted basket with a handle, which is its incomplete form, in which it is used by the male as a place of retreat.

AFRICAN WEAVERS.

MORE than three-fourths of the true weavers are natives of Africa. The best known of these is the golden-crowned weaver (*Oriolus icterocephalus*). These are social in their habits, and nest in companies of ten or fifteen pairs, on trees that overhang water, or

opens downward. Individuals of this species are not unfrequently kept in confinement, become very tame, readily answer to their names when called, and, if supplied with cotton, or thread, or any similar materials, weave it most industriously through the bars of the cage until they form a dense web, which

SOCIAL WEAVER (*PHILETÆRUS SOCIUS*.)

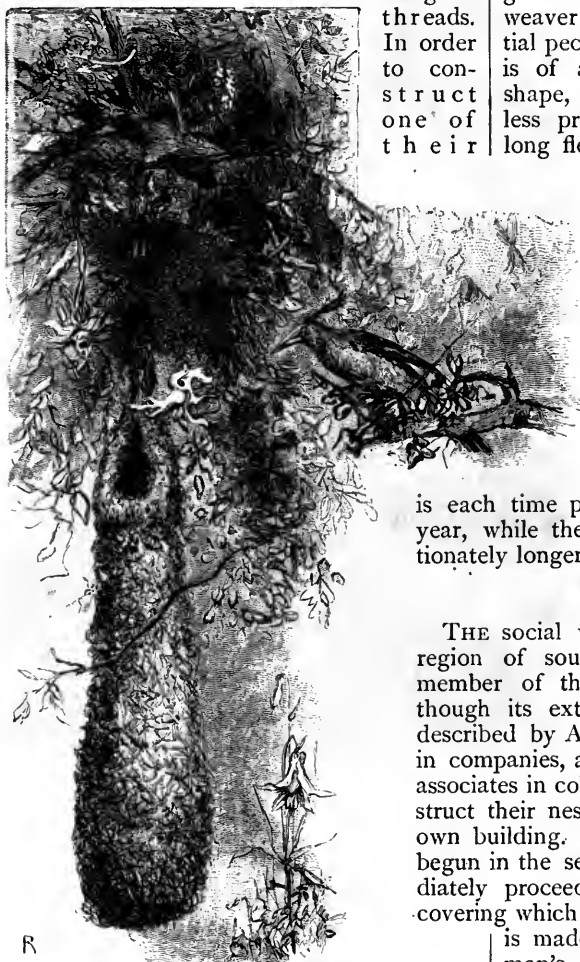
in marshes liable to be overflowed, and also construct both the completed and the unfinished forms of nests, weaving with long coarse grasses. Mr. Layard and Doctor Smith describe these nests as kidney-shaped. Their entrance is on the under side, and

it is not possible to unravel. This work they perform entirely with their bills, as they cling to the sides of their cage with their powerful claws. They are very mischievous and cunning, and will often manage to unfasten the bolts of the cage door and get out. But so

great is their attachment for each other, that one will not attempt to escape through the open window if the companion is still a prisoner.

Another South African species, the black-headed weaver (*Hyphantornis capitis*), builds a nest hardly distinguishable in shape from that of the preceding species, but instead of employing grass, makes use of the outer fibers of a dwarf, thick-leaved, and stemless aloe, with red edges to its leaves. The whole leaf of this plant is full of strong fibers, but from its tough nature the birds are only able to strip off the

marginal threads. In order to construct one of their



NEST OF WAGLER'S CACIQUE (OCYALUS WAGLERI).

nests these industrious birds must deprive many thousands of the aloe leaves of their red edges. In the neighborhood of one of these nests, it is impossible to find a perfect leaf on one of these plants.

We are fortunately able to represent the curious retort-shaped nest of the *Ocularius*, a species of weaver found sparingly on the south-west coast of Africa. It is not a bird of social habit. Its elegant nest is constructed of delicate fibers of bark, closely interwoven with and suspended from the branches of trees. The male and female sit alternately upon the eggs, and are so devoted to their duty that neither will leave their post, even when the nest is removed, but permit themselves to be taken alive.

The nest of the pensile grosbeak (*Ploceus oryx*) of Central Africa resembles in its general characteristics the structures of the weaver family, but differs in several essential peculiarities. It is longer in proportion, is of a more nearly uniform cylindrical shape, and the receptacle for the eggs is less prominent. It is woven of reeds or long flexible grasses, and is suspended in company with many others of its kind, from long drooping branches that overhang water. In shape it is an oblong sack, its entrance is from below, and the receptacle for the eggs is near the top, and the passage to it is through a long funnel-like tube from fifteen to eighteen inches in length. These structures are made use of several years in succession, but are carefully reconstructed each season, and the inner pocket for the eggs

is each time placed below that of the preceding year, while the tubular entrance is made proportionately longer.

THE SOCIAL WEAVER.

THE social weaving-bird of the Orange River region of southern Africa is too remarkable a member of this family to be passed unnoticed, though its extraordinary structure has often been described by African travelers. It not only builds in companies, as do most of the family, but always associates in colonies of many individuals, who construct their nests under a common roof of their own building. When one of these structures is first begun in the selected place, the community immediately proceed to construct together the general covering which is to shelter them all. This thatch is made of a coarse strong fiber of Bushman's grass. This being completed, each pair begin to form their own separate nest, of the same material as the roof. The nests are placed close together, side by side against the under surface of the general covering, and when all are completed, the lower surface exhibits an even horizontal

ceiling, perforated with small circular openings. With each breeding season, fresh nests are formed upon the lower surface of those of the preceding year. In this manner, year after year they add to the mass, until at last its excessive weight causes the destruction of the whole, and a new site has to be chosen. The roof is usually firmly interwoven with the branches of a large tree, and often the principal limbs are included within its substance. The illustration of this very remarkable and unique piece of ornithological architecture, which we give on page 261, is taken from the "Magazin Pittoresque."

THE PLOCE-PASSERS.

WE will briefly refer to one more interesting example of ingenious contrivance in another South African species, to which the generic name of *Ploce-passer* has been given, because the bird combines in itself, to a singular degree, the prominent peculiarities of the weaver (*plocei*) and the sparrow (*passer*). It also combines, even more strikingly in its nesting, the typical habits of the two forms. This double relationship is best shown in their funnel-shaped, retort-like nests, which in their form, texture, and entrance from below have the characteristics of the nests of the true weaver, while in the manner in which they are armed they resemble those of the South African sparrows. According to Dr. Smith's descriptions, the entire nest is composed of stalks of grass, the thick extremities of which are so placed as to protrude externally for several inches beyond the more compact structure destined to contain the eggs. Each nest is thus made to bear considerable resemblance to the body of a porcupine when its quills are partially erected, being armed in every direction with numerous projecting spines. Several of the sparrows thus arm their nests, the object being evidently to protect the eggs and the young from the too near approach of snakes. These *Ploce-passers* are remarkably gregarious breeding in large

communities, so that a tree is often completely studded with their curious nests.

NEW-WORLD WEAVERS.

THE true weavers of the New World are not, so far as is now known, either so numer-



NEST OF TORO DE FIERRO, OR IRON THRUSH (*CASSICUS MELANICTERUS*).

ous in different species or so abounding in the numbers of the individuals composing them, as are those of the tropical regions of Africa, India and Java, nor have they any really distinctive original English names by which we may designate them. The few species belonging to the American group of weavers, found within the United States, are known as "orioles." This appellation is inappropriate, because it is preoccupied and belongs to birds of the Old World of a very different family. The Baltimore oriole of the central and north-eastern states, Bullock's



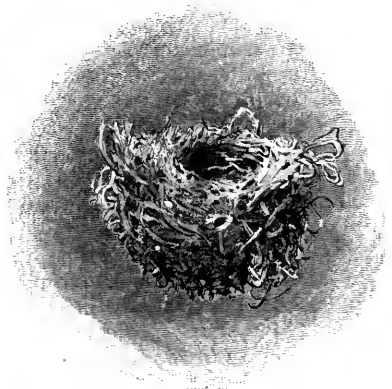
NORMAL AND DOUBLE NESTS OF BULLOCK'S ORIOLE
(*ICTERUS BULLOCKII*).

oriole of the Pacific region, and the orchard oriole, of the area east of the Mississippi, are the best known and most familiar members of this large family. In the entire group there are about eighty species, of which fully two-thirds are South American. The remainder are distributed over Central America, Mexico, the West Indies and the United States. These very naturally separate into two very distinct groups, the larger form being known as caciques (*cassicus* and *ocyalus*), and the smaller and more numerous "orioles" (*icterus*). About one-third belong to the caciques, and although very little is known in regard to their habits generally, enough has been ascertained to show that they are hardly at all behind the weavers of the eastern hemisphere in the skill, ingenuity or industry which they display in their wonderful architectural achievements. Like their relatives of the Old

World, the American weavers are nearly all conspicuous for the brilliant contrasts of their plumage.

CACIQUES.

Of the larger group of caciques we shall present three well-marked examples, whose architectural accomplishments are quite as



NEST OF ORCHARD ORIOLE (*ICTERUS SPURIUS*).

striking and peculiar as those of their eastern relatives, though much simpler and

NORMAL NEST OF HOODED ORIOLE (*ICTERUS CUCULLATUS*).

quite different in their style. The American weavers, so far as is known, all make their entrance to their cylindrical nests at the top, and the chamber for the eggs is placed at the bottom. These three typical examples are Wagler's cacique or *Ocyalus Wagleri* of Central America, the iron thrush or *Cassiculus melanicterus* of Western Mexico, and the crested cacique or *Cassicus citrius* of Brazil.

The nest of the Central American cacique resembles a large pendent bag or pouch, the whole external length of which, inclusive of the upper portions above the entrance, is about three and a half feet. The pouch itself is thirty inches in length, in shape a rounded segment of a cylinder, with a diameter of about thirteen inches. Above the entrance of this nest is an ingenious and curiously contrived arching roof, which is at once a complete shelter to the nest from the weather and a very strong support. It is very thoroughly and firmly interwoven with and bound around the tough pendent branches of some large overhanging tree. The entire structure is homogeneous in the character of the material of which it is composed, being a very elaborate interweaving of the long and flexible tendrils and branches of climbing and running vines. These are made use of while yet fresh, in their green condition, and a large proportion still retain the withered leaves that were attached to them when alive. The inner nest is also lined and the interstices of the fabric partially filled with

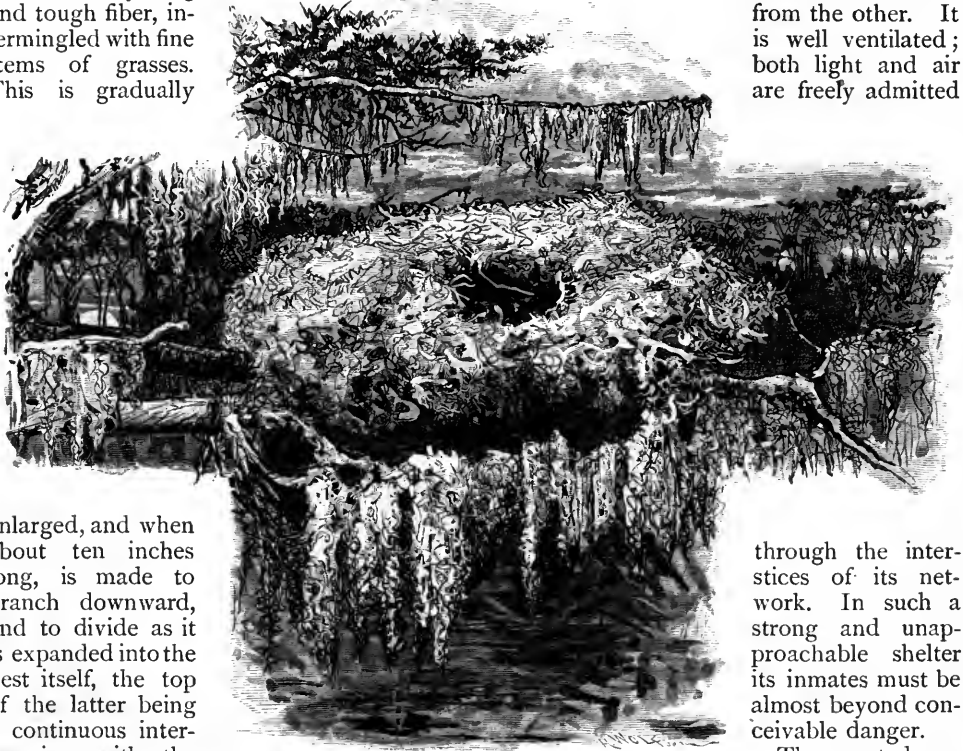
the same leaves. Evidently this structure is begun by the building of the overarching roof, firmly bound to and interwoven with the leaves and twigs of a drooping branch. One side is left open for the entrance. The opposite side is closed or left partly open, when resting against a large limb or the trunk. From the two ends of this arch, using the same materials, the birds work downward, and weave a somewhat coarse-appearing but very strong and unassailable nest. The walls are firm and thick, but perfectly pervious to light and air except at the base, where it is lined and floored with leaves and fine tendrils. These nests must require a long period of very industrious application in their construction, and when once completed undoubtedly are resorted to for several successive seasons. The general habits of this species are little known, and it is a matter well worthy of inquiry to ascertain whether the males of this species ever, like their African co-weavers, build for themselves a sheltering roof without the appended sack, or true nest.

The Mexican cacique — *Cassiculus*

NEST OF CRESTED CACIQUE (*CASSICUS CITRIUS*).

melanicterus of authors—builds a very long hanging-nest from the drooping branches of a lofty tree, and in some respects its structure is very peculiar. At first the birds bind firmly together several strong flexible twigs at the end of a branch. They then weave therefrom a strong pendent cable, using the long branches of a local species of *tillandsia*, or Spanish-moss, of a remarkably long and tough fiber, intermingled with fine stems of grasses. This is gradually

thirty-six inches. This structure is also entirely homogeneous as to its materials, being chiefly composed of long fibers of *tillandsia*, interwoven with which are long stems of grasses and stouter pieces of fibrous plants. Its walls are thick and strong, and the interweaving is made so thoroughly, from top to bottom, that human strength alone cannot easily tear one portion of the structure from the other. It is well ventilated; both light and air are freely admitted



UNUSUAL NEST OF ICTERUS CUCULLATUS OR HOODED ORIOLE.

enlarged, and when about ten inches long, is made to branch downward, and to divide as it is expanded into the nest itself, the top of the latter being a continuous interweaving with the pendent cable, where it divides into two short arms above the opening into the nest itself, which orifice is at its upper part. The length of these singular cable-like attachments is about eighteen inches. Below its entrance the nest extends downward, in the shape of a long and narrow bag, to a length varying in different examples from three and a half to four feet. The total length from top to bottom of some of these structures is over five feet—a size very remarkable, and quite disproportionate to that of the bird, which is not larger than our blue-jay.

At the top and down to about one-third of its upper portion, the diameter is only about six inches. It then gradually enlarges and near the base has a circumference of

through the interstices of its network. In such a strong and unapproachable shelter its inmates must be almost beyond conceivable danger.

The crested cacique of Brazil (*Cacicus citreus*) weaves

a nest somewhat similar to that of the *melanicterus*; but not so long and of a much larger diameter. It is purse-like in shape; has an opening on one side, near its top; hangs down from the ends of long, spreading branches, and is almost unapproachable. Though it sways with every breeze, the thickness and softness of the walls protect the contents from all possible accidents. The nest is very strongly woven of coarse material, but very firmly plaited and interlaced, and, owing to its great size, is very conspicuous as it is swayed back and forth in the wind, with the boughs from which it is suspended.

The crested cacique is the largest and one of the most beautiful of the oriole family.

The rich chocolate of its body sets off to great advantage its dark-green wings and its conspicuous brilliant yellow tail. It seems to be fond of human society, and weaves its curious pensive structure close to the habitations of man. It is also a very abundant species, and its brilliant plumage is said to produce a very striking effect, as its variegated colors appear at frequent intervals among the tropical foliage of its native forests.

ORIOLES.

HARDLY inferior in the simple beauty of their architectural design, though less imposing in their dimensions, are the swinging nests of our more northern orioles,—the Baltimore, of the Atlantic states, and Bullock's oriole, found from our great central plains to the shores of the Pacific. They construct nests much alike in their general peculiarities, though both vary greatly in the materials of which they are wrought, and also in their size and shape. In certain respects they are uniform. They are pendent pouches of a cylindrical shape, fastened to, and suspended from, the forked twigs usually near the extremity of a branch of a large tree. The usual materials are the hemp-like filaments of certain wild plants, which they are able to interweave with a rapidity, a facility, and a skill that appear incredible. In the wilder portions of the country the nests of both species are more uniformly woven of a few simple materials. But the nests built in the parks of our cities and in large villages often bear witness to the readiness with which these ingenious architects avail themselves of more convenient material, when within their reach. In one instance a pair of Baltimores found a piece of strong twine nearly twelve yards in length. With one end of this desirable implement, the birds first strongly bound together the stiff, upright twigs at the top of an apple-tree; then, making a series of circular loops to form the opening, they next proceeded to interweave the remainder into the outer framework of their pouch-like nest, and afterward filled up the whole with the usual finer webbing, and warmly lined it within by the use of softer materials. This nest is now in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge.

Bullock's oriole also exhibits considerable variation in the materials used in the weaving of its nest, fibrous grasses being the more common. These also differ in their mode of construction, owing to circumstances and their situation. In

one built in a pine-tree, the pair very ingeniously employed the long, straight, needle-like leaves of the terminal branchlets, making them serve as the upper portion of the nest, interweaving with them the material of which the rest was made. Another, suspended from the forked twigs of an oak, was draped with its leaves almost to concealment, and by their use was arched over and roofed in at the top.

AN ORIOLE WITH TWO WIVES.

THE usual typical appearances of these interesting nests are well represented in our illustrations. But we present another wholly abnormal and unique in character. Bullock's oriole, and indeed the whole family of *Icteridæ*, are presumed to be strictly monogamous. The members of this brilliant and showy race are supposed to be models of conjugal devotion, fidelity, and purity of domestic life. A remarkable instance of exceptional departure from this usual exemplary propriety is here brought to the notice of our readers. Our illustration presents a faithful representation of a nest of this species, found among the mount-

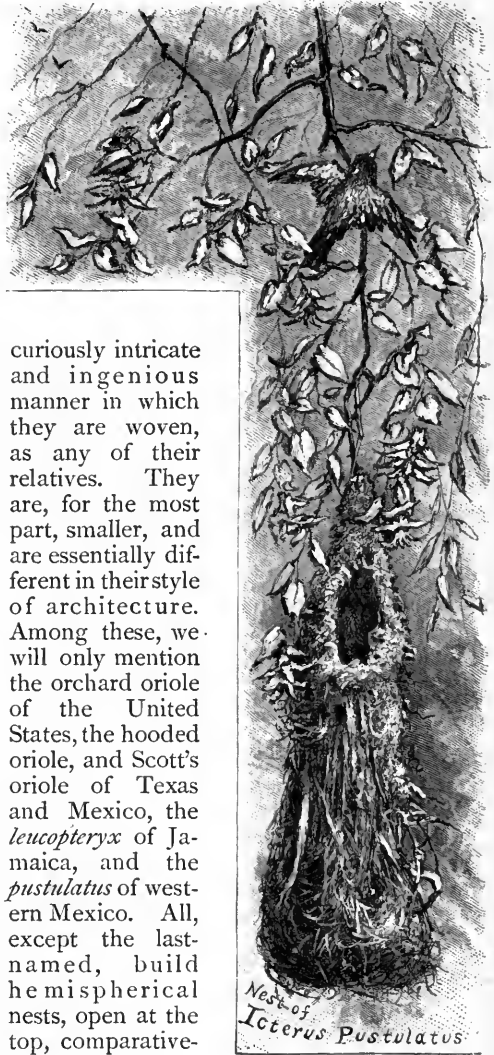
NEST OF JAMAICA ORIOLE (*ICTERUS LEUCOPTERYX*).

ains of Colorado by Mr. Edwin Carter, a skillful taxidermist and scientific gentleman of Breckenridge. When this nest was taken from its position, early in July, it was found to be constructed in two distinct apartments, but forming one structure, and presided over by one male with two female

mates. The upper nest was occupied by a female sitting upon four eggs, on the point of hatching. Another occupied the lower compartment, but her single egg had but just been deposited, and was quite fresh. These facts show that the upper portion of this structure had been built in the usual manner by the pair. After it had been completed, and the bird-wife had begun her parental duties, her lord and master took to himself another partner, and enlarged their structure in a fashion quite irregular, by the lower apartment. The bird-wife number two was just beginning her conjugal responsibilities when the spoiler came, and their two-storied home, with all its unexampled suggestions of the untoward influences of a too near exposure to the immoral atmosphere of Salt Lake City, became a striking feature of Mr. Carter's museum, and affords our readers an unlooked-for glimpse into the irregularities from which, as it appears, not even bird life is exempt.

As this is a wholly unprecedented instance of a plurality of wives on the part of any member of the oriole family, we add the abridged account of its history, as given in the letter of Mr. Carter. The nest was discovered on the 13th of June, in a cotton-wood grove on an island in Grand River, Colorado, a female being at work constructing the nest. It was attached to the branch-lets of one of the central and uppermost forks of a cotton-wood tree, and was about seventy feet from the ground. Examined through a glass, it was seen to be nearly completed. At this time there was but the single upper apartment. Nothing more was seen of it until July 3rd, when, on ascending to the nest, three orioles—one male and two females—manifested the usual anxiety of this bird when its home is invaded. The presence of two females led to the supposition of there being two nests, until the reality was ascertained. From the original nest four eggs were taken, and these were found to contain large embryos, while in the appended apartment only a single fresh egg had been deposited,—showing conclusively that the supplementary nest was commenced some time after the completion of the original structure.

A large number of species belonging to this family, most of them a little smaller than the Baltimore, and resident in the United States, in Mexico, Central and South America, and in the West India Islands, construct nests quite as remarkable for the



NEST OF THE SPOTTED ORIOLE.

curiously intricate and ingenious manner in which they are woven, as any of their relatives. They are, for the most part, smaller, and are essentially different in their style of architecture.

Among these, we will only mention the orchard oriole of the United States, the hooded oriole, and Scott's oriole of Texas and Mexico, the *leucopteryx* of Jamaica, and the *postulatus* of western Mexico. All, except the last-named, build hemispherical nests, open at the top, comparatively shallow, sus-

pended by elaborate fastening from small twigs at the extremities of branches, and all are curiously and intricately interwoven with various suitable materials. The orchard oriole, the best known of these, makes a smoothly and elaborately woven nest of long, tough, and flexible grasses, reticulated, with all the exactness and neatness of net-work. One of the long fibers of grass taken from a nest of this bird, was found to be thirteen inches in length, and to have been passed through and returned no less than thirty-four times.

The hooded oriole of Texas usually builds a hemispherical nest similar to that of the orchard, but at times makes use of a

tangled mass of Spanish moss, omits to avail itself of its skill as a weaver, and places within this shelter a much simpler structure. Scott's oriole of Arizona weaves a hemispherical and similar nest, but rests it on a firm base, and does not suspend it from its upper edges. The oriole of Jamaica (*leucopteryx*), often uses no other materials than the long hair of the horse and other animals, and with this material weaves a remarkably neat structure of hair-cloth, as smoothly and uniformly woven as if made by human hands.

The nests of the oriole of Mazatlan (*Icterus pustulatus*) differ in very many important respects from the structures of any of this genus of which there is any account. They are very large for the bird, measuring about thirty inches in length; are arched over at the top, the entrance being about six inches below the upper portion. In some respects it is a miniature of the nests of the caciques, but is smaller in proportion, and is less strongly woven, especially the outer portion. The upper portion is somewhat like that of the *Ocyalus Wagleri*, as described above. The slender and drooping branches of an overarching tree are firmly bound together and interwoven with fine strips of the inner bark of deciduous trees and flax-like fibers of vegetables, forming a strong,

rope-like appendage that widens out into separate folds, which descend in oblong semicircles to meet and re-unite below, and thus form the rounded, oval-shaped entrance to the nest. The lower portion of this circular rim is much stouter and stronger than the upper part. Opposite to this entrance the walls of the nest descend with a continuous soft interweaving of long strips of bark and vegetable fibers. The same materials, interwoven with the rope-like ring that makes the entrance, are made use of to form the large and capacious pouch that constitutes the nest. This is about two feet in length below the opening. Its diameter is about six inches near the top, and becomes nearly twelve at the base. This enlarged portion, where the bottom has been strengthened by a thick lining of soft leaves and finer vegetable fiber, is the receptacle for the eggs and the abode of the callow young. Coarse strips of bark and soft reeds, loosely interwoven, hang down on the outside, and give the entire structure the appearance of being a mere mass of loose materials. These are but a cover, and conceal the inner weaving, which is really more fine and compact than it seems. The Mazatlan species is about the size of the common orchard oriole; but the nests of the two birds, as our illustrations show, are very unlike.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

I HELD my hand out in the night,
A falling spark of dazzling light,
A fiery atom, burning bright
Dropped on my upturned palm.
I stretched my hand out in the morn,
A flake of snow just newly born
Fell on my fingers, weak and worn,—
A drop of cooling balm.

The coal became a lifeless thing,
From which the fire had taken wing,
Leaving behind a cruel sting,—
A branded mark of red.
The snow-flake warmed and melted here
Into a drop of crystal clear,—
A sympathetic, hopeless tear,
Of deep compassion bred.

Two loves! One heart, whose sudden flame
Fired all the pulses of my frame,
Then faded quickly, as it came
Before my saddened face!
The other, cold, but true as fate,
Showing his soul to mine too late
To lift me to his high estate,
Or move me from my place.

MISERY'S PEAR-TREE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF FLANDERS.



ST. WANON'S BLESSING.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in the village of Vicq, on the banks of the Scheldt, a good woman called Misery who went about begging from door to door. In those days the village of Vicq was little better than a hamlet. It lay on the edge of a marsh, and there were only a few miserable farms covered with rushes to be seen. Misery dwelt apart in a lonely hut plastered with clay, where her sole companion was her dog, Faro, and her worldly goods were a staff and a scrip, which too often she brought back almost empty. To tell the truth, however, she had besides in a little inclosure, behind her hovel, a tree—a single one. This tree was a pear-tree so beautiful that its like was never seen since the famous apple-tree of the garden of Eden. The only delight that Misery experienced in this world was to eat the fruit of her garden, that is of her pear-tree.

Unhappily, the little boys of the village came to rob her inclosure. Every day Misery started forth with Faro to beg; but in the autumn Faro remained at home to guard the pears, and it was heart-breaking

to both, for the poor woman and the poor dog loved each other with a great affection.

Now there came a winter in which for two whole months it hailed fit to break the very stones. Then there fell such a snow that the wolves left the woods and came into people's houses. It was a terrible time for the whole country, and Misery and Faro suffered more than the rest. One evening when the wind howled and the snow piled up in great drifts, the two unfortunates were nestling close to keep each other warm before the dying embers on the hearth, when a knock was heard on the door. Always whenever any one came near the cabin, Faro barked with rage, thinking that it was the little marauders. This evening, on the contrary, he began to whimper gently and to wag his tail as a mark of joy.

"For the love of God," cried a pleading voice, "open your door to a poor man who is perishing of cold and hunger!"

"Pull the latch-string," answered Misery. "It shall never be said that in such a time as this I would keep one of the dear Lord's creatures outside."

The stranger entered; he seemed even older and more miserable than Misery, and had no other covering than a blue frock all in tatters.

"Sit you down, my good man," said Misery. "You have come to a very poor place, but I have still something left to warm you up with."

She put her last stick on the fire and gave the old man three morsels of bread and a pear, which was all she had left. Very soon the flame leaped up and the old man ate with a hearty appetite. Now, while he ate, Faro licked his feet.

When her guest had finished, Misery wrapped her old coverlet of fustian around him and forced him to lie down upon her cot, while for herself, she settled herself to sleep with her head resting on her stool.

In the morning, Misery was the first to awake.

"I have nothing left," she said to herself, "and my guest will go hungry. Let us see if there is no way to go and beg something in the village."

She put her head out of the door; the snow had ceased to fall, and the sun shone

as if it were a spring day. She turned back to get her staff and saw the stranger risen and ready to leave.

"What," said she, "are you going already?"

"My mission is fulfilled," replied the unknown, "and I have to go to give account to my master. I am not what I seem; I am Saint Wanon, the patron of the parish of Condé, and I have been sent by the Good Father, to see how my faithful ones practice charity, which is the first of the Christian virtues. I have knocked at the doors of the burgomaster and the burghers of Condé; I have knocked at the doors of the lord and the farmers of Vicq; the burgomaster and the burghers of Condé, the lord and the farmers of Vicq have let me freeze at their thresholds. Thou alone hast had pity upon me, and thou art as wretched as I. God will reward thee; make a wish and it shall come to pass."

Misery crossed herself and fell on her knees.

"Great Saint Wanon," said she, "I no longer marvel that Faro licked your feet, but it is not for reward that I do a charity. Besides, I have need of nothing."

"Thou art too destitute of everything to have no wants; speak, what wilt thou have?"

Misery kept silent.

"Wilt thou have a beautiful farm, with the granary full of wheat, the wood-house full of wood, the cupboard full of bread? Wilt thou have riches? Wilt thou have honors? Wilt thou be a duchess? Wilt thou be a queen?"

Misery shook her head.

"A saint who has any self-respect ought not to be under obligation to a poor woman," returned Saint Wanon, with an air of pique. "Speak, or I shall think thou refuseth me from pride."

"Since you insist upon it, great Saint Wanon, I will obey. I have there in my garden a pear-tree which gives me most beautiful pears; unfortunately, the young rogues in the village come to rob me of them, and I am forced to leave poor Faro at home to mount guard. Grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree may not come down without my permission."

"Amen!" replied Saint Wanon, smiling at her simplicity, and after having given her his blessing, he set out upon his journey.

The blessing of Saint Wanon brought good luck to Misery, and from that time forth, she never returned home with an empty sack. Spring followed winter, sum-

mer, spring, and autumn, summer. The little boys, seeing Misery go off with Faro, climbed up the pear-tree and stuffed their pockets; but, when they undertook to come down they found they were caught fast in a trap.

Misery, on her return, beheld them perched up in the tree, left them there a good while, and, when in the kindness of her heart she let them go, set Faro barking at their heels. They did not dare to come again; the villagers themselves avoided passing the enchanted tree, and Misery and Faro lived as happy as one can live here below.

Toward the end of the autumn, Misery was enjoying herself in her garden in the sun, when she heard a voice crying, "Misery! Misery! Misery!" This voice was so mournful that the good woman began to tremble in every limb and Faro howled as though there had been a corpse in the house.

She turned around and saw a man, tall, lean, yellow and old, old as a patriarch. This man carried a scythe as long as a hop-pole.

Misery recognized Death.

"What do you want, man of God?" said she in an altered voice; "and what have you come for with that scythe?"

"I come to do my work. Come, my good Misery, thine hour hath struck; thou must follow me."

"Already!"

"Already? But thou shouldst thank me, thou who art so poor, so old and so crippled."

"Not so poor nor so old as you think for, master. I have bread in the cupboard and wood in the pile; I shall be only ninety-five come Candlemas, and as for being crippled, I am as straight as you on my legs, without offense be it said."

"Go to! Thou wilt be much better off in paradise."

"We know what we lose, what we gain by change we know not," said Misery, philosophically. "Besides, it would grieve Faro so much."

"Faro shall follow thee. Come, make up thy mind."

Misery sighed. "Grant me at least a few moments, till I tidy up a bit, I should not like to make the people in the other world ashamed of me."

Death consented.

Misery put on her best gown of flowered Indian muslin which she had had for more than thirty years, her white bonnet and her old Silesian mantle, all worn but without a

hole or a spot, which she never wore except on the great saints' days.

While dressing herself she cast a last glance upon her cabin and called to mind her pear-tree. A strange thought came into her head, and she could hardly keep back a smile.

"While I am getting ready, will you kindly do me a service, man of God?" said she to Death. "If you will get up into my pear-tree and pluck me the three pears which are left, I can eat them on my journey."

"Be it so," said Death, and he got up into the pear-tree.

He plucked the three pears, and attempted to come down, but, to his great surprise, he was unable to stir from the tree.

"Ho! Misery!" cried he; "help me to get down. I believe this cursed tree is bewitched."

Misery came to the door-way. Death was making superhuman efforts with his long arms and his long legs, but every time that he got himself free from the tree, the tree, as if it were a living creature, took hold of him again and folded him in its long branches.

"My soul!" said she, "I am not at all in a hurry to go to paradise. Thou art very well off. Stay where thou art, my good fellow. The human race will owe me a debt of gratitude."



DEATH'S MISHAP.

And Misery shut her door and left Death perched up in her pear-tree.

At the end of a month, as Death no

longer did his work, everybody was astonished to find that there had not been a single loss of life at Vicq, at Fresnes, and at Condé. The astonishment was redoubled at the end of the next month, especially when it was learned that it was the same at Valenciennes, at Douai, at Lille and throughout all Flanders.

A like thing had never been heard of, and when the new year came in, it was known by the almanac that the same thing had happened in France, in Belgium, in Holland, as well as with the Austrians, the Swedes and the Russians.

The year went by, and it was a settled fact that for fifteen months there had not been throughout the entire world a single case of death. All the sick had got well without the doctors knowing how nor why, which had not at all prevented them from taking to themselves all the credit of the cures.

This year rolled round like the previous one, without any deaths, and when it came to St. Sylvester's day, from one end of the land to the other men embraced one another and congratulated themselves on having become immortal. There were public rejoicings, and they had a fête in Flanders, such as had not been seen since the world was.

The good Flemings no longer having any fear of dying from indigestion, or from gout or apoplexy, ate and drank their fill. It was calculated that in three days each person ate a bushel of grain without counting meat and vegetables, and drank a barrel of beer, to say nothing of Geneva and brandy.

I confess for my part that I find it hard to believe this, but all the same the world was never so happy and nobody suspected Misery of being the cause of this universal felicity; Misery did not boast of it, from modesty.

All went well for ten, twenty, thirty years; but, at the end of thirty years it was not a rare thing to see old men of one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty years, which ordinarily is the age of the most extreme decrepitude. Now, these last, loaded down with infirmities, with memory gone, blind and deaf, deprived of taste, feeling and smell, insensible of the slightest enjoyment, began to find that immortality is not at all the great blessing which it had been at first thought to be. They were seen dragging themselves along in the sun, bent double over their staffs, with hoary locks, shaking heads, sightless eyes, coughing,

tottering, their flesh gone, out of shape, withered up, like so many enormous snails. The women were even more horrible than the men.

The feeblest of the old men kept their beds and there was not a house where you did not find five or six beds where the ancestors babbled to the great weariness of their great-grandsons and the sons of their great-grandsons.

They were even obliged to get them together in immense hospitals where each new generation was occupied in taking care of the preceding ones who could not be cured of life. More than this, as there were no longer any wills made, nobody inherited anything and the new generations possessed nothing of their own, all the property belonging by law to the great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers, who could not enjoy it.

Under invalid kings, governments grew weak, laws relaxed, and soon the immortals, sure of not being punished after death, gave themselves up to every crime; they pillaged, robbed, burned, but alas, they could not kill!

In every kingdom the cry "Long live the king" became a seditious cry, and was forbidden under the severest penalties, with the exception of the penalty of death. This was not all. As the animals did not die any more than the men, soon the earth was so overrun with inhabitants that it could not nourish them; then came a terrible famine, and men wandering half naked through the fields for want of a roof to cover their heads, suffered cruelly from hunger, without being able to die of it.

If Misery was only known of this frightful state of things she would not have been willing to prolong it, even at the price of life, but, accustomed of old to privations and infirmities, she and Faro suffered less from them than others; and then they had become, as it were, deaf and blind, and Misery did not take much account of what was going on about her.

Then men set themselves to work, with as much ardor to seek their final end as they had hitherto done to avoid it. They had recourse to the most subtle poisons and the most deadly weapons; but weapons and poisons only injured their bodies without destroying them.

Formidable wars were decreed. With common accord, in order to render one another the service of mutual destruction, nations rushed to arms, each against the

other; but they inflicted the most frightful calamities without succeeding in killing a single man. A Congress of Death was assembled; the doctors flocked to it from the four quarters of the globe; there came white, black, yellow and copper-colored; and they all sought together for a remedy against life, without being able to find it. A prize of ten millions was offered to whomsoever it might be that should discover it; all the doctors wrote pamphlets on life, as they used to do on cholera, and they did not cure this disease any more than the other.

It was a more dreadful calamity than the deluge, for it lasted longer and there appeared no sign of its ever coming to an end.

Now, at this time, there was in Condé a most learned physician, who spoke almost altogether in Latin, and whom they called Dr. De Profundis. He was a most worthy man, who, in the good old times, had helped off many a poor body into the other world, and who now was disgusted at being unable to cure any one. One evening when he was coming from dining with the mayor of Vicq, he lost his way in the marsh. Chance brought him near Misery's garden, and he heard a plaintive voice, which said:

"Oh, who will set me free, and who will deliver the land from immortality, a hundred times worse than the pestilence!"

The learned doctor lifted up his eyes, and his delight was only equaled by his surprise; he had recognized Death.

"What, is it you, my old friend," said he, "*quid agis in hac pyro* perched? What are you doing up there in the pear-tree?"

"Nothing at all, Dr. De Profundis, and that is what makes me so unhappy," replied Death; "lend me your hand to get down."

The good doctor gave him his hand, and Death made such an effort to get himself out of the tree, that he lifted the doctor off the ground.

The pear-tree immediately seized hold of him and held him in its branches.

De Profundis struggled in vain; he was obliged to keep company with Death.

There was much astonishment the next day and the day after when he failed to appear. As he gave no sign of life they had him placarded and advertised in the "Gazette," but it was labor lost. De Profundis was the first man that had disappeared from Condé for many a year. Had he then found out the secret of dying, and had he, heretofore so generous, kept it for himself alone?

All the inhabitants of Condé set out upon the search, and they beat up the country so well in every sense of the word that they came upon the garden of Misery. At their approach the doctor waved his handkerchief as a signal of distress.

"This way!" he cried to them. "This way, my friends; here he is, here is Death! I was right in my pamphlet, I said we should find him in the marsh of Vicq, the true nest of the cholera. I have got him at last, but *non possumus descendere*,—we can't get down from this cursed pear-tree."

"Long live Death!" shouted the Condéans in chorus, and they approached without fear.

The first comers held out their hands to Death and the doctor, but, like the doctor, they were taken off the ground and seized by the branches of the tree. Very soon the pear-tree was entirely covered with men. Wonderful to relate, it grew in proportion as it got hold of people. Those who came afterward took the others by the feet, others hung on to these, and all together formed the rings of several chains of men which extended to the distance of a musket-shot. But in vain was it that the last ones pulled with all their might, they could not pull off their friends from the accursed tree. They took it into their hands to cut down the pear-tree; they started off to hunt up axes, and began to chop all at once; alas! they could not even see the marks of their blows.

They looked at one another entirely confounded, and did not know what saint to call on, when Misery was attracted by the noise, and asked the cause of it. They explained to her what had been going on for so long a time, and she comprehended the evil she had unintentionally caused.

"I alone can set Death free, and I consent to do it, but on one condition, that Death does not come for us, Faro and me, until I have called him three times."

"Agreed," said Death.

"Come down, I give you permission!" said Misery, and Death, the doctor, and the rest fell from the tree like so many overripe pears.

Death set himself at work without leaving his place, and sent off those who were in the greatest hurry, but every one wanted to be first. The great man saw that he would have too much on his hands. To assist him, he raised an army of doctors and appointed Dr. De Profundis general-in-chief.

A few days sufficed to Death and the doctor to relieve the earth of the excess of the living, and everything got back into order again. Everybody who was more than a hundred years old, had the right to die and did so, with the exception of Misery, who held herself quiet, and who, since then, has not yet called Death three times.

That is the reason, they say, why Misery is always with us in the world.

AFTER THE QUARREL.

HUSH, my pretty one. Not yet.

Wait a little, only wait.

Other blue flowers are as wet

As your eyes, outside the gate

He has shut forever.—But

Is the gate forever shut?

Just a young man in the rain

Saying (the last time?) "good-night!"

Should he never come again

Would the world be ended quite?

Where would all these rose-buds go?—

All these robins? Do you know?

But—he will not come? Why, then,

Is no other within call?

There are men, and men, and men—

And these men are brothers all!

Each sweet fault of his you'll find

Just as sweet in all his kind.

None with eyes like his? Oh—oh!
 In diviner ones did I
 Look, perhaps, an hour ago.
 Whose? Indeed (you must not cry)
 Those I thought of—are not free
 To laugh down your tears, you see.

Voice like his was never heard?
 No,—but better ones, I vow;
 Did you ever hear a bird?—
 Listen, one is singing now!
 And his gloves? His gloves? Ah, well,
 There are gloves like his to sell.

At the play to-night you'll see,
 In mock-velvet cloaks, mock earls
 With mock-jeweled swords—that he
 Were a clown by! —Now, those curls
 Are the barber's pride, I say;
 Do not cry for them, I pray.

If no one should love you? Why,
 You can love some other still:
 Philip Sidney, Shakspeare, ay,
 Good King Arthur, if you will;
 Raphael—*he* was handsome too.
 Love them, one and all. I do.

LYING AS A FINE ART:

AND THE CLAIMS OF REV. SAMUEL PETERS AS AN ARTIST.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, in one of his most brilliant essays—one which fairly boils over with fun, and which can only have been written when he was thrilling all through with the exhilarating effects of his favorite opium—has devoted some fifty pages to a consideration, from a new point of view, of the crime of murder. He treats it æsthetically, as he would a production of the fine arts. Of course it is not to be supposed, for a moment, that Mr. De Quincey differed in his estimate of the reprehensible character of this crime from other moralists. In fact, he has not hesitated to place his opinion on record, in this very essay to which reference has been made, that murder is “an improper line of conduct—highly improper.” But while he admits this, he contends that as “a grim phagedenic ulcer may be so superbly defined, and may run so regularly through all its natural stages,” that it may be regarded by the benevolent surgeon with admiration, and styled “a beautiful cancer,” so murder may have its

ideal or perfect state; and while *per se* it is to be frowned upon, yet relatively it may be regarded as displaying greater or less merit in the murderer; and the very enormity of the crime may be deemed a perfection.

We have been reminded of what Mr. De Quincey has said by the appearance of a new edition of “The History of Connecticut,” by the Rev. Samuel Peters, which was first published in England in 1781,—a book which probably contains as great a number of remarkable falsehoods as any ever published.

Now, a professed history, of which the most remarkable thing that can be said is, that it is a tissue of lies from beginning to end, may be thought to be entirely without value, and not entitled to a moment's attention. This would be the case, if it were not that its very exaggerations and falsehoods are of such a character as to remove it entirely above the range of the ordinary canons of criticism, and to demand that it should

be judged æsthetically, by the nearness of its approach to ideal lying.

There is, for instance, the well-known book, in which the Baron Munchausen has given an account of his travels. Who believes a single one of the marvelous stories with which it is embellished? Yet the very extravagance of its falsehoods has raised this book into the field of high art. Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York" is of small value as history, but how little does this fact interfere with its taking a high position among the choicest specimens of our American literature!

So the falsehoods and exaggerated statements with which the Rev. Samuel Peters has embellished his so-called "History of Connecticut," are of such an amusing character, and display such a sublime indifference to truth, that they are not to be judged of as falsehoods, but are to be judged æsthetically; and our task at the present time will be only to hold up the choice passages in the history to the admiration of our readers, and then to estimate the claims of the book to rank as a classic with such works as we have just mentioned.

Before proceeding further, it should perhaps be premised, that the author of this "History of Connecticut," the Rev. Samuel Peters, was a native of that state, having been born in the town of Hebron, in 1735. He was graduated at Yale College, in 1757. In 1760, he went to England for episcopal ordination, and, on his return, took charge of a small Episcopal church in his native town. At the time of the excitement which attended the opening struggle of the Revolutionary war, he made himself especially obnoxious to the patriots of the day by his activity in asserting the royal claims, and, in consequence, received some indignities from a mob of perhaps three hundred persons who surrounded his house. It does not appear, however, that he suffered any serious personal violence; but he became alarmed for his safety, and, about 1774, went to England, highly exasperated against his countrymen, and especially against the people of his native state. While in England, he employed himself in reviling the colonists in the periodicals of the day; and, in 1781, published in London this "History of Connecticut."

The book has the form of a serious history. It begins with what professes to be an account of the patents under which New England was settled. Then follows an account of the three earliest colonies which

were established within the present limits of Connecticut. The nature of the government is described; the constitution of the general assembly and of the courts; the organization of the militia; the ecclesiastical constitution of the churches; the physical features of the country; its flora and fauna; and to all this is added a detailed account of each town in the colony; while the whole is enlivened by anecdotes which, it is claimed, illustrate the state of society among the people.

The book, on being published in London, proved a failure, as far as the immediate object was concerned for which it was written. It was noticed in the "Monthly Review," where it was said: "We observe in it so many marks of party spleen and idle credulity that we do not hesitate to pronounce it altogether unworthy of the public attention."

Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, in a book lately published, says: "Peters presumed too far on the credulity of English readers and on their ill-will to America. With less inveterate aversion to truth, he might have imparted plausibility to fiction; with less exuberance of malice, he might have tickled the English ear with the absurdities and misdeeds of the 'rebels,' and have passed for a humorist."

The "History" could not have been intended for circulation in America. It is to be remembered that it was the work of an angry Tory refugee, written in England during the progress of a bitter civil war, for the purpose of avenging his own fancied wrongs, and of currying favor with the English government, and advancing his own interests with them. The book was, however, in time, brought to this country, where, of course, its true character was understood. In the earliest American review of the book, in the "Analectic Magazine," of 1814, the writer observes that in the province whose settlement it professes to record, it was called the "Lying History," to distinguish it from all others, and that it received this name very soon after its publication. Dr. Trumbull, the historian of Connecticut, is said to have stated that he had been well acquainted with Dr. Peters from early life, and that of all men with whom he had ever been acquainted, he had thought Dr. Peters, from his first knowledge of him, the least to be depended upon as to any matter of fact, especially in story-telling. So extravagant are the stories in this book, that it has been said Peters him-

self, on his return to this country, was in the habit of laughing over them; and that he never supposed that they would be taken as sober truth.

But in course of time, in the succeeding generation, in the heat of political and ecclesiastical controversy, the book was seized upon by the enemies of New England, and its ridiculous stories were used as taunts against the people of Connecticut. But no one at all acquainted with the history of the state ever gave the slightest credence to Peters's statements on any subject whatever. From the earliest to the latest of the historians of the state, the worthless character of the book, when considered as history, has been understood. For instance, one of the latest of them—Dr. Beardsley, the historian of Episcopacy in Connecticut—speaks of the book as “extravagant and incredible,” “ludicrous and apocryphal.” Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, formerly Secretary of State of Connecticut, than whom there is no person living more thoroughly acquainted with the written and unwritten history of the state, says there are not half a dozen consecutive sentences in the book that will stand sober criticism. He says: “Its lies, like Falstaff's, are ‘gross as a mountain, open, palpable.’”

There is no need, then, for us to characterize the book from a moral point of view, any more than it was necessary for Mr. De Quincey to waste words in an attempt to prove that murder is wrong. Considered as history, the book is worthless—utterly worthless. As Mr. De Quincey says, “It hasn't a leg to stand upon.” We propose, then, following his example, to make the best of a bad matter, and shall treat the book æsthetically. And in doing this we shall confine ourselves to an attempt to estimate the position which the “History” merits in that department of high art to which it belongs.

It may be said, then, in the first place, that in the extravagance of its stories, if it does not equal, it certainly does not fall far behind those to be found in the “Travels of the Baron Munchausen.” In proof of this we have only to transfer to our pages one or two of its famous stories. We will begin with the “caterpillar story.”

“In 1768; the inhabitants on Connecticut River were alarmed at an army of caterpillars, and no one found reason to jest at their fears. Those worms came in one night, and covered the earth on both sides of that river to an extent of three miles in front and two in depth. They marched with great speed,

and ate up everything green for the space of 100 miles, in spite of rivers, ditches, fires, and the united efforts of 1,000 men. They were, in general, two inches long, had white bodies covered with thorns, and red throats. When they had finished their work, they went down to the River Connecticut, where they died, poisoning the waters until they were washed into the sea.”

This is fully matched by the “Windham frog story.”

“One night in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond three miles square and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched—or rather hopped—toward Winnomantic River. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull-frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled the road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were, for several hours in passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened; some expected to find an army of French and Indians, and others feared an earthquake and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children, when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words: ‘Wight, Hilderkin, Dyer, Tètè.’ This last they thought meant *treaty*; and, plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water.”

These stories are thrown into the shade by the famous account of Bellows Falls, in the Connecticut River.

“Two hundred miles from Long Island Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which, in the time of the floods, bury

the northern country. At the upper cohos the river spreads twenty-four miles wide, and for five or six weeks ships of war might sail over lands that afterward produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America. People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings, and surly motion of water, trees, and ice, through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomena in nature. Here water is consolidated, without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks to such a degree of induration that an iron crow cannot be forced into it. Here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight; and here, steady as time and harder than marble, the stream passes, irresistible, if not swift as lightning. The electric fire rends trees in pieces with no greater ease than does this mighty water. The passage is about 400 yards in length, and of a zigzag form, with obtuse corners."

In the second place, although the "History" shows marks of humor, yet it must be confessed that Mr. Peters, as a humorist, is to be ranked an inferior to the genial Diedrich Knickerbocker in his "History of New York." There is throughout a sort of grimness about his humor which detracts from the effect. Yet there are passages in which he approaches even some of the best chapters of the "History of New York." We refer, then, to his story of the circumstances connected with the erection of the first Episcopal church in Connecticut, as a favorable example of his humor:

"An ancient religious rite, called the 'Powwow,' was annually celebrated by the Indians, and commonly lasted several hours every night for two or three weeks. About 1690, they convened to perform it on Stratford Point, near the town. During the nocturnal ceremony, the English saw, or imagined they saw, devils rise out of the sea wrapped up in sheets of flame and flying round the Indian camp, while the Indians were screaming, cutting, and prostrating themselves before their supposed fiery gods. In the midst of the tumult, the devils darted in among them, seized several, and mounted with them in the air; the cries and groans issuing from whom quieted the rest. In the morning, the limbs of Indians, all shriveled and covered with sulphur, were found in different parts of the town. Astonished and terrified at these spectacles, the people of Stratford began to think the devils would take up their abode among them, and called together all the ministers in the

neighborhood to exorcise them and lay them. The ministers began and carried on their warfare with prayers, hymns, and adjurations; but the powwows continued and the devils would not obey. The inhabitants were about to quit the town, when Mr. Nell spoke and said:

" 'I would to God that Mr. Visey, the Episcopal minister at New York, was here, for he would expel all these evil spirits!'

"They laughed at his advice; but, on his reminding them of the little maid who directed Naaman to a cure for his leprosy, they voted him their permission to bring Mr. Visey at the next powwow. Mr. Visey attended accordingly, and as the powwow commenced with howlings and whoops, Mr. Visey read portions of the holy Scriptures, litany, etc. The sea was put into great commotion; the powwow stopped, the Indians dispersed, and never more held a powwow in Stratford."

In the two particulars already mentioned, it will be seen that we have admitted that Mr. Peters has been surpassed by others; but in those which we shall now mention he appears at his best, and we think we are safe in saying that he has never been exceeded. We proceed then, in the third place, to mention the fact that, in order not to spoil a good story, Mr. Peters does not hesitate to present himself and his own children in a supremely ridiculous attitude, as, for instance, in the account which he gives of the custom which he speaks of under the name of "bundling." The passage is too long to be transferred to our pages, but it may be found by those who are curious at pages 325-335 of the original edition of 1781. We refer to the original edition, as his descendant, Mr. McCormick, the editor of the recent reprint, has seen fit to suppress what relates more particularly to the family of Mr. Peters.

We mention now, in the fourth place, as the special claim of this "History" to distinction, the fact that, besides the ordinary extravagance of its stories, there is at times an audacity of misstatement with regard to well-known matters of fact which has never been surpassed.

For instance, Mr. Peters claims that Yale College owes its origin to one of his ancestors. He says:

"Thomas Peters established a school in Saybrook which his children had the satisfaction to see become a college, denominated Yale College." * * * "At his death, which did not happen till after the restora-

tion of Charles II., he bequeathed his library to the school above mentioned."

Our readers can judge of the audacity of this claim when we say, on the authority of Professor Kingsley (1838):

"There is not the slightest evidence that there was any early school in Saybrook higher than a common school; or any school whatever to which the Rev. Thomas Peters left a library. As to Yale College, it was founded and incorporated without any reference to Saybrook, and it owed its origin in no sense to any school before existing there or anywhere else."

Now Dr. Peters was a graduate of Yale College, and could not have failed to know that he was uttering a deliberate falsehood.

As another illustration of the reckless audacity of Peters in his falsehoods; we will refer to his account of the first settlement of the colony. He says that when the colonists entered Connecticut its territory was divided between "three Indian kings, viz.: Connecticote, Quinnipiog, and Sassacus, of whom Connecticote was emperor, or king of kings." Professor Kingsley says:

"There is no evidence that any such person as Quinnipiog ever existed, and there is just as little evidence that there was ever any such 'king of kings' as Connecticote."

But this is not all. Peters has the audacity to say that as this "king of kings" (Connecticote) would not sell his lands to the colonists, the Rev. Thomas Hooker (one of the saints of New England), under the pretense of seeking to convert him to the Christian religion, but in reality to get possession of his lands, sent him a Bible, the leaves of which were infected with the small-pox, and that as the results of this "infamous villainy," as he calls it, "the small-pox raged in every corner, and swept away the great sachem and laid waste his ancient kingdom." If this story had been told of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, it would not have been more utterly untrue.

But the most remarkable illustration of the audacity of Peters is the invention of a whole code of laws, which he says were made by the people of the colony of New Haven before their incorporation with the colony of Connecticut. The following are specimens:

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day.

"No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instru-

ment of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jew's-harp.

"Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

"No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath-day."

These and a score or two of others which he puts down with all soberness, he says were termed "blue laws, *i. e.*, bloody laws, by the neighboring colonists;" and he adds that, although "they were never suffered to be printed," they were all sanctified with excommunications, confiscations, fines, banishment, whippings, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue, and death."

But the audacity of Mr. Peters did not stop here. It must be confessed that he had one of the elements of genius, the capacity of lighting his own fire, and of exciting his own enthusiasm. But he had also one of the imperfections so often attendant upon genius. He was too apt to allow his enthusiasm to run away with him. A critical examination of his story of the "blue laws" shows that, warming with his subject, he proceeded from one extravagant statement to another, till, at last, aspiring to something which might be ranked as a *chef d'œuvre* of mendacity, he went one step too far! He declared that these laws were by no means confined to New Haven. His explicit statement is that "similar laws still [that is in 1781, less than a hundred years ago] prevail over New England as the common law of the country."

We have referred to but a small fraction of the stories to be found in this "History." The book is full of others just as untruthful. In making our selections, we have felt in an unusual degree the *embarras des richesses*. We think, however, that we do not need to make further citations in order to prove that the falsehoods of Mr. Peters rise above the rank of ordinary falsehoods, and are to be judged by the rules of high art.

But we have not finished. There is yet another and fifth reason why we think their author is to be placed at the head of all liars—and this is the fact, that he has been successful in making his lies believed to an extent which no other liar ever attained.

We have admitted that, in humor, the "History of New York," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, is superior. But, when it comes to the credence that has been given

to his statements, it is very different. There have been individual cases, to be sure, in which the humor of Diedrich Knickerbocker has not been understood, and his accounts of the wonderful doings of the early settlers on the island of Manhattan have been taken for literal fact. For instance, there is the case of Goeller, the German editor of "Thucydides" (Leipsic, 1836), who, in one of his annotations on a passage of the Greek historian, in which he describes the rivalry of the Athenian factions, gives two modern illustrations—one of the Guelf and Ghibelline factions of Italy; the other, the factions of the Long Pipes and the Short Pipes in New York, under the administration of Peter Stuyvesant. We quote the original Latin, as given by Professor Henry Reed: "Addo locum Washingtonis Irvingii, Hist. Novi Eboraci." Lib. vii., cap. v. [The old factions of the Long Pipes and Short Pipes, strangled by the Herculean grasp of P. Stuyvesant.] There have been occasionally others, who, from some defect of mental organization, have fallen into the same mistake with the unfortunate German scholar.

But how different the result in the case of Peters! Professor Kingsley says: "Thousands have implicitly believed these stories, who had no other article of faith." Peters, certainly, seems to have known how to strike the average mind, and to secure belief for his fabrications.

Now, to be successful is generally regarded as one of the highest claims to distinction. Others before Fulton had the idea of propelling a boat by steam through the water; but Fulton was successful in making his invention a practical thing. And therefore, to Fulton is accorded the honor of being one of the greatest inventors of modern times. Judged in the same way, then, by his success in securing belief for his falsehoods, we conclude, as the result of the investigations we have thus far pursued, that to the Reverend Samuel Peters, *facile princeps*, is to be awarded the distinction of the most remarkable achievements in lying that the world has ever witnessed.

Yet we are not disposed, on the whole, to regret that a new edition of this spiteful libel on the Puritan settlers of the colonies of New Haven and Connecticut has been given to the public, as it affords an opportunity to call attention once more to certain misapprehensions which the book and others of the same class have sown broadcast over the land.

One of these misapprehensions is that the first settlers of New England were persons

of low condition at home. This is conspicuously not true. We doubt whether in the seventeenth century, in the case of the ancestors of three-quarters of the present peers of Great Britain, they were one whit higher in social standing than the leading men among the colonists who left Old England to lay the foundations of New England. The corrupt families who were the bulwarks of the court of Charles II. have in great measure died out, and the peerage has been recruited by men who have attained eminence by their brilliant public services. And these men have been generally from the ranks of the families who, at the period referred to, were the untitled gentry, who are an ancient aristocracy themselves, and in a multitude of cases have pedigrees as long and as honorable as the oldest of the peers. Now, Mr. Bancroft says that in the course of ten or twelve years, about four thousand families came over to New England. Very few came afterward, and the millions of people of New England descent scattered throughout this great Union, all sprang from these four thousand families. Of these families, not a few were connected with the nobility at home. The rank and file were of the class of freehold farmers, who then constituted the strength and glory of England, though now as a class they can hardly be said to exist there. The New England farmers of to-day are their legitimate descendants. But the leading men among the colonists were, to a large extent, descended from and connected with the untitled gentry of the times, of whom we have spoken. They belonged to the same class of families with the men who were exerting themselves to curb the absolute power of the king, and to engraft principles of liberty on the English constitution. Now, Goldwin Smith says these men were usually of good birth. The student of history knows what sort of men Sir John Eliot, John Hampden, and John Pym were. Well, the leading men who settled New England were of that class of men. They were their relatives and their personal friends.

For further evidence that these early colonists were of good birth, look at their names,—see how large a number of them are names of historic importance in England; see how many of them are Norman names; go into the towers and chateaux of Normandy, among the cultured families there, and the features which are most common there are the features which are so familiar among

the same class of persons in New England to-day. The more one studies the subject, the more will he be convinced of the truth of what was said by one of the old Puritans: "The wheat of three kingdoms was sifted to plant New England." Now, there was a difference even among the early colonists of New England, and among them the colonists of Connecticut and New Haven, whom Mr. Peters makes the butts of his ridicule, were conspicuous for their wealth and for the number of those among them who belonged to families of distinction at home. There are but few of the leading families of the state to-day who are not able to trace their pedigree to the historic families of England, and who do not still preserve the armorial bearings which were used by their ancestors in England, many of which go back hundreds of years before the settlement of this country, to the times of the Norman conquest.

Another of these misapprehensions is that the first settlers of New Haven and Connecticut were a set of men who were ignorant of affairs. How conspicuously false such an idea is appears from the fact that although they had left England and were out of sight, they were not forgotten in their distant homes in the wilderness, and their reputation was such that no small number of them were invited to return to England and occupy high positions there of influence and authority. The way, also, in which they met the many difficulties incident to the planting of a colony and establishing a government in these ends of the earth shows that they were not ordinary men. From the superstructure which has been raised, it is not difficult to infer how broad, and deep, and solid were the foundations which they laid. They drew up, in 1639, the first written constitution known in history, which has proved to be the model for all the constitutions which have since been made on this continent, including that under which the people of the United States live to-day. Look, too, at the men themselves. We cannot delay to describe individuals with any particularity; but there was Governor Haynes, the first governor of Connecticut,—*"a gentleman of fortune, the owner of an elegant country-seat in Essex,"* which he gave up, undeterred by the privations incident to founding a new state in the wilderness. There was Governor Eaton, first governor of New Haven,—a London merchant, who had acquired wealth by trade in the Baltic, and who had repre-

sented his sovereign, Charles I., at the court of the King of Denmark; there was Governor Hopkins, another London merchant, of princely generosity, who had also made a fortune by trade in the Baltic. Having had occasion to return to England, he was retained there by an appointment to the office of Commissioner of the Admiralty and of the Navy; there was Governor Winthrop, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, who, before he came to this country, had enjoyed opportunities, which were then very rare, of extensive foreign travel, and who, on the occasion of his being sent to England on colonial business, by his engaging manners and courtly bearing, extorted even from Charles II. memorable expressions of interest and good-will; there were the two great preachers at Hartford and New Haven,—Thomas Hooker and John Davenport,—who had not their superiors as preachers and theologians in England itself, and who were so highly esteemed there that they were invited to return to England, by numerous members of the House of Parliament, to assist in the great revolution then commenced and in progress; there was Ludlow, the most accomplished lawyer in the colonies; there was John Mason, who had gained such reputation as a soldier in his campaigns in Holland with Lord Fairfax, that he was offered the commission of a major-general in the English army, if he would return to England; and Desborough of New Haven, who accepted the offer made to him, and returned and served as major-general; there, too, at a later period, was Governor Saltonstall, of whom the British officers who came to this country always spoke with admiration, as fitted to shine at the court of St. James. Now, in ability, in the practical wisdom of all their political action, in the dignity of their state papers, in their knowledge of the world in all its aspects, these men, and many others who figure in the early history of New Haven and Connecticut, do not suffer one whit in comparison with the men who secured our independence in 1776, or laid the foundations of our present national government in 1781.

Another of these misconceptions is that these early colonists were ascetics. This too is memorably false. As a people they were social, and disposed always, in the intervals of labor, to engage in whatever sports were in season, and to enjoy whatever delicacies they could find for their tables. Those who are misled by the stale

taunts about Puritan dislike of plum-puddings and Christmas festivities, show an ignorance that is simply laughable. Suppose that at that time the people of Connecticut, in common with the Puritans at home, did abstain from eating plum-puddings at Christmas, did they not eat them on other days, and enjoy them too? Is it not conceivable, also, that they had some reason for abstaining on that particular day from that particular article of food other than the disposition to mortify the flesh. How long is it since thousands of very social and cheerful people in our times avoided wearing a white hat for fear that it might be supposed that they were publicly displaying their political sympathies for the presidential aspirations of Mr. Greeley. How long is it since, in some other parts of the United States, loyal men were unwilling to wear gray pantaloons, and butternut-colored coats? Does anybody suppose they had a pious horror of a white or butternut color, or that they supposed that their Maker would be better pleased with them if they dressed themselves all over in the regulation blue? The Puritans would not eat plum-pudding on Christmas-day, or engage in the usual Christmas festivities, for the reason that to do so had a well-established meaning, and was understood to be a way of signifying publicly their approbation of the method of celebrating what was claimed to be a religious festival under the auspices of the Abbot of Misrule, with a riotous disregard of all decency, which was entirely inconsistent with their ideas of propriety, and we may add with ideas which are held by all respectable people to-day. The whole history of New England shows that the people were not inimical to innocent sports or to good living. The "harvest feast" which they instituted at the close of their first year is a sufficient refutation of all the spiteful things that have been said about their asceticism. Winslow, in a letter to a friend, tells how the Plymouth people kept their first "Thanksgiving." He says: "Our Governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labor. They four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the country almost a week. At which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest, Massasoit with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted."

He says: "The Indian guests too went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation, and bestowed on our Governor and upon certain others." The beautiful festival thus instituted was so in harmony with the feelings of the early settlers of New England that it has continued to be observed to the present time; and now it may be said to have become a national institution. The season of gladness which it was in 1621 to the fathers, it has never ceased to be to the children's children through all these years. Its annual recurrence has been looked forward to by all these successive generations as a time of joy, as a time for the gathering of families under the old roof-tree, as a time for the special and grateful recognition of the mercies of God, as a time too of sports and of good cheer. It is fragrant to-day in the minds of millions with memories of the happiest days of their lives. While the New England festival of Thanksgiving continues to throw a halo around the chill days of the closing year, and the sports which were instituted in the colonial times are remembered as distinctive of New England, and the score of historic and peculiar dishes of the old New England kitchen are not forgotten, they will always be evidence that the early settlers, whatever else they may have been, were not ascetics.

Another misconception is that in the New Haven colony in particular, the early settlers were weak men who had crotchets about dress and about the length to which the hair should be allowed to grow, and that they introduced into their legislation sumptuary laws in which an attempt was made to regulate a great variety of matters which had better be left to individual fancy. Now, it is well to remember that there have been different opinions held on the subject of sumptuary laws, by people too, who rank high in the world's history. Not to speak of the old Romans and Numa Pompilius, we have seen it stated, within a week, that the police of Berlin are ordered to arrest all women whose skirts trail on the *pavé*. This, after all, may be a joke of "Kladderadatsch." But, not many years ago, there were laws in force there, and in other cities in Europe, with regard to a great variety of minute matters, which would be thought ridiculous if introduced into this country. But, whatever may be thought of the propriety of sumptuary laws in Berlin or Leipsic to-day, or in New Haven in the seventeenth century, it ought, perhaps, to be understood, that as a matter of fact, the colony of New

Haven was emphatically the colony of New England, which was *entirely free from all regulations of this kind!* The men who settled New Haven and gave character to its institutions were wealthy London merchants, who had seen too much of the world to be alarmed at a little extravagance in dress.

As for Mr. Peters's story about people being compelled to have their hair cut around by a pumpkin, and all the popular ideas among a certain class of persons that the Puritans had some special abhorrence of long hair and wigs, the whole set of such stories does not need to be treated soberly. We advise any one who is troubled on this score to open any book he pleases in which there is a picture of any Puritan divine or Puritan layman, and we are mistaken if he does not think their hair is far too long rather than too short. Yet it is a fact that the extravagance of dress had, in the seventeenth century, proceeded to such a pitch that sensible people felt like making some protest against it. For instance, the hair of the would-be fashionables of the time was worn in essenced curls half-way down their back, and the Puritans thought it in better taste to cut their hair at the shoulders, and so at once arose a cry of derision of "roundheads" and "cropped-ears." So people at the present time are beginning to be disgusted with the heaps of flowers which are displayed at funerals. Now, some people have been so affected by these extravagant displays, of which we have all at least heard, that they prefer not to have any flowers, or only a very few, on such occasions. Perhaps some caricaturist of the Peters stamp will yet make a good story about their asceticism and hatred of flowers. He will say perhaps that this asceticism proceeded so far that even in newspaper announcements of funerals, the words, "no flowers," were not unfrequently to be seen.

Another of these misconceptions is that in the legislation of the New Haven colony there was something peculiarly severe. Mr. Peters gives his readers the idea that the laws were so severe that they were called "blue—i. e., bloody—laws." Now, what the peculiar shade of blue is which can be properly designated as "bloody," we are unable to state. But with reference to this charge that the legislation of New Haven was characterized by any peculiar severity, we feel disposed, instead of making a serious reply, to follow the example of the Rev. Dr. Cox, on an occasion when his country was attacked in his presence, when

he was in England, by a violent hater of republican institutions, who expressed in no measured terms his contempt for the government of a country where, as he said, the nose of the President of the United States had been pulled in a public place without any punishment having been inflicted on the ruffianly assailant. Instead of attempting to enlighten the Englishman by informing him that it was an insane man who had attempted to take that liberty with the nose of Andrew Jackson on the deck of a public steamboat, and that the old general had given the poor man a sound thrashing with his cane before it was ascertained what was his condition, Doctor Cox gravely admitted the fact and said that it was indeed so. But he added: "If I have read the history of England aright, your countrymen, some years ago, cut off the head of one of their kings; and I think I would rather have my nose pulled than my head cut off!"

So for the benefit of the simple people who have been misled by Mr. Peters and others of his stamp, we will content ourselves with reminding them that in England, in the reign of a king who was living not more than a hundred years before New Haven was settled, they boiled people to death! and a hundred years after the corner-stone of the little commonwealth of Davenport and Eaton was laid, they boiled people in Germany in hot oil! And they were not thrown into the vessel at once, but with a pulley, or rope, under the arm-pits, they were let down into the oil by degrees, first the feet, and next the legs, and so the flesh was boiled from the bones of the man while he was still alive. It would appear that all the "severe" people were not in the New Haven colony. If its laws had been ten times more severe than they really were, we should be able to match them with something worse in the contemporary legislation of England. We have Mr. Trumbull's book at our elbow, and we can quote chapter and verse and continue to match every act of severity in New Haven by something more severe in England as long as it is thought to be necessary. To begin, we make the following quotation:

"When Connecticut and New Haven were forming their first codes, larceny above the value of twelve pence was a capital crime in England."

It will be enough to say that as late as 1819 two hundred and twenty-three offenses in England were punished by death, one hun-

dred and seventy-six of which were without benefit of clergy. Now, Connecticut, by her code in 1642,—mark the year,—imposed the penalty of death on twelve offenses only. New Haven added two or three to the number of capital laws, but with such reservations as to leave the execution of the supreme penalty to the discretion of the courts. Yet Mr. Peters had the impudence to talk of the "severity" of the people of the colony of New Haven. We are reminded of the lines of Hosea Biglow:

"Taint a knowin' kind of cattle
That is ketched with moldy corn."

When we commenced our work, it was with some feeling of gratification that the publication of a new edition of Mr. Peters's book gave an opportunity to point out some of the popular misconceptions with regard to the early history of the people of Connecticut and New Haven. But as we have proceeded, this feeling has changed to one of humiliation that there should have been any necessity for it. Indeed, Mr. Bancroft says: "There is no state in the Union, and I know not any in the world, in whose early history, if I was a citizen, I could find more of which to be proud, and less that I should wish to blot."

The men who settled New Haven and Connecticut were some of the ablest, the most wealthy, the best acquainted with affairs, of all the early colonists. They came to this country with plans perhaps more enlightened and more thoroughly digested than those of any other body of colonists in the whole country. They had views respecting

the origin and the object of civil government which were far in advance of the age in which they lived, and which in the progress of time have now come to be recognized as the true views. They proposed to lay the foundations of a state in which they could carry out these views of theirs with regard to church and state. They intended that this new state from the first should have all the advantages of the highest culture of the times. They proposed to establish at once a college and a public library, and to educate in common schools the whole body of the people. They had far-reaching views respecting foreign commerce. They dreamed of entire independence of the country which they had left. But their position was an exceedingly delicate one. They knew that their old enemy, Archbishop Laud, had declared exultingly that his arm should reach them in their distant wilderness. Now, in meeting all these dangers, and in the constitution of their state, and in the administration of its government, they made an exhibition of high statesmanship which will ever make one of the brightest pages in the history of free governments. Of course, they were exposed to the taunts of all the advocates of despotism in church and state who had failed to bring them into subjection. But it is humiliating that in a land which owes so much to their labor and exertions, it should be necessary to say one word to remove such misconceptions as we have mentioned, which owe their existence in great measure to the malicious libels of a man whose word in his own day was utterly worthless.

HOME-SEEKING.

I SENT my soul out on a summer eve,
While yet the clouds were crimson in the west.
The happy-hearted birds had sunk to rest;
And all the swaying branches seemed to grieve
As rough winds swept them. I bade my spirit leave
This clayey tabernacle that oppressed,
And through unbounded distance make its quest,
That in some orb remote it might perceive
A fitter home. Long time it strayed afar,
And wandered restless on from sky to sky,
From star-spanned deeps to deeps without a star;
Yet came at last and moaned, "'Tis vain to fly
Through this expanse. No waiting homes there are.
Than this myself no other house have I."

WAR CONTRASTS.

BULGARIA, 1877.

I.

BULGARIAN.

A STRANGER lingered by Mahala's well,
What time rude war across Bulgarian plains
Swept wildly; and the shock of battle fell
On Russian breasts that feared nor death nor pains.
The cooling cup he took from peasant's hands,
And when his thirst was slaked, he proudly said,
"See! thou poor tiller of these pillaged lands,
I give thee gold!" The farmer bowed his head;
Tears dimmed his eyes; upon his sun-browned face
There fell a holy and a tender calm;
He gently spurned the money from his palm,
And said, with exquisite and pious grace:
"Nor gold nor silver from thee will I take;
I serve the water for the Lord Christ's sake!"

II.

RUSSIAN.

THE Mussulman before his captor stood;
His wounds were many; all his weapons gone;
His brawny hands were red with Russian blood;
Around him half his comrades dead were strewn.
He waited death and torture; but instead
His hurts the Muscovites with gentleness
Bound up or stanch'd; while over their own dead
New troops rushed forward to the battle's press.
His enemy no longer sought his life
But brought him food and water; led him where
Soft beds and skilled hands waited to repair
The ravages of long and deadly strife.
And while he muttered curses on his loss,
Above him waved the standard of the Cross.

III.

TURK.

ONE weary night the baleful Crescent shone
On shameful massacres of wounded men;
The Turk was deaf alike to prayer and groan
Of dying Russian in the Balkan glen.
The swart stern Kurd from Asiatic hill,
The grim Circassian with his reeking blade,—
The ragged bandit—all of blood their fill
Drank fiercely, while, in mighty pomp arrayed,
From field to field the savage pachas strode,
Or ordered conflagration and the sack
Of burning villages; or there the track
Of dim past murders gleefully o'erode.
The cross of Christ each infidel defiled,
And in his frenzy, thought Mahomet smiled.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Thoughts Suggested by a Recent Appointment.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the appointment of Mr. Bayard Taylor to the Berlin mission was unanimously confirmed by a Senate made up almost wholly of intense party politicians, it was in no sense a party appointment. Neither was it an appointment which the Senate would have made if it had held the privilege of nomination in its own hands; but it was an appointment so eminently proper in itself that there was no legitimate ground of opposition to it. We doubt whether any Republican member of the Senate was satisfied with it, and we presume that the special satisfaction with it among the Democrats grew out of the fact that it had no significance as a party appointment in opposition to themselves. No politician could fight the appointment and justify himself before the country; therefore the nomination was "unanimously confirmed."

There has probably never been, in the history of this country, such a popular indorsement of a governmental appointment as that which has been given to Mr. Taylor's. It has been so pronounced and so universal that no politician can shut his eyes to the fact that it means a great deal. Mr. Taylor, by his character, his achievements, his eminent fitness for the post to which he has been elevated, has called forth a considerable share of the friendly demonstration that has attended his appointment; but there has been something beyond this. He is certainly a popular man; but it can hardly be said that his personal qualities are those which arouse great enthusiasm. Yet his appointment has been greeted by the greatest enthusiasm, and his life has almost been worried out of him by such a series of complimentary attentions and festivities as no other American was ever favored with. We will accord to Mr. Taylor himself more of the motive to this enthusiasm than he has ever been willing to claim, and we shall still have left an amount that we can only account for on the ground that the people not only approve this particular thing, but this sort of thing. It is as if they would say to the President, to Congress, and to the politicians universally: "This is the kind of appointment that we like. You cannot repeat such work as this too often. We are tired of your jobbing politicians; we are tired of your office-seeking men; we are tired of representatives abroad who cannot speak the language of the nations to which they are accredited; we are tired of men who have no fitness for the work they are set to do. This is what we mean by 'civil service reform,' and the more of this kind of reform you give us the better we shall like it."

The politicians at Washington are quick to recognize the significance of these demonstrations. Nobody in the country knows so promptly and so well exactly what these demonstrations mean, as they. They know that if the President had it in his

power to make a few more such appointments as this their occupation would be gone. Now, it does not matter much whether the President has lived up to his professions or not; it does not matter whether he has been wise or simple. Independence of the machine politicians of the country is what he stands for in the minds of the people. They know that the politicians do not like him; they know that he does not ask counsel of the machine, and that Bayard Taylor's appointment was one that was made without consulting the machine. So, while approving of Mr. Taylor as a man most fit for the place, they have said as loudly as actions can speak that they like the way in which the appointment was made, and that in this thing they are heartily with the President and against the machine politicians of both stripes. In the long run, this sentiment will tell upon the policy of the country. If the President stands by his colors, he will win the good opinion and the good-will of the masses of the people just in the proportion that he loses the good-will of the machine politicians, and the latter will be forced into unity with him to save their own necks.

Some of the pleasantest thoughts that occur to one in connection with this appointment are those that relate to Mr. Taylor's own personal satisfactions. He has done more work than any other literary man of his country; he has traveled more and written more about his travels; he has written more verse, we judge, than any of his countrymen; he has given the world the best translation of Goethe extant; he has written very clever novels; he has contributed to the magazine and newspaper press almost an incalculable amount of material; he has lectured throughout the country many years, going through campaigns that were more severe in their tax upon strength and patience and good nature than the uninstructed public can imagine. He had done this enormous amount of honest work with not very high recognition. His place as a poet, his position as a *littérateur*, even his reputation as a writer of travels, was questioned by the generation that had watched his progress. The glamour that environed his youth had vanished; people had become used to him. But at last new eyes were opened upon his career. The jealousy of his contemporaries was extinguished in many ways, but mainly by age and death, and he has now come out into full recognition, where everything that he has ever done will be interpreted, not through the dust of struggle, but in the bright light of success.

It is very hard for men, especially for literary men, to be just to their contemporaries. It is hard for a man to realize that what looks like a candle in his neighbor's window is a fixed star above his dwelling. It takes a good many years of steady shining, and often the fresh eyes of a new generation, for securing true recognition; and Mr. Taylor has run into this "desired haven" earlier than most men. Bryant, and Longfellow, and Whittier came there by

a longer route; and we congratulate him on his anchorage and his neighborhood.

Crime in its own Element.

THE visitors at a popular summer resort last season were very much astonished one pleasant afternoon to discover a huge whale in their harbor. He swam around, "blowing" at his leisure, carrying terror to the school of mackerel he had chased into the bay, and retiring when he had completed his errand. It seemed very strange to these good people that such a monster should come so near them; and they marveled over an event that had no cause of marvel in it. There was the water,—the whale's own element,—and enough of it for all the whales and all the navies of the world to swim in. There was no enemy, organized and armed, to oppose him. His coveted food had taken refuge there, and it was entirely natural that he should be just there, at that time, and under those circumstances.

When such a man as William M. Tweed rises in a community, and becomes a great public thief, and debauches, or seems to debauch, a multitude of helpers and defenders, and achieves supreme power over a million people, there is really nothing strange or unnatural about it. The way is all prepared for his operations. The atmosphere in which such a man can breathe is all ready for his breathing. The food upon which such a man can live lies all around him. There is no force in organization that can oppose him. Tweed could no more have done what he did, if the public mind had been in a sound condition, than a whale could swim on dry land. He accomplished his gigantic robberies, with long years of impunity, because the tone of the public morality was low, and because there were multitudes who were ready to divide the spoils of iniquity with him. Nothing but the instinct of self-preservation led men so to organize their forces that he was overthrown. It is well, therefore, now that he has passed away in ignominy, for the public to say little about him, and to remember that he was only an ulcer upon the body politic which betrayed the vitiated blood that circulated out of sight.

When such a woman as Restell dies by her own hand, within a gorgeous and costly palace, reared with the price of blood, we raise our eyes in horror, and wonder how it can be. Here was a woman who lived a life of prosperous infamy, in the proudest street of the metropolis, her calling perfectly well known, her house notorious among young and old, the patent sources of her wealth being the vices of the rich. Now we doubt whether this woman ever debauched a great number of people, or whether the profession which she was known to follow ever had any considerable influence in the beginning of vicious courses by the immunities it promised. New York was the natural home of just such a woman. If it had not been she would not have been here and could not have lived here. The crimes on which she lived gave birth to her, poured their blood-besprinkled gold into her lap, reared a palace to shelter her head, and kept her out of a prison, the

fear of which, as it haunted her guilty soul, drove her, at last, to suicide. The vices of New York needed this woman to assist in covering them from sight. That was the secret of her life, her long prosperity, her tragic death. And this is the fact that should strike our society with horror, and not the fact that a bad woman has come to a perfectly natural end.

There is a woman in Brooklyn who chooses to advertise herself as a liar, a perjurer and an adulteress. She chooses to spread a story of her own wickedness and her own ineffable worthlessness and shame throughout the length and breadth of the land, to pollute the daily literature of her country, to make herself an unsavory topic of conversation, to exhibit herself to the loathing contemplation of her own children. If this woman is what she says she is,—or what last she said she was,—she volunteers to enter the class with Tweed and Restell, and we are in no way responsible for bringing her into association with their memories. If she is not what she says she is, then nothing but the plea or the fact of insanity or imbecility can release her from a classification with the moral monsters of the world. She is either a jumping-jack, pulled by a string out of sight,—irresponsible and worthless,—or a person of incalculable wickedness. To this alternative every rational mind is bound.

Now it happens that the self-advertised lies of this woman relate to a crime which implicates a great man whose life has been one of remarkable beneficence and usefulness. In every good work he has been among the foremost. Thousands of lives have been reformed or elevated under the inspiration of his example and his eloquence. His word has never been impeached. His character was never besmirched until it was touched by the finger of this woman, who volunteers, with the blind waywardness that sometimes smites a liar, to prove that her word is more utterly and irredeemably worthless than that of any other woman in America. The fact is patent that in any fairly virtuous community no more credence would be given to her word, as against his, than if she were one of Dr. Gray's madmen, or one of Dr. Wilbur's idiots.

Now let it be remembered that the word of this woman stands at the very foundation of this whole infamous business, and that whatever other evidence has been introduced to back up her word has only claimed to be "corroborative." Will some one tell us now what there is to "corroborate?" Under this woman's confessions of falsehood and perjury there is nothing left of her or her stories, and we are bound to accept any explanation which the accused man has to offer,—bound we say, as fair and honest men and women. No court, ecclesiastical or legal, has ever found anything against him. To-day the only evidence against him that ever had any vitality, is destroyed.

We ask, therefore, in all candor, what is indicated by the fact that any considerable number of people in this community believe what this perjured woman says against a conspicuously pure and noble man, while he denies it, and has always denied it. Is it anything to his discredit? Then what is personal

character worth? Is he to stand branded with infamy by the word of a woman who, over her own signature, has declared that word to be of no value whatever? With some, doubtless, he will so stand, and it is such a hardship as has rarely been put upon the shoulders of any man to bear; but, after all, the disgrace is less as it touches him than as it is reflected upon the community that gives its confidence rather to the perjurer than to him. The liar, like the whale, finds the elements of her life around her,—plenty of credulity to swim in, plenty of notoriety to “blow” in, plenty of silly fish to be swallowed, and a gaping multitude to marvel over her appearance and to believe she is a “right-whale,” rather than a fraud. That her latest story should be believed to any considerable extent, simply proves that there are a great many people who are more than willing to believe a foul report against a good man, even when its authorship is confessedly worse than worthless. The plain, humiliating truth is that none of these monsters, either of wickedness or foolishness, thrive without a popular atmosphere that fulfills all their conditions of life; and the infamy is not monopolized by the thief who dies in jail, by the suicide trying to escape from the consequences of her crimes, or by the woman who publicly advertises her falsehood. It is fully shared in, both in its causes and consequences, by the community, whose condition makes their existence possible. If we are to have no more thieves, or child-murderers, or liars, we must reform ourselves, and refuse to furnish an atmosphere in which thievery, and murder, and falsehood can live and thrive.

The Art of Speaking.

DURING the last week of March, two notable addresses were delivered in the Academy of Music in this city, by Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn, on “The Ottoman and the Muscovite—their long Duel.” These discourses were fully noticed by the public press on the occasion of their original delivery in Brooklyn, and we are, in this article, not attempting to recall their substance or subject; but they were fraught with many suggestions upon topics often mentioned in these columns, viz., public speaking and popular lecturing, on which we should like to say a word.

Dr. Storrs has carried the art of public speaking about as far as anybody has ever carried it in this country. Edward Everett could write and commit to memory for recital in public, an elegant oration. The Boston orators who followed in his wake could do the same thing, in a less admirable degree. Mr. Phillips could go somewhat further than the most of his oratorical confrères, and make a fair speech under the inspiration of a competently stirring occasion. Winthrop, Bullock, Hillard, Whipple and the rest prepared carefully, memorized carefully, and delivered carefully their public addresses. Certainly, spontaneity has never been the characteristic of the Boston school of oratory, a school which—like its congener, the school of literature of which Emerson is the head or highest representa-

tive—seems to be dying out. Learned, however, as these men were, there was never one of them, unless Mr. Everett be excepted, who would trust to his memory to recall a hundred or a thousand names and dates connected with histories that had no relation to his own life. They certainly could not do this without writing out every word, and unwinding the thread exactly as it went upon the bobbin.

What Dr. Storrs seemed to do was this: he studied up his subject, which pretty thickly covered an immensely long period of time, arranged it loosely in his mind, and, with an unerring grasp upon every name, every date, every detail, every relation to contemporaneous affairs among other nations, he went before his audience. Then without a word written to guide him, without a word having been written to remember, he stood upon his feet, in the presence of a great crowd of men and women of the highest grade, who trusted to his power to do the thing he had undertaken to do just as implicitly as if he had been a demigod, and there he forged his great discourses. When they were completed, he could no more have written them out than he could have re-delivered them in the same form. He, almost alone of all the American orators we know, has exhibited the power to hold in his mind the unarranged material for public discourse, and the ready and unerring art with which to shape it to the purposes of any occasion. We know of nothing higher than this in human achievement. It is as rare as Shakspeare. There is a vast difference between this and the power of improvisation that some orators possess in a marvelous degree,—orators who work in the realm of fancy and feeling, orators who talk out of themselves. This man talked out of the aggregated experiences of the world, held not only in solution or suspension in his memory, but philosophically comprehended in their relations to each other, and to their causes and effects. For nearly five hours, during the two evenings, he reviewed the histories of the Turk and the Russian in their long struggle with each other, in a way as entertaining and exhaustively instructive as can be imagined. The great procession of facts and events that was passed in review was not a procession of puppets, but every thing was alive. The statistician himself was a poet, the *raconteur* was a philosopher, the historian was a preacher of righteousness, and the instructor an inspired inspirer.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his recent remarks at the Goethe Club reception, spoke of the necessity of a wide and varied knowledge for the accomplishment of the best in art; and it can hardly be doubted that wide and varied knowledge is quite as essential in oratorical art as in any other. If we are to learn anything about public speaking from these discourses of Dr. Storrs, it is that a man must be full before he tries to communicate. This is the condition that takes precedence of all others. The great lack of our public speakers relates to catholicity and exactness of knowledge. Their memories are good for nothing. Mental training, such as we get in the schools, is very well, but knowledge such as we get out of, and after, schools is the very

first condition of the best oratory. The art of speaking, when a man is full of his subject, is one that takes pretty good care of itself. A man can hardly speak otherwise than well when he is full of his subject, and has an intensely interested audience before him. That can hardly be called an art which is spontaneous. If these addresses of Dr. Storrs had been written out, and read with the highest finish of the elocutionary art, they would have fallen flat. The bare walls of a study never hold the inspiration that springs from a wall of beating hearts and an array of earnest eyes. This speaking, eye to eye, under the impulse and inspiration of a great occasion, holds the secret of oratorical success.

There is another point in connection with these addresses that we wish to notice, though we have left but little space for what we have to say. There was a time in the history of what is called "The Lecture System" in this country when addresses of this character would have been in order—when men were called for because they had something to say. We doubt whether it entered into the imagination of any lecture bureau to invite Dr. Storrs to repeat these lectures in New York. They have been so much in the habit of supposing that the people wanted trash and nonsense, and of supplying precisely these commodities, that it did not occur to them that there was generous money for the lecturer and themselves in these long historical orations. They have forgotten, if they ever knew, that the people like most the best that the best man has to give. We have never seen in this country, east or west, anything made by talking down to people. The lecture business is becoming wretchedly poor business, for lecturers and bureaus alike,

for no reason under heaven but that it is unworthily and incompetently done. Most of the men who lecture have nothing to say, and the men who have something to say suppose they must let themselves down to please the people and secure the popularity that insures them another call.

It is all a mistake, and has always been a mistake. Dr. Storrs could deliver in New York City alone his two long discourses on Russia and Turkey ten times to large and probably constantly increasing audiences. No such audience has greeted any speaker during the past winter as fronted Dr. Storrs, at the Academy of Music, on the night of his last appearance there. The American people are not fools. It has only to be known that a competent man has something valuable to say to secure for him a good audience. But people talk about the "decay of the lecture system" as if it were an institution that had had its day, and were naturally dying of old age, when in truth it is starving to death for lack of men who have something to say. Pretty women, whose fascinating pictures adorn the lecture bureaus; literary clowns who manufacture and retail absurdity by the square yard; dead-beats who have worked themselves out of every other field of employment; "readers" of other people's good things, have become the stock performers of the lyceum, which is now managed and provided for like a theater. The old relation between speakers and the people is done away with. Everything is managed by the bureaus, and decent speakers are everywhere disgusted with the whole business.

So we say it is refreshing to get hold of a man in the old way, because he has something to say, and to show to bureaus and to people just where the vitalities of the old lecture system lay.

THE OLD CABINET.

DIFFERENT nations have the proverb: "Every man to his taste;" and your neighbor, who prefers a bad picture to a good one, a bad book to a good one, will justify his choice by the ancient proverb. But, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a difference in taste. The difference is in the presence of taste, or the absence of it. Persons of taste may at one time be in the mood for one good thing, and at another time in the mood for another good thing. These moods may, indeed, continue for years, and during their continuance they may express themselves in picturesque and vituperative language with regard to the good things which they like and the good things which they do not like. But as for absolutely bad works of art or literature, persons of taste do not like them at all. Meantime, persons without any taste whatever, seeing this apparent difference of taste among those reputed knowing, think they may escape the censure of the wise while giving expression to their detestation of beautiful things. Let them beware lest they

find that they have committed the error of those who take part in a quarrel between man and wife.

But it should be borne in mind that there is such a thing as a growth in taste, and that in the early stages of growth mistakes will always be made. An artist of remarkable precision of taste confessed, not long since, that in his early days he, too, swore allegiance to the reigning academical power—the power, once so strong, now so feeble—of the late Wilhelm von Kaulbach! The true Philistine is the man who "never makes a mistake," who has had the same principles, the same opinions "for the last thirty years."

"But what is the difference between a good picture and a bad picture, and how dare any one assume to know?"

It is a very simple matter after all. As has been said here before, it is a question of wear. An expert in stuffs does not need to be a manufacturer of stuffs in order to tell whether a piece of goods is genuine,—whether the cloth is made of good wool

or shoddy; whether it will wear badly, or wear well. A good critic—that is, an ideally good critic—is a man who can tell you whether you—supposing that you are a person of growing taste—will get tired of a particular work of art in one week, in two weeks, in a month, in a year. He can tell whether a given work of art has a deep and abiding charm, or a superficial prettiness; whether it is imitative in a good way, or in a bad way; whether it is the product of a strong nature or a weak nature. For it becomes more and more apparent, notwithstanding all the gossip about this and that school, this and the other method, that, given a certain amount of training and of taste, the question becomes one of individuality,—of power in the artist himself. It is this that makes authors and artists so sensitive to criticism of their work; for they know that it is not the work that is being criticised so much as their own breeding, their own immortal souls.

It is true that many exquisite and lovely characters “die with all their music in them.” Even natures that have what we call individuality and force pass away often without having reached expression in any adequate form. On the other hand, as our experience increases, it is common to find that what we had deemed the inadequate expression of a sturdy and vital nature was, on the contrary, the incoherent expression of a nature in reality feeble and commonplace—a nature having only the illusion of profundity. Nowadays, the mute, inglorious Miltons generally manage to get “an education,” and it must be confessed that most of them turn out to be intolerable bores.

ALTHOUGH some of the best of modern critics have been purely literary men, it is notorious that literary men, as a rule, are very uncertain judges of painting and sculpture. Some of the foremost of modern authors have made conspicuous failures in their judgments of pictures and statues, and in their appraisement of particular contemporary artists. An artist can say nothing more scornful of an opinion given on his own work, or on that of another artist, than that it is a “literary opinion;” and it is getting to be better and better understood that a picture or a statue that has in it what is called the literary element has in it a foreign and hurtful element,—“an element of disintegration.” A “literary” picture is not merely a picture that tells a story. Some of the most artistic pictures do this, and do it well; Raphael’s, for instance, did not disdain to tell a story, and to tell it in all its minutiae; nor the pictures of Millet, the latest of the greatest masters. Here is a photograph of Millet’s “Shower,” or “Refuge,” or whatever you choose to call it,—the peasant, his wife, and the donkey huddled under a gust-shaken tree, the man with his coat drawn over his shoulders, the sleeves hanging loose, and she with the peasant-woman’s apron drawn over her head; a little way off, on the right, are the abandoned tools, and if you look sharp you will see a tiny figure running across the fields for

dear life to the shelter of a solitary tree. Some one has said that a thought which occurs to a writer as prose must not be written in verse,—that a true poem occurs to the writer as *poetry* and not as prose. So in painting, the impulse must be distinctively artistic, and not literary or anything else. Those who understand the matter know very well that this view of the case does not rule out of the domain of art either intellect, morals, or religion.

Why is it that literary men so seldom master the idea of plastic and graphic art? One reason, doubtless, is that a writer, after looking a while into the arts kindred to his own, is so surprised and enchanted at the points of resemblance, and even the fundamental correspondence among them all, that he is apt to lose sight of the fact that each art, by its own separate existence, proves that there are decided differences between the arts. If the arts are really the same, how did there come to be more than one? It is evident that painting, sculpture, music, architecture, each exists, because each expresses what cannot be expressed in words.

It is true that a great work of art must and always does tell a story. But the story need not be an *incident*; or, if it is an incident, then the incident itself, no matter how important from a historical or a religious point of view,—no matter whether it be the Battle of Waterloo or a Madonna,—the mere incident must not be the principal thing. Whenever a painting relies upon its incident alone for its interest, it acknowledges its own weakness. No, the battle-scene must be typical, let us say, of war; the Madonna of motherhood.

To those who have learned how to enjoy in each art its special expression, the painting of a tree, of a face, of a flower, tells a story that can be told in no other way.

IN the Academy Exhibition which followed immediately upon the close of the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, there seemed to be no evidences of personal hostility to the members of the new society; although, in the actual disposition of the pictures upon the walls, it is to be supposed that Mr. Wyant, of the hanging committee (a member also of the Society), had little to do. The works of most of the home exhibitors of the society were admitted, and apparently in a spirit of liberality. That pictures by some of the artists whose canvases contributed to the success of the Society’s exhibition,—such as Mr. Fuller’s two pictures, Mrs. Whitman’s portrait, Mr. La Farge’s “Andromeda”—were put nearly out of sight, together with the work of the clever Frenchmen, Bonnat and Henner,—that this sort of skying was done, was a matter to be expected, as the result of the standard of taste which exists at the Academy, and which is likely to exist there for some time to come. The best places in the principal rooms were generally given to the kind of work that the majority of the Academy honestly believe in, whether the work was done by Society exhibitors, or by the leading spirits and old “stand-bys” of the Academy itself.

A LETTER from Mr. John La Farge, dated March 15th, and printed in the newspapers a day or two later, urged the admission of wood-engravings to the American division of the fine-art department, at the Paris Exhibition. Mr. La Farge declared that we have attained to a very high standard for the present day in the art of engraving on wood, and on this ground we could compete favorably with European nations, most of which are decidedly our inferiors. A like superiority, he stated, we cannot with certainty maintain in any other department of art, and he thought that all sincere lovers of art in America, would regret our throwing away this opportunity of deserved success and honor. The "World," the "Times," and the "Nation" heartily and intelligently indorsed Mr. La Farge's view, but the discussion came too late; the wood-engravings were not admitted to the walls of the art department, and engravings would not have gone to Paris at all (except those sent by publishers for their own shelves, where they will be lost to the general public), if, at the last moment, the commissioners had not consented to let Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the artist in charge, hang a few hastily gathered proofs somewhere among the beds, tables, candlesticks, and nutmeg-graters of the American department.

An exception to the general indorsement of Mr. La Farge's letter occurred in the case of the "Evening Post," which held that, "wood-engravers, properly speaking, are not artists, nor do artists, as a rule, recognize them as such. * * The engraver is little if not an imitator and a plodder; * * his business is to copy, not to create; to interpret, not to meddle with the text." Some may "try hard to be something more than mere copyists, and the occasional slight successes which they achieve in this direction have for us a mournful and tender interest. Their trade has clipped the wings of their spirits, and when they would soar, they can only flutter. They want to create, but they are held back. The artist, however, is distinctively a creator; and, in a fine-art exhibition, his absence cannot be compensated for by the presence of the engraver, who, so far from filling the chair of the former, is scarcely large enough to rattle about in it."

On points like these,—to say nothing of some much smaller points,—a controversy arose between the "World" and the "Post," which it is not necessary to follow. Mr. La Farge came himself to the defense. Whatever the "Post" says of wood-engravers not being necessarily artists, "is true," said he, "of painters and of sculptors likewise. Not all wood-engravers are artists, nor are all painters; but, when a man of artistic mind and training is an engraver, he does not cease to be an artist, not even if he should never engrave any original work of his own. This is an elementary rule of the grammar of art. * * To translate faithfully the work of another artist into a different art, requires a high degree of many of the qualities that are rarest in art, and that are identically the same as those through which the artist who paints or carves copies and imitates nature. * * If he is an artist (and he must be an artist in soul to be a good engraver), he need not be 'a plodder and

an imitator' any more than the artist in other departments, on whom we bestow this very reproach if he be not lifted beyond mere technical mechanism." Mr. La Farge also denied that engravers were not esteemed as artists by the brotherhood of painters and sculptors.

Mr. Whittredge followed on the same side in a generous letter, correct in its statements as regards America, in whose National Academy, engravers admitted as engravers, take equal rank with their artist fellows;* but slightly in error, we are informed, as regards the Royal Academy of England, where, though indeed the constitution of the Academy (as quoted by Mr. Whittredge) prescribes that the "privileges and obligations as associate and academicians engravers shall in no respect differ" from those of the other associates and academicians,—they are still considered "a distinct class." Nevertheless, they are expressly included in the general term of "artists." Said Mr. Whittredge, "Nothing, I think, would surprise American artists more than to learn that an engraver was not an artist."

The elder Inness joined in the controversy, thinking that the case had been "too strongly put" for the engraver. "In one sense, indeed," he said, "all workmen are artists—a wood-chopper is an artist, a carpenter, and a tailor; but, that the same artistic power is required in producing an engraving as in producing an oil-painting, I deny." Mr. Inness gave three excellent reasons to prove that "the best oil-painters are artists, in a higher sense than are the best engravers." But Mr. Inness was not consistent; though he rated the engraver with the wood-chopper he still discussed his position relative to that of the painter in oils. But, if an engraver is an artist in the same sense as is a wood-chopper, Mr. Inness, of course, wastes his time and degrades his own profession as a painter, in talking about the engraver's position relative to that of a painter in oil. But Mr. Inness knows very well that a wood-chopper is not an artist in any pertinent sense whatever; and therefore, we say, his argument is inconsistent. The fact is, and Mr. Inness acknowledges this fact in his comparison of engraving with oil-painting, that engraving is essentially artistic, just as painting is essentially artistic; of course, meaning by engraving, not the immature form of the art, and, of course, meaning by painting, something different from the work of the North American Indians. It is perfectly legitimate for Mr. Inness to discuss the difference between painting and engraving, and to exalt the former above the latter; just as it would be perfectly legitimate for a figure-painter to discuss the difference between figure-painting and landscape painting, and to exalt the former above the latter. Mr. Inness says that "a man naturally will not confine himself to engraving if he can paint equally well." Very true; but it would be surprising to the present writer if a painter would confine himself to landscape, when he could paint the figure equally well.

* Members of the Academy elected as engravers, and now living: Academicians, Alfred Jones, elected 1851; John F. E. Prudhomme, 1846; James Smillie, 1851; Associates, W. J. Linton, Stephen A. Schoff.

If Michael Angelo thought it idle to discuss the relative value of painting and sculpture,—“for more time is thus lost than would suffice to make statues,” it was because he thought that although he had always considered sculpture the superior, still it might be that they were equal. Imagine then his scorn at any discussion as to the relative value of landscape-painting and figure-painting. Not Claude, nor Turner, nor Constable, nor Corot, nor Rousseau, nor Inness could convince Michael Angelo that the greatest artists would hold mainly to landscape, when they might find more explicit, full, and passionate expression by the more noble means of the human form.

The denial of the term “artist” to an engraver is especially astonishing to those who have any knowledge of the methods of engraving on wood, although it might be thought that the *results* would be enough for the eye of any critic, particularly of any artist. In his second letter, from which we have already quoted, Mr. LaFarge explains that “the art of engraving has mechanisms of its own, many of them invented for the occasion, which require as much capacity in artistic technique as painting or sculpture.” He speaks of Mr. Marsh’s well-known engravings of butterflies, which were only mapped out on the wood, the artist really drawing with his graver the insect which lay before him. In these engravings, any one who looks carefully “will recognize all sorts of artistic devices, often invented by himself on the spur of the moment, just as a painter does who is studying from nature; all done to reproduce the brilliant or sober color of these insects, their furry or metallic bodies, or the fairy dust which covers their wings. * * This remarkable transcript of some of the most delicate beauties of nature is as much his own as the skies of Turner or the flesh-painting of Titian.”

In the February number of *SCRIBNER* there is an engraving of St. Gaudens’s panel of adoring angels, in St. Thomas’s Church, New York. The lovers

of art are indebted for this exquisite reproduction of one of the most important pieces of sculpture yet made in this country, to a young wood-chopper by the name of Cole. In the reproduction of this beautiful bass-relief, Mr. Cole was not assisted by any draughtsman. The group was photographed upon the wood, and cut by the engraver with a large photograph before him. But the engraver could never have given so accurate, so valuable a copy, if he had not, also, seen and been inspired by the original in its place in the church; if he had not done his work in the same spirit in which St. Gaudens had done his.

Before us, as we write, lies a wood-engraving of a Madonna and child. The art of the master by whom the original was made is apparent here, but no less apparent is the art of the master who has given in firm and sensitive lines this rich, and broad, and luminous reproduction. And yet we are told that the man who draws thus with his graver as few other living artists can draw with pen, pencil, etching-needle, or brush,—we are told that William James Linton is scarcely large enough to rattle about in the chair of an “artist”; that, as an engraver, he is capable of imitating or expressing beauty in the same sense as is the wood-chopper, the carpenter, and the tailor.

But the writer in the “Evening Post” and Mr. Inness have both had time to look deeper into the matter, and to repent of their hastily expressed opinions. They may at least congratulate themselves that they have been the means of calling forth so interesting, though so brief, an essay on the principles of engraving and of art in general as the second letter of Mr. LaFarge, from which we have quoted, and the thoughtful and eloquent paper by Mr. Linton, which is published elsewhere in this magazine.

We learn, just as we go to press, that the controversy has had the excellent result of an exhibition of engravings to be given under the auspices of the Boston “Museum.”

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Annuals.

“WHEN I get rich, I will have a flower-garden,” I once heard a person say. But it is a mistaken idea that flowers are a costly luxury attainable only by the rich. Of course, the rare exotics that adorn the pleasure-grounds of the millionaire are not for poor people, but there is a world of bloom and beauty outside of these. And any one with a few rods of ground and a handful of seeds, may become the happy possessor of a little Eden of his own. The annuals are within the reach of all, and, with sweet-peas at ten cents an ounce, mignonette, nemophila and many others at five cents a packet, poverty is no bar to floriculture. I know whereof I speak, for I seldom spend more than one dollar each season for seeds, yet I always have plenty of flowers from April until November.

I even indulge in “novelties,”—it is so pleasant to have something to look forward to, and the watching and waiting for the first bud and blossom of a new flower is very delightful and even exciting. My “novelties” are my own, however, and not the florists. One year it was nemophila and whitavia, at five cents a packet, both daintily beautiful. This spring, I treated myself to several at the same extravagant rates. One of them is a real acquisition, namely, *Agrostemma (coeli rosa)*, a rosy-faced little flower on long slender stems that give it a cheerful expression, as it seems to be nodding “good-day” most of the time. *Phacelia congesta* is another good little thing, it is very hardy, of a pale blue color, and will bloom all summer if not allowed to go to seed; it is also said to be excellent bee-food; I have myself observed that it is much courted by winged-folk.

There are seven varieties of *nemophila*, and I have had them all from one packet of mixed seed; they are all interesting, but *insignis* and *maculata* are the best; *insignis* is of a lovely blue color with white center hardly enough defined to be called an eye, and *maculata* is a white flower with a violet blotch on each petal; this is the largest and most showy. *Nemophila* is an early bloomer, one of the first of the annuals, and very desirable on this account. I have planted it in March and had it in bloom the latter part of May. It is a native of California and is a favorite in England, where it seems to flourish; with me it does best early in the season; it does not bear the summer heats,—which is singular when we consider its origin.

All of the foregoing, with the exception of *nemophila*, are excellent bouquet flowers, and they are all perfectly hardy and will seed themselves. The new Japan pinks (*Dianthus chinensis*) cannot be too highly commended; the colors are brilliant and varied, and the habit of the plant admirable, and with good treatment it will bloom several years. Then there is that old-time flower the snap-dragon (*antirrhinum*). I like it as much for its fine form and foliage as for its bright blossoms, which are a source of endless enjoyment to the children. The double dwarfscabious (mourning-bride), Mexican ageratum, browallia, calacia (Flora's paint-brush), calliopsis, entoca, *erysimum*, *nigella* (love-in-a-mist, devil-in-a-bush, lady-in-green) and *salpiglossis* are good and durable bouquet flowers. Candytuft is excellent for cutting, but does not bloom long; sweet alyssum is more lasting, but is liable to be devoured by the small black cabbage-flea as soon as it appears above ground. Asters, so fine for an autumn show, with me, do no good. The aster-beetle takes them all. Balsams (lady-slipper) are very handsome when well-grown, but do not always come true to seed. Pansies I treat as annuals, getting fresh seed every year, and giving them a rich soil and plenty of moisture. The north side of the house is the best situation for summer blooming, and a southern exposure for early spring flowers. The plants in bloom now (midsummer), from seed sown in the open ground this spring, will most of them live through the winter and begin to bloom in April, and continue until replaced by new plants, which will be ready to set out in June if grown in the seed-bed or cold-frame,—those raised in hot-beds of course will be earlier. I have no difficulty in keeping pansies over winter, for my plants are always less than a year old; young plants endure the rigors of our winters best. Pansies for spring blooming are often injured by covering too closely during the winter,—the covering should be about the roots, but the leaves must be left free to the air or they will rot. A light mulch of dry leaves spread over the beds late in the autumn, and kept in place with a little brush will answer the purpose. Sweet-peas should be planted in March, if possible, or as soon thereafter as the ground can be got ready; they do not require a very rich soil, but do well in limestone regions. If the soil is deep, and if they are well watered and hoed, and the flowers are cut freely, they will bloom until frost

comes. If allowed to ripen seed, they soon cease blooming, and dry up like table-peas. The climbing nasturtium (*Tropaeolum major*) is one of my favorites—it is always to be depended on; it never fails to put in an appearance, no matter what the weather may be. I condoled with a lady this spring, who said she sowed a great many seeds, but nothing came up but the nasturtium. If a flower wont come up you cannot do much with it, but you can do many things with nasturtiums besides making salads and pickles of them. They will run up a string as nimbly as a morning-glory, clamber over a trellis and climb a tree. And where will you find a more beautiful plant? Flowers and leaves it seems to me are both as near perfection as possible. And besides, it will flourish where almost any other flower would starve. The soldier's flower, like the soldier himself, easily accommodates itself to various climes and modes of life. The blossoms of the Drummond phlox are very gay and at the same time delicate, it is a profuse bloomer and quite hardy, but its form is bad. A good, stocky, self-supporting Drummond phlox is what we are waiting for, and the florist who gives it to us will be a benefactor to his race. The zinnia is as reliable as the nasturtium, and makes a fine display in midsummer and autumn, but be careful about your seed; procure it only from a reliable florist, for a poor zinnia is absolutely not to be tolerated; the best are double, and almost as large as a dahlia. Then there are petunias and verbenas; both may be treated as annuals. I have a bed of each on the lawn that seed themselves year after year, and cost nothing but a little labor. The petunias are the common varieties. I do not know whether the large new sorts will take care of themselves or not. I have not tried them yet, as bouquet-flowers are my favorites, and I have rather neglected the petunias. The verbenas I procured in the first place from pot-plants, let them go to seed, and the following spring burned the stalks, and indeed all the rubbish of the whole garden on the verbenas bed, then dug it over, gave it a covering of leaf mold, protected it with brush and waited. In due time the tiny seedlings came up, grew, bloomed, and went to seed; and they have been doing the same thing ever since. Both verbenas and petunias sport, and so you are sure of variety. This is slipshod gardening, doubtless, but it suits lean purses and may encourage some Faintheart among flower-lovers to go and do likewise.

E. A. M.

A Successful Experiment.

A lady in Indiana has been trying an experiment suggested in a former SCRIBNER, and describes its workings in a letter from which we make these extracts.

"WE—a mother, with 'boys and girls,' aged fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, and twenty years, with friends and companions—concluded to try your suggestion, in the November number of SCRIBNER, about ladies' clubs taking up the study of cities as a means of entertainment during winter evenings; and we find that, with care and a little addition in the way of music, it is very pleasant. All profess to enjoy the

evenings, and it also gives something of interest to talk about between-times, and guides in the selection of books to read, histories and books of travels being much more in demand; and these many are surprised to find 'as good as a novel.' This study creates a demand for maps and pictures, and makes a good geographical review for old and young. For instance: studying in Italy, if your book of travels is not of recent date, your boundary lines are not right, either for Nice on the west or Venice on the east. One is therefore led to study both geography and history, to find the reason why. We find Hillard's 'Six Months in Italy' and Silliman's 'Visit to Europe,' both published in 1852, much better than most of the modern books of travel. In fact, Silliman's is the best, I suppose, that could be used for our purpose. Making the tour of Europe as a teacher, understandingly, after a life of study and intimate acquaintance with the subjects he writes about, being of mature age, yet young in heart and sympathy, he is able to interest, whether he talks of fossil fishes and geological strata, or museums and philosophical apparatus, or mountain scenery, or statuary and fresco-painting. Moreover, having been to Europe when a young man, he is able to show us the changes which forty-six years have made in the countries he visits. I am thus particular in describing this work, because it is such an exception to the ordinary book of travel; it is not filled up with

personal matter, which avails so little when you are looking for information.

"We have studied mostly in Italy, beginning with Venice and approaching Rome by degrees. The younger members of the club thought nothing could be very interesting after Venice; but they were very much interested in Florence, while 'Herculeanum and Pompeii' were almost intoxicating. Of course, Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii' was in demand.

"We want more than anything else maps or plans on an enlarged scale of some of the Old World cities, but do not know how to obtain them. We have none except of Paris. If they could be had with descriptive letter-press, they would be better. We have Grey's 'Atlas,' with maps of the principal cities of the United States, and want something similar giving points of the compass. The only city of which we can get these correctly is Rome. Silliman takes us to the top of Capitoline Hill, and there fixing these 'points,' locates the seven hills (the junior member of the club says, 'Why, there are more than seven hills!') and maps out the city for us, with a full description of what lies to the north, south, east, and west.

"Our object in this has been to interest the younger members as much as possible. Hence we have not studied any one city as long or as thoroughly as we would if the members of the club were all older."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bascom's "Comparative Psychology."*

THE ground covered by this treatise, as the title of the volume indicates, is entirely different from that of psychology proper. The subject is not so much the science of mind as the comparison of intelligence throughout its innumerable phases of development, from the lowest manifestation of consciousness up to the highest reaches of intellect.

Unlike most modern advocates of the intuitional philosophy, Mr. Bascom has thought it worth his while to master those facts of physical and natural science out of which materialism has created its system. In his preface he says,—after speaking of the facts which modern science has accumulated,—“We gladly accept the many truths which this philosophy furnishes; but we build them into an edifice very different from that for which they were quarried” (p. iv).

The chapters on instinct and intelligence are full of thought,—calm, philosophical and dignified. While the argument does not militate against evolution as the mode by which the present physical development of man has been reached, it utterly repudiates the idea that intellect and soul are the mere outcome of a growing refinement of organization.

It seems a great mistake of judgment, that a book so full of real life should open with a metaphysical discussion clothed in unfamiliar and technical language. A natural repugnance and distrust of everything which wraps itself up in mysterious phrases, and holds aloof from common use, has been created in the popular mind by the charlatans of mental and theological science. This democratic and practical age tolerates no magnificent obscurities. But, as is so often the case, the natural and healthful reaction from the intellectual monopoly and priestcraft of the past has been extreme, and much which is good has gone down with the evil. In this volume the thinking is clear, the convictions intense, and yet the language is too technical in the purely metaphysical portions to be pleasing; this is in part due to the infirmities of language and in part to the infirmities of human nature; but it nevertheless leaves the book a less efficient defense of sound faith than it would otherwise be.

When the author begins in his own field,—comparative psychology,—the subject is handled not only well but worthily. If the subject had been so managed that the particular should precede and lead up to the general the effect would have been better to a general reader, and a far larger audience would also have been secured. The mode of considering the facts of comparative intelligence—of instinct and intellect—casts a flood of illumination

* Comparative Psychology, or The Growth and Grades of Intelligence, by John Bascom, Author of "The Philosophy of Religion," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

upon the general statements of the author; but this light, unfortunately, does not fall backward and so many a reader, capable of appreciating the thoughtful, earnest philosophical spirit of the writer, plods through a labyrinth of statements wanting the clue to help him out.

The argument is purely constructive. The author appreciates the facts of modern science in biology and the physiology of body and mind; he builds up out of these facts a system which excludes neither God nor his laws; which makes of the two a harmonious system, including the natural and the supernatural, the physical and the divine. He says in conclusion: "We meet God as the scientist would have us meet him, in nature and under the laws of nature; and we meet him as the theologian would have us meet him, as the Supreme Presence and Ruler in the world."

We all feel conscious that there are certain truths which a too close inspection cause to disappear, and which yet return with a renewed strength of conviction when we look broadly at the subject again. These truths are not mere isolated facts, they are always truths of relation. The human mind is subject, from the infirmity inherent in it, to difficulties which are akin to those of our physical constitution. We have a moral and mental, as well as a physical, recognition of perspective; things close by assume undue proportion and importance and those far away melt into indefiniteness. By the same law subjects when viewed from a distance lose something of their definition, yet at the same time they assert their mutual relations, as they cannot do when we look too closely into either. The mutual relation of body and mind, of instinct and intelligence, we feel as we look calmly at ourselves in our relation to organic nature. We feel, when we contemplate the vast panorama of historical events, that the physical is subordinated to the spiritual, that there is in man something which makes him differ in kind as well as in degree from the brutes. And yet a too close and exclusive study of physical science has wiped out—for thousands of the most honest and brilliant minds of the present day—these distinctions. By a certain power in this volume Mr. Bascom brings the two phases of organic life,—the brute and the human,—and of human existence—its physical and spiritual side—close, while he yet does not allow their true relation to escape us. We see the facts clearly, and still we see both sides in harmonious proportion. Our instinctive appreciation of the truth is justified and placed upon an impregnable basis of fact.

The spirit of the writer is well illustrated by the following words with which we close: "The wisdom of God cannot be saved by an apology based on the difficulties it encounters. If the physical constitution of the world does not seem to us rational, it is not because the divine reason is not everywhere in it, in the calm, clear flow of a perennial purpose; but because we have not insight, experience and scope enough fully to discern that divine thought. Our growing knowledge has taught us a thousand times the deeper lessons, the truer significance of

physical laws, and will till the very end, till matter, like a transparent crystal without a flaw, shall let the light of the divine mind completely through it. Surely, as we have waited not in vain hitherto, we may well preserve, a little longer, this waiting attitude."

Collected Fragments of Thomas Moore.*

THERE is a flavor of Moore's best about these collected fragments of his that gives them value as a reminder which they could not claim for intrinsic merit. Thousands of readers have thrilled with the patriotism of his verse who only condemn its softer passion, and for many who love the leap and lilt of his lyrics, the confectionery of his longest poem seems only mawkish. Indeed the very charm of his personality, which heightened his reputation among his contemporaries, rather leads the sober judgment of to-day to question it. What was borne off as spontaneous and sprightly, uttered by the man, seems to us, who never heard him, artificial and sometimes tinsel. The form is grace itself, the turns of fancy exquisite, the touches of expression delicate, but it is work wrought in silver filigree, not in marble. Yet his glowing passion for country will keep the best of that work bright and living.

The juvenile poems here collected are like juvenile poems the world over, unless it may be said that they confirm more strongly than is usual with such productions the wise German's saying, "What one longs for in youth he has to the full in riper years." In these promises at least, even more truly than it might have been said of Watts, the babe was father of the bard. The satire, most of it political, which was so telling in its time, belongs to his later years, and must needs seem tame to us, who miss the fit occasion and personal direction that lent it life. What is given of his prose in the form of contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" leaves an impression of serious power of work rather surprising to those who know only his verse. The graver pieces among these essays are as grave as Brougham himself could have made them, while far more elegant, and the witty ones would have gained nothing if Sidney Smith had retouched them. The critique on Lord Thurlow's poems is riotously clever, sharp and even vindictive, but not unfair, if the victim is to be tried by his own utterances. The editor pronounces it unjust, because Thurlow was a true poet; Mr. Stoddard can defend a paradox so ingeniously that we wish he would give us a monograph to justify this praise. These essays recall the peculiarity of the early articles in the "Edinburgh," in contrast with the reviewing tone of later days. They were unconscious, almost naïve, direct to the point, and keeping close to their theme. Take, as an instance, Macaulay's critique of Montgomery, which is almost bald in its simplicity. How differ-

* Prose and Verse, by Thomas Moore, chiefly from the Author's Manuscripts. With notes edited by Richard Herne Shepherd, and a preface by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

ent from the modern style of "Quarterly" article, which just names its subject, and forgets the text, to discourse "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*"

The volume contains sparkling comic opera, spiced with diverting songs, and pointed with curious bits of rhyme, the most amusing part of which is a note to the author's preface, hailing the Regent as a morning-star of hope. That Regent!—but it was in 1811, early in his day. There is also an unfinished prose story, full of imagination, and recalling in some passages his exquisite tale, "The Epicurean," and there are a few letters, and certain notes for his "Life of Byron," which contain some new anecdotes, and sketch some traits of the greater poet in a fresh and lively way. The American editor has treated his material in his usual accurate and sympathetic manner, and the volume is beautifully printed and with a freedom from errors, especially in the frequent quotations from foreign languages, refreshing in contrast with the carelessness in that respect which nowadays disfigures so much of what is called editing.

Edgar Fawcett's "Fantasy and Passion."

If the reader open Mr. Fawcett's book with prejudice, it is the fault of the author only. All that a poet dare to hope for in the way of recognition, the title of this volume assumes beforehand. Have I, in the eyes of lovers of poetry, fantasy? Have I passion? That is what the true artist will ask. But Mr. Fawcett has no such timidity. He boldly assumes that he possesses both. Perhaps he has the shallow philosophy at his tongue's end, that the world will not take a man for more than he asserts. That may be a good sentiment for brokers, for business men, for politicians, but not for a poet. Readers prefer to judge for themselves whether a poet has any fantasy and passion,—these rarest of all qualities,—and quickly resent anything that looks like advertising, or like browbeating. They will not believe that such delicate wares can be found behind so indelicate a title.

If Mr. Fawcett's verse is, to our thinking, remarkable for its lack of both passion and fantasy, it is by no means devoid of merit. The author has his flashes; sometimes he has his moods of deep thought; occasionally he has the charm of dexterity in versification, together with cleverness in choice of subject. Here are two stanzas from a picture of "Heat-Lightning."

"The mild night grows; through meadowed ways
The globing dew makes odor sweet,
And slowly now, in that dark cloud,
A pulse of gold begins to beat!

"Drenched to its core with gentle fire,
The cloud, at every mellowing change,
Shows tranquil lakes and lovely vales
And massive mountains, range on range!"

There are scattered lines and even whole poems in the book as good as, if not better than, the above. "A Bird of Passage" is a most graceful little poem which any of our poets might covet:

"As the day's last light is dying,
As the night's first breeze is sighing,
I send you, Love, like a messenger-dove, my thought through
the distance flying!
Let it perch on your sill; or, better,
Let it feel your soft hand's fetter,
While you search and bring from under its wing, love, hidden
away like a letter!"

And Mr. Fawcett is able to put into a stately meter an Oriental legend like "Pest," and make it solemn, almost grand. We quote this poem entire:

"I came at midnight to the city's great
Last gate.
Below me gleamed its shadowy stately maze
Of ways;
Domes, minarets, obelisks, firm-reared to dare
Mid-air;
Masses of blended roofs in shadow deep
As sleep;
And woven among its thousand streets and sites,
Dim lights.

"But now, as I bore onward to that great
Last gate,
A dark shape stole toward me, glided fast
And past.
With wonderment I turned, not trusting quite
My sight,
When lo! the shape beneath me on the hill
Stood still,
And even as I had turned, so turned apace
Its face.
Wherewith the moon, from out a cloudy lair,
Broke fair,
And showed me, lit with large eyes, burning dull,
A skull!

"Days after, this news reached me in the West:
'The Pest
Sweeps Ishpan with its embittered breath
Of death!
Within the temples prayers and maddened cries
Arise;
And by her heaps, forever newly fed,
Of dead,
Our city moans for Allah to disperse
The curse.'"

It is noticeable that he is best when simplest. The very commonplace tale involved in "The House on the Hill" is made effective by the simplicity of its meter and wording, and there is a touch of sincerity in "Attainment." When his meter becomes fantastic Mr. Fawcett becomes weak. Here are some stanzas from a "Barcarolle,"—a piece which, with the exception of a line or two, seems to us the height of bad taste:

"With strange half-proud humility,
With sumptuous tranquillity,
Thou art lounging, Sweet, at my flattered feet, in
statuesque immobility,
Against thy bosom's chaste superb repose
One heavy blood-red velvet-petaled rose!

"Heedless if skies be thunderful,
Heedless if time be plunderful,
And only sure of the splendor pure in those fathomless
eyes and wonderful,
My soul would soar beyond all time, as soars
The upleaping lark through dawn's white corridors."

And here is a "sample" stanza from a poem called "Winds:"

"Here grouped in superb frigidity,
The blasts of the North repose,
Proud spirits of stern intrepidity,
Whose wings with clangors unclosed.
In their saturnine eyes crepuscular
Cold hatreds bitterly glow;
In the girth of their dark arms muscular
Lie shipwreck, ruin and woe!"

* Fantasy and Passion. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Besides putting forth seriously a good deal of verse such as this, Mr. Fawcett shows a decided fondness for the slurring of syllables in the line, presumably after the fashion of Italian meters. Swinburne began this, having caught it from the Italian and Provençal poets. In "Cameos," the first sonnet is on Thackeray, and concludes thus:

"How forcefully could he paint the proud grandee
The skilled adventuress, with her game sly-played,
The toadying snob, in triple brass arrayed;
The dissolute fop, the callous debauchee;
And dowagers, in rouge, feathers, and brocade,
Sneering at life across their cards and tea!"

"Forcefully" must be pronounced *forcef'ly*, and "adventuress" as three instead of four syllables, while the line next to the last defies reading smoothly by any method. This is a direction in English verse which must be deplored; it soon becomes a mannerism, and gives a ludicrous sound to poems which are meant to be grave.

Mr. Fawcett has, as becomes a poet, much to say about Nature, but he seems to lack the first requisite of a Nature-poet, that of accurate (loving, and therefore accurate) observation. A poem containing not a little that is excellent is that called "A Toad." But it has a line in which the toad is called a

"Dark stumbler at the roots of flowers."

The simile here is striking, but it is false. The toad sees better in the dusk than men, never springs except when he has a good motive, and never misses his mark. When man—himself a dark stumbler at the roots and stalks of flowers—comes blundering along with his blind feet, then the toad may stumble out of fright, but not through his own fault. By what right does he make the humble box-plant say:

"I cannot lure the dainty bee"—?

Has he ever observed closely the way in which fire-flies show their light, and can still write of them:

"Whose wings can never tremble but they show
These hearts of living fire that beat below!"

Bad art could no farther go than that which we find in a poem called "Rarity," where, to show how much he relished a daisy, he says:

"It wore a pastoral charm so sweet,
This lovely lissome marguerite,

That seeing it was like dear repose
To me, whose whole heart loathed a rose!"

It is no great praise of a poem that it is said to give the effect of daintiness, but if a poem aims to be dainty, it should be this at least. Self-consciousness is the curse of all modern literature; but if we are to have in poetry artifice rather than art, let the result of the artifice be as simple and unaffected as possible, not inaccurate, magniloquent, strained, turgid. In this writer we find the turgidness of maturity and of "polish," not of youth and spontaneity. The trouble seems to be that Mr. Fawcett seldom writes from a genuine poetic impulse. "Ferns," "Moss," "Leaves," "Clover," "Grapes," "A Toad," "Weeds,"

"A Bat," "Box," "Dew," "Fire-flies," "Velvet," "Satin," "Brocade,"—given these subjects—what shall I say about them? It is in consequence of the want of spontaneity that he has taken to straining after epithets. There is a beauty in satin, but it will not do for an unskilled writer to make satin the subject of a sonnet; the result will be a burlesque. Just as modern French painters paint so well that they impress the dignity of fine workmanship upon insignificant subjects, so do modern French versifiers manage their words so well that they give importance, if not dignity, to trivial or repulsive subjects. Mr. Fawcett is following in the same rut, but without the requisite mastery of his profession. Here is the octave from his sonnet on satin. To those who do not see the poor taste in the conception of this sonnet, and the bad poetical art in the execution, it is useless to explain them in detail:

"No moonlit pool is lovelier than the glow
Of this bright sensitive texture, nor the sheen
On sunny wings that wandering sea-birds preen;
And sweet, of all fair draperies that I know,
To mark the smooth tranquillity of its flow,
Where shades of tremulous dimness intervene,
Shine out with mutable splendors, mild, serene,
In some voluminous raiment white as snow."

The sequel to this sonnet, worthy of a sentimental draper's assistant, is that the poet's mind reverts, from satin to the acme of passionateness—to Shakespeare's Juliet! This must be the result of making a serious pursuit of the collection of *bric-à-brac*. But what can be expected from a writer who uses constantly such adjectives as "statuesque," "quaint," "superb," "bland,"—words that we expect only in poetry written for "Godey's" or "The Ledger!"—"Plethoric hamperfuls of cheer," "imperishable pathos," "terrible crashes," "the impetuous silver of the brook," "to win suave healing from the fluctuant years," "with opulence of full-orbed accomplishment,"—expressions such as these disfigure almost every page.

If the examples of a lack of taste which we have quoted in this notice were exceptional, it would be an ungracious and an unnecessary task to dwell upon them. But they indicate the inveterate habit of the writer,—they seem to be the result of choice,—they are well-considered methods of composition, and not mere lapses,—as, for instance, the use of the extra syllable alluded to above, which obliges the reader to take the Dundreary skip sometimes in every line on the page. Furthermore, Mr. Fawcett is not a new writer; though this is his first book of poems (except a volume of poems for children), his work is familiar, and has been for years, to the readers of almost every magazine and literary periodical in the country. He has, probably, printed a greater number of verses during the last ten years than any other writer in America. It would not be just to criticise his work as that of a novice.

No experience is so useful to a writer as that of seeing his detached pieces brought together in a volume. The faults which the critic is so prompt

to point out, he often has no need of assistance to discover. If Mr. Fawcett has in him the power of growth, which the author of poems as good as are his best should possess, his work in the future will be worthier of his best aims.

Gibson's "Complete American Trapper."*

BOOKS of a thoroughly practical sort, emanating from a writer's own experience, are always valuable, not only, but have about them a certain freshness and charm which makes them entertaining even if we are not specially interested in the theme. This is particularly true of out-door literature, and this little manual of "the tricks of trapping and trap-making" is no exception. Within the limits of 300 small pages the author has compressed "all necessary information" concerning nearly every known device for the capture of bird or beast, with directions as to baiting traps, selection of ground for setting, and methods of concealment; also with full directions for building log-cabins and shanties, boats and canoes, hints on outfit, food and camp equipage, and a description of the manner of curing and tanning skins and furs; besides good brief accounts of the natural history of the animals chiefly to be met with by the trapper, and a dozen other matters akin to the subject. Having in mind as his readers sport-loving boys, the author has taken pains to explain, in the most circumstantial manner, and illustrate with much detail, all the devices he presents, and there surely need be no fault found with the book on the score of obscurity. Every difficulty likely to occur to a beginner seems to have been anticipated. Whether all his traps will succeed as well as promised is somewhat doubtful,—not a few of them are original inventions vouched for by the maker; but that the great majority will do their work almost infallibly, and are within everybody's power to construct, there is no doubt. Mr. Gibson being an artist as well as a trapper and woodsman, he has embellished his book with about 150 wood-cuts.

Minot's "Land and Game Birds of New England."†

OF the inexpensive treatises upon our familiar birds that have yet appeared, we regard this as the most satisfactory. It is evidently written not by a mere cabinet student, but by a practical field ornithologist who loves the live bird itself, and knows how to describe it. The book is made up substantially of original observations, many of them decidedly fresh and entertaining, and all of them clearly and directly put. The simple diagrams of the birds that accompany the text are more effective than one would think it possible for them to be, and in the absence of colored plates, are of about as much service to the student, as more elaborate wood-engravings. The fact is, nearly all the birds have very marked pro-

files, and when these are accurately caught by the draughtsman as they are in most cases in this work, there is no mistaking them. The only noticeable failure (if it is not an error) of this kind is on page 217, where the diagram of the white-throated sparrow is a much closer representation of his congener, the white-crowned. The latter bird has the long, broad tail, and the slender form here indicated. The work is prefaced by a valuable introduction on the practical study of birds, with advice about egg-collecting, forming a cabinet, etc., and has in the appendix an interesting ornithological calendar for Boston, Massachusetts, with other valuable matter.

New English Books.

LONDON, April 1, 1878.

IT is almost superfluous to say that with a prospect of war in all its dread reality before our eyes, the commerce of literature partakes of the stagnation common to all businesses and professions that do not deal with the actual necessities of life. Whether the danger of hostilities—now apparently imminent—is averted or not, the effect is almost equally disastrous as far as literature is concerned. Brain-work, to be worth much, is a force of slow and careful elaboration, and while publishers, as at present, shrink from committing themselves to any future enterprises, the motive power that impels the student to laborious research or experiment in literature or science, is entirely wanting, and the result will probably be found in a year unmarked by any production of value above the ordinary supplies that feed the circulating libraries. While most costly or important works are kept back for better times, a few books that had been prepared for the usual spring season have been brought out during the past month, and may be briefly enumerated. A book vying with the most elegant productions of the modern press is "A Voyage on the 'Sunbeam;' or Our Home on the Ocean for Eleven Months," by Mrs. Brassey,—a handsome octavo, furnished with a prodigality of illustrations, pictorial, cartographic, etc., that does credit to the source whence they emanate. This is, of course, the liberality of the owner of the "Sunbeam," Mr. Thomas Brassey, member of Parliament for Hastings. The father of this gentleman, Thomas Brassey, the elder, who better deserved than Beckford Lord Byron's epithet of "England's wealthiest son," was one of the most remarkable characters produced in England by the railroad era. Unlike the Hudsons, Petos, and others, whose colossal fortunes evaporated before they could be counted, Mr. Brassey's millions were realized and safely invested, and at least three of his sons in three English counties—Sussex, Kent, and Oxfordshire—take high rank among territorial magnates, and are found in possession of lordly mansions and broad acres that have passed into their hands from decaying members of the older aristocracy. The "Sunbeam," as might be expected, seems to have been rather a floating "pleasure-house," the embodiment of an epicurean dream,

* The Complete American Trapper. By Wm. H. Gibson. New York: James Miller.

† Land and Game Birds of New England. By N. D. Minot. Naturalist's Agency: Salem, Mass.

than an ordinary yacht, and all the views that greeted its inmates on their voyage round the world are naturally tinged with a roseate hue. Still, the crew were not exempt from the accidents incident to humanity, and the book is a most interesting one as the shifting scenes of the panorama of the world are presented to us in the lively narrative of the authoress, while it does credit to the manliness of the race to learn that Mr. Brassey was his own sailing-master and navigated his vessel with its precious freight safely through the perilous Straits of Magellan and other marine dangers, with a skill testified to beyond dispute by the happy issue of the adventurous voyage.

A book of more enduring importance is the new and enlarged edition of the classic work of Dr. F. Keller, on the "Prehistoric Lake Dwellings of Switzerland, and other parts of Europe," as translated and completed by Professor Lee. In its first conception the work was confined to the singular remnant of Lacustrine habitations in Switzerland only, but the same field of research has been followed up with so much success in the British Isles, northern and eastern Europe, and even in Asia Minor, that the book now presents a careful digest of all that has been discovered on the subject not only in Switzerland but in other countries. The modes of examination and methods of research are fully detailed and, thanks to Dr. Keller's earnestness and thorough enjoyment of his work, we can form, in some respects, a clearer idea of the social status, industries, food, clothing, etc., etc., of the very early, if not among the earliest, inhabitants of Europe than we can of our own immediate ancestors two or three centuries ago. The clear calm bosom of the silent lakes has proved a faithful custodian of the numberless relics that it now yields to investigators of the aboriginal races who in the very dawn of history constructed their villages on piles in its placid waters. They were probably led to this choice of a situation by a desire for security from the attacks of ruder and less civilized tribes inhabiting the neighboring mountains; but if so, it is a sad beginning of the history of civilization to find that almost all these infant communities bear marks of destruction by fire. Nearly three thousand of these various relics of all kinds are figured and described in the work before us, where a new page of history will be found written with startling distinctness. Professor Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies in Greece" is much enlarged in a new edition. The author has no equal as a brilliant writer on the topics inspired by the scenes of his rambles,—topics that now, through the labor of Dr. Schliemann and the German savants at Olympia, have become matters of interest to every person of the least mental cultivation. Professor Besley's vivid sketches of Roman history are collected in a volume entitled "Cataline, Clodius, and Tiberius," and exhibit extraordinary power in investing with life the old historic dry bones of our school-boy days. A work of considerable magnitude and importance makes another step to its conclusion by the issue of the first volume, relating to the New Testament, of what

is now popularly known as "The Speaker's Commentary" on the Bible, though probably it will be the destiny of the "Notes and Queries" of the next generation to explain the meaning of this appellation. So diverse are the various schools of criticism on Biblical interpretation that it was for some time doubtful whether the leading men among the bishops and clergy of the Anglican Church could unite in the production of a work of this kind; but this difficulty has been overcome. The Old Testament is complete in six volumes, and the New Testament will form four. The first of these is remarkable for the commentary of that late distinguished metaphysician and divine, Dr. H. L. Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's, on the Gospel of St. Matthew. He was in fact engaged on it at the time of his death. The general introduction to the New Testament is by Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, author of the well-known book, "The Laws of Thought." Another member of the Episcopal bench, Dr. Basil Jones, Bishop of St. David's, closes the volume with a commentary on Luke. Volume two of the New Testament will comprise St. John's Gospel and Acts of the Apostles; and the remainder of the New Testament, volumes three and four.

The great architectural historian and critic, Mr. James Ferguson, has recently devoted a special treatise to the subject of "The Temples of the Jews and the other Buildings in the Haram Area at Jerusalem," in one handsome quarto volume, with numerous fine illustrations. As Cuvier could reconstruct the form of an entire extinct animal from a small fragment of its structure, so Mr. Ferguson claims for the architect the same power of reproducing the past from very limited remains of its genuine work. His theories based on this faculty, though they are totally at variance with the conclusions of other antiquarians, have succeeded in exciting attention, though they would revolutionize the received opinions on the topography of Jerusalem, as Mr. Ferguson sees in the Mosque of Omar, on the very site of the Temple of Solomon, not a Saracenic building at all, but the mausoleum erected by Constantine around the sepulcher of our Savior. Ample discussion of all the questions connected with this fertile subject of inquiry will be found in Mr. Ferguson's book.

The interest connected with the long artistic career of George Cruikshank has provided a large audience ready to welcome the autobiographic memoir from his pen that may be expected in the coming autumn. His last pictorial work was the execution of some thirty or forty drawings for its illustration. They preserve much of his old fire and spirit, and give a unique character to the book, now being edited from his MSS. by his widow.

Two books of travel are about to appear, and probably will be unaffected by the war,—Mr. Henry M. Stanley's narrative (christened somewhat too sensationally), "Through the Dark Continent," and Captain Sir G. S. Nares' account of the last government Polar expedition in 1875-6, each in two volumes, amply illustrated with photographs, wood-engravings, etc.

ten stores, each having apartments in the rear, and above the stores, every floor is laid out as exhibited by the plan. At the ends of the block bow-windows are carried up to the top floor, and at the rear are six projections, each 2.13 meters (7 feet) deep, and containing wash-rooms as shown in the plan. The windows on every floor are unusually large and reach to the ceiling, and all the windows facing the street are provided with broad slate sills and iron guards for flowers. The stories are 2.52 meters (8 feet 3 inches) high in the clear, this comparatively low ceiling being considered sufficient where every room opens to the air and has such large windows.

In examining the plan, it will be seen that each tenement, or set of rooms, is complete in itself and entirely independent of all other. For instance, the stair-way at the right opens to the right on the balcony, and from this is a hall-way common to tenements marked M and N. The end set, marked N, has a hall, parlor, bedroom, living-room, and kitchen with range, set tub, sink with water, coal-box, water-closet, and ash-spout. The tenement marked M has a hall, bedroom, parlor, living-room, a kitchen with place for stove, and a wash-room. The wash-room is in the projection, and has sink, set tub, water, and separate water-closet with a large window, and there is also an ash-shoot. The balcony on the left opens into two tenements, each of four rooms. The central tower balconies open into three sets of rooms each,—one of three rooms and two of four rooms. Besides these rooms, each tenement has a large closet in the cellar, the free use of a bath-room, and ample drying-space on the roof or in the yard. At the back of the block is a cart-way, closed by gates at each end, through which all heavy stores and coal are delivered to the cellars, and all the ashes collected in the bins under the shoots may be removed. Each tenant is obliged to burn the garbage, and thus nothing but clean ashes remain to be removed and the air of the house is at all times pure. No waste-barrels are allowed on the sidewalks, as in the wretched New York fashion, and the tenant is relieved of all care in the matter.

Such a block as this is in remarkable contrast with the average tenement-house of New York City. There are no dark rooms, no water in the stair-ways, every stair-way is fully open to the air and light, and is absolutely fire-proof. No gas is supplied in the room, but all the stairways are lighted till eleven P. M., free of charge, and every tenant has a key to the iron gate at the entrance. The block contains sixty tenements and ten stores, every one having ample light and air, and each tenement having its own water and sanitary system complete in itself. Ventilating pipes extend to the roof from every water-closet, and the rain-water from the roof follows the soil-pipes, thus keeping them clear. Every tenement has, also, two chimney-flues.

One of the blocks, containing forty tenements and now occupied, presents the following as the outcome of the experiment: The land cost \$6,478.04;

the building, \$32,064.37; insurance, taxes, etc., \$943.49,—making a total of \$39,485.90. The rents for one year from the tenements and stores reached \$5,054.60, and the expenses of water, janitor, removing ashes, repair fund of one and one-half per cent., vacant room allowance of one-half per cent. on the total cost, amounted to \$2,071.88, leaving earnings of \$2,982.72. The same block could now be erected for somewhat less, and would thus raise the percentage of profit to about eight per cent.

Near these blocks are several rows of single dwellings on the Philadelphia plan. These houses are 9.76 meters (32 feet) deep; 3.50 meters (11½ feet) wide, and two stories high, and contain six rooms each, except the end houses, which are three stories high. The blocks are 61 meters (200 feet) long, and are placed facing each other with a park-way or garden between them. At the rear of each block is a cart-way, and thus the two blocks occupy a space 31.72 meters wide, or 132 centimeters (4 feet) more than a New York City lot. The park-way between the blocks is only for foot travel, and the ash and coal carts come to the rear entrance of each house; while ample drying space is provided in the cart-way; this being closed by private gates at the ends, the clothing is perfectly safe from theft, and no intruders can come to the back doors of the houses. Each house has its own porch, with one step on the walk and the rest within the walls, and all the houses are built of the best materials and in the most tasteful and thorough manner. These blocks and tenement houses were erected as an experiment to see if it is not possible to house the families of the very poorest respectable working people in a manner that would give each family complete privacy and ample light and air, and the best sanitary appliances—all at a cheap and profitable rate. The rents for the tenements of four rooms in the large house range from \$2.40 to \$2.60 a week, as the rooms front the street or the rear; and \$2.90 for end sets on the first floor. For the second floor, and upward, the rents vary from \$1.90 to \$2.70 a week, according to location. The three-room tenements range from \$1.90 on the first floor to \$1.50 on the top. The single houses rent for \$18 a month. The rents are always paid in advance, and for advances of a month a discount of 10 cents a week is allowed. The tenants so far accepted are exceptionally quiet and orderly, and belong strictly to the laboring poor—longshoremen, day-laborers and the like. Delay in payment of the rent is rare, and only one tenant has been actually turned out for non-payment.

This experiment in building dwellings and tenements for the poorer classes that shall be at once safe, pleasant and cheap, is interesting as showing that such houses may be rented at low figures and yet pay as an investment. It also shows the great blunder that has been committed in laying out city lots in New York. At the same time, it points a remedy, and shows that tenements need not be made with dark rooms, because the lots are of the wrong shape and dimensions. The ends of the blocks facing the avenues are ample for a fine front-

age of either tenements or blocks of single dwellings, and as the lots are 30.5 meters deep, one block of tenements and one block of dwellings, with a park-way or narrow street between them, or two blocks of dwellings, with broad park-way or short street between them, can be placed on the lots as now divided. For lots on side streets the same arrangement can be carried out by means of an arch-way under the block and leading to the park in the rear. A still better plan would be to erect the tenements of this narrow width, so as to get rid of dark rooms, and to give the space in the rear to a private garden and play-ground, and cart-way common to all the tenants, and closed by a gate. These buildings prove that it is not necessary to make tenements so deep in order to make them pay. Large gardens and cart-ways in the rear are not wasteful because the improved comfort and convenience attracts a better class of tenants and secures a more stable income on the investment.

Memoranda.

A NEW form of wash-stand for state-rooms on board ships and in sleeping-cars and dwelling where space is valuable is now manufactured, that may be tipped up and folded back into a recess in the wall. The stand for the water-pipes and faucets and waste-pipes and the bowl are inclosed in an iron frame that may be let into the wall of a room, and when closed is only 18 centimeters (7 inches) thick. The bowl is hinged at the back and, on being tipped up, the water it may contain flows back

into a broad spout that leads to the waste-pipe, thus cleaning it effectually and leaving it empty when not in use. The stand is made wholly of iron, enameled on the inside and bronzed or otherwise ornamented on the back. By letting the stand into the wall only the round bottom of the bowl will project into the room. The stand is complete in itself and only requires connection with the mains.

OF the many attempts that have been made to render boiler-flues stronger in resisting collapse, none have proved more promising than a new system of corrugation. The tubes are made of plate-iron, welded into tubes in the usual manner, and then submitted to a rolling-mill of peculiar construction and designed for the purpose. The flue, in passing the rolls, is rolled or squeezed up into ring-like corrugations. By this arrangement the flue is braced and materially strengthened against collapse. Reports of experiments on plain and corrugated flues of equal length, diameter, and thickness of material say that under a water test the plain flue showed signs of distress at a pressure of 75 kilos, and collapsed at a pressure of 112½ kilos (225 lbs. per square inch), while the corrugated flue only gave way at a pressure of 510 kilos. The corrugating tends to spread the iron out thin in the corrugations at the center of the flue, but this leaves more material at the ends, where strength is needed for the riveting. The corrugating is also a test of the material, as only the best iron and work will submit to the mill without lamination, or breaking up into layers.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Old French Metrical Forms.

H. C. BUNNER.

[Within the last few months, the efforts of Messrs. Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Robert Bridges, and others, to revive certain old French metrical forms have excited considerable interest. These dainty refinements of versification date back to the times of the Trouvères and Troubadours. The Provençal and kindred tongues being rich in strong accents, their prosody is in perfect accordance with the Anglo-Saxon system of rhythm, and Mr. Dobson, in his latest volume, has proved that these metres may be used in English with exquisite effect.

The following essays in the Chant Royal, Rondeau, Rondel, and Triolet forms may need a word of explanation. The Chant Royal has been called "the final *tour de force*" of poetic composition. It was "reserved for the celebration of divine mysteries, or for the exploits of some heroic race." It is composed of five stanzas of eleven lines, all using the same set of five rhymes, in the same order, and each ending with the refrain or burden. To this is added an Envoy of five or six lines (half the length of a stanza), ending also with the refrain, and beginning with an address to some dignitary or dignitaries, as "Prince" or "Barons." The Rondeau consists of thirteen iambic lines of eight or ten syllables. It has but two rhymes, and is divided into three stanzas, of five, three, and five lines respectively. The initial word or phrase (four syllables) repeated at the end of the second and third stanzas, forms the unrhymed refrain. Apropos of refrains in general, it must be noted that a slight shade of difference, in sentiment or verbal meaning, should be

introduced at each repetition. In the Ballade, Rondel, and Triolet slight variations in the phraseology are permissible. The Rondel has fourteen eight-syllable lines, on two rhymes. The refrain is the two lines beginning the first quatrain, repeated at the end of the second, and again to close the final stanza of six lines. The Rondel here given is written on the plan of a re-arrangement introduced by Mr. Austin Dobson. The Triolet is a condensed Rondel. It has eight lines and two rhymes, and begins and ends with a two-line refrain, the first line being, moreover, repeated to form the fourth.

Other forms of the Romance metres are the several varieties of the Ballade, and the Villanelle, which are described at length in an able article by E. W. Gosse, in the "Cornhill Magazine" for July, '77, from which most of the above definitions are abridged.]

A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE.

[TRIOLET.]

A PITCHER of mignonette,

In a tenement's highest casement:

Queer sort of a flower-pot—yet

That pitcher of mignonette

Is a garden in heaven set,

To the little sick child in the basement—

The pitcher of mignonette,

In the tenement's highest casement.

O HONEY OF HYMETTUS HILL.

[RONDEL—DOBSON'S VARIATION.]

O HONEY of Hymettus Hill,
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste,
Wert here for the soft amorous bill
Of Aphrodite's courser placed?

Thy musky scent what virginal chaste
Blossom was ravished to distill,
O honey of Hymettus Hill,
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste?

What upturned calyx drank its fill
When ran the draught divine to waste,
That her white hands were doomed to spill—
Sweet Hebe, fallen and disgraced—
O honey of Hymettus Hill,
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste?

ON NEWPORT BEACH.

[RONDEAU.]

ON Newport beach there ran right merrily,
In dainty navy-blue clothed to the knee,
Thence to the foot in white, *au naturel*,
A little maid. Fair was she, truth to tell,
As Oceanus' child, Callirrhoe.

In the soft sand lay one small shell, its wee
Keen scallops tinct with faint hues, such as be
In girlish cheeks. In some old storm it fell
On Newport beach.

There was a bather of the species *Ac*,
Who saw the little maid go toward the sea;
Rushing to help her through the billowy swell,
He set his sole upon the little shell,
And heaped profanely phraséd obloquy
On Newport beach.

BEHOLD THE DEEDS!

[CHANT ROYAL.]

[Being the Complaint of Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, Salesman
of Fancy Notions, held in durance of his Landlady for a failure
to connect on Saturday night.]

I.

I WOULD that all men my hard case might
know;
How grievously I suffer for no sin:
I, Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, for lo!
I of my landlady am lockéd in,
For being short on this sad Saturday,
Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay:
She has turned and is departed with my
key;
Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,
I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon-
stones
When for ten days they expiate a spree):
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

II.

One night and one day have I wept my woe;
Nor wot I, when the morrow doth win,
If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,
To pray them to advance the requisite tin
For ransom of their salesman, that he may
Go forth as other boarders go alway—
As those I hear now flocking from their
tea,
Led by the daughter of my landlady
Piano-ward. This day, for all my moans,
Dry bread and water have been servéd me.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

III.

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so
The heart of the young he-boardér doth win,
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—
That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the banco skin
The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray:
That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye
Ere sits she with a lover, as did we
Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be
That all that arduous wooing not atones
For Saturday shortness of trade dollars
three?
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

IV.

Yea! she forgets the arm was wont to go
Around her waist. She wears a buckle,
whose pin
Galleth the crook of the young man's elbow.
I forget not, for I that youth have been.
Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.
Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay
Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he;
But his noise brought no pleasaunce, verily.
Small ease he gat of playing on the bones
Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

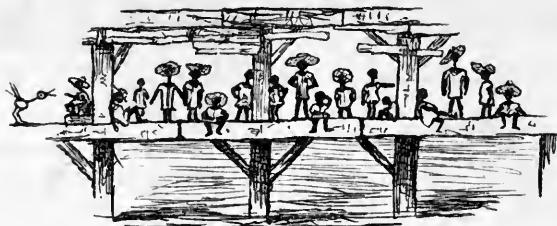
V.

Thou, for whose fear the figurative crow
I eat, accursed be thou and all thy kin!
Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show
Thy too thick buckwheats, and thy tea too
thin.
Ay! here I dare thee, ready for the fray:
Thou dost *not* "keep a first-class house," I say!
It does not with the advertisements agree.
Thou lodgest a Briton with a puggaree,
And thou hast harbored Jacobses and
Cohns,
Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee!
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

ENVOY.

Boarders! the worst I have not told to ye:
She hath stolen my trowsers, that I may not flee
Privily by the window. Hence these groans.
There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit*.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

"Our Artist" Abroad.*



ARRIVAL AT ASPINWALL.

First impressions of the city and its inhabitants. Colored citizens on the dock, awaiting the steamer.



ARRIVAL AT CALLAO—THE HARBOR.

The landing-boat being a trifle too much loaded by the head, Our Artist finds it somewhat difficult to steer.



LOCOMOTION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

What the country people would do down there, if the jackasses were only long enough. What they *do* do, is but slightly caricatured by Our Artist.



HACKMEN IN SPAIN.

Portraits of the three hackmen, who (upon our arrival at the city of Burgos, in the dead of night) meet us at the railroad station, and propose accompanying us to our hotel.



BEGGARS IN SPAIN.

Our Artist having, in a generous moment, distributed a handful of copper coins to the poor of Grenada, finds himself, thereafter, in all his strolls about the Alhambra, at the head of such a procession as this.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVI.

JULY, 1878.

No. 3.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.—III.

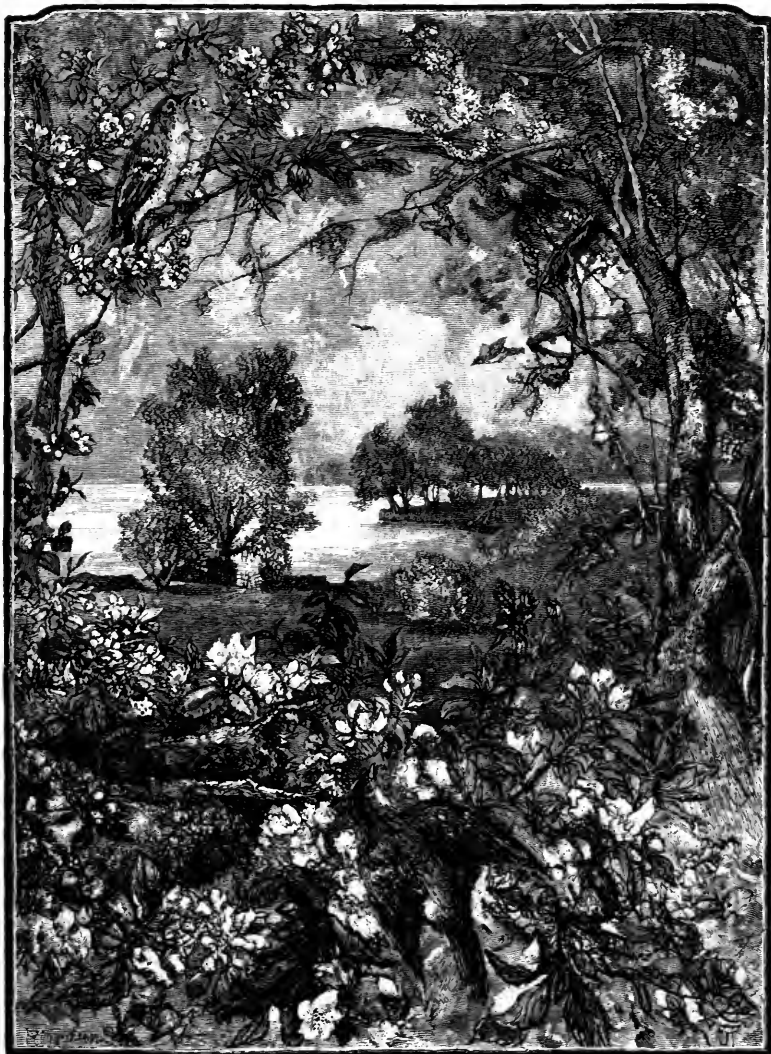


FIG. 1. NEST OF THE YELLOW-THROATED VIREO (*LANIVIREO FLAVIFRONS*).

THE several families of weaving-birds illustrated in the June number are very far from having exhausted the list of those aerial architects the most prominent feature

of whose construction is their pensile character. A distinguished author of a work on the architecture of birds has distributed their very large numbers and their varied



FIG. 2. NEST OF RED-EYED VIREO (*VIREOSYLVIA OLIVACEUS*).

is so very vague that anything like a definite analytical separation of them is simply impossible. We shall not attempt to follow any arbitrary arrangement, preferring to be guided by a few simple, comprehensive, and distinctive peculiarities that are not always coincident with the accepted classifications of the systematist.

VIREOS.

THE first group to which attention is invited is characterized, to a very remarkable degree, by the harmony, the correspondence, and the pervading similarity of the habits of all its members. This family,

styles of nest-building among different groupings, but his classification of these groups

the vireos, is exclusively American, numbers about fifty varieties, and is found throughout the United States, the West India islands, Mexico, Central and all the northern and middle portions of South America. In North America, north of Mexico, there are at least sixteen different varieties, and although the distinctive habits of three of these have not been positively ascertained, it is safe to assume that all have, in every essential respect, the same manner of life, and the same uniform and beautiful style of architectural construction in the pensile cradles for their young.

It has been stated that the vireos "are exclusively insectivorous," but Mr. Nuttall, when he argued from its claws that Clarke's crow was exclusively an eater of fish, did not make a greater mistake. All of the family are well known to be largely fruit-eaters, the West Indian species feeding, during its season, on the fruit of the gumbo-limbo tree, and our own kinds in the United States on the fruit of the cornel, viburnum, and various other

kinds of berries.

In some of our books, these birds are called greenlets, and more frequently vireos. Although several species are among our most abundant birds, some having their nests in our gardens and others on the swinging and pendent limbs of the elms in the most frequented parks and public squares of our cities and villages, they are, as a general rule, known only to a few close observers of nature. One of them, the warbling vireo (*Vireosylva gilvus*) is among the sweetest of our singers and, although, during the leafy month of June, its loud and clear notes of melodious harmony may be heard above the din of the streets, in the high tree-tops of Philadelphia, New York, Springfield, Boston, and other cities, how few there are, should they chance to be attracted by its strikingly exuberant song, would have any idea to what manner of bird these sweet sounds are due!

Among the other more common species of eastern North America belonging to this interesting group are the red-eyed vireo (*Vireosylva olivaceus*) [Fig. 2], which is abundant over the continent east of the Great Plains; the yellow-throated vireo (*Lanius*

flavifrons) [Fig. 1], occurring in summer from Texas to Canada, and a familiar denizen of our gardens, even in cities; and the white-eyed species (*Vireo noveboracensis*). All these are familiar forms east of the Rocky Mountains, and on and beyond the western slopes of the latter are other species, less known, but equally interesting.

The several species have all identically the same style of architecture, the same ingenuity in the construction and ornamentation of their nests, which are similar, both in our own species and in those of the other portions of the continent, the only appreciable differences being in their position. Some boldly swing their aerial cradles from the topmost boughs of a giant elm, while others seek the obscurity of a lowly shrub.

All build pensive nests of great architectural beauty and ingenuity. In shape, their structure is always a deep cup, about two-thirds of a sphere in its form, and truncated at the top. It is usually suspended from the fork of two, and even more, converging twigs, the margin being very neatly overwoven so as to embrace and cover them. These nests are, for the most part, well concealed from view, especially from above, by a dense surrounding of foliage, and this concealment is greatly aided by the manner in which it is made dependent

from the leafy twigs. The materials of which the nests are made, while in some respects essentially similar, vary, of course, with the locality in which they are built.

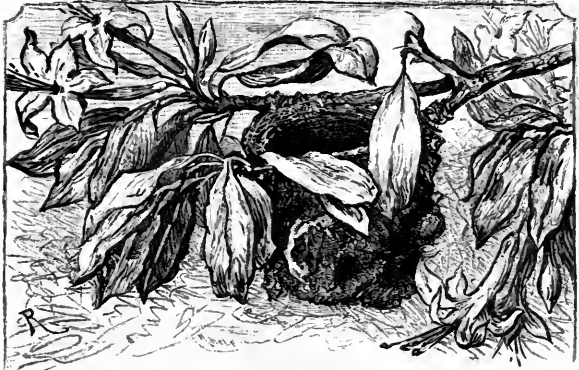


FIG. 4. NEST OF FLORIDA GREENLET (*VIREOSYLVIA BARBATULUS*).

They are generally dry and fine grasses, silky fibers, both animal and vegetable; cotton, the down from the efflorescence of both the willow and the poplar and other wooded plants, lichens and mosses to a large extent, spiders' webs, and the outer coverings of the cocoons of various silk-weaving moths.

The nest of Hutton's vireo [Fig. 3], from California, which has been selected for our typical illustration, is one of the most beautiful and interesting of its kind. It is composed almost entirely of the gray lichens of the Pacific forests. Suspended from the forks of two twigs diverging at a right angle, its upper rim consists of a firm interweaving of these stiff and unyielding materials, so that one is lost in wonder how so small a bird could have been able to create so elaborate and so strong a structure with means so unpromising. The stout and abundantly supporting rim entirely covers the twigs around which it is bound and over which it is wrapped, and beyond these twigs it is continued, like a strong cable, with no other support than its lateral connection with the other portion. From this upper rim the construction is carried downward in the shape of a truncated sphere, the lower part making a perfect hemisphere. The inner portion of the nest is partially sheltered by the wide, projecting rim, and it is very neatly and evenly lined with the soft fur of animals, fine rootlets and stems. For this nest, new to science and undescribed by any other ornithological writer, we are indebted to Mr. William A. Cooper of Vera



FIG. 3. NEST OF HUTTON'S VIREO (*VIREO HUTTONI*).

Cruz. Hutton's vireo is a Mexican and also a rare Californian species.

The blue-headed or solitary vireo (*Lani-vireo solitarius*) usually makes a nest of coarse materials and somewhat loosely put together, covering it with lichens, thus assimilating it to the moss-covered limb from which it is suspended. In one instance, however, its nest was found covered over, as if cemented, with bits of newspaper,—a singularly inappropriate, because treacherous, protection. Another had its whole external portion composed of the silky cover of cocoons woven into a homogeneous and cloth-like fabric, by some process quite inexplicable. This is one of the most northern forms of this family, breeding only north of the middle states, and there is on the Pacific slope a race so closely resembling it as to be hardly distinguishable from it.

The nest of the yellow-throat (*Lanivireo flavifrons*) is rarely excelled in beauty by any of its family [Fig. 1]. It is usually larger, well made, and moss-covered. This is a fearless and familiar bird, and it often suspends its nest low down in frequented gardens and orchards, and the writer has known it to fly in the faces of those whom it regarded as intruding too near to the moss-covered abode of its young.

A remarkable instance of intelligent action on the part of one of this family under unforeseen and alarming circumstances, occurred in the case of a pair of red-eyed vireos [Fig. 2]. The nest, by some accident, had become torn from its support, and its drooping front threatened to throw out its precious contents to perish. In this emergency, the birds had the sagacity to attach one end of a long and sufficiently strong string to the exposed part of the nest, and carrying the other up, to fasten it securely to the branch, several inches above. By this means, the falling edge was restored to its proper level and kept there, and the danger obviated. This nest is preserved in the Boston Museum, to which it was presented by the gentleman who had witnessed this manifestation of a high order of intelligence on the part of the parents.

The familiar whip-tom-kelly of the West India islands (*Vireosylva barbatulus*) occurs occasionally in southern Florida [Fig. 4]. It has a clear, resonant, and musical song. It is an especially abundant bird in the Bahamas. Its pensile nests are of great architectural ingenuity and beauty, similar to those of the whole genus in general design. Our example

is from the museum of the Smithsonian Institution, taken in the Bahamas by Mr. N. B. Moore. It was suspended among the brilliant evergreen leaves of a characteristic tropical shrub, to which it made a becoming pendant.

BUSH TITMICE.

THE large family of titmice (*Paridæ*), which is more or less cosmopolitan in its distribution, contains several groups remarkable for their beautiful and wonderful architectural achievements. A large proportion of this family resort to holes in trees, to small cavities in posts and rails of fences, or in old buildings, and line their places of retreat with soft felted nests of mingled feathers, down, and fur. The typical titmouse (*Parus*) does this exclusively, as do also the crested titmice, and many others. But nearly all the long-tailed titmice of both hemispheres not only construct the walls of their nests, but, with incredible labor and skill, create pensile abodes of wonderful dimensions, when we take into consideration the proportionately small size of these tiny architects. These nests are most elaborately wrought and beautifully decorated, and must require a vast amount of labor and perseverance for their completion.

Of this description are the nests of the bush titmice of our Pacific coast. This small group (*Psaltiriparus*) contains only three members, all diminutive in size, and all residents of deep woods, which, during the cheerless winter months, are alive with the busy and noisy troops of these restless and industrious little creatures. Its smallest species is also its best known (*P. minimus*). This is an abundant bird in all the forests of our Pacific coast, is familiar and confiding in its habits, being often so intent upon its researches for food as to suffer itself to be taken alive by the hand, while a number can always be called around the person of an intrusive hunter, if the latter imitates its notes. We know the nest of only this species, but probably they are all similar in most respects. One of these nests [Fig. 5], conspicuous for its symmetrical beauty, is before me as I am writing. It was taken by Mr. C. A. Allen, of Nicasio, California, and was found suspended from the fork of a small evergreen oak, at a distance of five feet above the ground. Its form is something like a long purse, and is about eight inches in length. The opening, about an inch in diameter, is in the center of an elaborate and strongly

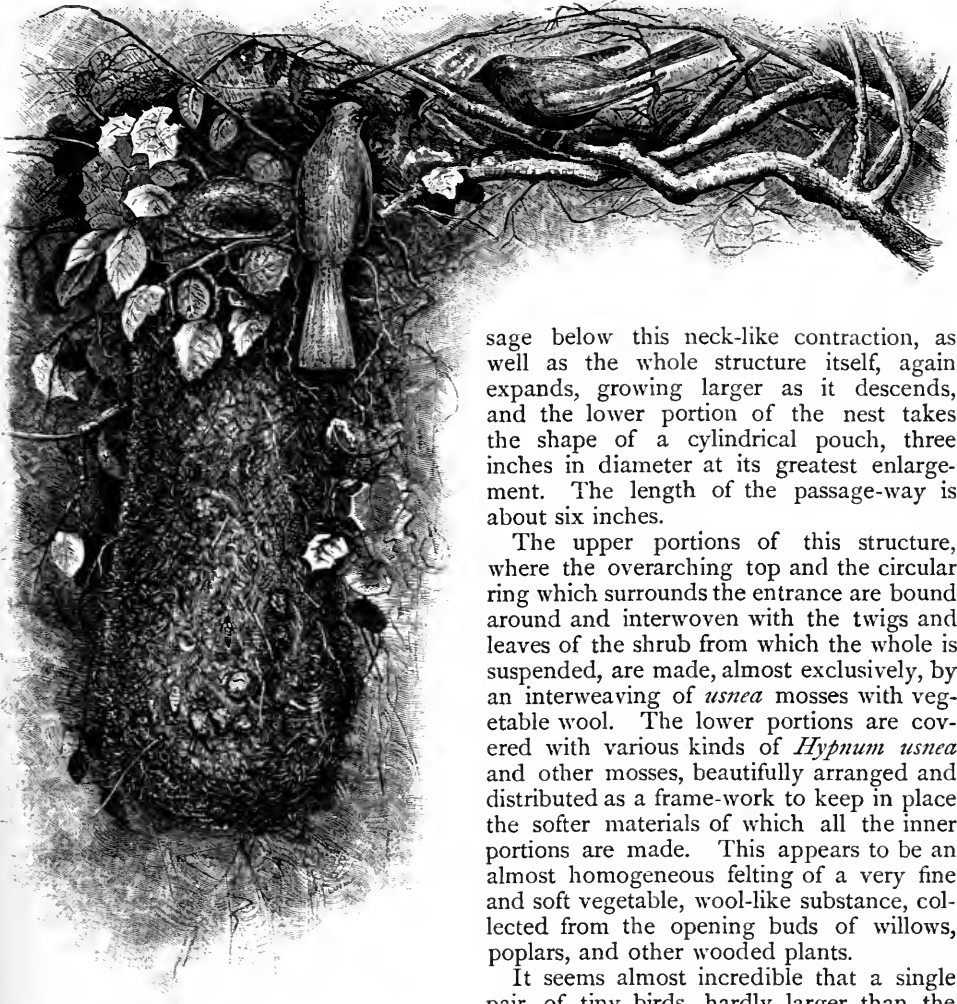


FIG. 5. NEST OF LEAST BUSH-TITMOUSE (*PSALTRIPARUS MINIMUS*).

wrought ring built around the twigs from which the whole is suspended. In its attachment this ring evidently had an upright or vertical position, its upper portion even slightly projecting. The entrance is thus perfectly sheltered, both by the overarching cover, woven of lichens and mosses, and by the thick cluster of leaves on the twigs from which it depends. The passage-way, at a distance of two inches within the opening, suddenly contracts, and its course, from being horizontal, descends perpendicularly to the bottom of the nest. The narrow pas-

sage below this neck-like contraction, as well as the whole structure itself, again expands, growing larger as it descends, and the lower portion of the nest takes the shape of a cylindrical pouch, three inches in diameter at its greatest enlargement. The length of the passage-way is about six inches.

The upper portions of this structure, where the overarching top and the circular ring which surrounds the entrance are bound around and interwoven with the twigs and leaves of the shrub from which the whole is suspended, are made, almost exclusively, by an interweaving of *usnea* mosses with vegetable wool. The lower portions are covered with various kinds of *Hypnum usnea* and other mosses, beautifully arranged and distributed as a frame-work to keep in place the softer materials of which all the inner portions are made. This appears to be an almost homogeneous felting of a very fine and soft vegetable, wool-like substance, collected from the opening buds of willows, poplars, and other wooded plants.

It seems almost incredible that a single pair of tiny birds, hardly larger than the humming-bird,—not more than four inches in length, of which its long tail-feathers make fully one-third,—should be able, in a brief space of time, to get together so great an amount of materials and to construct with them so large and so elaborate an abode, and one probably capable of being used for only a single season. It has been surmised that each one of these nests may have been the joint product of the united labor of an entire flock; but in support of this conjecture there is no evidence, and the number of eggs is never so large as to warrant the opinion that it is used by more than a pair. The eggs—six to eight in number—are of a pure, crystalline white, and but little larger than those of our common ruby-throated humming-bird.

PENDULINE TITMOUSE.

THE nest of the penduline titmouse (*Ægithalus pendulinus*) [Fig. 6] of southern and eastern Europe is the best known and probably the most celebrated of the nests of this family. Larger in size and more elaborately wrought than even those of our bush titmice, the history of its construction has been more carefully studied,



FIG. 6. NEST OF PENDULINE TITMOUSE (*ÆGITHALUS PENDULINUS*).

and is therefore better and more generally known. By many writers it is even spoken of as among the most remarkable and curious products of bird architecture. It is made almost entirely of a soft felting compounded of the silky down of willow and poplar efflorescence and comminuted fragments of the inner bark of the linden-tree, all intermingled with a skill, ingenuity and persevering industry that can but excite surprise and admiration. The nest is flask-shaped, with a lateral opening into its internal chamber, and is suspended from the extremity of a drooping branch, sometimes at the height of thirty feet. In the building of these wonderful structures both birds have been found to work together, emulating each other in industry and perseverance, and are said to complete their large and elaborate edifice in fourteen days, though some writers name a longer period.

In its construction the birds begin by winding a quantity of wool, goat's-hair, and the hemp-like fibers of the inner bark of the linden-tree around the selected twigs and between its forks, mingling with these materials the foundation of its walls, and these

are very securely arranged and fastened. From this basis the felt-work is prolonged and extended downward by an accumulation of vegetable down interwoven with the fine, linty fibers of the linden, wool, and hair, and the whole glued and matted together by the saliva of the bird, applied from time to time, as the work goes on. Presently a side-entrance is constructed, which terminates in a small, round hole, while on the opposite side a passage-way is made, which enters from below. This opening is provided with a tube three inches long, while the other remains open, but is carefully evened and smoothed at its edges. The bottom of the nest is then thickly carpeted with loose vegetable wool, and this wonderful structure is completed.

M. Taczanowski of Warsaw, who has enjoyed many opportunities of ascertaining the way in which these nests are built, publishes in the "*Révue de Zoologie*," of 1859, a full and interesting account. He states that after having attached the foundation of the nest to a flexible branch, above the fork, the bird forms an outline of the nest, and when this is sufficiently long, it takes the ends of the filaments and joins them together so as to form the bottom. It next lines the sides with down, proceeding from the bottom to the top, until it has succeeded in forming a nest which has two openings. It finally lines the center of the nest with the softest down, closes one of the openings, diminishes the other, and forms a connecting passage.

THE VERDIN.

THE verdin, or yellow-headed titmouse (*Auriparus flaviceps*), is an inhabitant of our extreme southern states, Texas, Arizona and California, and of the northern parts of Mexico. Its habits are intermediate between those of the warblers and the titmice. Diminutive in size, less than five inches in length, of which its long tail makes fully one-half, it constructs a very large and very singular nest [Fig. 7]. From Dr. J. G. Cooper, who watched a pair as they were building early in March, we have an interesting account of their progress. They first form a frame-work, nearly spherical in outline, of the thorny twigs of the *algarobía*, in which tree the nest is usually suspended, and line it with softer twigs and leaves, and the down of plants and feathers. They then cover the outside with thorns until it becomes a mass as large as a man's head, or nine inches in length. The cavity is five inches

FIG. 7. NEST OF THE VERDIN (*AURIPARUS FLAVICEPS*).

deep. The opening is on one side, just large enough for the bird to enter, and in all cases the entrance is from its lower end, the nest inclining toward the ground. The structure is suspended at various heights, at times not three feet above the ground, but sometimes at an altitude of twenty.

ASTRILDS OR AMANDUVATS.

A NUMEROUS family of small birds, bullfinch-like in appearance, but quite distinct in their habits, miniature weavers and allied to them in many respects, are found in southern and eastern Africa, in Madagascar, Mauritius, in southern India, and in the islands south of it. They have no distinctive trivial name by which they can be designated as a family. In British India they are known as amanduvats and as waxbills, in southern Africa and Mauritius as astrilds or estrelas, and dealers in caged birds bestow upon them the meaningless name of rice-birds. Most of the species are conspicuous for varied and bright colors, a few for the sweetness of their song, and all can be readily accustomed to confinement, owing to the simplicity of their food. In their architectural constructions they are alike, building domed nests of varied shapes and forms, in different positions, and all having a close family resemblance. There are nearly a hundred species belonging to

this family all of them of diminutive size, and all of them, so far as is known, constructing nests having very similar architectural peculiarities. Their diminutive eggs are always of the purest white, and so closely similar that to be distinguishable, in collections, they must be carefully marked. We take as typical of this group, the nest of the *Estrela astrilda* of Senegal, also common to Madagascar and Mauritius

FIG. 8. NEST OF SENEGAL AMANDUVAT (*ESTRELA ASTRILDA*).
FROM CASSELL'S "BOOK OF BIRDS."

[Fig. 8]. This nest is an oblate spheroid, loosely but not untidily built with fine grasses and lined with the finest and softest of seed-down. The entrance to the nest is wholly on one side, near the top, and is circu-

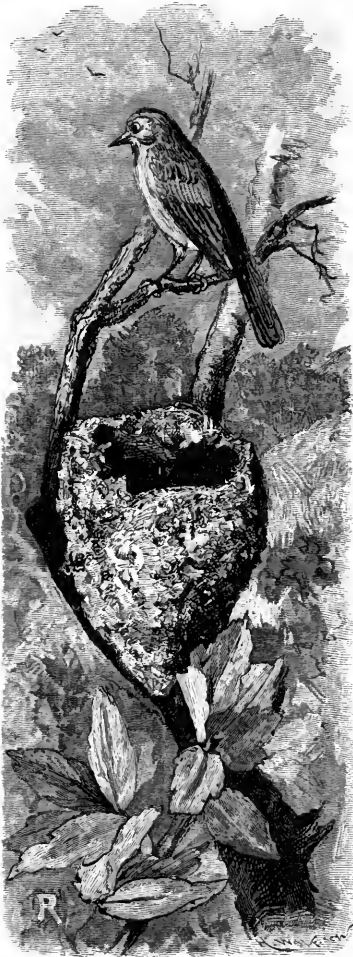


FIG. 9. NEST OF BLUE-GRAY GNAT-CATCHER (*POLIOPHTILA CAERULEA*).

lar and about an inch and a half in diameter. Externally these structures have a height and a diameter nearly alike, varying from four to seven inches. In some instances they are egg-shaped, laid in the fork of a bush sideways, the aperture for the entrance being at one end. The materials rarely vary, being externally of fine grasses and the inner nest being always the finest and softest downy pappus of seeds. These structures are usually well-concealed in the interior of bushes that grow in grass jungles near the banks of small streams, and are placed near the ground. The male is the chief architect

and is said to have the curious habit of persistently continuing to bring and to add materials to the nest long after it has been completed, and even during the incubation of its mate. It not unfrequently betrays the situation of its nest by appearing with grass in its beak, when, but for this singular and inconsiderate habit, it would escape notice.

GNAT-CATCHERS.

CLOSELY allied with the titmice in their diminutive size, their general habits and the peculiarities of their structure is the small American family of gnat-catchers (*Poliophtila*), which numbers about a dozen species, distributed over the continent from Canada to Brazil. The blue-gray gnat-catcher of the United States (*P. caerulea*) is the typical and best known of the species [Fig. 9]. Its food is chiefly small winged insects; it is expert in taking its prey on the wing, and all its movements are very rapid. Its nests are models of architectural beauty and ingenious design. Though not pensile, being woven to upright twigs and usually near the tree-top, they sway with every breeze, yet the depth of the cavity, and its small diameter prevent the eggs from rolling out. The nest is always very elaborately and carefully constructed, large for the size of the bird, remarkably deep, with thick warm walls composed of soft and downy materials, but abundantly strong for the builder, who is one of our smallest birds both in size and weight. Externally the nest is covered with a beautiful periphery of gray lichens, assimilating it to the bark of the deciduous trees in which it is constructed. It is in the shape of a truncated cone, three inches in diameter at the base, and but two at the top, and three and a half inches in height. It is found at various elevations, sometimes as high up as fifty feet, and occasionally only ten feet from the ground.

The black-capped gnat-catcher of Arizona, Mexico and southern California (*P. melanura*), has an even more strikingly beautiful structure than its relative the blue-gray. Among the interlacing tendrils of a graceful wild vine (*Antigonon leptopus*) and so closely interwoven with the net-work of its smaller branches as to be inseparable, this tiny architect builds its exquisite nest [Fig. 10]. It is deep for its size,—a peculiarity that seems to be characteristic of the genus. The external portions of these nests are composed of a composite blending of various vegetable

FIG. 11. THREE NESTS OF THE TAILOR-BIRD (*ORTHOTOMUS LONGICAUDUS*).

materials, fine hempen fibers of plants, strips of delicate bark from smaller shrubs, silken fragments of cocoons and downy cotton-like substances—all very closely impacted and felted together in the manner of the nests of some of the humming-birds. The whole is then softly and warmly lined with a beautifully interwoven and silky fabric made of the soft down of various plants.

TAILOR-BIRD.

THE tailor-bird of India (*Orthotomus*

FIG. 10. NEST OF BLACK-CAPPED GNAT-CATCHER (*POLIOPTILA MELANURA*).

longicaudus) is, without doubt, one of the most renowned of pensile nest-builders. The first mention of its peculiar sutorial powers was made by Pennant, in his "Indian Zoölogy," where it was accompanied by an illustration. Subsequent investigations have not confirmed all his statements. It is no longer credited that this bird picks up a dead leaf and sews it to a living one, in order to secure a safe shelter for its nest. The bird always makes use only of living leaves growing in close proximity [Fig. 11], and the mistake of Pennant is due to his having found a nest of the tailor-bird in which one of the leaves had been pierced to excess, and had in consequence decayed and been separated from the stem of the plant, as is occasionally noticed.

Properly speaking, the tailor is not a pensile nest-builder. It rather creates a pensile and safe situation, either by sewing together the edges of a single leaf, or by uniting, in this manner, two or more living leaves growing close together, and in this hidden retreat it constructs the nest itself. This is always a very soft, compact, and beautifully felted cup. This celebrated species belongs to a well-marked eastern family of warblers, and is closely related to the nightingales and robin-red-breasts of Europe. With the possible exception of *Orthotomus coronatus*, this species (*O. longicaudus*) is the only one of the genus that has any claim to be called a tailor. The others, less than twenty in all, make felted nests of various descriptions, many of them beautiful specimens of their kind, but all placed in natural or unartificial situations. But three or four of the species that belong to the closely allied genus, *Prinia*, are true tailor-birds and sew together leaves to make a shelter for their nest. In this they are

not always uniform, but as often build an open and unsheltered nest.

The Indian tailor-bird is a very abundant and widely distributed species. It is common throughout the whole of that region, alike on the sultry plains and on the more elevated hill-sides to a height of several thousand feet. The fine illustration we are able to give of its nest in a single large leaf is taken from an example now in the museum of the Ornithological Society of Geneva, Switzerland. It was obtained at Nattande, opposite Ceylon, by Professor Alois Humbert, to whom we are indebted for the original of our cut. It is so well represented that little description is needed. The leaf was a large one, and was growing on a low plant on the edge of the path and, from its being curled up in the shape of a horn, was carelessly plucked for the sake of the insects it was supposed to contain. Mr. Humbert was surprised to find in it, instead, an unfinished nest of a tailor-bird. The ingenious manner in which the edges of the leaf had been brought together and sewed over and over, giving to it its symmetrical shape, like that of a horn, excited at once his admiration and his regret at his hasty action in removing it before its completion. However incomplete, it was yet full of interest. The two edges of the leaf had been brought together, and through the round holes which the bird had made with its beak it had passed strong silken threads of spiders' webs, secured both on the inside and outside by knots, or rather buttons, made by twisting the ends of the thread upon itself. The principal holes are arranged along the edges of the leaf at irregular distances, but are most frequent at the lower portion.

Within the last few years, the interesting habits of this celebrated bird have been thoroughly investigated and described by Dr. Jerdon and others, but with more especial fullness by Mr. Allan Hume. From their accounts, we gather that the real nest is a deep, soft cup, inclosed in a leaf or leaves, which the bird sews together to form its receptacle. This is at various elevations, often high up in a mango-tree, but as often low down among the leaves of the edible egg-plant (*Solanum esculentum*). The nest varies in appearance according to the number and kinds of the leaves made use of, and is usually chiefly composed of fine cotton, with a few horse-hairs and fine grass-stems, the use of which is obviously to enable the cavity to retain its shape perma-

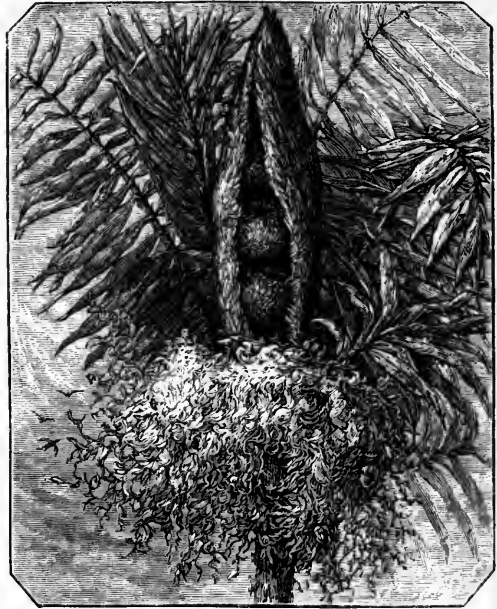


FIG. 12. NEST OF PALM-SWIFT (*TACHORNIS PHENICOBIA*) IN SEATHE OF COCOA-PALM.

nently. In some cases, the nest is described as having been made of wool, down, and horse-hair, and one, mentioned by Miss Cockburn, as made of the down of seed-pods and fine grasses. Mr. Hume has found these nests with three leaves fastened at equal distances from one another into the sides of the nest, and not joined to one another at all. He has also found them between two leaves, the one forming a high back and turned up at the ends to support the bottom of the nest, the other hiding the nest in front and hanging down below it, the tip only of the first leaf being sewn to the middle of the second. He has also found them with four leaves sewn together to form a canopy and sides, from which the bottom of the nest depended, and also between two long leaves whose sides, from the very tips to near the peduncles, were closely and neatly sewn together.

For their sewing, they generally make use of cobweb, but silk from cocoons, thread, wool, and vegetable fibers are also made available. Dr. Jerdon states that he has seen a tailor-bird watch a native tailor until the latter left the veranda where he was at work, then hastily seize some pieces of thread that were lying about, and fly off with them in triumph. Mr. Layard describes a nest of the tailor-bird made entirely of cocoa-

nut fiber. With the same material a dozen leaves of an oleander had been drawn and stitched together.

PALM-SWIFT.

THE palm-swift (*Tachornis phanicrobia*) of the islands of Cuba and Jamaica is another interesting example of felt-making birds availing themselves of this convenient and compact material to create with it beautiful and secure retreats in dependent situations, where they are nearly inaccessible. This swift is a delicately formed and graceful little bird, of rapid flight, displaying as it flies a conspicuous white belt across its jet-black body. It is one of the most characteristic birds of those islands, and, with wings almost as long as its entire body, its rapid and mazy evolutions are almost beyond the power of the human eye to follow. It is a bird of social habit, and on whatever tree a pair elect to make their nest, there are always others to keep them company. It usually builds in trees of the cocoa-palm, of which the partially expanded leaves, the spathes or membranous sheaths around the flowers, and the opening spikes and bracts afford numerous opportunities for their beautiful constructions. In the course of the growth of the tree these situations become untenable and are relinquished, but only after they have served all the purposes of their occupants.

Sometimes the nests are placed in the hollow spathes that encompass the efflorescence, and often three or four are found in a single spathe, one above the other, all agglutinated together, but with galleries along the side communicating with each one [Fig. 12]. The materials of these nests are

feathers, down and the silky cotton of the *Bombax*. Feathers and down are largely used and form the inner portions, the cotton making the external. The whole is closely felted together and cemented into its place with the strong adhesive saliva of the bird, so firmly that the nest cannot be separated from its site without bringing away with it the integument of the spathe. The walls of these nests, though only a quarter of an inch in thickness, have all the strength and tenacity of cloth. These sites are occupied year after year, until they are thrown off by the growth of the tree, when new sites have to be chosen and new colonies formed. The nests found in these situations are nearly globular, with the entrance near the bottom.

The palm-swift also nests among the fronds of the palmetto (*Chamærops*), and here the diversity of the situation on the plaited surface of these fronds causes a corresponding change in the construction of the nests [Fig. 13]. These are said, by Mr. Gosse, to be composed almost exclusively of the flax-like cotton of the bombax, presenting a singularly hair-like appearance, and are built in the form of a watch-fob, such as are hung by the bedside. The back is firmly glued to the under surface of the fronds by the saliva, and so firmly fastened that the impressions of the plaits are conspicuous on the nests when separated. The cotton itself is also firmly cemented, having a ragged or wool-like appearance. In one instance two nests were constructed side by side, with but a single thin partition between them. Suspended near the high tops of lofty palm-trees, whose tall and slippery trunks cannot be ascended, these nests are quite inaccessible.

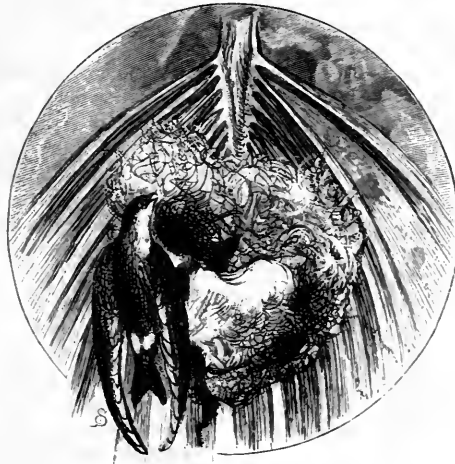
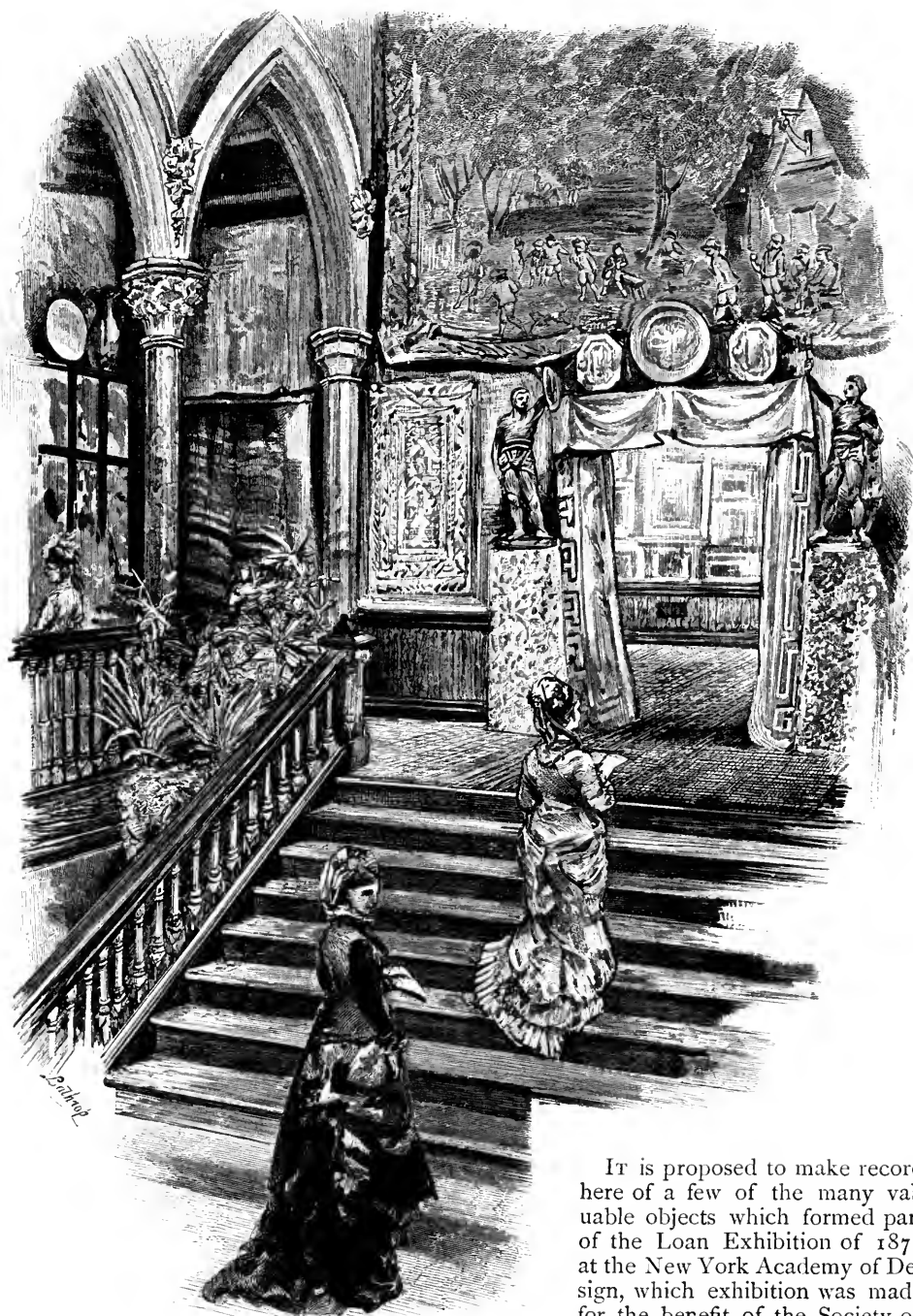


FIG. 13. NEST OF PALM-SWIFT ON PALMETTO LEAF.

A FEW ANTIQUES,
FROM THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF DECORATIVE ART.



NO. I. VIEW IN THE CORRIDOR.

It is proposed to make record here of a few of the many valuable objects which formed part of the Loan Exhibition of 1877 at the New York Academy of Design, which exhibition was made for the benefit of the Society of Decorative Art. In addition to

the paintings, etchings, engravings, etc., the arts of ornamental design were represented by some fifteen hundred pieces, from antique Egyptian jewelry to modern Russian enameled triptychs and *niello* boxes.

The interesting collection of personal ornaments, consisting of about 150 specimens, was particularly remarkable as illustrating the different stages through which the art of the jeweler has passed from the earliest times up to the present day. Nearly every piece was in some way noticeable, either for elegance of design, masterly execution, or historic association. Particularly characteristic was a necklace, with ear-rings and bracelets to match, of antique scarabæi, in modern gold setting after old Egyptian designs. This was loaned by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, and is reproduced in cut No. 5. It is composed of four rows of pendants hanging from a string of broken cylindrical pieces of gold, the pendants being scarabæi of various delicate colors, decorative heads in gold in repoussé, and water-flowers of the same material. We present an old silver-gilt Norwegian necklace and pendants, lent by Mrs. Sidney Webster (cut No. 2). The gilding of this object is of a pale, almost greenish shade, as delicate in hue as can be obtained by the most improved modern processes. The chain, as the cut shows, is composed of links, individually shaped like the letter S, and the pendant is a disk, revealing a design in relief of delicate workmanship, the figures being in higher relief than the architectural background, which is very effective. The back of this pendant is flat, and ornamented with a design in simple engraved lines. In connection with the jewelry of the northern nations, we cannot forbear mentioning, as very poetical in design, a Danish girdle-clasp sent by the same lady, and an average type of those worn by Danish brides three centuries ago. The initials of the bride and bridegroom hang from the lower side of the two extremities of the clasp, and form, as it were, a single monogram when the latter are united. The collection of peasant jewelry gathered in the show-cases of this exhibition, though small, included a great variety of styles and nationalities; from the Creole ear-rings of Martinique to the nose-ring from Hindostan; from the pendants in the shape of doves with outspread wings which the women of the Pays-de-Caux wear upon their breasts, to the *cerchioni* of the Florentine peasantry. Cut No. 3 is a gold cap-pin, such as are frequently worn by the women of Normandy, and loaned by Mrs. George F.

Jones. Such pins are of the most varied shape, but generally assume that of a flower, the specimen under consideration representing a rose, with a central rosette of rubies and emeralds. The fashioning of the material in this piece of jewelry is very original, consisting as it does of thin leaves of gold stretched flat on small upright scrolls, tastefully arranged. The custom of fastening caps or veils with pins of some kind is very old; such accessories of the toilet have been found in the more ancient tombs of the Gauls, as well as in those of the Romans. By the same style of treatment is distinguished a gold crucifix and pendant, probably of German workmanship and of the sixteenth century, lent by Mrs. Sidney Webster, which, however, evinces greater skill and refinement of handling than the pieces described above. We give an illustration of this jewel (cut No. 4) as an



NO. 2. OLD NORWEGIAN NECKLACE.—LENT BY MRS. SIDNEY WEBSTER.

excellent example of purity and simplicity of ornamentation. It is exceedingly flat; the leaves of the crescent-shaped pendant and the faceted extremities of the cross have somewhat less relief than is shown in the cut.

The silver-ware comprised about one hundred pieces. Particularly interesting was a collection of spoons amounting to about thirty-six pieces, widely differing in shape and description, some of which are



NO. 3. NORMANDY PEASANT CAP-PIN.—LENT BY MRS. GEORGE F. JONES.

reproduced in cuts Nos. 6–11. No. 6 is one of two salt-spoons, after Benvenuto Cellini, the beautiful handles of which are each formed by the dolphin bearing Arion. No. 7 is an antique spoon belonging to Mrs. M. O. Roberts. The handle is of silver, with elegant white and brown enamel, surmounted by a female head which closely resembles that of Catherine dei Medicis. No. 8 is one of six Norwegian coffee-spoons, in silver filigree, loaned by Mrs. Samuel Wetmore, and worthy of special notice on account of the delicate design and workmanship. No. 9 shows an old Venetian spoon, lent by Mrs. John A. Dix, with crystal bowl and enameled handle; the design of the latter is most singular. The same lady is the owner of the three apostle-spoons in No. 10. No. 11 is one of the four gold spoons loaned by Mrs. Börs, and is, perhaps, the oldest in the lot.

Most interesting was the collection of rare boxes, to the amount of about fifty, exhibited here and there throughout the

rooms. There were boxes of almost every material and shape, and answering nearly every imaginable purpose: bonbon boxes, snuff-boxes, patch-boxes, boxes in Japanese Mokamé work, in Chinese silver filigree, in enamel, in Vernis-Martin,—all were there. Specimens of the real Martin varnishes are very rare, and have retained their original reputation. Among the many objects of interest which the Decorative Art Society owed to the courtesy of Mrs. August Belmont, there were two remarkable silver boxes, old repoussé. Very curious was a snuff-box of gold and silver, made a hundred years ago at the Imperial Factory at Toul, Russia, and of which Mrs. John E. Body is the possessor; and equally so was the brass box, loaned by Mrs. J. Kearney Rogers, and formerly belonging to the Empress Maria Theresa, of which we give an illustration (cut No. 12). This latter, for originality of shape, simplicity of ornamentation, and historic connections, certainly deserves especial notice. Cut No. 13 exhibits the cover of the same.

Among the specimens, bronze, copper, and iron work, which were about fifty in number, chiefly vases, we must mention Mrs. D. G. Farragut's bronze paper-cutter, though in itself a very little thing. It was presented by Christina of Spain to Don Louis Farragut, a Spanish officer, and presented by him to his kinsman, Admiral Farragut. The handle of this paper-cutter consists of an admirable figure of a warrior of the sixteenth century holding a standard which forms the blade. This piece is original in conception and elegant in form. There was also a Japanese vase, decorated with the images of the gods of thunder and of rain, lent by Mr. E. C. Moore; and a bronze vase and stand, whose inscription makes us believe that they were executed between the dates 1530 and 1580; an old Hebrew lamp of brass, taken from a German synagogue, bearing an ancient seal, and the figures of Moses and Aaron. The last was lent by Mrs. J. Kearney Rogers. Mr. J. M. Muñoz had a suit of Persian steel chain armor, damascened in gold and silver. The ornamentation of this armor is typical of genuine Persian art, and, although the articles do not date from the culminating period, they are full of interest. In true Persian art the arabesque ornament is treated with great freedom, and in a manner which is a mean between the Arab conventionality and the Indian quasi-naturalism. Unlike the Arabs, who belonged to the sect

of Omar, the Persian schismatics, who belonged to the sect of Ali, accustomed to attribute to flowers a conventional language, do not exclude the representation of flowers in their decoration, which is also animated by natural and fantastic animals, and sometimes, though not often, by the human figure.

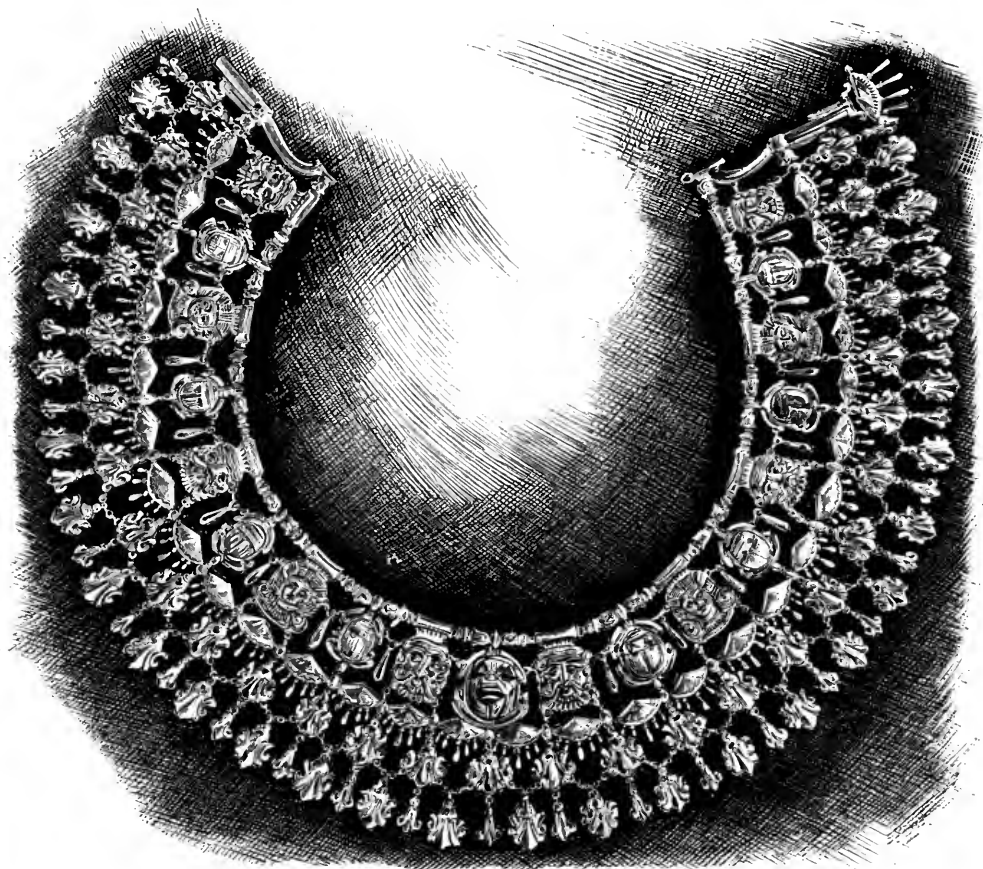
The tankards, loving-cups, hanaps, jugs, mugs, etc., about forty in number, made up a remarkable and unique collection. These drinking vessels of rather large capacity were intended to permit drinking by many persons without refilling. Drinking from the same cup by several individuals is an old custom which is still kept alive in Italy and in all parts of Germany, and is not unknown in England among those classes who are lovers of malt liquor and drink it "from the pewter." When a friend meets another in a coffee-house or tavern, the one who has already ordered something does not issue a second order for his friend, but holds out the vessel for the new-comer. The German *krug* and the English pewter mug still show the popular feeling in favor of one large vessel for a friendly party. The formula of Saxon politeness which consisted in two drinkers employing the same vessel is well known. The first who drank said *Wes heil* (Here's health to you), and the one who received the goblet, before emptying it, said *Drink heil* (I drink your health). From the "Roman de Rou" it appears that this was customary among the English as late as the twelfth century. There were hanaps mounted on one foot, in the form of a chalice, others were mounted on three feet, and others still were made in the form of a bowl or cup. Some were made with covers, others without, and the materials employed in their construction were as varied as their shapes. The hanap was particularly used by persons of high social position; the tankard with handle being the more popular vessel. And such was the fear of poison in the Middle Ages that a great personage was served from a hanap with a cover which could be used as a vessel, from which cover the servant drank a little of the liquor, which he poured from the goblet for that purpose. These precautions clearly proved insufficient, and preservatives against poisoning were sought after under the most absurd prejudices. The fabulous animal known as the unicorn or *licorne* was thought to be the enemy of everything impure. People fancied that by causing their beverages to be served them in vases made of the horn of the magical beast, they could easily

detect the presence of poison in their drink. Handles were made, as they thought, of this material for knives; for it was said that blood would exude from horn and bone of the *licorne*, when brought in contact with poisoned meats. The long sword of the narwhal, when brought to Europe, was thought to be the horn of the unicorn; and it is probable that fossil ivory of many kinds was also sold under the same name. Well-appointed houses possessed a large number of hanaps. The inventory, engrossed in 1380, of the household of Charles V. of France, sur-named the Wise, describes four gold hanaps and as many ewers, weighing in all nearly ninety-six marcs; and 177 tankards of gilded



NO. 4.
CROSS AND PENDANT.—LENT BY MRS. SIDNEY WEBSTER.

silver, nearly all enameled and weighing in the aggregate 503 marcs of silver. Some of these vessels were provided with air-tight covers, as they were intended to be carried about with already prepared drinks. Among northern nations they were sometimes made of maple-wood, and beautifully carved, Hanaps and tankards were often given as presents by nobles to their retainers in recognition of their services. By reason of their capacity these vessels were often the occasion of wagers. Though our ancestors deservedly enjoyed great reputation as drinkers, still it was not every one who could empty a hanap or tankard at a draught.



NO. 5. NECKLACE IN EGYPTIAN STYLE.—LENT BY J. PIERPONT MORGAN, ESQ

First among the drinking-vessels in the collection must be mentioned a ewer belonging to Mrs. Belmont, and noticed in the catalogue as being of "amethyst" and silver enameled and set with precious stones. Nor can we overlook a Chinese agate cup of exquisite workmanship, the property of Mrs. Samuel Wetmore; or Mrs. Belmont's old Flemish ivory tankard with bass-reliefs, representing the four seasons. Mrs. Börs contributed a Norwegian silver goblet (No. 17) and a Danish bronze tankard with medallion portraits in bass-relief of Danish kings (No. 16). One of the handsomest articles in the exhibition was an old ivory tankard belonging to Mrs. John Taylor Johnston, on the outside of which the battle between the Greeks and the Centaurs is sculptured with astonishing skill. The two Capo di Monte mugs, loaned by Mrs. James Kernochan and Mr. S. L. M. Barlow, are also specimens of rare beauty. As very suggestive in point of history, we may mention the drinking-cup of John

Paul Jones, owned by General Dix, and Washington's cup belonging to Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. F. H. Betts loaned another curiosity which calls for a few words; it is an old German apostle-cup. These celebrated apostle-cups were manufactured at Cologne, and at several towns on the Rhine, and especially at Kreussen, a small country town near Nuremberg. They were made of *grès*, and decorated with figures of the apostles in low bass-relief (whence the name), and covered with stanniferous enamel. The apostle-cups or *apostelkrüge*, as well as the "chase-cups" or *jagdkrüge*, from their being figured with scenes of the chase, are much sought after in these days and command as much as a hundred dollars, while ten or twenty years ago their regular price ranged from five to ten dollars. To judge from the costumes of the figures in relief on these vessels, and from the dates gathered by writers who have had opportunity of carefully examining

this sort of pottery, it appears that the latter was manufactured entirely within the seventeenth century.

Many of the most famous styles of pottery, china, porcelain, majolica and faïence, were seen at their best in the show-cases which ornamented the walls of the jeweller's-room, though the collection did not number above three hundred pieces. The twelve examples of old Peruvian pottery, lent by W. W. Evans, if not prehistoric, certainly bear a very remote date. They are unvarnished and bear no trace of the potter's wheel. The first piece on the shelf showed the peculiar characteristics of the more ancient pottery of this description, as originally the Peruvians, unskilled in making articles of earthenware out of a single piece, made them of two, which were united before the baking process by a sort of welding. Mrs. Samuel Wetmore and Mrs. Newbold exhibited some noticeable Mexican pottery.

Superstition, and not its æsthetic qualities only, first made a reputation for Chinese and Japanese pottery, as it was formerly supposed to be made of a mysterious substance which would reveal the presence of poison. An old French poem quoted by Demmin, after descending to some extent upon the potteries of China and Japan, runs as follows :

"Ils font connaître le mystère
Des bouillons de la Brinvillière,
Et semblent s'ouvrir de douleur
Du crime de l'empoisonneur."

"They unfold the mysteries of the drugs of the Brinvillière [the famous Marquise de Brinvilliers, executed in 1676], and burst, as

though overcome with grief for the crime of the poisoner." Numerous documents prove that this absurdity had adherents even as late as the sixteenth century.

In the ornamentation of porcelain, the genius of the Chinese has attained its loftiest pitch. Not only are single pieces very rich in decorative effect; not only is there on other pieces really admirable painting of flowers, birds and figures,—the most wonderful part of their china-painting is its boundless variety, and the inexhaustible fertility of invention which a large collection displays. They excel in combining scrolls and cartouches of all imaginable shapes, on grounds of geometrical construction; seeming to be disposed as if by chance, and yet revealing a wonderful intuition of æsthetic symmetry; to move these the tenth of an inch from the position assigned them by the artist, would be to destroy the spell that rivets the beholder's eye. Father D'Entrecalles tells us that the widest division of labor prevails in the Chinese manufactories, the occupation of one man being, for instance, merely to form the first colored circle near the edge of the porcelain, while another sketches flowers which a third paints; one outlines the water, another the mountains, a third the birds, which again are all painted by special artists. No wonder, with such a method, that all individuality disappears, and that the pottery exemplifies so great a uniformity of design. But this must not be supposed the case with the richer and more precious pieces. In those, it is hardly conceivable that more hands than one have been employed upon the landscapes and figures, or upon the birds and flowers. The conventional borders may, indeed, have come from



NO. 6. SALT SPOON.—
LENT BY MRS. JOHN
TAYLOR JOHNSTON.



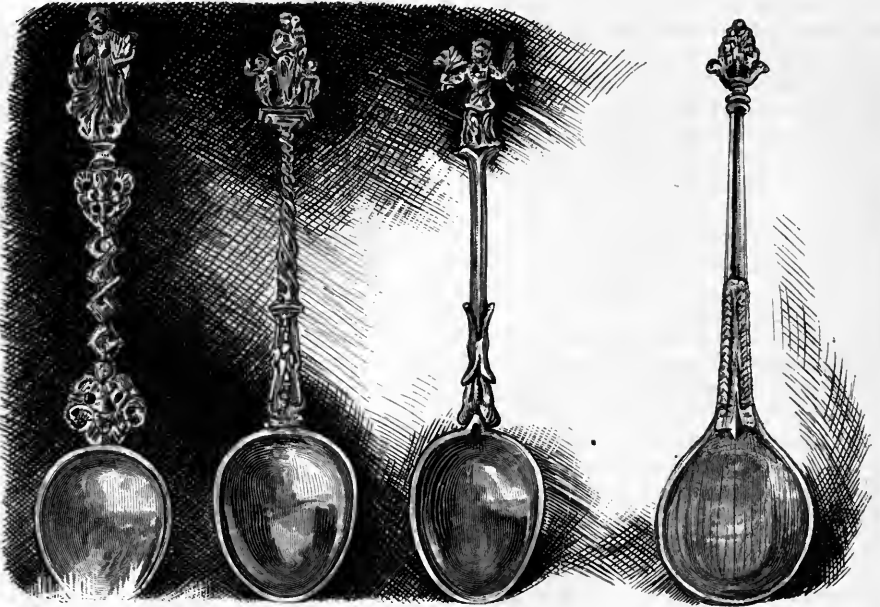
NO. 8. NORWEGIAN FILIGREE SPOON.—LENT
BY MRS. SAMUEL
WETMORE.



NO. 7. ANTIQUE SPOON.—
LENT BY MRS. M. O.
ROBERTS.



NO. 9. OLD VENETIAN SPOON.—LENT
BY MRS. JOHN A. DIX.



NO. 10. THREE APOSTLE-SPOONS.—LENT BY MRS. JOHN A. DIX.

NO. 11. NORWEGIAN GOLD SPOON.—LENT BY MRS. BÖRS.

other subordinate workmen. The Chinese, themselves, attach a far higher value to old porcelain than to the new, of which a very great deal is nothing more than imitation. It is likely that the most of the porcelains catalogued as antique are really of recent date. "The Chinese," says Jacquemart, "are most skillful forgers of their own productions, and they speculate on the taste of their countrymen for ancient and valuable works to such a degree as to baffle all the knowledge of the most expert connoisseurs."

Japanese art, though an offspring of the Chinese, is marked by a greater individuality. The study of nature has been developed among them in a higher degree than among their predecessors and rivals. The examples of Chinese and Japanese pottery in the Loan Collection remarkable for their peculiar beauty were too numerous to admit of our speaking at length of them. We cannot, however, refrain from mentioning the old Kaga-ware exhibited by Dr. C. C. Lee, Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan and Mr. L. C. Tiffany. There was also exhibited a cup, cover and saucer of that finest of pastes known as "imperial egg-shell," which was presented to President Lincoln by the Tycoon, and is now in the possession of Mrs. E. L. Henry. The small pieces of hard-paste enameled pottery, such as are known by the names (rather too freely given) of Satsuma and Kiyoto, were very

beautiful. Some were the property of Mr. Colman and Mr. L. C. Tiffany. The large Imari, or Hizen, jars, which stood upon the cases and added so much to the decoration of the rooms, were as valuable and as beautiful as any objects in the exhibition.

The wares of Holland were represented by about forty specimens, three-fourths of which were employed to decorate a frieze or border high above the observer's eye. Delft-ware, which is the most famous of all, and which has given its name to all, is not always easily distinguished from the other Dutch potteries. This faïence was termed "the parent of pottery" by the English as early as 1580. The oldest delft is now very rare, and its value has increased a hundred-fold during the past twenty years. It is discoverable by the small circular *lacunæ* of the white enamel spread on the lower surface of the plate. The faïences of this manufacture most sought after, date from the seventeenth century; two plates lent by Mrs. August Belmont, have the *cachet* peculiar to that period; the color is vivid and neatly distributed; the design very fine and characterized by the bold and free touch of broad art.

There was little majolica in the exhibition: a fine Pesaro plaque, belonging to Mr. William C. Prime, and a dish, probably Urbino, belonging to Mr. Belmont, together

with a pair of fine vases belonging to the same gentleman, were the chief representatives of the Italian schools.

The old Berlin, old Saxe and Sèvres porcelains had with some other styles many typical representatives, and we regret our inability to make full comment upon them, as the interest clinging to them seems inexhaustible.

A pewter *huilier* or table-caster, belonging to Mr. E. L. Henry, the style of which would refer it to the art of the First Empire, is shown in cut No. 18.

The articles of virtu exposed in the so-called Renaissance room included a wide variety, though stained glass, tapestries, wood-carvings, and old furniture formed the larger portion. A Florentine bass-relief of the sixteenth century, belonging to Mr. S. G. Ward, is represented in cut No. 19 and hardly needs dwelling upon, as the subject of the sculpture is the Madonna and child,—one of the Tabernacle pieces for private shrines, such as were produced in countless numbers by the Italian artists of earlier and later times, though but few of them remain for the collectors of to-day.

Scattered throughout the rooms, and in show-cases, and particularly in the vestibule, were about two hundred pieces of embroidery,



NO. 14. FISH KNIFE.—LENT BY D. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG.

tapestries, and kindred products of the needle and of the loom, which formed a splendid background for the entire exhibition. Over the entrance at the head of the staircase hung a large tapestry of the seventeenth century, with landscape and figures which would seem to have been painted by Teniers on canvas, rather than woven of colored wools. This was loaned by Mrs. Belmont. Not far from it hung a piece of Japanese embroidery, the property of Rev. Morgan Dix, worked on yellow silk, with a border containing crests of noble families. The portion within is occupied by richly colored flowers and a gorgeous Fong-Hoang, the Japanese bird symbolic of good fortune.

In the case beneath this embroidery was an old church banner of moiré silk, embroidered in gold and silk of various colors, which belongs to Mr. Richard M. Hunt. This article is of Italian workmanship, and is referred by the catalogue to the thirteenth or fourteenth century, but we venture



NO. 12. BRASS BOX OF MARIA THERESA.—LENT BY MRS. J. KEARNEY ROGERS.



NO. 13. COVER OF SAME.

to suggest its much later origin. It is clearly more modern in design, and especially in the drawing of the figures. It is indisputably true that even the paintings of that time are formal. Church banners of this kind are still borne in procession in Italy by the various guilds connected with the Church. On the Roman Catholic feast of Corpus Christi, in June, the brotherhoods of a city and of the country for miles around join in one procession, each brotherhood endeavoring to outrival the others in numbers and in the beauty of its insignia. The streets through which the throng pass are covered with flowers, and from the windows on either side are hung tapestries of every conceivable description. The richness of its banner is the pride of each guild, and the display is seldom surpassed in any part of the world. J. W. Paige of Boston lent an embroidery of great quaintness and originality. As the inscription denotes, the theme is Adam and Eve eating the apple. The figures, trees, and animals are peculiarly made; the ground is filled with red silk embroidery, the figures being thus formed of the white linen. The artist has made the eyes, mouth, nose, etc., of each figure with red stitches, and has indicated the color, and has tried to express texture by an odd tattooing of the bodies and the trees



NO. 15. VIEW AT END OF SOUTH ROOM.



NO. 16. OLD DANISH MUG.—LENT BY MRS. BÖRS.

symmetrically with the same material. This specimen is said to be of the seventeenth century, although it seems to be at least two hundred years older. In the Renaissance room were three remarkable tapestries: one loaned by Mr. Maitland Armstrong, and hung on the north wall, was Italian, and probably of the early part of the eighteenth century; another, loaned by Mr. A. H. Baldwin, was hung as a pendant to Mr. Armstrong's piece, also on the north wall; this latter was French, and apparently of the fifteenth century, as asserted in the catalogue; the third piece was hung upon the south wall and was loaned by Mr. Clarence Cook; it was a very rare piece, probably French, and of the time of Louis XII. An old Danish embroidery on linen, in floss and gold was also exhibited. It represents two mermaids, whose tails are entangled with garlands of flowers, holding some inexplicable object in their hands. The design is of fine execution, and evinces both great patience and much feeling in the coloring. The arabesque border is perhaps better than the central portion. A Mexican embroidery on linen was lent by General S. W. Crawford, and, although the work of a barbarian hand,

is marked by a firmness, precision, and grace fairly comparable with the work of our highest civilization. The work of the North American Indians was represented by a leather mat presented to Dr. Mitchell by the Chief of the Six Nations, and now owned by Charles L. Atterbury. The decoration is composed of stitches and stripes of colored leather applied upon the original leather ground.

The exhibition of lace, in the west gallery, was the first exhibition of such objects ever made in this city, except the contemporary display of a private collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art; and certainly it was an exceedingly fine and interesting collection. All the famous patterns were shown at their best advantage, Venice laces being, however, in the majority. To Venice belongs the invention of the two most perfect productions of the needle,—point coupé and the point in relief, or rose point. The latter is the richest and most complicated of all points. Every outline in high relief is made by threads placed as thick as may be required. Sometimes the pattern is in double or triple relief. During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, point coupé was made in every household, and it became necessary to establish manufactories to supply the almost universal demand. The point coupé, or "punto in aria," from its being wrought without any ground, was worked on a parchment pattern and connected by *brides*, and comprised an endless variety of patterns, some of which were termed "Flat Venetian" or "Burano point," on account of the extreme flatness of the embroidery. The method of making the point coupé is thus described in the "History of Lace," by Mrs. Bury-Palliser:

"Threads radiating at equal distances from a common center, served as frame-work to others which were united to them in squares, triangles, rosettes, and other geometrical forms, worked over with button-hole stitch forming in some points open work, in others compact embroidery."

The exhibition contained beautiful specimens of both flat and rose point, the former

a remarkable flower, lent by Mrs. Hamilton Fish,—the latter a small piece of rose point belonging formerly to Queen Anne and



NO. 17. NORWEGIAN SILVER MUG.—LENT BY MRS. BÖRS.

now the property of Mrs. Rogers. This remnant, we may mention, is seemingly the oldest piece of lace in the collection, although the natural creamy color of the unbleached thread is well preserved. A beautiful pattern of Venice rose point, dating somewhere between 1660–1700, was exhibited by Mrs. Astor, who also lent a piece of guipure *à brides d'Angleterre*

of the seventeenth century. "The word guipure has given rise to some confusion," says Mrs. Palliser. "Strictly speaking, the word guipure was used to express a thick cord or thread, over which was twisted a silk, gold, or silver thread. *Guiper* in French means to twist the falling threads of a fringe by means of an instrument called *guipoir*, which consisted of a hook having at its lower end a lead weight to keep the thread straight.

When, in the seventeenth century, laces were made of linen thread, to imitate the high relief of the needle-made points, then in such estimation, a thick cord worked over



NO. 18. HUILIER (TIME OF FIRST EMPIRE).—LENT BY E. L. HENRY, ESQ.



NO 19. ITALIAN BASS-RELIEF.—LENT BY S. G. WARD, ESQ.

with thread (*guipé*) was introduced, to mark the salient point of the pattern. Thus the term "guipure" was applied to thread laces with the guipure reliefs, and that designation has since remained to all laces without grounds whose various patterns are united

by brides. The term is also applied to the bold, flowing patterns of Flanders and Italy, united by a coarse *réseau* ground, and indeed is almost indefinitely amplified." Mrs. Tuckerman had some fine specimens, including a collar of geometric pattern, wrought in a beautiful Greek pattern, of the greatest value in the estimation of good judges. Nor was less admired an old Flemish collar, thirty-two inches in length; we cannot conceive of a more delicate, more filmy lace than this. Mrs. Astor exhibited a magnificent point d'Angleterre, of beautiful design and marvelous execution. Among the smaller but more important examples was Mrs. Belmont's *barbe*, of the same description. This lace is not of English make, as its name implies, but of Belgian; the name point d'Angleterre was coined to elude the English enactment of 1662, forbidding the sale and importation of foreign laces. The process of making this lace defies description on the part of one not a professional lace-maker. It is first wrought in several small pieces, and after passing through the hands of six or seven workwomen, these are united in the complete form. The pattern is designed by the head of the factory, who, having separated the parchment, hands the pieces already pricked to the women charged with the preliminary operations; he alone knowing the effect to be produced by the whole. To the same class of exceedingly fine laces belong the so-called Mechlin or Malines, no specimen of which can excel the chalice veil, found in the collection of Mr. Paige, of Boston. The distinguishing feature of this kind of lace is the flat thread that forms the flower, and gives to the lace the character of an embroidery. It is called erroneously *point de Malines*, for this lace is not made with the needle, but on the pillow. To intimate how slowly the fabrication of fine Mechlin lace proceeds, although the bobbins may be twisted and crossed with the utmost dexterity, suffice it to say that fifty bobbins are requisite to the making of a square inch. If the lace be an inch wide, it will have at least 625 meshes to the square inch, or 22,500 to a yard. A *barbe point d'Alençon*, loaned by Mrs. Belmont, was also exhibited in this department. The manufacture of this lace was founded by the restorer of French finance and industry, Colbert, in his estate at Lourai, near Alençon. The point d'Alençon

soon won the title of the Queen of Lace. Eighteen hands were formerly required to work a piece before it was considered as finished. It is made entirely by hand, with a fine needle, upon parchment patterns, and in small pieces, united afterward by invisible seams. Besides the ancient laces, a case of imitations was exhibited by Mrs. Carter.

Want of space will not permit us to do more than simply refer to the collection of fans, watches, and miniatures, although it numbered many articles well worthy of reproduction. The same is true of the two cases of illuminated manuscripts and rare early printed books, of which the greater number were loaned by Mr. Robert Hoe, Jr. Among them, too, were volumes exquisitely bound by binders whose names are famous in the history of the decorative arts. It would be impossible, we think, to match this collection in America.

The Society of Decorative Art was well rewarded for the devotion, intelligence and energy displayed by its officers and its friends. The success of the exhibition was beyond expectation. The galleries were thronged at those hours when the lovers of art are not absorbed in their daily labors,—one who desired quiet, and a chance to study, had need to visit them in the early morning,—and the result was that a large sum of money was secured for the use of the Society. It has need of all this and more, for, as we understand it, the expenses of its classes alone exceed what the mere percentage on goods sold can amount to at present; while the society, also, has undertaken the formation of a library of works on decorative art, and proposes lectures from competent persons, and, generally, a wide range of educational influence and care. It is this which makes the characteristic excellence of the Society of Decorative Art: the high standard of selection and of criticism which it has set up, and which it strives to maintain. The difficulty of doing so is, of course, prodigious; the enmity excited in some cases must be a serious obstacle to success, and in our community any attempt to do such a work thoroughly is rather too much of a novelty to succeed at once. The more credit, therefore, to those who have attained an unmistakable success already.

The new rooms of the Society are at No. 34 East Nineteenth street, New York.

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"SHOOT! JIM, SHOOT!"

CHAPTER XL.

ROXY AND WHITTAKER.

ROXY was not one of those who nurse a sense of wrong and keep the judgment warped by anger. The life-long habit of looking her own soul in the face saved her from this. As soon as the first tempest of her wrath was over she began to hold a drum-head court-martial on herself. Here is the difference between the lapses of the person of high tone and those of a nature relaxed and weak. The test of moral character is not infallibility but recuperative power.

Roxy could plainly see that she had not been angry without cause. But then her anger had been chiefly about her own sufferings. She had forgotten Mark's good in her regard for her own dignity. So the court-martial voted her selfish. Thus while

Mark rode away across hill and hollow, shifting all responsibility to his wife, Roxy scourged herself with severity all that long rainy day for her lack of self-control. And when the bitterest bitterness of her self-reproaches was spent, she awakened suddenly to a questioning of her method of reforming Mark. Was the uncompromising protest so much urged in that day the best? Had she not lost all hold on Mark? But by any other plan would she not "compromise her religion" and "deny her Master?" In this perplexity she saw no way out. And during the stormy night that followed, she prayed a hundred times for Mark, she vowed that she would suffer any affliction herself if only he might be saved. If any sickness, sorrow or death inflicted on her would rescue him she would receive it patiently. But prayers are never answered as people expect them to be. The Over-

ruler works in his own way. If Roxy could have seen by what way the future would give what she prayed for, would ever she have prayed this prayer? I cannot say she would not, for now all the enthusiasm of the girl Roxy who picked blackberries for the poor, of the religious Roxy who sought to save souls in revivals, of the saint Roxy who tended with soft hands the sick, of the missionary Roxy who wished to seek the lost in Texas, centered itself in the all-consuming desire to save Mark. Here was her mission-field henceforth. Why had she missed it so long? Out of that sleepless night she came with a fixed resolve, such as only an exalted nature can persist in.

She longed now to see Mark. She had put him out of the place of a husband on whom she had claim for reciprocal duty, into that of an object of missionary enthusiasm for whom she would endure anything. She would be patient, cheerful, uncomplaining. She was determined to find some way in heaven and earth of reaching him. But there returned to her the old dilemma. She must not "do evil that good might come," and would it not be doing evil for her to enter at all into Mark's worldliness?

She could not think of any one with whom to advise. Twonnet seemed such a child. The new Methodist minister was almost a stranger, and she could not confide to him, or to any class-leader or "mother in Israel," her troubles. But there was Whittaker. He already knew the most about the Kirtley matter, whatever that might be. He was kind-hearted. He had loved her once and he could help her. She thought of him as the one person to whose superior moral sense she could commit a matter of conscience; for Mark's words about him and the sudden painful contrast she had felt between him and Mark the day before had fixed him in her mind as the one most likely to see rightly in a question of duty. Whittaker was still accustomed to call at her father's, and she planned at first to meet him there, but her natural frankness made her hate indirection of any kind. She would not do right as though she were doing wrong. Not that she thought out or formulated such a resolution,—women do not generally do that; but she felt this out quickly.

The clouds had gone, the sun shone out over the yellowing fields of corn, and the vineyards hanging with purple grapes, while Roxy wandered about her house in doubt.

The hired men were getting ready for the apple-gathering; the hired girl was busy in the kitchen, and Roxy, uneasy, sought the porch, the lawn, the lonesome parlor, and then her own room, trying first in one place and then in another to settle the puzzling questions that beset her, but never for a moment re-opening the question settled by the solemnest vow, to spend herself for the regeneration of Mark. This ceasing to beat aimlessly against circumstance,—this finding at last an object toward which to send the whole force of her nature, brought to her something like peace. For direct and concentrated action toward an unselfish aim was the condition of happiness to her temperament.

But there were yet within her fountains of misery. Reproaches for her failure to see her way earlier, an undefined dread of irreparable evil from the quarrel of the day before, and doubt as to the best method of accomplishing her purpose, all troubled her. But it was something to know whither she meant to go. Obstacles almost exhilarate a brave soul; they are made for the joy there is in overcoming them. Then, too, the old resentment toward Mark—the feeling of pride sore-wounded by neglect—was almost cured. In her thoughts Mark was hardly any longer a person to be held accountable; he had become an object. For the intensely serious woman no less than the frivolous woman has this power of working romantic transformations by the action of feeling and imagination.

Twonnet came in the middle of the forenoon, fresh and blithe, and laughing and chaffing, and all out of tune with Roxy, who was as abstracted as a penitent in a cloister. Never a red-bird sang with more abandon than Twonnet talked that morning, bent on driving away Roxy's "blues." But at last she gave over.

"What is the matter, Roxy?"

Roxy's awe-stricken look had smitten the mercurial girl with a great horror of she knew not what, and sent the tears into her eyes.

"Tell me what is the matter?" and she leaned forward with one hand clenched, in a sudden anxiety.

Roxy stretched out her arms to her friend, but answered not a word. In a moment the two were in a silent embrace. Roxy did not weep, and Twonnet, oppressed with awe and mystery, did not dare to sob.

After a long while, Roxy said:

"Oh, Twonnet, I've been bad!"

"You've been bad!" and Twonnet disengaged herself and looked indignantly at her friend.

"I've been selfish, and angry, and cross to Mark, and I've sent him away angry, and I don't know what harm I've done."

"You! You've been good and patient, and I wonder at you sometimes."

"Twonnet, I am looking for some dreadful punishment. But I am going to be better. I don't know how. I want to see Mr. Whittaker. Nobody else can help me. You must see about it."

And though Twonnet said all she could to cheer the other, Roxy was silent and fell back again into that state of solemn abstraction that seemed to Twonnet a hopeless desolation. Twonnet went home to see Whittaker and to arrange for the meeting between the two.

"I tell you what, Mr. Whittaker," she said, "I am sure there is some trouble in that family that will not be easily settled. Roxy has an awful look in her face. I don't believe they two can get on. Now, if you touch it, I'm afraid you'll be talked about and have trouble. Mark is doing badly and going with bad company. If he is very mad with Roxy, nobody knows what may be said about you."

Whittaker paced the floor in some agitation. Twonnet's words had come to have weight with him, and he was morbidly sensitive to reproach.

"If you think it would not be prudent," Twonnet proceeded, "I will just tell Roxy that I don't think it best, and get you out of it the best I can. Roxy is very reasonable."

After awhile, Whittaker said:

"You wouldn't think much of a soldier, Twonnet, that should run away from danger. Now, a minister does not have to face bombshells, but slander. It is his business to take his risks, terrible as they are. Here's a woman in some grievous trouble who wants my advice. I'll give it if I am shot for it. I don't say anything about her being an old friend. Any man or woman who asks sympathy or advice from a minister must be helped at all hazards, if the minister can help. The light-house keeper must not let his light go out because there's a storm. The question is whether I shall meet Roxy at her house, at her father's, or here. You know better than I do."

"Vat's dat you zay about bombshells?" broke in the old grandfather, in a red cap, sitting near at hand, catching a bit of autumn

sunshine and hearing snatches of the talk between the minister and Twonnet. "It vas vary coorious—je vous dis—I tell you—vat happened to me, il y a long temps. It ees now feefty year ago." And he wandered off into a garrulous story of military adventure, at the close of which Twonnet had made up her mind that Roxy must come up with her that very afternoon and meet Whittaker in the Lefaures' house.

When at last they sat together in the parlor of the old long house, the Swiss clock ticking softly on the wall, Roxy had still her awe-stricken look, with a look of internal conflict superadded. For there is that in the cool reserve of a New Englander that damps the more demonstrative Westerner. Whittaker's silence oppressed Roxy. Twonnet had disappeared on some pretext, and the two were alone with only the solemn, regular, conscience-like old clock for third party and witness.

And as Roxy sat thus looking out at the grass and the withering dog-fennel of the street, did she remember the time when once before she looked out of another window in embarrassment rather than face Mr. Whittaker? Whittaker remembered, and it was in part this memory and the feelings excited by it that gave him his air of reserve. Roxy looked out of the window a long while; then she bit her quivering lips and sighed, and then relapsed into looking out of the window.

"I'm afraid," she said, at last—and then she did not finish, for Mr. Whittaker sat there waiting for her to begin, and she thought it unkind that he should be so silent and open no way for her to speak.

"I am afraid I have done wrong to trouble you," she said, after a long time.

"My dear madam—my dear friend," said Whittaker, earnestly, "I only wish I could be of service to you."

When a self-contained man does speak with feeling his words have extraordinary force by contrast with the background of habitual reserve. Roxy's tears now ran down her face unchecked.

"I have been bad. You must not expect me to explain. I can't tell you all. I might excuse myself, but I will not, for I deserve to have you think me wicked. I have been selfish, angry, and harsh to my husband. I have done harm, though, indeed, I wanted to be good."

Whittaker did not check this strain of self-reproach. Penitence is God's own medicine.

"I am sorry for you. I needn't tell you that God is sorry for you also."

"I know that. The past is past. I am ashamed of it. God can forgive me; but, then, the harm I have done is done, and I can never undo it. But I cannot tell you any more about it."

"Don't tell me anything. You may be too severe with yourself, and you owe it to your husband to tell me as little as possible of your domestic life. At any rate, we cannot undo the past, and it will only embarrass you and me both for me to know what you shrink from disclosing. Tell me only what is necessary."

Is it wonderful or blameworthy that Roxy noted this thoughtfulness, and wondered at the difference between Whittaker and Mark? But she said, eagerly:

"I want to bring my husband to a better state. He is not—bad—but then his company is not good, and he is not going—quite—*quite* as I wish he would. And I've been very hard and willful and angry in my efforts to bring him back. And I've done harm."

"And you want to undo it."

"Yes, and I want to undo all the harm, and bring Mark back to—to what he ought to be."

"Then take Christ's way."

"What's that? Do you mean to suffer for him? I am sure now that I see my sin, I would die for him."

Whittaker shook himself in a negating way. When he had a practical difficulty to deal with, he instinctively shook off all theological ways of thinking, and all the phraseology of the schools, putting to work only the shrewd mother-wit that he had got from a long line of shrewd and hard-working New England ancestors. He helped a soul out of difficulty with the same practical judgment his grandfather had used in sailing a whale-ship in a storm. So now when Roxy talked about dying for Mark, he gave himself a little twitch, as though he would dissipate all theories. With that gesture he shook off the student and the theologian, and brought out the shrewd Yankee below.

"I don't mean that, Mrs. Bonamy—Roxy. Did you ever notice that Christ was wise in a practical way,—was what you Western people call 'a good manager'?"

Roxy looked up suddenly, the old intelligent wonder coming back into her eyes.

"Christ got people to love him first. That is the first thing. He made the pub-

licans love him by going to dinner with them; he made the woman that was a sinner love him. She loved much. When they loved him, he could save them."

Just here some theological and systemic doubts arose in the minister's mind, but he gave another impatient twitch, and the practical man kept the systematic theology in abeyance.

"Yes," said Roxy. "I saw the necessity for that this morning. Now that's my difficulty. If I try to regain my husband by that means, I must enter into his pursuits. They don't seem right to me. You know what Paul says about partaking in other men's sins. Would I be doing evil that good may come? Would I be compromising my religious principles?"

"I can see that you have been very wrong,—very wrong."

Roxy was a little hurt with this sharp rebuke.

Whittaker gave his theological self a good shaking, and then resumed:

"Now let us be practical. If your husband were down in a pit and you wanted to get him out, you would put a ladder down to him; you'd go down to help him, if he needed help. You wouldn't compromise the daylight by such an action. Unless you succeed in establishing a ground of sympathy between him and you, you can't help him. Put down a ladder. It don't do to philosophize too much about a practical matter. Use Scripture where Scripture applies, and common sense in matters that need common sense. God gave common sense, and it is divine also." Here Whittaker paused. He was astonished at his own words. The position he was taking was a new one, forced on him by the difficulties presented to him. Nor could he have applied these principles to scruples of his own.

"Don't do anything wrong," he went on, after a moment. "But when your husband loved you first, your feelings toward him were different from what they are now?"

"I admired him greatly." Roxy's eyes were downcast.

"Surely there is much to admire now in Mr. Bonamy. His nature is not on so high a key as yours, perhaps, and you have judged him by your standard; you have been hard. Is it not so?"

Roxy bit her lip, but made no reply.

"You could praise your husband for a great many things. The world appreciates his gifts. Only at home he has been chilled

by censure. I think he is a man who craves approval."

Roxy was now sobbing audibly and bitterly with her head between her hands.

"I should make the mistake I am warning you against if I didn't say—Roxy—my dear, good friend—that your mistaken severity comes from the nobleness of your character. Your errors are on that side."

Roxy, when she perceived that Whittaker had finished and was silent, picked up the sunbonnet she had worn and drew it down over her eyes so as to hide her tear-stained face. In her heart she thanked him, but her lips spoke not. She held out her hand and he took it. Then for the first time she saw that he had been weeping also. But he only said as he held her hand ;

"'Ye that are strong ought also to bear the infirmities of the weak.'"

"Don't think badly of my husband," Roxy said with a woman's pride, as she paused on the threshold. "He is *real* good in a great many things."

"Don't forget to tell him so."

CHAPTER XLI.

THE ENEMY.

TRITE sayings are often trite because they are so very true. It is very trite and true also that many good plans have the fatal defect of being adopted too late. If Roxy had begun a year or a week sooner to prop Mark's house upon the sand with sympathetic kindness, it might have escaped its disastrous fate. But it might have fallen sooner or later in some way. Ruin is the only cure for ruin with some people; there is nothing but the recoil that comes of disgrace that will save a man of vanity and egotism. It is better that the ill-founded house should be utterly swept away, perhaps. Patching will not save it.

Roxy's kindness to Mark on his return, and her sincere endeavor to enter into sympathy with some of his aims and plans, only served to make him uncomfortable. Mark's guilty consciousness wanted an opiate—there is no lethe like self-pity; if Roxy had been severe with him he might have stilled his remorse with a Rip Van Winkle persuasion that his wife's austerity and not his own laxity drove him into sin. If he could have persuaded himself that he was an irresponsible waif, beaten upon and driven of domestic storms, he might have been tolerably comfortable. He would have

been quits with Roxy. But now that she gave him appreciation of his gifts and praise of his generous qualities, his old love for her—the best passion of his life—revived and he felt a shame to have sinned against her. Unconsciously he sometimes tried to provoke her to speak the angry words which would have been a relief to him. But though he could make her face flush with indignation, he could not draw from her lips a reproach. The power of Roxy's persistent resolution was dominant over her temper. She might cry her eyes out over his unkind words when he was gone. But her vow kept guard over her lips. And she found a certain peace in the struggle. She was born for hard tasks, and now as Bobo, grown but little taller in these years, went about the yard with a hundred chickens at his heels, he was sometimes surprised and delighted to meet Roxy with a momentary gleam of the old gladness in her face: it was when she thought she was really beginning to win back her husband to old states of feeling.

Poor Bobo, to whom Roxy's face was as the face of God, was so pleased to get a glimmer of sunshine from her that he would forthwith fill his pockets with chicken feed and give his followers an extra treat, scattering the food so that all should have some,—that all of them might be happy like himself. He had improved much in mind under Roxy's care. He repeated long strings of poetry with considerable appreciation of its meaning, and he could make himself useful in many things. But he could never be taught to give his bounty to dumb creatures otherwise than lavishly, and it was a most thriftless, lazy and unscratching set of chickens that he fed. The corn in the barn had to be kept out of his sight lest through his kindness the horses should be foundered, or the cows die of colic, or the pigs grow fat before the time of execution.

Mark grew less and less remorseful as the weeks passed by. He had, both from nature and training, a great power of forgetting unpleasant things—the most dangerous of mental tendencies. A corrupt memory can defeat a tolerably vigorous conscience. But remorse does not generally come of successful and undetected sin. It was not David's guilt that produced David's repentance, but the detection of his sin and the disasters in which he was involved. As the autumn seared and browned and grayed at last into winter, Mark came to something of his old complacency. Forgetfulness filled the place of forgiveness; his prospects for political

promotion improved, and, more than all, Roxy had come to see the error of her ways and was in active sympathy with his aims, only reserving the right to check and correct him in matters of detail. A man cannot be very guilty with whom all goes so prosperously.

It was only when one day old Gideon Kirtley came to town and held a private conversation with Mark that he was awakened from this forgetfulness of his crime. Evil done and out of mind has a way of starting up thus in a man's most peaceful and prosperous moments, as though Retribution were fond of making her entrance dramatical. To have a crime against law and society charged upon one just when the prize of ambition hangs low within reach is the realization of the doom of Tantalus. It was easy to quiet the old man for the present with money and fair promises, but Bonamy's security was fairly shaken out of him. Ashamed and terror-stricken in Roxy's presence, she found him sometimes moody and silent. He knew that Nancy would not be easily kept still, and that she would especially delight to torment Roxy. He must make a way of sending Nancy out of the country at all hazards, and he was not sure that any inducement would be sufficient to get her away. She was too fond of plaguing people to be willing to forego a particle of her revenge. Money was no equivalent to her for the luxury of "getting even."

Mark knew that he must sooner or later have an ally in this desperate game of concealment. But who should it be? His brother-in-law, Barlow, was his chief political friend, and was very handy in fixing up bad cases. But then he could not bear to have Amanda by any chance know his secret. And, moreover, he distrusted Barlow. His brother-in-law was in law and politics a rival, and he did not feel sure that, between Barlow's rivalry with himself and Amanda's jealousy of Roxy, Ben might not think it best to push himself for Congress. At all events, he did not choose that Barlow should have so much leverage as the knowledge of his affair with the Kirtleys would give him.

But there was no time to debate. One night in December, as Mark was crossing the common toward his own house, he was confronted by Nancy herself. After a great deal of preliminary abuse, she came out with:

"Now, what you goin' to do about it?"

"Whatever you say. If you keep still and don't make a fuss, I'll do whatever you think I ought to do."

"W'y, you jest sell out and take me and slope, an' leave the Adams girl here. I haint a-goin' to be laughed at by all the fools on Rocky Fork; they haint no money, nor nothin' 'll satisfy me but jest one thing. I'm goin' to git square with *her*."

Mark trembled at the fiery unreason of the creature. It was then a wild beast into whose power he had put himself. In his first dash of dismay he felt all the hopelessness of the case. Could one compromise with an infuriated tiger?

"What has she done, poor thing, that you want to break her heart?" he said, pointing on toward his own house, with a shudder.

"Her? What has she done? I had orto been thair. She stole you, and I am straight on the road now to git even. I always git even, I do. Break her heart, hey? Wouldn't I jest like to break it! That's what I'm goin' to do. You hadn't no business to leave me an' take her. I'm gittin' even weth her now. And you jest back out a inch from what I say, and then I'll git even weth you, too, or my name haint Kirtley!"

"Well, Nancy," said Bonamy, seeing how useless it was to enrage her with remonstrances, "you must give me time to see about things. I can't say what I ought to do."

"Oh, they's time enough, but they's only jest one thing to do. Me an' you's goin' to Texas this time, instid of her an' you. That's all they is of it. I swore I'd be even weth her, and it'll soon be square, one way or t'other. Ef you go weth me, it'll be all square with her, and I'll be satisfied. Ef you don't go weth me, I know more ways 'an one of gittin' square weth you, dog on you! The ole man says I kin make you pony han'some, anyhow; and then he says you wont be elected; an' then he says as he'll have you took up and sent to penitentiary; and, besides all that, I've on'y got to give the nod to Jim McGowan. Jim's a dead shot, an' he'll foller you all over creation weth that rifle o' his'n. But I haint got no gredge ag'in you, ef you do the fa'r thing. But I'm even weth her, any ways you kin fix it."

She shook her fist a moment in gesticulation, as she turned away and started toward the village. Mark heard her low whinney of exultation as he lost sight of her form in the darkness. He thought of the old tales of men who had bargained with the devil.

Satan had come now to foreclose the bond, and it was too late to rue his bargain.

There is no magnanimity in conscience; it is prone to take us at disadvantage. It always wields its whip of scorpions when the soul is scourged by outward circumstance. Mark found no cushion of self-pity, no couch of self-conceit, on which to rest that night. Half a dozen times he thought of confessing to Roxy. Her severity was terrible to him; he shrunk from putting his crime in the light of her conscience; but there were moments when it would have been a relief to hear her sharpest condemnation. Any outward chastisement would have numbed a little the inward remorse. On the other hand, he did not know what Roxy would do in case he told her. Would she die of shame and grief? Would she leave him? Would he ever be able to look her in the face again? There were but two roads open,—to throw himself on the pity of Roxy and take her counsel, or to seek advice of Lathers. The alternative was like one between God and devil.

But Roxy's very nobleness held him back. He knew that in her there was no weakness that could make her look with allowance on his sin. He could not lay it bare to her.

There is always a question when a man has fallen low whether or not he will rise again. It is a question of moral reaction. There is all the difference in the world between Herod, whose terror-stricken conscience plunges him ever deeper into crime, and David, who, out of the mire, climbs up the ladder of bitter contrition, and heart-break, and shame, into the clean daylight once more. Mark's conscience smote him sore, but there was no fifty-first psalm in him. His vanity made him a coward. His habit of avoiding trouble made him evade the penance of a confession. After a sleepless night and a moody morning, which threw Roxy into the utmost consternation, he went to consult Lathers.

CHAPTER XLII.

COUNSEL, AND THE RESULT.

EVEN to Lathers, whose moral sense was not keen, Mark had much shame in confessing his trouble and seeing the "I told you so" look on the major's foxy face. But Bonamy was a little shocked at the unmoral view Lathers took of this question as of every other. Major Lathers could appreciate the embarrassment of a man who

wished to avoid domestic jealousy and unpleasantness; he could understand the annoyance of an aspirant for Congress against whom an escapade of the sort might be used with over-pious and sanctimonious people, and he could understand the danger of legal difficulties, and above all the ugliness of the muzzle of Jim McGowan's rifle, but Bonamy's remorse was a riddle to him. And Mark was not made easy by the coolness with which Lathers "pooh-poohed" all that; in his present state of mind it reacted upon his awakened moral sense.

The sheriff was very willing to help Bonamy. It was convenient to have a "purchase," as he would have said, on the coming Congressman. He undertook to see the Kirtleys and by one device or another to keep them quiet. He winked his eye at Mark and said he knew how to be on both sides of a question. "He'd git the Kirtleys to make him their friend and he'd play that part on Rocky Fork." This dishonesty Bonamy was glad to have on his side, but the forebodings he had of failure made him wish that he had courage to fall into the hands of the severe Roxy rather than of the lax Lathers. His future position, sheltered and delivered by Lathers's artifices and at the mercy of Lathers's fidelity, was a galling one to him. Lathers had a good many other devices for intimidating and conciliating the Kirtleys which he did not trust to Mark, and he saw also some possibilities of serving himself.

As to the domestic difficulty, Bonamy had not asked his advice but Lathers volunteered counsel. He knew something about managing wives. It was well to have "a purchase and the like." If you owe a man, it's a good thing to have a claim to offset with.

Here he paused awhile and looked inquiringly at Mark.

"Now ef your wife's got a lien onto you, she's goin' to use it, an' that gives her the upper hand, and the like. And it's bad to have the ole woman have the upper hand, you see. It deranges things, you know."

Here another pause and a look at Mark that provoked him more than he dared to show. What right had Lathers or such as he to discuss Roxy? Who had given him this freedom? Here came again conscience, cruel and ever waiting its advantage. Who indeed, but Mark himself, had thus made his domestic life free to the trampling hoofs of Tom Lathers? Roxy was henceforth an element that Lathers, as Mark's private

adviser, might weigh and consider. It made Bonamy grind his teeth with remorse and wounded pride that Roxy should be alluded to at all. But a new and dreadful vision opened to him. If he should lose the support of Lathers, Roxy's name might become common and conspicuous to every street loafer in Luzerne.

"Now," said Lathers, "I 'low you've got an offset."

"What do you mean?" asked Mark, trying to keep his voice down to a peaceful pitch.

Lathers was not in haste to reply. He called Bonamy's attention to the fact that he lived nearly opposite to Lefauere's. Then he stopped. But Mark did not trust himself to ask a question, so that Lathers was forced to proceed on his own motion.

"Well, the day after you started to Republican meeting-house, last September, I see Mrs. Bonamy go in at Lefauere's."

"Well, what of that?" said Mark, with his teeth shut tight.

"Well, I see her shakin' hands with Whitaker when she come out the door. There wa'n't no one with him when he told her good-bye. That's a start for an offset."

Mark swore a savage oath and got to his feet.

"Lathers, you are a brute. You're a spy and a tattler! My wife's badly off married to me, God knows. But to have you say a word against *her* —" and here Bonamy burst into another fit of swearing.

"Purty lively cussin', that, fer a missionary an' the like, Mark," sneered the major. "Ef I'd 'a' knowed you was on t'other side, sonny, I wouldn't 'a' la'nched out into this case. You can settle weth the Kirtleys yerself, liker'n not. I think I'll give it up. I don't like to be swore at that a-way. I haint accustomed to it, and my constitution's weakened by fever 'n' ager late years, so as I can't stand quite so much swearin' at as I could wunst."

"I am sorry, Major; I didn't mean to quarrel with you, but I lost my temper. Only don't let's say any more about my wife. This thing 'll kill her. You've got to help me out. I can't get on without you." Abject fear of exposure had made Mark a coward in the presence of the man into whose power he had put himself.

The major looked pityingly at Bonamy, who sat down again, as he might have looked on a simpleton. He accepted the apology, and during the rest of the interview he kept off the question of domestic man-

agement. However, he was nettled by Bonamy's outburst, and when the latter had gone, he said to himself:

"May be I'll take a notion to make him swear worse when I'm done. May be I'll learn him some manners. I've got the say about Congressman and the like, this time. Bonamy's too young. The law 'll barely let him in. And I don't like to be called a brute, and a tattler, and the like, and a spy, though I do keep my eyes peeled as well as the next man. Nobody knows what information may turn out to be valooable. Mark 'll cuss; but he'll think about my words, and he'll take a turn, fer all his high tone. That high tone's all they is left of the missionary fever, I 'low. Though now, to be shore, the ole colonel was powerful high-toned on some sides, and powerful low-toned on others. Runs in the blood like, may be."

As for Bonamy, now that he felt relieved by the intervention of the shrewd Lathers in the affair, he became a little more easy in regard to the result. He even thought of himself with pity, as a man driven by evil circumstances. If Roxy hadn't been cross, he might have got along.

But he also came to be more and more troubled, as the days went by, with what Lathers had said about Roxy. There was nothing strange about her going up to Lefauere's, though since her marriage the visiting had, by mutual consent, been done chiefly by Twonnet. What troubled Mark was that his wife had gone while he was away, and immediately after a very bitter quarrel between them. If what Lathers had told him were true, she had probably held a consultation with Whittaker alone. There had been an unaccountable change in her manner toward him on his return. What mystery was there between Roxy and her former lover? In his heart Mark did not suspect her of wrong; but in his haunted and evil condition of mind everything seemed to wear a look inimical to him. He hated to think of Whittaker as in possible contrast with himself in Roxy's mind. Had Roxy taken to conferences with people about him? Sometimes he was vaguely afraid; sometimes vaguely jealous; sometimes heartily ashamed of both feelings. It resulted from this complexity and from his own remorseful restlessness and irritability, that he treated Roxy often with harshness, and again with the utmost deference. Sometimes she caught him watching her furtively, as though seeking to penetrate some mystery.

Puzzling herself day and night to guess

out the cause of her husband's strange capriciousness, Roxy invented every possible hypothesis about the state of his affairs; but in none of them could she find a reason for the concealment from her of the cause of his trouble. If he had gambling debts, she thought, he might be secretive; but then he did not seem to lack money. His political prospects were good; and, had the case been otherwise, she felt sure, from what she knew of the quick reactions of Mark's mercurial temperament, that a chance for defeat would not disturb him so much. Sometimes the shadow of the dark Kirtley girl troubled her thoughts; but she had heard nothing of that affair since the day her father-in-law had twitted Mark with it, and it had receded into the background, as a thing unreal or insignificant.

At last something in Mark's manner led her to think that she might herself be the cause of his trouble. Clearly, she was making no perceptible headway in the great purpose to which she had given herself. There were signs that Mark's habits were not growing better,* but worse. She determined at last to make a bold attack.

So one night, when Mark came home, he found her sitting alone by the fire, waiting for him. She had everything arranged for his comfort, and Bonamy was angry, because he knew that she would be disappointed in her hope of winning him to cheerfulness. He had just heard from Lathers in regard to the progress of the Kirtley business; and, while Lathers had gained delay, he gave Mark little hope of anything but a respite. So the husband gloomily sat down in the rocking-chair set for him, and looked into the fire, answering the wife's questions moodily, saying he was worried, didn't want to talk business at home, and wished she wouldn't ask any more questions. This last was spoken somewhat tartly.

"But, Mark, we can't go on living this way. For two or three months you've been troubled about something. I've been waiting for your own time to tell me. Now, I can't stand it any longer. Wont you tell me now?"

There came a sudden impulse to Bonamy to seize this chance to begin the right course at all costs, by a frank confession. But the way of contrition—the hard road back out of this tangled and briery maze of wrongdoing—seemed so long and severe! All the weakness engendered by a life-long habit of self-indulgence and the evasion of unpleasant tasks came over him. He said to him-

self that he could not. It might kill her to hear it. What would be the good, anyhow?

The whole course of thinking was swift and momentary. He only answered to her question, "No."

To prevent further questioning, he went to bed; and, worn by excitement and exhausted from previous sleeplessness, he fell into a sound slumber, from which he awoke at daylight to find that Roxy had not been in bed. When he had dressed and returned to the sitting-room, he found her sitting in her chair, where he had left her.

Something in the terrible resoluteness of his wife made Bonamy afraid. If she could spend the night waiting for him to awake and answer her query, what might she not do if she understood just how bad he had been? His sin did not seem to him quite so black after the physical refreshment of a night of sleep; and he easily persuaded himself that, for Roxy's own sake, it was necessary to conceal his guilt. Moreover, this solemn and awful determination of Roxy's to find out, had awakened his old combative stubbornness. He might yield and tell her; but it must be a spontaneous yielding. She must not carry the point by siege.

Nothing was said between them until after breakfast when Roxy again urged her plea so persistently that only Mark's capacity for blind resistance in a matter where his combativeness was excited, kept him back from telling her the whole story. This ugly state of resistance made him dwell now on his dislike of Roxy's private conference with Whittaker. At last he rose to go.

"Tell me one thing, Mark. Have I done anything that troubles you?" She said this as she stood between him and the door. Mark saw a way of present escape from her inquiries about his mental trouble, and present escape was the one thing that his indolent moral nature ever chose.

"Yes," he answered.

"Now you must tell me what it is. I don't want to do wrong."

"I don't want you to do things that make people talk about you."

Roxy looked at him in pain and perplexity.

"Did you go to see Whittaker last fall while I was gone?"

Roxy was very loth to say anything about this interview to Mark, so she answered evasively:

"I walked up with Twonnet and I saw Mr. Whittaker. Who told you about it?"

"That doesn't matter." And Mark was

now full of suspicion of something inimical to himself in the interview between Roxy and Whittaker. Why should she evade in this way? Why ask in a startled voice, "Who told you?" He found himself in the position of accuser instead of accused, though with a lurking sense of his own hypocrisy.

"Did you go to Lefauere's to see Whittaker? Did you hold a private interview with him?"

"Mark, I am willing, since you ask it, to tell you all about that matter, though I would rather you hadn't known about it. But you mustn't ask in that tone. You know, Mark Bonamy,"—and here she straightened up while her eyes glowed,—"that I did not go there for any evil purpose. You must grant that or I will never answer your questions." It was the first time in months that Roxy's temper had broken forth, and now it was in power and resolute purpose that it came out and not in weakness.

Mark was seized with a sudden qualm of conscience. He looked in her pure face full of indignation and said:

"Of course, Roxy, I know you are all right. But what the mischief did you go for, just when you and I had fallen out?"

"I will tell you. I had been very cross to you. I felt sure I had done wrong. I went and asked Mr. Whittaker's advice." She spoke slowly and with precision.

"Asked advice of your old lover about your family affairs?"

"Have you noticed any improvement in my temper since? If you have it's all owing to his advice."

"Couldn't you be good-tempered without telling *him* that we had quarreled? Now I don't like you discussing me with anybody."

"I didn't say one word about you except to speak well of you, nor did he say anything except in praise of you."

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him I had been bad and cross and unsympathetic and I was afraid I should do you harm."

"What good could come of confessing to him?"

"I had a point of conscience, if you must know; I thought that your pursuits were not so—so—exactly right, as they ought to be. I was afraid that if I did enter into sympathy with your worldly ambition I should compromise my religious principles. Mr. Whittaker removed my scruples and taught me better."

"I think you ought to ask advice of your

husband." Mark's conscience smote him at this point. "I have heard your call at Lefauere's remarked on."

Roxy pressed her lips together and was silent.

"At least, Mark, you'll admit that I've changed for the better since I talked with Mr. Whittaker."

"I wish to God in heaven you'd changed a little sooner. It would have been better for both of us."

These words were spoken as though they were wrung out of him. Then to avoid further questions and because, man-like, he could not bear to see a woman crying, he left the house abruptly.

Roxy sat and cried and puzzled her wits more and more to guess what this last remark could mean. But when Mark came back he resented all inquiries and his wife waited out the long days and nights in inactivity and terror of she knew not what.

CHAPTER XLIII.

JIM'S RIFLE.

MAKING one's fortune in political life is gambling upon a series of ifs. If Henry Clay or some other Whig should be elected president, reasoned Lathers, and if there should be a Whig Congressman from the district he would have great influence in distributing the patronage for Luzerne County. If the Congressman should be from one of the other counties in the district, and if Lathers could stand his chief friend in Luzerne County, the major felt sure that his political importance would be greatly increased. But if Bonamy should go to Congress Lathers would be second or third instead of first in his own county.

Lathers knew well that a scandal of the sort to which Bonamy was liable might not of itself be sufficient to defeat a candidate for Congress. The moral standard of voters away back in the Forties was lower than it is now in the Seventies, and there is even yet room for it to advance by the time we come to the Nineties. But if the Kirtley matter could be kept carefully suppressed until about the time of the session of the nominating caucus, he could then let loose Nancy's suit for seduction and turn the close contest against Mark by criminal proceedings and the scandal of an arrest. In the whole matter he would play the rôle of Mark's friend and defender, and in the confusion of defeat he would be able to stampede enough votes to

Bonamy's chief competitor, Paddock of Florence County, to nominate him. He had already made interest with Paddock. But the whole thing must be kept secret lest the Luzerne County men should have time to bring forward some other man and so defeat the plan. For the "geographical argument" was in favor of Luzerne County. It was the "turn" of the south-western portion of the district to name the man. And the geographical argument is a very weighty one if it happens to be on your side. If it is in favor of the other man you can insist that fitness is the only thing.

If Lathers could have been sure of Bonamy's election, he would not have proposed this desertion. But in such a contest as the one now raging over the nomination for Congress, the weaker candidates are prone to make common cause against the foremost one, so that by the time the convention meets to nominate, the bitter combined opposition renders his defeat certain. Mark, as the leading man, had to run this risk. Then, too, he was barely within legal age, and his youth was likely to be urged against him. And even if he should secure the nomination, the Kirtley scandal and the consequent domestic difficulties could not be kept secret until the election should be over, and it might defeat Bonamy by turning his own county against him. At the same time, Major Lathers kept his eyes open for anything that might turn up, and the like, and made all sorts of mental reservations in taking his resolution to go for Paddock. For himself, he said, he was like Jacob's coat of many colors—all things to all men that he might win the game, and the like.

In order to keep Mark's political strength up to its full measure for the present, Lathers kept Nancy quiet by holding out the most delusive hopes. He represented himself as her friend in the case. He told her that he had extorted from Mark solemn promises to elope with her as soon as he could get his affairs arranged. Bonamy was even now selling off property secretly, so that he could start for Texas with Nancy in June. It is the evil of evil affairs that agents bad enough for bad business are too bad to be trustworthy.

Lathers had impressed on Nancy the necessity for secrecy. But there is a limit to the capacity for secrecy. Nancy could not long forego her love of tormenting Jim McGowan. Whenever the poor fellow lifted his head in a faint hope of winning

her regard, she pounced upon him as a cat does upon a shaken mouse that dares to move but feebly again. Seeing that Nancy had married nobody else, Jim reasoned that, since in the nature of things she must needs marry somebody, he would be the one. "She'll git done foolin' some day," he said. Having expressed himself to this effect to Nancy, as she sat frowning at him one day,—it was now the last of April,—she came out with:

"Thunder an' blazes, Jim! I'm a-goin' to do a heap sight better'n that."

"Where? How?" exclaimed Jim, startled.

"You'll know afore long. When you come to Texas, some day, you'll find me in a fine house, *somebody*. I wont look at you then, dogged ef I will."

"W'y, Nance, how you talk! Sence Bonamy got married they haint no rich feller about that your'e like to git. You wouldn't run off weth another woman's husband, I 'low," and Jim laughed a rude laugh at the improbability of the thing. The laugh stung Nancy.

"Wouldn't I? Confound you, Jim, d'you think I'm a fool to be fooled with? I'll show girls how they kin take a beau from me, and I'll larn folks to fool weth me. You'll know more'n you do now when you're a leetle older, may be."

This speech and the dare-devil tone set McGowan wild, as it was meant to. Puzzling himself to guess out what was behind the threat, there came into his mind a jealous suspicion of the true state of the case. He went to Luzerne the next day, and, by dint of pretending to know the facts, he wormed them out of Haz Kirtley. That very night, with the borderer's disregard for law and life, he loaded his rifle with a heavy charge of powder, cut his patching with extreme care, selected a bullet of good form and rammed it down solidly, smote the stock of the gun with his hand to bring the powder well down into the tube, and selected a good cap. He 'lowed that air would fetch things, he said.

With this well-loaded rifle he waited that night for Mark's late return to his home. He crept along in the shadows of the houses in Luzerne, intending to shoot Bonamy in the street. His horse was saddled and tied to the hitching-rail at the public square. There was not a light anywhere to be seen, except one from an upper window on the opposite side of the square. A conference with Lathers detained Mark very late. Even McGowan grew nervous with his long, murderous watch for his victim. At last he

heard steps coming in the darkness under the locusts on the other side of the street. He leaned back close to the fence, slowly cocked his gun, and waited for Mark to come out of the shadow of the young foliage of the trees into the light, so that his unerring aim might bring him down. But when the figure emerged into the starlight, it proved to be that of a white-haired, well-dressed old man, walking uneasily and peering to the right and left. When the old man caught sight of McGowan and his gun on the other side, he crossed the street to him, and said sternly:

"What's this? What are you standing here for at this time o' night with that rifle for?"

"You'd 'a' found out, may be, ef I hadn't 'a' seed jest in time that you wuzn't the man." Here McGowan slowly lowered the hammer of his rifle. "I'm after a man that's ruined my girl, and that's goin' off to Texas weth her. Leastwise, he means to; but I mean to send him somewheres else. Stand out of the way! I'm lookin' fer him every minute. And when I see him they'll be a case fer the coroner."

"Young man,"—the old man's voice was quivering,—“thirty years ago I killed a man right out there close to where the pump stands. He struck me with a whip, and I was young and proud. I shot him. O God! if I'd only thought what I was doing!”

"Is your name White?" asked McGowan with a shudder.

"Yes, everybody knows about me, I suppose. I am Cain's own brother. That's my candle there in the window. I can't sleep in the dark. Sometimes I can't sleep at all. I can see Bob Anderson as I saw the poor fellow lying there thirty years ago. If you want to be in hell all the rest of your life, just shoot a man to-night."

This staggered Jim a little, but a moment later, swearing under his breath, he raised his gun to shoot. Mark, attracted by the sound of voices, was crossing the street to the two men. The old man pushed up the gun and kept on warning Jim.

"What's this?" asked Mark.

"It's me. Come to settle up with you about that matter of Nancy Kirtley. I'm goin' to blow your infernal brains out."

The old man kept putting himself in the way of McGowan and urging Mark to run away. But Bonamy had always been a man of almost reckless physical courage; to flee was not possible to him, and now, tired and worn with the struggle of good and bad in

himself, he had a desperate feeling that it would be a service to him if somebody would relieve him of his life.

"Take care, Mr. White," he said. "Get out of the way and let him shoot. I wish to God he would. Shoot, Jim, shoot. I deserve it. I would like to die right here, and get done with this whole infernal business and this infernal old world."

"You wont shoot an unresisting man," urged the old man. "You'll be a coward and a murderer if you do. You'll be worse than I am and you'll have more hell than I've got."

"I—I—I—" said Jim, letting his gun down and turning away, "I can't quite shoot a feller down in cold blood that acts that away. He's in my power." Then he stopped. "But just looky here, Mark Bonamy, you infernal scoundrel, you'd ort to die like a dog, an' you jest dare to run off with Nancy and I *will* kill you both, so help me God." And Jim proceeded to fire off all the curses which the Rocky Fork dialect could afford.

"I never had any notion of running off with her."

"You lie. She says you told Lathers so. I've got a mind to shoot you fer lyin' to me."

"I didn't lie. Shoot, if you want to. It would be a dreadful waste of powder though. I'm not worth the charge in your gun."

Irresolutely McGowan moved off, stopping now and then to look back while he felt of his gun ominously. At last he mounted his horse and slowly rode away.

"Don't say anything about this matter, Mr. White," said Mark as he saw the last of his enemy. "I'm 'most sorry he didn't shoot."

The old man moved off without reply, only saying to himself, "I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night."

It is commonly said that only a virtuous man is at peace with himself. In truth there are two ways to a quiet conscience, that of entire goodness and that of utter badness. As the first is never quite achieved it is only the wholly bad man who has no trouble with the moralities. If peace of conscience were the main end of life the dead conscience capable of telling no tales were best. The trouble with Bonamy, who now went home wretched enough, was that he was not bad enough. Many a man of fair outward seeming would have taken Mark's guilty consciousness easily. Bonamy's moral sense was not dominant, nor

was it steady enough to be an available guide. Like all his impulses, it was subject to the law of his temperament and acted intensely but intermittently. But all the more for its very lack of continuity was it a tormentor when aroused by an outward circumstance, like Roxy's suffering face or an encounter such as this with McGowan.

Mark could face the muzzle of a rifle but not exposure. And now the dread of disgrace and of Roxy's execration haunted him and made his wrong-doing seem blacker than ever. There came to him the desperate temptation to seek relief by the road to utter badness. Why not run off either with or without Nancy, and let the world of Luzerne drop away from his life? The illusive notion that he could begin life over again and do better seized him. But here again the contradictions of his nature held him back. He was neither bad enough nor good enough to take either way out.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A BREAK.

EVENTS now took their inevitable course. Precautions of Mark and precautions of Lathers were alike in vain.

McGowan did not say much to Nancy about the rifle when he saw her early the next morning. But he told her that Bonamy had denied all intention of going to Texas with her. What could Nancy do but fly in a passion and suggest that Jim should mind his own business and be gone? Whereupon he added with a sneer that nobody of any sense would believe an old fox like Lathers, who wanted to get Mark elected. Whereupon Nancy told him he was a fool and that he must clear out. But the suspicion once fastened in her mind that Major Lathers "might be a-foolin' weth her" set Nancy wild with anger. Gossips of Rocky Fork who had long hated Nancy for her beauty and her arrogance were even now whispering about her. She felt already the coming of the contempt she should have to suffer if her disgrace should become known. She would be shut out of good society.

So she started to town at once. She would see Lathers and Bonamy together and have things made right. Nothing was so dreadful a blow to her self-love as this suspicion that she had been duped.

When McGowan heard that she had started to Luzerne, his jealous and vindictive

suspensions were roused again. He took his rifle once more off the wall-hooks and followed, resolved to find out what this last move might mean, and to be prepared to square the account at any moment.

In the interview of the night before, Lathers had extorted from the reluctant Mark a certificate of his plenipotentiary power in the Kirtley matter. This was to be shown to any of the family who could read it, and used as a means of keeping Nancy quiet. On the morning after the encounter with McGowan, Mark went early to see the major, telling him in despair that the matter was "as good as out." But the sheriff insisted that affairs were by no means desperate, and that, in sheer self-defense, Mark must proceed with his campaign as though nothing had happened. Bonamy had an appointment to go to Versailles for consultation over the political situation, and he must go. Lathers would 'tend to things and the like.

Roxy's look of mute appeal to Mark, as he departed that morning, disturbed him more than ever. She hardly ever said anything to him now. She had grown pale and wan waiting for him to speak of something—she knew not what. Of late she almost feared to hear this secret that weighed so upon him. Now he only glanced furtively at her rigid face, and then, turning abruptly away without looking at her again, he said: "I don't know when I'll be back."

It was a rude parting. No other word of farewell. He did not even regard her as he brushed past her in the porch, giving some direction to the old negro, Bob, about the horse. How could Roxy know that it was the very volcano of feeling within that made it impossible for Mark to say more, or to look in her face a second time? How could she understand that it was not deliberate neglect? She did not weep. Her heart was stone dead within her.

When Mark had gone, Bobo stood gazing wistfully at her face. He went up to her, ran his fingers up and down her cheeks coaxingly, and said, "Dear Roxy,—dear Roxy feels bad."

In an instant Roxy folded the child-like youth in her arms.

"You love me, poor boy, don't you?"

Then she smiled faintly on him as she relaxed her hold, and Bobo straightway fed the chickens all the wheat they could eat. But Roxy sat down, with her hands in her lap, and looked steadfastly out of the window at the great, black flocks of wild pigeons,

flying by millions upon millions across the river, in swarms stretching for miles up and down the valley. Every year she had watched the mysterious flights to and fro of these birds, that darken the sky with their countless flocks. Now she looked steadfastly at them, appearing as by magic out of the southern horizon over the Kentucky hills. The sight stirred again her memories of the dreams and plans of the girl, Roxy, and she saw her own childhood pass before her, while she looked on as some one else. Then she remembered that it was May-day. The children would be going to Tardy's Thicket this morning. What armfuls of bright flowers she had gathered when she was a girl! She saw herself again, on the return, stopping on top of a grassy hill that overlooked the town. The vision of the merry song-plays, "Ring around the rosy," and "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows," came up before her again. She saw herself chosen as "true love," now by this lad and then by that one, while she in turn made her choice, as they danced the old game again on the grass-green hill-top. As it all floated before her, she did not feel sorrow, regret, anything. How can one feel when one's heart is stone dead?

Mark Bonamy rode out through the town and off over Lindley's Hill. He marked the children gathering in groups to start for Tardy's Thicket. A dim remembrance of the freshness of his own childhood swept over him, like a breeze that starts moist and fresh across an arid desert, but that immediately becomes dry and hot and parching. For what is May-day to him out of whose life all the freshness and innocence of childhood is clean gone? The blue-birds sang their softest love-songs on the top of the slanting stakes in the rail-fences by the roadside, boasting in their happy singing of the blue eggs in the round hole where the mates had built their nests by digging into the soft wood. The cat-birds sang so as almost to rival their first cousins, the mocking-birds; the red-bird's rich voice was heard on every hand. The wild pigeons flew over Mark's head in myriads, and when he was on a hill-top they almost touched him with their whirling wings. But all the joy of this day mocked at Bonamy. He was deaf and blind. The face of his wife, pale, rigid, but beseeching, followed him. The dread of disgrace mingled with his remorse. For miles and miles he rode, over hills and through hollows clad in the new leaves of oak and hickory and maple, fringed with

flowers of the dogwood and redbud and the thorny red-haw; for miles he rode through flat lands covered with beech, past "branches" whose noisy waters refreshed the roots of sycamores; and for other miles he went through the Scotch settlement, along lanes bordered by blossoming elder-bushes, with fence-corners in green and gold, of grass and dandelion, and in sight of sweet fields of dark-green winter wheat. But he saw nothing but the face of the heart-broken Roxy. He hated the green earth and the blue sky in his heart; he hated most of all himself.

At last, when full twenty miles from home, he stopped by the road-side, exhausted by the strain of emotion he dismounted, and sat upon a log, holding the bridle in his hand while the horse browsed on the grass and bushes. Why go on? What did he care for a consultation with small politicians at Versailles? What did it matter whether he should go to Congress or not? The misery in him had killed the ambition. How can hope and perdition dwell together?

The combativeness of his temperament had always inclined him to face physical peril, never to flee from it. A sudden impulse, like that of fierce physical courage, seized him now to ride back to Luzerne, to confess to Roxy, to resign all thought of election to Congress, to make the best settlement he could with Nancy, and then to take the consequences. The daring and desperate thought was like the suicidal impulse of a man who is driven frantic by danger,—he will kill himself to escape the dread of death.

He dropped the horse's bridle and walked to and fro across the road a few times. But deliberation had become impossible. He turned and seized the bridle again, sprang into the saddle and rode eagerly back over the road he had come.

At last the long lane had turned.

And ever as he spurred his horse up over hills and down into rocky glens he was inwardly smitten for his delay in turning.

Did he pray now that he was riding back toward something better? No. But he swore. He cursed himself, he cursed the crime that had blackened his life, he cursed Nancy, he cursed Lathers, he cursed the world. He could have blasphemed almighty God himself. And yet for all his maledictions he was a better man even as he rode. For have ye not read how the devil, when he leaveth a man, casteth him down and rendeth him sore? And curses

are often but the cry of the soul maddened by the scourge of conscience.

When it was yet mid-afternoon there were five more hilly miles for Bonamy to ride. Would he reach home in time to be the first to tell Roxy the evil story? The thought that she might hear it from some one else and that so his confession might be forestalled almost crazed him, and he swore and drove his tired horse on, up hill and down, until at last he came into the town with the horse foaming with sweat. It seemed to him that the people looked at him strangely. Then he remembered that his imagination was excited. But what were the people standing in the doors of stores and coming to the windows for? Why did they seem to recognize him in a surprised way? Per-

haps, after all, they only wondered because his horse was dripping with sweat.

As he passed Lathers's office, that worthy chevalier, standing chewing meditatively in the door, started with surprise at sight of Bonamy and rushed out to him calling, "Mark, Mark!"

But Mark only swore and waved him off impatiently, riding straight onward toward the blossoming apple-trees and waving Lombardies of his own place.

And Lathers, whose discomfiture had been witnessed by the crowd on the street corner, went back to his office and shut the door muttering that the devil and the like was let loose all around to-day.

"Ef he wants to git shot that's his road," he added.

(To be continued.)

THE POLICE OF NEW YORK.

THE police force of New York City is something over 200 years old, and has increased three hundred-fold during that time.

In 1658, a rattle watch consisting of eight men was organized. Then, when Nieuw Amsterdam became an English colony and was named New York, in 1676, the citizens were required to keep watch in turn, reporting to the "captain" at sundown, and were fined for absence or neglect of duty. They were instructed to provide themselves with good muskets or other fire-arms, and with six charges of ammunition. The "Stadt Huys," or City Hall, was then at Coenties' Slip, and in its basement were cells for prisoners, who were mainly unruly sailors from ships in the harbor and obstreperous negro slaves.

In November, 1697, it was enacted that there should be appointed "four good and honest inhabitants of the city, whose duty it shall be to watch in the night-time, from the hour of nine in the evening till the break of day, until the 25th of March next, and to go round the city each hour of the night with a bell, and there to proclaim the season of the weather and the hour of the night." This small but noisy patrol, it seems, sufficed for all the needs of the embryo city for many years, as it was not until 1735 that it was increased to ten men and two constables. Possibly the "early to bed, early to rise" Hollanders preferred incurring

some risk to multiplying the clanging bells and hoarse howls with which the watch kept up its courage, and hour by hour told off the loss of time to sleepless citizens.

After that, very little is heard of the police arrangements of the growing town, although no doubt the number of watchmen was gradually augmented with the increasing population. Then came the troubles of the Revolution, years of martial law and soldier occupancy, demoralizing all municipal institutions. This passed, and some regularity in affairs restored, the city was guarded by a night watch which patrolled the "lamp district," gradually taking in all of the city south of Fourteenth street, beyond which very few lived. The men composing this patrol, amounting at last to about 300, were cartmen, stevedores, porters, laborers, and the like, who worked at their trades during the day, and watched alternate nights. When on duty, they wore a fireman's old-fashioned leathern hat, bereft of its upright front plate. This hat was varnished twice a year, and soon became as hard as iron. It gave them the name of "Leather-heads." They were also dubbed "Old Charlies." They had no other badge of office than this hat and their 33-inch club. For many years these watchmen cried the hours, like their Dutch predecessors, but finally this practice ceased, being kept up only in theory, as it were, by a man

calling the name of each hour,—“and a-a-ll's w-e-l-l!” from the top of the City Hall, as in Oriental towns the muezzin summons the Faithful to prayers from the mosque's minaret.

The Charlies were very well-intentioned men, but their labors during the day made them sleepy at night. They had little sense of responsibility, a poor organization, and were held in no fear whatever by rogues, while infamous establishments kept them so well paid and cajoled as to suffer no troublesome surveillance. There was no day-guard, but Jacob Hayes, the high constable, a man much respected in his day, was moving about constantly with two or three deputies, quieting fights, looking after truants and enforcing town ordinances. The two city courts had a few marshals attached to serve warrants, etc., and this formed the only real police force of the city up to 1840. In that year was appointed, as one of the four police magistrates, a young man who was destined to become the founder of the present splendid force. This young justice was George W. Matsell, who lived until the summer of 1877 to enjoy the fruits of his honored efforts, and the confidence of all the old citizens.*

New York was then in the full tide of mercantile prosperity. Its bounds included all of Manhattan Island. Its population was about 400,000. But the uptown movement was just beginning, and at Bowling Green, in Rose and James streets, all along the west side from Leonard street through West Broadway (then Chapel street) northward to Canal street, and in many of the cross-streets between Broadway and the Bowery, the most respectable and wealthy people were still living; but they were being more and more annoyed by the invasion of the lowest classes, whose widely spreading haunts they were obliged to traverse in going to and from their places of business or amusement. Gangs of ruffians infested many of these districts, and passengers were constantly exposed to insult and maltreatment, if not to positive injury or loss; yet “Old Hayes” and the sleepy Leatherheads were the only means of protection.

Justice Matsell, young and ambitious, saw the desperate need and set himself about supplying it. He had a bunk fitted up for himself in one of the watch-houses, and used to go about a great deal at night,

acquainting himself with all the conditions and necessities for the regulation of order in the city, and breaking up many places of evil resort through his personal activity. He aroused his more elderly associates to some enthusiasm, and even warmed up the Old Charlies a little, but soon discovered that a complete re-organization was imperative. The city was filled with thieves and burglars, some of them of the worst kind. The cleverest of them came from England,—fine, nimble-fingered pickpockets, professional thieves of all sorts. A few examples will show the state of affairs.

The most noted rascal of those days was Jim Smith, an Englishman, who looked like a little, nice, well-to-do parson. He was well known as a probable burglar, but was hardly suspected until too late, even by the shrewd Jacob Hayes, to be that robber of the mails on a Hudson River boat whom everybody was so anxious to discover.

One of his later exploits was the robbery of the City Bank, which he entered with false keys, securing many thousands of dollars. His assistant in this was a respectable-looking old gentleman named Parkinson, who lived in elegant style, gave dinner parties, *et cetera*. They were not “cracksmen,” as burglars who force an entrance are termed, but “screwsmen,” who effect their purpose by strategy. “Screwsmen” take their name from the cant term for key, which is “screw,” and consider themselves the intellectual aristocracy of burglars. Having got safely off with this large amount of money, the question was how to keep it. Smith was a joiner and picture-framer, working with another of his colleagues, a wily old Scotchman. He and the Scotchman were constantly busy in the shop, and, scooping out the bodies of their planes they packed the stolen money inside these tools with which they worked every day. This was not discovered until a third robbery brought it to light. Smith disguised himself one day, and went into a money exchange office at Chatham and Pearl streets, where he knocked down the proprietor, bound him, and, with the help of confederates, robbed the safes of a large amount of money and jewels. The owner of the store, seized unawares, could give little account of his assailants, and the few officers of the law were puzzled. Such incidents were becoming alarmingly frequent, and New York was in consternation. Meanwhile, Jacob Hayes was “working up” the case, and when he detected the principal perpetrator, and,

* To Mr. Matsell the writer is greatly indebted for much of the material of this paper.

meeting him one day on Chatham street, quietly arrested him, the people were ready to accord to the constable the possession of almost supernatural powers. Now, there is nothing mysterious about the doings of detectives, when seen from one end to the other of their plans. A good detective is only a shrewd, observant, common-sense man, who follows his calling in an intelli-

thieves, and the citizens had become terror-stricken. One man fired both barrels of a shot-gun right through his window—sash and all—at his own pump! He thought its outstretched handle a robber's gun, aimed at his head. "We must have a police," was the universal cry. And Mr. Matsell, formally intrusted by the other justices with supplying the want, organized



MUSTERING THE RATTLE WATCH.

gent and industrious manner. At the same time, detectives must be *born*; they are about as hard to *make* as poets.

Justice Matsell began his work by picking out a patrol of half-a-dozen good men, and leading them himself at night through the wealthier parts of the city, which were infested with burglars. The old watchmen were helpless in the hands of these expert

special squads to patrol certain districts at night. There were among the Old Charlies at that time a few good watchmen, like Robert Brownson, W. Stevens, the present keeper on Randall's Island, Joseph McGrath, afterward a captain and then a magistrate, George W. Walling, the present superintendent of police, and a few others. These were put in command of squads.

Further the young justice found it hard to go. His first obstacle was the difficulty of getting impressed upon the public mind

who at that time had considerable political power, and would not tolerate any interference with their notions of personal liberty



A "LEATHER-HEAD."—NEW YORK POLICEMAN AFTER THE REVOLUTION.

the necessity of a regular force. At this juncture James Harper became mayor and set to work to organize a force on the English system, which was copied, even to the details of the dress,—M. P. on the collar, and all. As there was a large number of Irish in New York, this gave great offense. It affronted also the "Native Americans,"

—striking back at a policeman as readily as at a citizen who might lay hands upon them. At the burning of the Bowery Theater almost a riot occurred, because the crowd would not submit to be kept back by men wearing the hated uniform of England.

Evidently this would not do, and an appeal was made to the legislature, result-

ing in the first act for the establishment of a police force for New York City, dated May 7, 1844. By this act the old watch department was abolished, together with numerous petty offices, and, in place of these, provision was made for the appointment of a police force not exceeding 900 men. The act divided the seventeen wards of the city into separate patrol districts, with a station-house for each, and gave one captain, two assistant captains, two or more sergeants, and as many patrolmen as the common council apportioned. The salaries fixed were as follows: chief of police, \$1,600 per annum; special justices, \$1,500; clerk, \$800; captains, \$700; sergeants and patrolmen, \$500, and all were forbidden to engage in any other business. These sums are less than one-half those paid at the present day.

It was a mere experiment to begin on, and the first act of Mayor Havemeyer, an ardent supporter of the movement, was to nominate Justice Matsell to be chief of police, a nomination which was promptly confirmed. This was in the spring of 1845. The mayor and chief then set themselves at work to carry out the law. The people expected much, and at the same time threw a multitude of obstacles, chiefly of prejudice, in the way. Political influence, which has done so much toward demoralizing all branches of the public service of the city, was brought to bear upon the police force in the very beginning. But the mayor set his face against this, examining with care every applicant, and sending to the aldermen only the names of those who in the face of his severity satisfied him as to their moral, mental, and physical capability for the position they desired. When the aldermen found that they could not secure the appointment of any sort of political henchmen, they added their obstructions. But a beginning was finally made by appointing six patrolmen from each of the seventeen wards. This embraced the whole of Manhattan Island, but many of the up-town wards had only one or two houses on a block, which are always more difficult to watch than a solid block. Even when, after a time, the force numbered five hundred, all had plenty to do; for then, as now, every citizen expected to have a policeman always just in front of his own door.

"Rules and regulations," defining duties and powers, were issued, slowly and cautiously, for the crude organization was not tractable. A great objection was made to

the military titles, as savoring too much of a "monarchical standing army," and this feeling resulted in the present designations of rank,—inspectors, sergeants, roundsmen and patrolmen, who at first were called majors, lieutenants, sergeants, and privates, respectively. Another formidable trouble was to get the men to wear a uniform. They considered it a "livery," "a badge of servitude," and held an indignation meeting in front of Chief Matsell's open window to vow publicly they'd never put it on! But there were no brass buttons about the proposed dress, no "M. P." collar or other pronounced features. The badge was a silver star, and after one or two officers had been induced to wear the uniform, the rest adopted it without much opposition. Very soon they had so high an appreciation of the protection it was to them, and saw how greatly it added to their appearance on parade, that they would on no account have relinquished it. The people, too, were becoming accustomed to the force. Good citizens spoke with pride of *our* police. Bad ones learned to respect the disciplined surveillance kept over them, so different from the winking of the sleepy old leather-heads, and did not need a second experience of the weight of the "locust."

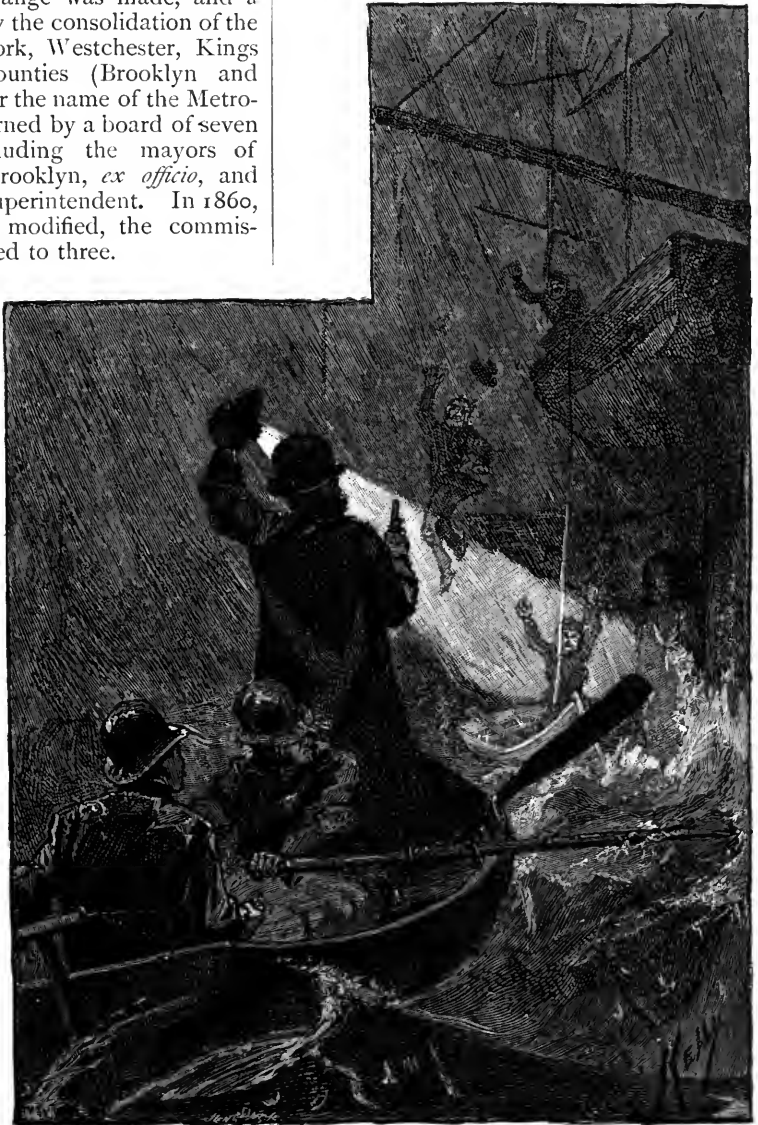
The department at that time consisted of four battalions of twenty-two companies, containing in all 1,165 men. It had a military organization, was daily drilled in marching and the use of the club, so that, as after experience well showed, this stalwart force could meet a mob with the skill and trained coolness of regular soldiery. This was the Star Police in its prime, when the hearts of the men were full of *esprit de corps*.

But the law under which this had been attained was one made without reference to partisan politics, and for the sake of adding to their patronage, politicians were even now agitating the subject of a transference of the control of the force to a commission of five, to be appointed by the governor, in place of the *ex officio* commission, consisting of the mayor, recorder, and city judge, in whose hands it had been placed by a previous law. The dangerous prospect of having the safeguard of the city thrown into the hands of packed caucuses and unscrupulous political schemers, so alarmed the best people of New York that on March 2nd, 1855, a mass meeting was held to protest against the proposed legislation, at which the most prominent citizens were present. The speakers brought forward statistics, in sup-

port of the necessity to the city of an efficient police, to show that there were more stabbing affrays in New York than in all Italy—the land of the stiletto; and that in 1854, there was a murder for every day of the year, while in all England, with a population of 13,000,000, there were less than that. In one day that year, twelve men had been arraigned for murder, and on the following day, fourteen more. Nevertheless, the laws respecting the police force were “tinkered” unceasingly, and its efficiency was impaired in proportion, until in 1857 a great change was made, and a reform was begun by the consolidation of the police of New York, Westchester, Kings and Richmond counties (Brooklyn and Staten Island), under the name of the Metropolitan Police, governed by a board of seven commissioners, including the mayors of New York and Brooklyn, *ex officio*, and commanded by a superintendent. In 1860, the act was much modified, the commissioners being reduced to three.

The force had then been increased to about 2,000 in this city, and was well drilled. Its services were regarded with admiration and confidence before that, but not until the fearful draft riots of 1863 did New York understand how valuable a possession she had in her police. The riots began on Monday, July 13, ostensibly in opposition to the draft of men for the army, ordered by President Lincoln; but they early took the character of an outbreak for purposes of pillage, and also of outrage upon the colored people. For the first three days business in

the city was almost entirely suspended, the railroads and omnibuses ceased running, most of the stores were closed, and it was unsafe to walk the streets. Armed bands of ruffians prowled about day and night, aggregating here and there into mad mobs that defied all opposition, killed every one suspected of enmity, sacked stores and printing-offices and private residences, burnt and pulled down every shelter where a colored man was supposed to be staying. These mobs sometimes



RIVER POLICE ON DUTY.

numbered thousands of the worst men in the city, and were supported by women who hurled coping-stones from the roofs or fought in the streets with tigerish ferocity, reproducing the scenes of the French Revolution. Entrenching themselves in huge tenements and behind barricades built in the midst of sympathizers, armed with every weapon known to street fighting, infuriated

ing the plunder among themselves. Every militia regiment in the state was at the front; there was hardly a vessel of war in the harbor, or a soldier in the city. What was to prevent their carrying out the plan—destroying in a day the work of a century?

The metropolitan police: and they did it.

Early on Monday morning, Superintendent John A. Kennedy, hearing the rumors



MOUNTED POLICE STOPPING A RUNAWAY.

with liquor and encouraged by the complete success of their first morning's work, in the death (as they supposed) of Superintendent Kennedy and the complete demoralization of the terror-stricken city, they openly avowed their intention of pillaging Wall street, the government buildings, and the wealthier portions of the city, and divid-

ing the impending trouble, started on a personal tour of observation of the disaffected districts. Arrived at Forty-sixth street and Third avenue, he was recognized and immediately set upon by a crowd of men in the street, who beat him in the most terrible manner, until, after a long chase, he was rescued by an influential friend and

taken to head-quarters, unrecognizable, and barely alive. This was the signal for violence everywhere, and the riots began. The command now devolved upon Commissioner Thomas C. Acton, and he proved himself equal to the emergency, not even sleeping from six o'clock Monday morning until two on Friday morning, and beside him, with equal devotion, stood his brother commissioners, all the officers of the force, and at their head the venerable chief clerk of the department, Mr. Seth E. Hawley (to whom the writer owes thanks for kindly assistance in the preparation of this article). Every policeman that could possibly be

spared from his precinct—and patrol duty was altogether suspended—was ordered to head-quarters, whence all expeditions were sent against the various mobs, whose doings and intentions it was the work of the detectives to report. When a body of rioters was announced as collecting or moving, thither were sent the police. There was no temporizing. The orders were "Take no prisoners; strike quick, and strike hard." The moment a mob was encountered, the column charged upon them with flying clubs and drawn pistols, and in every case cleared the field. Often a single battalion would fight half a dozen mobs in one expedition. They



CHAS. A. VANDERHOOF. DEL.

SKETCHES AROUND FIVE POINTS.

followed them into the tenement houses, forced them to leap off the roofs or have their skulls broken under the merciless locust. So swiftly and incessantly did the police fight them, that the unorganized mob never had time to count its own vastly superior strength, arrange any concerted action, or accomplish half the destruction which seemed inevitable. Then, when the military came to the succor of the worn-out police, and mowed down the rioters with cold lead and fixed bayonets, and the heavy rain-storm of Wednesday night dispersed their meetings, so much time was gained that the city's defenses were amply re-enforced, and New York was safe. But to the prompt and unflinching courage of individuals, and to the great intelligence and well-constructed system by which the police met this fearful emergency at its very beginning, was due the failure of the riot. New York is not likely soon to forget its debt to the metropolitan police.

In 1870, by the statute which gave the city a new charter, the metropolitan district was abolished, so far as New York was concerned, and in its place was created the police department of the city of New York. All the old force doing duty in New York was retained, and the whole placed under the government of four commissioners and a superintendent.

The head-quarters or central office of the police is an imposing and commodious building at No. 300 Mulberry street. Here are the offices of the board, the clerks, the superintendent, the street-cleaning bureau, the detective squad, the telegraph office (whence lines run to every station, fire-engine house and hospital), chief surgeon, drill-sergeant, photographer for the "rogue's gallery," and other features of the organization.

The city is divided into thirty-four precincts, each of which has a station-house. The newer of these buildings are models for their purpose. On the ground floor are the front office, the sitting-room where the reserves wait, and the handsome apartments of the captain, who sleeps at his station quite as often as at home. The three upper floors are the dormitories of the men, a certain number of whom must stay in the house every night. In some cases in the cellar, and in others occupying an annex in the rear, are the stone cells for the lodgment of prisoners, whose friends ordinarily may provide them with bedding and something better than prison rations.

Each precinct is characterized by peculiar

features, and its needs, to some extent, influence in the assignment of the men. If a patrolman is known to be a good swimmer he is very likely to have a post on the river front. Most of the bachelors are in the first and twenty-seventh precincts, at the lower end of the island, while the married men are up-town nearer their families.

The Twenty-fourth precinct is composed of the harbor police and its station is on board the steamer "Seneca," which lies at the foot of Third street, East River, when not in active duty. The men live on board of her and are sent out, three at a time, in row-boats—one on the East and one on the North river. They are gone for six hours, rowing in and out of the slips, up with the flow of the tide and down with the ebbing, peering underneath the cavernous wharves, circling around the massive hulls of the ships, listening for the sound of muffled oars. It is dangerous, monotonous, and, in tempestuous winter nights, very arduous duty; and it is in the main thankless, for the river thieves, who are the most desperate and most cunning of their fraternity, have every advantage over the police, so that it is rare that the harbor police unassisted capture them,—when they do, the thief is likely to have a bullet in him,—and still more rare, that sufficient technical proof exists to secure conviction in court. Still this squad is a vast protection to the riches of the water-front. If they could have as patrol-boats, silent, swift steam-launches, with a larger vessel, as now, to carry them in force to suppress a mutiny, or for other exigency, their usefulness would be increased tenfold, and the disparity between them and the thieves greatly obviated.

Another branch of the force, having its station in East Eighty-sixth street, is the mounted police, who, on handsome horses, parade on the avenue and in the Park, canter up and down the boulevards, and across the Harlem. Theirs it is to regulate fast driving and stop runaways; to keep properly moving the gay equipages that throng the Mall; to tame the rivalry of "sports" in Harlem Lane; to patrol the thinly settled districts of the upper suburbs; —to be the light cavalry of the municipal army.

Some quarters of the city furnish more arrests than others, and these demand the most stalwart men; but the haunts of the criminal classes slowly change as the city grows and commerce crowds them from one quarter to another. An example of this is the Five Points, a locality between Broad-



LODGING-ROOM IN STATION-HOUSE.

way and Chatham square, within hearing of the City Hall clock, than which no spot in the metropolis is better known to fame. Now its old glory as the worst place in New York is gone. For violence and debauchery a dozen localities throw it completely into the shade. Even the police station in its midst—the “Bloody Sixth”—has been abandoned. Nevertheless, I doubt whether all my readers, unless *en masse*, would care to saunter through there some stormy midnight, although I have been many and many a time without receiving the least harm.

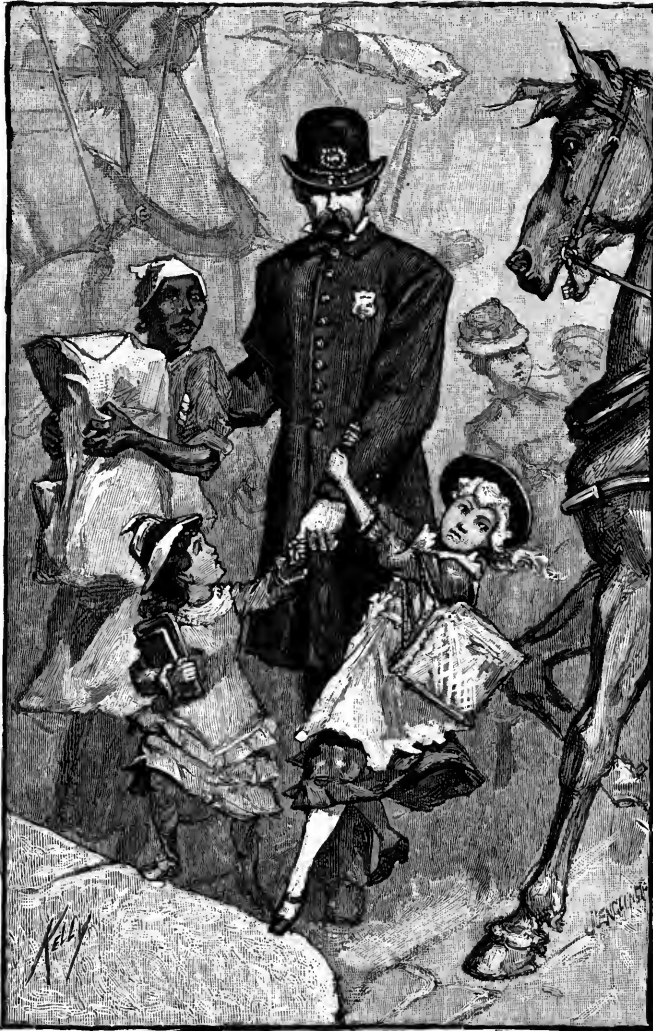
Twenty years ago Worth street was called Anthony, and did not extend through from Broadway to the Bowery, but stopped at the Points, where the intersection of Park and Cross streets (the latter now named Baxter street) formed five triangles. On each of these points stood grog-shops, and the whole region was filled with infamous houses and tumble-down tenements, inhabited by the poorest and most abandoned persons,—the dregs of the city, drained, as it were, into this sink. It would be unpleasant to insist upon all the disagreeable features; they are sufficiently apparent to-day, when the light has been let in by the opening of Worth street, and the population reduced by the demolition of many of the old rookeries

and the closing of such alleys as “Cow Bay” and “Donovan’s Lane.” You may hear the noise of fighting any night now in that region, sometimes rather alarming in its character, and homicides are of frequent occurrence, while the counters of the dark and dreadful saloons are chipped with knife-thrusts and dented with pistol-balls; but not, as of yore, are the Points the scene of one continual street-brawl; nor, as in the days when “Cow-legged Sam,” “Irish Mike,” “Family Pat,” “Yellow Bill,” and their associates flourished, will you hear a dozen cries of murder at once, in as many directions. At the Franklin street station, sixty prisoners were frequently brought in during one night. Officers were busy from the time they went out until they were relieved. Much as the two missions erected in the locality did toward its regeneration,—or rather extinction,—they would have had little effect had it not been for the support of the swift and tireless clubs. These preached a gospel the Five Points could not fail to comprehend. An anecdote or two will show what it meant to be a “cop” in the Points twenty years ago, and will give an idea of the danger of police life—a peril scarcely less in these latter days.

One of the patrolmen on duty there was

Charles McDonnell, now the trusted captain of probably the worst precinct in the city—the Eighth. He was one night walking his post, when he heard cries of "Murder! Watch!" coming from the alley known as Cow Bay. It was very dark, but he went in at once. As he entered, he saw the flash and heard the report of a pistol, and felt the

an out-house, and surprised a strange man hidden inside, whom he knocked down and secured before he could resist. Examining, McDonnell found that the pistol-ball had gone completely through the straight leather visor of his cap, and stunned him with its spent force; he still carries the scar. In making another arrest at the Points, McDonnell



ONE OF THE BROADWAY SQUAD.

ball strike his head. It caused him to stagger; but he stumbled ahead, and remembers stepping over a prostrate woman, and coming fairly to his senses in the court-yard beyond. There he began a search, and soon found a pistol in front of the door of

received through his hand the pistol-ball aimed at his head, then knocked his assailant down and beat him into submission, after which he was too weak from loss of blood to take his prisoner to the station-house.

"Yellow Bill," a mulatto, his "pal," and

a woman named Mary Ann Murray, were the first garroters in New York, and were arrested by Officer Sherlocke, who is now a foreman in the street-cleaning bureau. The woman enticed into a dark alley, where now are the opium-selling establishments of the Chinese, a sailor who was supposed to have a large sum of money, and the men robbed him. They got only six cents, but the men were sent to state-prison for twenty years each and the woman for ten years. That scared garroters, and when another received a sentence of forty years, this form of highway robbery ceased.

Every street and broad alley in the city is divided into a series of "posts" or "beats," patrolled by a single officer, which vary in length according to the locality, some in the northern part of the island being many blocks in length, while others in the lower wards are scarcely two blocks long, and are intersected by other posts. Besides this, officers are stationed at much-frequented corners and street-crossings, at railway stations, steamboat landings, wharves, ferries, places of amusement, in the municipal offices, and elsewhere on special duty. It is common cant that a policeman is always present—except when wanted. In the lower part of New York this is more slang than sense. How far will you walk in the region of Canal street, for example, before meeting a policeman—that is, if you look for one, for it is his policy to remain inconspicuous? Lower Broadway, dim and gloomy at midnight, is full of police, furiously shaking the handles of the doors to be sure that all are securely locked, peering through the little peep-holes in the iron shutters to see that no burglars are at work in the stores where lights are left burning all night, or that an incipient fire is not working insidious destruction; lurking out of sight in shady door-ways while they watch suspicious loungers; or standing in groups of two or three on the corners where two posts intersect and a roundsman has happened to join them. Leaving Broadway and glancing down dark and fearful back streets, like Bayard or Elizabeth, West Houston or Sullivan, you are sure to see the flickering light of the street lamps and the ruddy glare of red sign-lanterns reflected from the silver shield and brass buttons. Go where you may, you meet these erect and wide-awake watchmen. They are strolling through the deserted avenues of Washington Market; they are watching intently the excited throng in the Bowery; they are keeping an eye on rogues

in Madison square; they are pulling silently in and out of the shadows of the great ships lying asleep at the wharves; they are drowsing as "reserves" in the thirty-four station-houses, ready on telegraphic summons to go to the care of a fire or the subduing of a riot. The worshiper, coming from his weekly prayer-meeting, finds the policeman at the door, enforcing his coveted quiet. The family that goes for a day's recreation at Rockaway is sure that its pleasure will not be spoiled by rowdiness, for a group of officers stand on the deck, seemingly absorbed in the magnificence of a summer morning on the bay, yet ready—ready! The opera-glasses sweeping the audience at "Faust" or "The Shaughran," catch sight of a blue-coat or two behind the ranks of white ribbons and pretty plumes.

Though honest men sometimes do not seem able to put their finger upon a policeman at the instant they want him, rogues find far oftener that the "peelers" are on hand when *not* wanted. Go to Chatham square some night, break a window and run; how far do you suppose you would get? Or, go to Broadway and Sixth avenue and fire a revolver; how long would you keep that pistol? Let me snatch an apple from an old woman's stand in Fulton Market, and she would have me under lock and key in twenty minutes, if she thought it worth the trouble. Wander where he will in this vast city, the ruffian or vagrant cannot get away from the Law. It follows him into his home, waits at all his resorts for amusement, and can often tell him better than he knows himself what he has been doing for twenty-four hours. This constant surveillance exasperates bad characters. They chafe under the restraint, and make feeble efforts to rebel; but it is useless. The power of the police over the lower and evil circles of society is enormous; they have a mortal fear of the force. They know that behind that silver shield there resides indomitable courage, and in that closely buttoned coat are muscles of iron and nerves of steel. The "Bowery Boys" and roughs of New York are all cowards, and they know it. They dare not meet half their weight of righteous pluck. I have seen a great bully cringe and cry under a policeman's open-handed cuffing, who had always avowed himself ready to fight any number of persons on the smallest provocation. Very likely he has a bowie-knife, or revolver, or slung-shot—or all three in one, as I saw one night in Twenty-eighth street—in his pocket at the time; yet he

does not attempt to use it on the officer of the law. The occasional exceptions to this are rare and notable. How many times have single policemen arrested a man out of a crowd, and no one of his fellows raised a finger to help him! They dare not. They have too wholesome a respect for the law, for that locust, for that revolver in the pocket; most of all are they awed by the cool courage of the *man* who dares to face them on their own ground.

In 1873, "Mulligan's Hall" was a basement saloon in Broome street. It had been growing worse and worse, and one evening, hearing a disturbance, Captain Williams and the officer on that post went in. There were thirty-eight persons, men and women, of every color and nationality, all of the worst character and some notorious in crime. The captain took in the situation at a glance, and determined with a thought to arrest the whole party. Placing his back to the front door, he covered the back door with his revolver, and threatened death to the first person who moved. Then he sent the patrolman to the station for help, and for fifteen long minutes held that crowd of desperadoes at bay. They glared at him, squirmed and twisted in their places, scowled and grated clenched teeth, itched to get at their knives and tear him to pieces; but all the while the stern mouth of that revolver looked at them, and looked them out of countenance, and the steady nerve behind it held sway over their brutal ferocity. It was a trial of nerve and endurance. Captain Williams stood the test and saved his life. He wonders now why they did not shoot him a dozen times. Certainly it was not because they had any scruples, for the first two prisoners sent to the station killed Officer Burns with a paving-stone before they had gone two blocks. Captain Allaire made an almost precisely similar single-handed raid on the famous "Burnt Rag" saloon in Bleecker street, one winter night in 1875.

But police work is as varied as it is incessant. No hour of the twenty-four is the city left unguarded, and during the night double vigilance is maintained. The white gloves and pretty rosewood batons of the day watch are exchanged at six o'clock for the heavier coat, the sterner mien, and the long hickory club. Yet patiently guarding property and vigorously hammering heads are only the extremes of a policeman's duty. He must look out for fires, and help ladies and school-children across Broadway; cause

unlicensed venders to "move on," and reckless drivers to "hold up;" must dig charred corpses out of theater-ruins and drag "moist unpleasant bodies" out of the docks; must march at the head of proud processions and meekly lead lost children and drunken beldames to the station-house; must face discomfort and danger and death in all weathers and at any moment without flinching—or must take off the shield!

One of the things the police have to deal with is vagrants, and many of the stations have lodging-rooms for tramps. Those at the Fourth precinct will serve as a type. Behind the front office and the captain's warm and pleasant parlor, which must seem the picture of luxury to the vagabond, as he catches sight of it through the half-open door, is a little covered court, beyond which are the cells. On either hand narrow stair-ways lead up to four rooms over the cells, two of which are given to the men, and two to the women, being separated by a brick wall. Each of these rooms is fifty feet long and ten feet wide. Along its whole length runs an iron frame, eighteen inches high, sufficient to support a series of broad planks, a pile of which appears at one end. When a lodger comes in, he takes one of the planks, places it on the frame so that it slants a little from head to foot, and lies down with his boots for a pillow and his coat for covering. On a cold night all the planks are taken at an early hour, and fifty men or fifty women lie heaped on the long platform. Next, the floor of the aisle is occupied, and finally, as more come in, they will crawl under the platform until a mouse could hardly thread his way through this mass of humanity. Such a lodging-room at twelve o'clock of a "full night" is as vile as the Black Hole of Calcutta. Heat is supplied through gratings in the floor, and necessarily brings with it the ventilation of the cells. Sixty or seventy unwashed, gin-steeped bodies add indescribable stench, while the snoring of stertorous breathers, the groaning of wakeful lodgers or the driveling of drunken ones, the scream of some frightened dreamer or the querulous wail of a sick child, unite to make a Babel of horrible sounds. A single flickering gas-light sends feeble beams through the laden air, and every ray touches a pile of rags that in the morning will hatch out a tramp.

There seems little doubt that New York's system of caring for vagrants is fifty years behind the times. It is pretty certain that no public lodging-rooms ought to be at-

tached to any police station. They cause dirt and vermin and disease, otherwise avoided, among officers and prisoners. If the city must provide sleeping-places for its destitute, let them be entirely devoted to that purpose. Said a police captain to the writer, "Offer the lodgers a chance to wash, and give them in the morning a cup of coffee and a roll of bread. Then they will have the heart to go and find something to do. Now we turn them into the street at daylight, unwashed and unfed. In less than ten minutes they can feel the marrow freezing in their bones, and grow reckless of behavior. If they wont work, label them 'tramp,' and make them earn their bread under a task-master's eye on the streets. But a cup of coffee and a roll would make a citizen of many an outcast."

The tramp nuisance culminated about three years ago, when free soup-houses were established, and vagrants flocked into the city from all directions. It was notorious that the authorities of small towns paid the fares of tramps into this city, knowing that once here it would be for their interest to remain. Recently this nuisance has greatly abated, owing to an order instructing the officers of the station-houses to arrest those vagrants who regularly presented themselves for lodgings. The surprise and disgust of the professional "rounders" can be imagined, when they found themselves locked up, where they had expected only hospitable treatment. Those whom the police felt to be deserving were still allowed to remain at the station-houses. Finally the authorities made arrangements with some of the cheap lodging-houses through the city, and now when worthy persons apply for shelter they receive a card entitling them to a bed. The number of professional vagrants has consequently greatly decreased.

In the station-houses, the strictest rules of cleanliness are enforced. Scrupulous care on the part of the men in respect to personal appearance and the maxims of hygiene is insisted upon by the regulations, which prescribe not only the shape and color of the showy uniform, but the quality of the cloth, the tailors who shall make it, and the way it shall be worn. Every officer must have his dress complete and in neat order, collar of regulation shape, coat buttoned to the throat, boots well blackened, shield shining. The New York policeman must be ornamental as well as useful! The summer fatigue-coat is put on by general orders, the winter overcoat assumed by telegraphic direction.

During the day, in warm weather, the officers carry a short, heavy-headed baton, technically known as a "billy." In winter a light club hangs in the belt, turned from rosewood, ebony, or other precious wood, and draped with gaudy cord and tassels. Yet let not these fancy sticks be despised; they are hard! Those aristocrats, the Broadway squad, keep their clubs always out of sight. Night and day, a little bulldog of a revolver, loaded, is carried in the hip-pocket.

A policeman's time is reckoned by periods of four days, for he has no Sunday or holidays, save his annual summer leave of absence. Beginning at six p. m. on Sunday, for instance, he goes upon duty and paces his beat until midnight. Returning, he remains in the station-house on "reserve" duty until six a. m.; then goes out for eight hours, after which there is four hours' rest, bringing the time to six p. m. on Monday. At that hour he goes on duty again for six hours, followed by six hours' reserve duty, bringing it to six a. m. This is followed by two hours' patrol and five hours' reserve, ending at one p. m., Tuesday. Then begins five hours' patrol, six hours "in the house," and six hours more of patrol, ending at six a. m., Wednesday morning, after which he is "off," and goes where he pleases until six that evening, when he begins six hours of patrol followed by eight hours of reserve duty, five hours of patrolling again, then a rest of eleven hours in the station-house, then another six hours of post duty, and at six on Thursday evening he finds himself off once more for twelve hours. The following morning he begins it all over again. Thus, once in eight days he can stay at home all day, and every eighth night he can sleep at home. But he must not be tardy in returning to his work.

At six, morning and evening, and at twelve, noon and midnight, the sergeant on duty in each office taps his bell. The platoon which is to go on duty—each company is divided into two sections of two platoons each—files in from the waiting-room, dresses ranks, answers roll-call, is inspected to see that every man is in proper uniform, has his club, his revolver, his hand-cuffs, and his fire-alarm key. Then such general orders as have come from head-quarters are read, and at the words, "Draw batons, right face, march!" the blue-coats pass out and scatter to their posts. As fast as relieved, the men who have been on duty during the previous six hours return to the station.

There are two subordinate officers in each platoon, called roundsmen, whose duty it is to go the rounds of the posts and see that every patrolman is faithful. The sergeant of the section is also supposed to make a tour of observation, and the captain is likely to be wandering about in citizen's dress at all hours, so that the patrolmen find themselves sufficiently watched; while the four inspectors who divide between them the supervision of all the precincts, keep a critical eye on the captains and sergeants. But, to guard against any collusion between any officers and any privates to shirk duty, the present board of police has devised a system of daily written reports from every man in the force, so designed as to be a self-acting check upon every man's statements. Each filled-out blank must show the manner in which the writer has performed his duty, the condition of his post, at what time the roundsman, sergeant or captain visited him; or, in the case of these officers, when and where they saw their men, or brother officers, what unusual events occurred during the hours of work, and everything else noteworthy. All this is daily given to the sergeants at the station, who unite in reporting to the captain, who each day sends in his report to the superintendent through the office of the inspector of his district. You see them writing these memoranda in all sorts of nooks, and frequently you may observe a patrolman and a roundsman with their heads together, and little books in hand, writing with frequent comparison of pages. To the uninitiated it looks very much as though they were balancing statements to square each other's record. But there is so much complexity about the system, and such trivial details are to be regarded, that the best-intentioned policemen may easily find themselves in confusion, and need help to make their integrity plain. Their dissatisfaction with the whole system is outspoken; they say it is useless.

Each arrest, fire, accident, or other notable circumstance, as soon as it happens, is telegraphed from the precinct to head-quarters, where a copy of the dispatch is given to the reporters of each of the daily newspapers, who, night or day, are never absent. Police head-quarters thus become the center of information, and every officer in the force is made a purveyor of local news.

The quarterly statistics of the department furnish some curious information. From the report for the first three months of 1878, it appears that the total strength of

the force on March 31st was 2,517, but this is somewhat increased now. There were arrested during that period 18,910 persons, against 23,064 the preceding quarter, one third being females. As to nationality, Ireland furnished twice as many criminals as all the rest of the world together, except the United States, while in respect to occupation, the largest number arrested were laborers, the next largest had no occupation; and then followed housekeepers, prostitutes, drivers, servants, peddlers, sailors, shoemakers, butchers, tailors, printers, painters, seamstresses, and on through a long list of industries. As for offenses, the arrests were mainly for "intoxication" (3,569 males and 1,575 females), "disorderly conduct" (2,341 males and 1,177 females), "drunk and disorderly" (1,222 males and 780 females), "larceny," "assault," and almost every conceivable form of wickedness, from murder to cock-fighting. The age of the majority of the prisoners of both sexes was between twenty and thirty years, and one-third more men, and two-thirds more women, were single than married. Only one in fifteen could neither read nor write. Besides this work, the statistics show that 36,864 lodgings were furnished to indigent persons, against 79,105 for the same period in 1875; 937 lost children were recovered, 1,095 sick, injured, or destitute persons cared for, 32 rescued from drowning, 418 fires reported, while in the corresponding quarter of 1877 the street-cleaning bureau removed 276,575 loads of snow, ice, and garbage, and the sanitary company tested 606 steam boilers. These statistics vary in their character from quarter to quarter, according to the season, *et cetera*; but the average is well preserved, enlarging as the city grows. The police can hardly hope to prevent the increase of the aggregate amount of crime with the increase of population, but they strive to regulate it, and succeed better than many persons who have no idea of the difficulties are likely to give them credit for.

The annual expense to the city of the department is at present about \$4,000,000. Owing to the higher salaries paid throughout, if not, in some degree, to less economical methods of administration, this is far in excess of the cost of the departments of either London or Paris. Yet it is doubtful whether there is much real grumbling, so long as the citizens are satisfied of its honest disbursement, at the vast amount of money paid to secure the comfort and pride New York feels in her splendid police.

ITALY AND THE POPE.

It has been a source of great surprise to me, after twelve years' absence from America in the service of the United States Government in Italy, to notice the erroneous impressions that many people have received with reference to the actual relations existing between Italy and the Pope, or rather between Italy and the Papacy. I frequently hear and read of the prisoner of the Vatican, of the sacrilegious spoliation of the Church, of the persecution of the monastic orders, of the desecration of the churches and holy houses, of consecrated nuns driven out from their convents, of holy monks reduced to beggary in the streets, of the impious Victor Emmanuel stealing the property of the Church;—in fact, the late king of Italy is often spoken of as another Henry VIII. of England, who confiscated the Catholic Church property, and either pocketed it himself or else gave it away to his favorites.

My object in this paper is to give a statement of facts, in order to correct these erroneous impressions, especially in regard to the temporalities of the Church of Rome.

It should be understood in this respect that when I speak of the temporalities of the Church of Rome, I exclude entirely from it the question of religion, which has nothing at all to do with the matter, though many, especially Catholics outside of Italy, confound the two. In Italy, this distinction is clearly and definitely understood, even among the common classes.

The Pope was clothed with two distinct attributes. He was not only the supreme head of the Catholic Church, but also temporal and absolute sovereign of a very small kingdom. In his first character he was revered and honored as Vicar of Christ, infallible in his promulgations of the dogmas of the Church, Supreme Pontiff, and Father of the Faithful. In his second character, however, he was considered merely as a temporal ruler of men, subject to the same errors and vicissitudes as any of them, and only entitled to more deference and personal consideration by reason of the sacred office with which he was invested.

This distinction the most conscientious Catholics and the most learned doctors of the Church have never denied.

The claim of the Pope of Rome to the temporal sovereignty of the territory and the people of the so-called patrimony of St.

Peter is very old. If long possession constitute a right to rule over a country and its people, as those who believe in the divine right of kings assert, then certainly the Pope of Rome is by right the legitimate temporal ruler of the Roman State, and no one could deny him that right. But in the nineteenth century, this legitimist claim has been entirely set aside, and modern civilization has conferred this right of ruling upon the people themselves, to whom it legitimately belongs. Self-government is to-day the law of the civilized world, nor do I suppose that there is any American, whether Catholic or Protestant, who would deny this right, either to his own or to any other people.

But waiving this right, recognized by all liberal governments, let us see whether the popes of Rome ever held possession of the Roman State by any right beyond the right of temporal sovereignty, which is variable, and subject to all the changes and chances of earthly possessions.

Who first gave the temporal sovereignty over Rome and its territory to the popes? They say, Constantine, Emperor of the Romans, after he was converted to Christianity and had transferred the seat of the empire to Constantinople.

Many deny the authenticity of this cession; but we will leave aside this immaterial question. Granted, therefore, that Constantine gave the popes the royalty over the territory and people of Rome. Was it by divine right that Constantine held the Roman empire? Constantine was a pagan till within a few years of his death. His right, therefore, was the same as that of any other ruler, conqueror, or king, the right of force—earthly right and not divine.

This claim was, however, contested both by the people of Rome and by the Lombard kings. For several centuries after Constantine the popes were *elected* by the people of Rome, were ruled by their will, and were defended by them against the irruptions of the Goths, Vandals and Lombards. These latter especially made frequent incursions into the Roman States about the tenth century. The popes, unable to resist the invaders single-handed, asked assistance, first from Pepin, then from Charlemagne, kings of the Franks. Both of these, and the

Countess Mathilda, who claimed the right of possession over the territory of Rome, confirmed and extended the gift of Constantine to the popes. This confirmation of the grant, and Mathilda's donation, are more historically authentic than Constantine's gift, therefore they are fully admitted.

But by what right did these sovereigns thus dispose of a kingdom? Pepin and Charlemagne were Franks; they came with large armies to Italy, defeated Desiderius, the last of the Lombard kings, and were crowned Roman emperors by the popes. It was therefore by the right of conquest, the right of the sword,—earthly rights,—that such disposition was made. Mathilda's right was no better; hers was merely a right of descent from her ancestors who had conquered the territory.

These grants, however, extended to a very small tract of land, which was afterward called the patrimony of St. Peter, viz.: the city of Rome, the Campagna, and a narrow strip of land down to Ostia and Civita Vecchia. Ravenna was still held by the Greek emperors; Benevento was a Lombard duchy; the Marches of Ancona were under several independent lords; Bologna was a republic,—and so on.

For several centuries the popes were engaged in continual petty wars with their neighbors, and by degrees extended their rule over these states. In all these wars the Catholic religion had nothing to do with the question: it was not the head of the Church, but the sovereign of Rome who desired to extend his temporal dominion, or to defend it against the encroachment of the other petty rulers or republics of Italy;—a temporal ruler against temporal rulers, worldly interests in opposition to worldly interests. There was nothing religious or divine about these wars, for all the other rulers and peoples of Italy were good Catholics themselves, and were not fighting against the head of their religion, but against another temporal ruler of a small portion of Italy.

Thus it was down even to our own days. After the French Revolution and the first Napoleonic rule of France, the so-called "Holy Alliance," in making the redistribution of Italy, gave to the Pope the Roman States in the same way and by the same right—the right of the sword—as they gave Naples and Sicily to the Neapolitan Bourbons, Lombardy and Venice to Austria, Tuscany to the Grand Duke of the house of Lorraine, and Parma, Modena and

Lucca to various Austrian dukes and duchesses. The powers who parceled out Italy among their protégés called themselves "The Holy Alliance," though there was very little of holiness about them, at least on the ground of their being good Catholics; for the emperor of Russia was a schismatic, the kings of England and Prussia were Protestants, and Talleyrand, who concocted the whole, was an atheist. It was worldly interest, of the earth, earthy, with nothing divine about it.

The right of the popes to rule as absolute sovereigns over that very small strip of Italian soil was therefore a worldly right, and had nothing at all to do with his religious office. This distinction is thoroughly understood in Italy; I do not believe that there is a Catholic theologian in that country who would assert—as a dogma of the Church necessary to salvation—his belief in the temporal right of the Pope to these few square miles of territory.

I will now attempt to give a summary of the events that have taken place in Italy from the accession of the late Pope to the entrance of the Italian troops in Rome,—including the suppression of the temporal power, and the laws that have been passed by the Italian Parliament respecting the popes and the religious corporations.

The so-called "Holy Alliance" fancied themselves to have smothered every spark of aspiration in the Italian people after liberty and independence, by parceling out Italy into so many little principalities, each ruling under the protection of Austria. The Austrian emperor, as possessor of Lombardy and Venice, and as related to all the other small kings and dukes, who were nothing more than his lieutenants, ruled supreme. He assumed the charge of protecting them all, including the Pope, against any revolutionary attempts on the part of their subjects. The Italian people groaned under the yoke of Austrian despotism, but never resigned themselves to it.

The history of those years of Austrian oppression is a history of one long struggle of the people against their foreign rulers; and of bloody executions, imprisonments, and expatriations on the part of the latter.

In 1820, the Carbonari insurrection in Naples brought the Austrian army to the support of the weak king of that state. The conspiracies in Lombardy and Venice filled the Austrian prisons with the best and worthiest Italian patriots. It is enough to

mention Silvio Pellico to recall to mind the horrors practiced by Austria on the Italian political prisoners. There were also constant attempts at revolution in Piedmont, Tuscany and the Papal States. Gregory XVI., all intent on religious questions, allowed his government to be directed by a *camarilla* totally subservient to Austria, and obeying her smallest dictates. Scarcely a year passed without some attempt at revolution being made throughout Italy.

In 1830, these political troubles assumed serious proportions; there were conspiracies in Sicily, Naples, Lombardy, Tuscany, Piedmont. Louis Napoleon, afterward Emperor of the French, at the head of the patriots of the Papal States, had hoisted the banner of rebellion against the temporal power of the Pope in the Marches of Ancona. But Austria interposed again and suppressed with her bayonets the insurrectionists in both the Roman and Neapolitan states. Executions, imprisonments, exiles were the order of the day. Louis Napoleon escaped with difficulty from the pursuit of the Austrian troops and the Papal police; his brother, who was also engaged in the movement, died at Forlì.

For the next sixteen years it was the same story; Austria ruled supreme through seven small potentates who merely followed her dictation and obeyed her will. The Pope was no better than any other of the petty princes of Italy, Austria occupying militarily several towns and fortresses in his states.

In 1846, Gregory XVI. died, and the late Pope, Pius IX., was elected. He came from a noble and respected family, the Counts Mastai Ferretti of Sinigaglia. He was one of the youngest popes who ever occupied the chair of St. Peter. His personal character was one of the loveliest that ever adorned the holy seat,—pure, sincerely religious, compassionate, earnestly solicitous for the welfare of the faithful intrusted to his charge and of the people subject to his dominion. Hardly had he been a few days on the throne when he felt the humiliation of being, in his temporal government, a mere vassal of Austria. The innumerable petitions sent him by the families of thousands of men who had been imprisoned or exiled for political causes by the government of his predecessor, moved his paternal, loving heart. He demanded from Austria the withdrawal of her troops, as he justly and patriotically felt that the successor of St. Peter should rule by love, not by the sword,

and that a foreign one. By a general amnesty for all past political offenses, he restored all the prisoners and exiles to their families, and a few months afterward he granted to the States of the Church a constitutional form of government, thus allowing to laymen the privilege of sharing in the civil and political administration, which heretofore had been exclusively the prerogative of the clergy.

It is not difficult to imagine the effect of these liberal measures on the minds of all the Italians, who had been groaning under the brutal despotism of Austria and her lieutenants. From one end of Italy to the other the name of Pius IX. ran from mouth to mouth as the messenger of God, come to deliver them from bondage. They saw in him a new Gregory VII., a new Julius II., placing himself at the head of the Italian people with the cry: "Out with the barbarians from Italy!" The liberals, who had so long conspired to free their country, felt that they had now a leader in the head of their religion who sanctioned their uprising as a holy crusade against the foreign oppressors of Italy. Political demonstrations took place in every city, which the governments were unable to restrain; finally the enthusiasm of the oppressed people throughout Italy burst all bounds.

On the 12th of January, 1848, Sicily rose in insurrection against the King of Naples; Piedmont, Lombardy, Venice, Tuscany, Naples, Parma, Modena—all Italy in fact—followed the example. The fires that had been smoldering for thirty years and more now burst out almost simultaneously, and with just so much the more intensity for having been so long repressed. The watchword of the liberal movement was: "Long live Pius the Ninth!"

Austria, taken by surprise, and unable to stem the current in its first rush, adopted the usual policy of deception. She went to work preparing her arms, and in the meantime advised the petty rulers of Italy to pretend to yield, especially as the movement was sanctioned and blessed by the head of the Church. The King of Sardinia, the King of Naples, and all the dukes granted to their peoples a constitution in imitation of the Pope, and, although unwilling, were compelled to give way to the desire of the people, who cried aloud for a war against Austria which should liberate Lombardy and Venice from her rule.

Of all these princes, one alone was sincere in this general crusade against Austria,

—Charles Albert, father of Victor Emmanuel. But their combined forces were inadequate to compete with the overwhelming power of Austria, whose army was protected by the famous fortresses of the Quadrilateral. Charles Albert was defeated at Novara, abdicated his throne in favor of Victor Emmanuel, and went into exile in Portugal, where he died. The Roman army was defeated at Vicenza; other volunteers were routed in other parts of Northern Italy, and the Austrian invaders were marching southward. The King of Naples, taking advantage of the defeat of the patriot armies, suppressed the constitution, defeated the Sicilian revolutionary army, and repossessed himself of the island.

I need not narrate the confusion, irritation, and discouragement that followed these several defeats among the liberal patriots. The aspiring hopes of so many years had received a sudden check. The exasperation of men under such circumstances is always extreme, and the very violent ones take advantage of it for their visionary ends. Until then everything had appeared to be enthusiasm, love, brotherhood, among the people, confidence in their princes, and veneration, worship, blessings, for the pope, who had been the chief promoter of the redemption of Italy from foreign oppression; but the disappointment and chagrin caused by these reverses, the treachery of the King of Naples, the defection of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, brought about a reaction and revulsion in their feelings. The remnants of these defeated patriotic armies flocked into the only places which they could enter with safety, viz.: Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome; a few got into Venice, where they held out for some time against Austria. Piedmont was forced to sign a humiliating peace and to dismiss all her volunteers, who joined their fellow-patriots gathered in Tuscany and Rome.

The people of those two parts of Italy were in a high state of agitation, which, being increased by the influx of all the defeated volunteers, ran naturally to extreme measures. These the respective governments were unable to suppress. The Grand Duke, afraid of the people and afraid to displease Austria, ran away, and sought asylum with the King of Naples at Gaëta. The people immediately afterward proclaimed the republic. At Rome the agitation was still worse. Pellegrino Rossi, the famous professor of Roman law at the University of Paris, whom the Pope had recalled from

exile and appointed his prime minister, was stabbed while alighting from his carriage to enter parliament. The assassins were never discovered. Some accused the republicans of the murder, because he was a constitutional monarchist; others the ultra-clericals, because he was a liberal and a layman.

This political assassination—the only one recorded in the history of the Italian revolution—made a terrible impression on the mind of the Pope. He distrusted his own good acts. The good which he had generously intended to do for the welfare of his people and of Italy had turned to evil,—or, at least, the enemies of Italy made him think so. The increasing agitation of the defeated patriots and the advice of those who strove to alienate him from the cause he had taken so much to heart, persuaded him that his religious office was jeopardized. On a political or administrative question, Pius IX., in the goodness of his nature, would ever have yielded to the will of the people—witness the amnesty he had granted, the constitutional government he had proclaimed; but the bare suggestion that his liberal acts as a prince would in the remotest way be of injury to his holy office, was sufficient to change his views, and to cause him to look with regret upon the acts he had done.

Unable, therefore, to stem the current of the revolution of which he had at one time been the leader, the Pope privately abandoned Rome, took refuge at Gaëta with the King of Naples and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, and threw himself entirely into the arms of the despots and foreign enemies of Italy; and from that day forward his political acts—mark that I am speaking of his acts as the temporal king of Rome, not as the head of the Catholic religion—were totally dictated by them.

The abandonment of Rome by Pius at this critical moment, when a strong hand at the helm might have prevented the evils that followed, enabled the red republicans to take control of the government. Mazzini proclaimed the republic at a moment when the cause of independence had been defeated everywhere.

Austria was fast approaching the Roman States; but Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic, with the excuse of re-instating the Pope (although twenty years before he had conspired to dethrone his predecessor), but in reality to gain a footing in Italy for future contingencies against Austria, and to secure the Catholic vote in

France for his imperial aspirations, sent an expedition against the Roman republic. Austria was on the frontiers; Spain sent a division to Ancona; the King of Naples another by way of Terracina. Thus three foreign nations and the soldiers of one of the worst tyrants of the present age—the infamous Bomba of Naples—inundated the Roman States with their bayonets and cannon, in order to restore the temporal power of the Pope.

The small Roman patriotic army, after sustaining a six months' siege and bombardment in Rome, in which many thousands on both sides lost their lives, capitulated, and the Pope returned to the city and to his temporal power, supported by the bayonets of France, which remained there for the next twenty years.

The Papal government attempted to raise an army; but, mistrusting the Roman people, it hired mercenaries from every nation of the earth. The legion of Antibo was composed of French, Irish Zouaves, Canadians, and adventurers of all sorts. So here was the anomaly of a small Italian potentate who, in order to subdue his subjects, was obliged to call in the aid of three foreign nations and a tyrannical neighbor; and in order to rule over them, was forced to have a garrison of the army of one of the most powerful nations of Europe, with foreign mercenaries from the four quarters of the globe.

One who possesses sentiments of patriotism, dignity, and national spirit, can imagine what the feelings of the Romans and other Italians must have been, to see their country invaded and oppressed by so many foreign bayonets in order to uphold a small kingdom of less than a million of souls.

The situation in Italy in 1850 was as follows: The King of Naples ruled, despotically and with a Nero's hand, Naples and Sicily. They say the Pope, but the Italians say the French, ruled militarily the Papal States. The Emperor of Austria governed Lombardy and Venice. Tuscany, Parma, Modena, were each nominally under the rule of their own dukes; but divisions of Austrian troops occupied these states, in order to protect the rulers against their Italian subjects. Foreign bayonets, therefore, controlled almost every particle of Italian soil, with the exception of a small kingdom in the northern corner—Piedmont.

Victor Emmanuel, after the abdication of his father, Charles Albert, and the treaty of peace with Austria, retired into his kingdom;

but, unlike every other prince of Italy, who, after having sworn to a constitution, became false to his oath and suppressed it, he maintained the charter granted by his father, and ruled in a constitutional form, calling to the head of his cabinet such liberal patriots as Massimo d'Azeglio and Cavour. Piedmont became, therefore, the nucleus and focus of all the patriots of Italy.

The events that took place from 1850 to 1870 are of too recent occurrence to require a detailed account; so, I will only summarize them.

The Italians, after the failure of the revolution of 1848-9, looked upon Piedmont, as they had previously looked upon Pius IX., as the star to lead them in the path of independence against foreign oppression. They could make no discrimination in favor of the Pope, in his temporal capacity; he ruled no more by the will and love of his people, but by the same means as were used by the other petty despots of Italy,—by foreign bayonets. D'Azeglio, and after him, Cavour, recognizing the impossibility of attacking Austria single-handed, sought the alliance of the French, and succeeded in obtaining the assistance of Louis Napoleon. In 1859, upon the refusal on the part of Piedmont to discharge her volunteers whose names were enrolled from every part of Italy, Austria declared war. The French army, with Napoleon at its head, came to the assistance of Victor Emmanuel, and after the battles of Magenta and Solferino, Austria was forced to cede Lombardy in the peace of Villafranca.

During this war, Tuscany, Parma, and Modena revolted against their dukes and joined Piedmont. Bologna and Umbria revolted against the Papal government, and the foreign mercenaries were unable to suppress the revolt, except at Perugia, where they committed bloody excesses. After the peace of Villafranca, all these states annexed themselves by a universal vote to the kingdom of Piedmont. The Papal government protested against the annexation of Bologna and its territory, but Louis Napoleon would do nothing toward re-instating the Pope by force of arms, under the plea that these states were not part of the patrimony of St. Peter, so called; they had been acquired by force of arms, and were therefore subject to the fate of wars.

Piedmont had now acquired by war and annexation the whole of northern and central Italy, with the exception of Venice, and

the power of Austria had been crippled. These events caused a ferment among the eight millions of people of Naples and Sicily, who watched for any opportunity to break out in open revolt. The death of Ferdinand II., which had happened a short time before this, had left the kingdom in the hands of his son, Francis, a very stupid and feeble youth. Sicily attempted several risings, which were temporarily suppressed. On the news of these, Garibaldi organized a small body of volunteers in Genoa to go to their assistance—only one thousand in number, but veteran patriots who had fought in all the battles of Italy for independence. In June, 1860, he came to the assistance of Sicily and landed at Marsala, hoisting the flag of "Italy and Victor Emmanuel." The Sicilian patriots rallied to his banner, and in a short time he defeated the King's army, and was proclaimed Dictator of Sicily. Receiving further re-enforcements from Italy, he crossed into the continent, and proceeded through the Neapolitan states as on a triumphal march; the King's army scarcely attempting any serious resistance, unsupported as it was by the people, who rose against it at Garibaldi's approach. He entered Naples the day after the King abandoned it, without firing a gun.

Francis II. retired to the fortress of Gaëta with what few troops remained faithful to him, and Garibaldi was likewise proclaimed Dictator of Naples. He set to work organizing his volunteers into a more regular army, so as to drive the King from his last refuge; but without a navy and siege artillery, the struggle would have been a long one, and he therefore sought the co-operation of Piedmont. Victor Emmanuel came to Garibaldi's assistance with his army and besieged the place while his fleet blockaded it on the sea side. After a feeble resistance, and the departure of the King and his household, the fortress capitulated.

Having thus liberated Sicily and Naples, Garibaldi resigned his dictatorial powers, called the people to express their will as to the form of government they desired to adopt by universal suffrage, and, like Cincinnatus, retired to his island home of Caprera. The people of both states almost unanimously voted for annexation to the constitutional government of Victor Emmanuel; their deputies entered the Parliament at Turin, which now comprised the representatives of all Italy, except Venice and the reduced territory of Rome. This Parliament, after mature deliberation and long discussion, voted the change of title

in the king to that of King of Italy, and declared Rome the capital of the kingdom, transferring the seat of government temporarily to Florence.

It is useless here to enter into details respecting the long and ineffectual attempts on the part of the Italian government to come to an understanding with the Papal Court as to arrangements about its temporal power. The government offered every guarantee consistent with the principle of unity, liberty and independence. Every offer was met with the famous answer, *non possumus*. There was the anomaly of a nation wishing for political liberty and foreign independence, thwarted in its desires by the head of the religion she professed, and thwarted, too, to the end that the spiritual head of the Italian people might still hold temporal possession of a few square miles of territory, in order to do which, he must allow the very heart of the nation to be militarily occupied by a foreign power, that left him only a shadow of authority.

With respect to Venice, Italy felt that either by treaties or by arms, she would get rid of the Austrians; but with Rome, there was always the religious sentiment, and the regard due to the sacred person of the Pope, which made it a very delicate and difficult question.

The foreign occupation of Venice was easily settled. Italy, in 1866, allied herself with Prussia against Austria, and after the latter's defeat at Sadowa, obtained it in the treaty of peace. But the French still held Rome. Italy could not make war against France on that account, and tried many means to obtain her end by negotiation, but in vain. The Radicals took advantage of it, and created continual embarrassment to the government by their repeated attempts to attack the French: first, Garibaldi, who had to be surrounded and arrested by the Italian troops at Aspromonte, next, Nicotera, who was defeated by the French near Rome. In fact Italy, which, after so many years of revolutions and wars devoted to the cause of liberty and independence, needed peace and rest to organize her administration, to reform her laws and to correct the abuses of so many centuries of foreign dependence and domestic tyranny, was kept in a state of constant turmoil, feeling the humiliation of foreign bayonets in the very heart of the country. Twenty-five millions of people were deprived of free access to their natural capital, in order that the Pope of Rome, the smallest of the

former princes, should retain a shadow of sovereignty over a small tract of land, which now scarcely contained half a million inhabitants.

Mark that this was not a question of religion, nor of enmity against the Pope as supreme head of the Church, for those twenty-five millions of people were all, with few exceptions, Catholics.

But 1870 came. Germany crushed the power of Napoleon at Sedan, Italy remaining neutral. The French division, that for twenty years had occupied the Roman States, was recalled, and the patrimony of St. Peter was left in the charge of her foreign mercenaries. The Italian government notified the Papal Court that its army would occupy the Roman State. It was supposed that the overwhelming force which Italy could command, would remove any idea of resistance. We know, and it will readily be believed, considering the mild and benevolent nature of Pius IX., that he refused his sanction, and discountenanced any idea of resistance and bloodshed. But in his temporal affairs he was just now as much the subject of his foreign mercenaries as he had before been of the French, and his predecessors, of the Austrians.

General Kanzler, his minister of war, General Lamoricière, General De la Charette, insisted with fanatical zeal upon resistance. Mark, that there is not an Italian name among these generals, and they had hardly an Italian soldier among their troops! Is it to be wondered at, therefore, that the Italians should feel irritated and indignant against the temporal power of the popes, which required the aid of foreign bayonets to sustain it in Italy; and which, now that both Austria and France were unable to use their armies, was forced to employ foreign mercenary soldiers for protection?

It was, of course, a mere useless bloodshed on the part of these foreign generals. Lamoricière was defeated at Castelfidardo, and the Zouaves and other mercenaries were driven from Porta Pia at Rome, at the point of the bayonet. Many lives, however, were lost in this useless resistance, and many Italian mothers had to weep for their sons murdered by foreign fanatics under the plea of defending the head of their Church, whom, as their spiritual Father, no one wished to harm.

Thus Italy was finally brought together under one free constitutional government, not a single foreign bayonet disgracing her soil, from the Alps to Sicily. The seat of gov-

ernment was transferred to Rome, and Victor Emmanuel was proclaimed from the Capitol King of Italy.

Let us now examine what has been the conduct of the Italian government toward the Pope in his religious capacity.

I insist so often upon this distinction between the temporal and the religious attributes of the Pope, because I have noticed that the further I get from Italy the less this distinction is understood. Like a double star which, seen in the distant heavens, appears as one, but when brought near to our vision by a telescope discloses distinctly its quality, so people away from Italy confuse into one the double character of the Pope, which is definitely and distinctly separated in the Italian mind.

As I represented in the beginning, Italy was divided until 1856 into eight small principalities, exclusive of the Prince of Monaco and the republic of St. Marino. One by one the people of these several states rebelled against their rulers, annexed themselves to the kingdom of Piedmont, and so was formed the Italian kingdom.

What was the treatment of those small princes after they had been expelled from their principalities? They were dethroned, exiled from Italy; all their palaces, parks, and domains were incorporated into the public domains of the crown of Italy. The Pope in his temporal capacity could not have been treated otherwise. His public domains, of course, fell to the crown of Italy. But I will now relate the way in which the Pope was treated personally, in contradistinction to the other princes of Italy.

By the final annexation of the Roman States, Italy became a kingdom of twenty-six millions of inhabitants. These twenty-six million souls are all Roman Catholics, with the exception of a few thousand Waldenses in a small district of the Alps.

The very first article of the Italian constitution is: "The Roman Catholic religion is the religion of state." It is not to be conceived, therefore, that a nation composed of Catholics, and which in the first article of its political charter proclaims the Catholic religion as the religion of state, should ill-treat and abuse the sacred person of the supreme head of the religion she professes.

When the Italian Parliament first assembled in Rome, one of the principal laws passed accorded a proper recognition and endowment of the Pope, as head of the religion of state. The following are some

of the principal articles contained in that law (I am quoting from memory):. Inviolability of the person of the Pope, with the rights, honors, and prerogatives of a king; the palace of the Vatican (the so-called prison) with its eleven thousand rooms, grounds, gardens, museums, library, etc., for his residence; and its extra-territoriality, viz.: that the Italian government renounces all political, civil and criminal jurisdiction over that locality and residents thereof, as if it were outside of Italy; inviolability of the mail sent from, or addressed to the Papal Court, and its free transmission through the Italian post-offices and mail routes; the cardinals to be entitled to the rights, honors and prerogatives due to a prince of the royal blood, the archbishops and bishops to those of a minister of state; a revenue of three million francs yearly assigned on the interest of the public debt for the personal use of His Holiness; with many other rights and privileges. This is certainly very different treatment from that which the other six kings and dukes who were dethroned and expelled from Italy received at the hands of the Italian government. The Pope, under the advice of those who desire to keep up the ill feeling between Italy and the Papacy, refused to accept these concessions, and sought assistance from all the Catholics of the world, who generously responded to his appeals, millions of dollars having been remitted to Rome by the faithful. The Italian government on its part has regularly remitted a check every year for three million francs to the secretary of state of the Pope, which has been as regularly returned with a polite note, stating that His Holiness could not receive this money from a government that has usurped his temporal rights; and the minister of the finances has deposited the check in the treasury, subject to the order of the Pope, or of his successors; for the money, being voted by Parliament, is a part of the public debt of Italy. There is therefore accumulated into the Italian treasury, since 1870, some twenty-one million francs,—over four millions of dollars,—which, when better counsels prevail in the Vatican, can be made use of for the service of the Church.

I will now answer another charge that is laid against Italy and Victor Emmanuel, viz: the suppression of the religious corporations, so called, which include convents and monasteries, and also the reversion of the revenues and other property belonging

to them to the uses of worship, under the administration of the government. This is called abroad a spoliation, a sacrilege, a robbery of the property of the Church; and poor Victor Emmanuel, who had nothing more to do with it than to sign the law passed by Parliament, and order it to be executed, just as any other constitutional king, or president of a republic would do, is described as a thief, robber, heretic, and many call him excommunicated, though Pius IX. never directly excommunicated him, although he was advised to do so by the ultra-clericals.

Now let me explain this question in its legal bearing. And first of all, what were these religious corporations? This would be a very difficult question to answer in a short article, for it would take us back to the Middle Ages, as many of these conventual fraternities date back a thousand years or more, and arose from many sources, some political, some religious, some charitable. But this alone is sufficient for our purpose, viz: that all these convents, monasteries, and other religious associations, besides being authorized by the Church of Rome, were also recognized by the secular governments of Italy as legal corporate bodies, and enjoyed many rights, immunities, privileges and prerogatives granted to them by the many governments that had ruled Italy for several centuries.

These grants were all civil grants that one government gave and another could take away. The property which they owned had been given to them either by the governments or by donations for some specific purposes, some religious, others charitable,—as, for instance: the Hospitaliers, whose duties were to keep public hospitals and dispensaries for the poor; the Jesuits, to keep public-schools; the Dominicans, to preach against heresy, and to extirpate it by means of the tribunals of the Inquisition; the Hierosolimetans, to ransom the Christians captured by the Algerine and other pirates, and carried into slavery in Mohammedan countries; and so on.

Mark, that I do not enter into the question as to whether the state or municipal hospitals which have risen in Italy are better regulated than those under the charge of the monks; whether the Jesuits were better public instructors than laymen; whether the tortures, *autos-da-fe*, and prisons of the Inquisition did more harm than good to the Catholic religion; to what use were converted the immense revenues of the Hierosolime-

tans when piracy was suppressed in the Mediterranean, and there were no more Christian slaves to be ransomed in Africa; I only express the opinion of the most learned law doctors and legislators that a state has the right to revoke grants given to corporations, when the objects for which they were established have ceased to exist, or the revenues been misappropriated;—to say nothing of the extraordinary personal privileges that these corporations and the members thereof enjoyed, which were all, without any exception, inconsistent with a constitutional form of government. I will mention a few of these to show how very extraordinary they were. For instance: all convents had the right of asylum, and immunity from civil jurisdiction. This meant that if a man committed a murder or any other crime, and had the opportunity to escape into a church or convent, or even into the landed estates belonging to them, the civil or military officers had not the right to enter and arrest him there. The monks could expel him, and thus hand him to the police; but they could likewise allow him to remain there, or evade the pursuit of the public force, and eventually escape into a foreign country. If a crime was committed within their inclosures, the civil power had no right to take cognizance of it, but the corporation would look to the punishment of the criminal through the tribunal of the Inquisition, or the sacred tribunals. If a priest or a monk committed a crime, even outside of the church or convent inclosure, he could not be tried before a common tribunal, but before a sacred one, and his punishment or imprisonment would be different and separate from that of any other citizen. In fact, in every state of Italy, there were prisons exclusively for priests and monks. The civil government lent them their police and public force for executing the decrees of these religious tribunals, but the jurisdiction was exclusively their own.

The property and estates of the religious bodies were exempt from taxation; their administration was free from any control, often even from any religious control; and the incumbents were permitted to apply the revenues to any object which suited them, whether religious or worldly, or even to their private use. This applies to all revenues, whether belonging to religious corporations, or to bishops' sees. Whence arose the word *nepotism*, but from this application of the church revenues to the enrichment of

the family of the incumbent of a high religious office?

It would take volumes to catalogue the abuses that had sprung from the irresponsibility of these religious corporations, which were, both in their property and in the individuals which composed them, irresponsible to, and, in fact, above, the laws that governed all other property and all other citizens. It is clear, therefore, that this state of things could exist no longer, after Italy had become a free and constitutional government.

The law of Parliament, abolishing the religious corporations, was passed in order to put a stop to these extraordinary privileges which were utterly inconsistent with freedom and equality before the law. These religious associations having been therefore abolished as legal entities, the administration of the property belonging to them reverted to the state, as they ceased to be legal bodies.

I will here give a summary of this law, quoting from memory, as I have no means of reference here. It decrees that on and after the date of its passage, all religious corporations cease to exist as legal bodies. (Note that the expression of "religious corporations" does not apply merely to monks and nuns, as many imagine; but includes many others whose members were laymen, and went under the names of "congregations," owning chapels, estates, and other property, and in their corporate rights enjoying exemptions, privileges, and immunities.) The churches, chapels, convents and estates belonging to them to revert to the state; the churches and chapels to be used for public worship; the convents to be given to the cities, towns, villages or districts in which they were situated, and to be applied to public use, such as hospitals, schools, lyceums, academies, etc.; other real estate to be sold, the funds derived from them invested in the public debt, and the income applied by the government for the *public worship*, in the same manner as the income derived from the sale of land and other property belonging to bishops' sees, which also reverted to the state; all works of art, with the exception of those in churches or chapels, to become public property of the localities in which the convents were situated, to form public museums; the libraries contained in them to become likewise property of the public libraries of such cities, towns, or villages; the monks belonging to any of the suppressed convents to receive a life pension according to the religious rank they held,

and to have the preference to the appointment of vicar, rector, chaplain, or officiating priest in the church or chapel of the monastery to which they had belonged, before any other priest; the nuns, also with a suitable pension, at liberty to return to their families or remain in their nunneries during their life-time, but when too few in number, to be assembled with others of the same order in one or more convents; no new novice would be recognized by the government as a member of a religious corporation on and after the passage of the law.

It must be noticed, from the above summary, that the law does not forbid any one to remain, or make himself or herself a monk or a nun, as many have supposed, and as I have often heard said. The law only abrogated their right of legal corporations, enjoying certain privileges and immunities. The monks could at their will unite together into the same house or convent, and live in a conventual form, and the nuns likewise, in the same way as they do in the United States; and many in Italy have done so. In some places they have even bought of the government the very convents they lived in, and reside there. But these are now private houses, enjoying no rights of immunity, asylum, or cloister, the members thereof subject to the protection of the law, as is every other citizen, and if any one wishes to leave the association, he or she is at liberty to do so. Heretofore, if any monk or nun wished to leave his or her convent, it was not permissible to do so; and if they escaped, the police, at the request of a superior or an abbess, would arrest them and carry them back by main force. Could any such laws be consistent with a free government?

The law in Italy now is "a free church in a free state;" and, although it proclaims the Catholic religion as the religion of state, because the people are all Catholics, and assumes the charge of the entire support of the service of the church, yet it does not impose it upon any one. The government has taken away the administration of the property of the church from the hands of the clergy and monastic orders, and placed it in that of the ministry of worship and instruction; the bishops and clergy are paid salaries as regularly as any other officer of the state, as is the case in France and in Austria. It is true that the Italian bishops have been ordered by the court of Rome to refuse their salaries, as the Pope has done his, though the lower clergy are permitted to receive their stipends, and they certainly are

better and more regularly paid now than they ever were before.

We can easily understand that the higher clergy, who heretofore have enjoyed the irresponsible administration and disposal of enormous revenues, should be dissatisfied; but the lower clergy do not find fault with it, as every one can see for himself who travels in Italy. This is the best answer that Italy can give to this outcry about persecution of the Pope and the Church, which, curiously enough, comes from foreign countries and foreign Catholics, and especially those in Protestant countries, as if the Italians were heretics or Mohammedans; yet all the churches in Italy are open, not every Sunday, but every day; the religious services are performed with the same fervor and display as before; processions go through the streets; the host is carried to sick beds in a processional form as before; if a cardinal rides or walks out, he is greeted with the same respect, reverence, and public honors as before; the officers, both civil and military, are bound *by law* to extend to them the same public marks of respect and the same military honors as to royal princes.

It is true that the cardinals have given up going out in their Renaissance coaches, with three red-liveried servants behind; and the Pope's huge, clumsy, gilded carriage, surrounded by the mediæval pikes of the Swiss guards, the broadswords of the Guardia Nobile, and other military paraphernalia, is no longer to be seen in the streets of Rome; but nobody has forbidden His Holiness to go out in it, if he wished. Probably most good Italians, and I have no doubt others, think that in these modern days of civilization, anti-military sentiments, rule of law, etc., the Father of the Faithful may well dispense with even the outward useless show of pikes, swords and bayonets, and rely exclusively on the love and religious sentiments of his dutiful children.

The court of Rome, although very bitter against Italy, has never accused or charged the government with heresy or schism. There has not been any excommunication launched either against the King, or the government, or the people. In several Papal allocutions and bulls there have been warnings that those who execute certain acts decreed by the Italian government would incur the *censures* of the church; but never a regular bull of excommunication. For in such case the interdict would suspend every religious service in every church of Italy; the people would be released from their

oath of allegiance to the King; no confession, absolution, or communion could take place, except *in extremis*, and so forth,—none of which things have taken place.

The reason for this is very evident, for, even among the most ultra Catholics, no matter what expressions they may use in their over-zeal against Victor Emmanuel and the Italian government, when it comes to the discussion of a *formal* and *authoritative* act of the Holy See, such as an excommunication would be, they cannot prove that either the King or Parliament or people have ever offended or rebelled against any of the dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, but are forced to admit that their acts have been exclusively on matters pertaining to the temporalities. As I stated before, no theologian will dare to assert that it is a dogma of the Church to believe in the temporal power of the Pope.

Everywhere outside of Italy, people, especially Catholics, talk about the temporal power of the Pope as if it were still an open

question, and prophesy about the possibility that the arms of France, or Austria, or Spain, may re-establish it in Italy. Little they think that every Italian, though Catholic, would rise to repel any foreign invader of his country, under whatever pretense he came, whether political or religious. These foreign, over-zealous Catholics hardly seem to realize the injury that would accrue to the Catholic religion itself, if the Pope were to be restored to his former petty temporal kingdom *by the power of the sword*.

The Italians have had enough of foreign bayonets under pretense of religion, and they do not believe in them any longer, for they know that they are for earthly purposes and not divine; and they do honestly believe that the Pope will be far more powerful for all religious and moral purposes simply as spiritual head of the Church, than as King of Rome; that his influence will be more felt, both among Catholics and other Christians, if earthly and temporal interests are not intermixed with his holy office.

THE PRICE.

For the joy set before thee—
 The cross.
 For the gain that comes after—
 The loss.
 For the morning that smileth—
 The night.
 For the peace of the victor—
 The fight.

 For the white rose of goodness—
 The thorn.
 For the Spirit's deep wisdom—
 Men's scorn.
 For the sunshine of gladness—
 The rain.
 For the fruit of God's pruning—
 The pain.

 For the clear bells of triumph—
 A knell.
 For the sweet kiss of meeting—
 Farewell.
 For the height of the mountain—
 The steep.
 For the waking in heaven—
 Death's sleep.

THE STRUCTURE OF OXFORD.

EVERY one is more or less clearly aware that there has been waging for some time in England a bitter warfare over the two old universities, and particularly Oxford,—a conflict in which society, led by its ruling Tory element, has been pitted against the progressive school of English thought. That struggle, which will be the distinguishing feature of this century in English history, over the introduction of liberal ideas into politics, religion and life, has not failed to be most hotly contested when the questions involved were those of education,—the training up of future generations to carry out, or to oppose, the principles of the respective parties. As far as regards the possession of the field, society has been completely victorious. Oxford remains what it always has been, the stronghold of Conservatism. It is true that, in the course of time, this protracted defense against a constantly growing and strengthening enemy has led to corresponding changes in the character and position of English Toryism in the universities, as everywhere else. One after another, the weakest points have been conceded; abuses have been swept away when they could no longer be maintained; and the Conservative Englishman of to-day is more liberal than was the father of his Liberal antagonist; but the result of this has been to save him many things which he would have lost by less pliant tactics, and among these, as we have said, the possession of Oxford—the pride and delight of his heart.

A marked effect of this failure to drive eighteenth-century thought and obsolete methods of instruction out of Oxford and Cambridge has been the growth of rival institutions. London has now a university whose brilliancy begins to compare with that of its older sisters. There is more than a possibility that the latter have irreparably lost their position of solitary and unapproachable eminence. But the fact to which I wish to call attention is the alienation of some of that absolute devotion which formerly was bestowed upon them. There is now a class of Englishmen, less important for numbers than for mental activity, in whose ears their names are not cherished household words,—who are strangers to every feeling of unusual regard for them. Defeated in the attempt to obtain a footing for themselves in Oxford, and unable even

to force it into any consistent course of reform, the men of progress in England have transferred their affections elsewhere, and have set on foot a spirit of skepticism about the genuineness of its claims to reverence. None of its old accredited features have escaped the closest scrutiny. Its assertions of immemorial antiquity, of aristocratic superiority, of excellence in its educational scheme, and of beauty of structure and ornamentation, have all been met so sharply, with argument, invective and ridicule, that one who was solely familiar with this side of the question would have to think the once venerated cloisters of Oxford an Augean stable, which only Hercules could clean.

On the other hand, the Conservative panegyrists of Oxford continue to laud its beauty and excellence with unabated vigor, and the vast majority of modern Englishmen have suffered no loss of faith in them. Their unquestioning attachment to the Established Church and to the monarchical form of their actually republican governments is even exceeded by their regard for the university of their fathers. A fixed habit, such as this has become with Englishmen of the better classes, is proof against the sharpest weapons of attack, and Oxford is probably in no danger of being degraded from the popular apotheosis which it underwent ages ago at the hands of national pride. An uncivil assailant has an opportunity of classing the regard which an English Tory feels for this place with that order of religions to which scientific men are extending the name of fetich-worship. But we Americans, it may be observed in passing, cannot safely throw stones at his idols from across the water. There is too strong a tendency among ourselves, in certain localities and with certain classes, to grow a like regard for some of our similar institutions, and we are even largely sharers in the weakness of the English for their old universities. When we find ourselves in England, the fondness which we must admit that we all feel for the characteristic features of English society and the English country,—the sentiment which led Hawthorne to call his collection of English sketches, "*Our Old Home*," and supplied the grain of truth in his clever repartee, "*I like England, though I hate the English*,"—this feeling still further predis-

poses us to join in their chorus of *Laus Universitati*, to throw up our hats as high as the highest, and subscribe ourselves willing aiders and abettors in the fraud, if there really is a fraud.

It is more particularly with regard to the

another in applying adjectives to its cloistered recesses, its verdant gardens, its Gothic towers, and more than all, its appearance from the neighboring hills. It is commonly spoken of as a pure relic of mediævalism, and innovation is warned off from its



MAGDALEN COLLEGE, FROM THE CHERWELL.

external aspect of Oxford—its artistic character—that we are now interested in noticing the radical difference of opinion which exists. It has been an article of the popular creed to regard it as possessed of superlative beauty. Eulogists have vied with one

sacred precincts. But recent criticism has undermined this sort of extravagance very effectually, showing it up as the product of ignorance in combination with a false sentimentalism. Architecturally, Oxford is now declared to be full of imperfections. Few

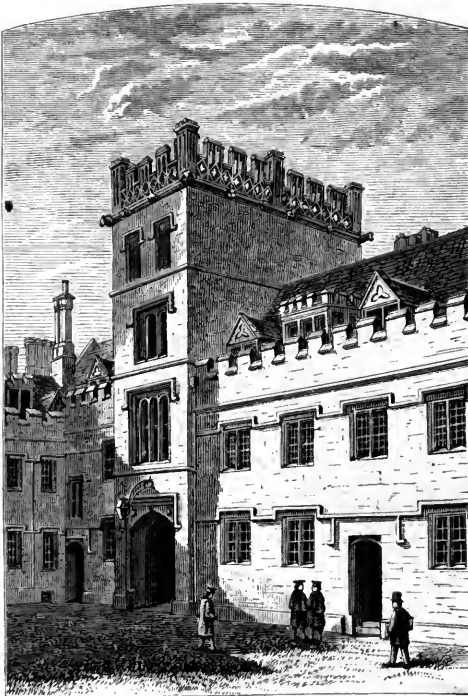
of its buildings are even tolerably correct in design, and fewer still have preserved their original structure unimpaired by time and change. Their venerable appearance is purely factitious and cannot be allowed to protect them from the censure which they deserve. The city is really poor in things of antiquarian interest, in comparison with Edinburgh or Chester. Facts like these are beginning to obtain a wide currency in England, and great is the discomfiture of those who have tried to meet them with facts of equal cogency. For the enthusiasm of the admirers of the old universities had led them into such absurd statements in regard to these matters, that their critics had not much to do in routing them from most of their positions.

Still, when all false notions have been corrected, there remains a sufficient basis of fact in Oxford's claims to an artist's admira-

the effect which Oxford makes on those who live in its peculiar atmosphere, without allowing a slight illusion of sentiment to influence cold analysis. The true Oxonian is scarcely capable of turning a scrutinizing glance in upon his regard for his university. He can discuss reasonably, and with tolerable candor, its merits in other respects, but his love for it, and the esteem in which he holds its beauties, are not the product of reason, and are not amenable to its processes. There is for him a subtle charm in the place which falsifies the calculation of unsympathetic critics. He will explain that the critical faculties do not work well in Oxford atmosphere,—that there is a fine aroma which pervades it and gives it its real character, whose essence they have not been able to solve. It is at least certain that Oxford does exercise such a fascination over the senses of its inhabitants, and that some success in realizing this is necessary to a true description of its artistic qualities.

No doubt the associations which throng the by-ways and recesses of the old city have a constant influence of this nature on the minds of its indwellers—not that any one goes about always dreaming of them, but they are in the air, and make themselves felt. The critical acumen of unbelievers has found no chance of belittling the position which Oxford holds in English history and literature. Its name raises a train of memories, reaching back into the legendary age of England, which all our romance-reading and castle-building from boyhood have combined to make very attractive to us. There is scarcely a spot, in the older portions of the city, which will not speak to one who has ears to hear, of scenes and incidents of history and fiction, which appeal irresistibly to the vein of romance in every nature. He must have been dipped—not in Stygian—but in Lethean waters, who can live among such associations and resist their influence.

But it is time to turn from these general observations to a more detailed examination of the features of the famous little city—to see how they have survived the attacks which have been made upon them. Let us try to gain an intelligent idea of its many-sided aspects, its complicated arrangement, its maze of streets and buildings and courts,—bearing always with us the cloud-dispelling lamp of careful criticism, and yet not forgetting that those who know these scenes best protest against a judgment formed solely by such a light, and assert—what we can well believe—that a thorough sympathy



ROOM OVER PEMBROKE COLLEGE GATE-WAY WHERE
SAMUEL JOHNSON LIVED.

tion, to support a less bigoted esteem. It certainly presents a case in which sentiment may be allowed to exercise some sway over our opinions, and the fact that this has, in too many cases, degenerated into sentimentalism, is only a reason for guarding against such an extreme. It is quite impossible to realize



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE.

with the associations and traditions of the place, a familiarity with its aspect at all seasons, and a loving acquaintance with the life which fills its old veins, are at least equally necessary to an appreciation of its beauty.

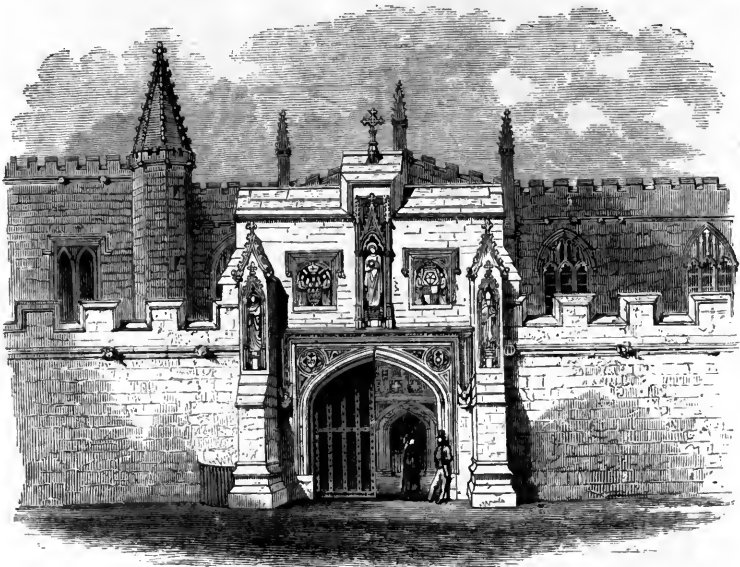
In studying historically the growth of the university in outward structure, a good starting-point is to be found in a well-known collection of engravings, published in 1675 to illustrate, as its title tells us, "all the colleges and halls of that most famous university of Oxford, the Bodleian Library, the Public

Schools, the Sheldonian Theatre, and nothing less than the whole city." These illustrations give a modern Oxonian a curious sense of familiarity and strangeness at once. There are few of the scenes depicted which he does not recognize, and yet each of them has something which arouses his curiosity and perplexes his memory. A closer examination reveals the fact that there is frequently an impression of newness produced by the engravings, which is totally opposed to his own experience, and that there have been innumerable additions to the well-known

buildings in the intervening time, whose absence from the pictures is just enough to tincture them with unfamiliarity.

The seventeenth century may be said to have seen the rise of modern Oxford. Such illustrations as these, if made a hundred years earlier, would be now, with a few exceptions, unrecognizable. At about the time when the earliest sea-port towns were taking root in New England, so large a number of the present buildings of the university were rising for the first time, under the direction of Stuart architects, that the Oxford which we see may be fairly called coeval with our own Salem and Plymouth. The antiquity of its existing structures is, of course, a question entirely distinct from that of the university itself, or of its colleges; but there has been no less popular misapprehension on the one subject than on the other. Oxford presents, to the ordinary eye, the appearance of a mediæval city, and, in fact, has been commonly taken for granted to be so. But the blackened and moldering surfaces of its academic buildings have had other causes than the lapse of a half score of centuries. They

would now be if chance had not placed the quarry from which it has drawn its building material in such convenient neighborhood to the city. As it is, one hardly has the courage to stand before an apparently decaying edifice, from whose face every storm brings down a quantity of rubbish,—“tears of stone,” a sentimentalist calls them, “over its approaching dissolution,”—and lay a finger upon this and that defect in the architect’s design. This spurious antiquity, given it by its friable stone, has invested many a faulty pile with a respectability which it has no right to. But, after all, there is something to be said on the other side, in this controversy over the structural antiquity of Oxford, though it must now take an apologetic tone. A pedigree of three, or even two, centuries, does constitute a diploma of respectability in this age of currency for Brummagem wares. And the hypercritical temper of those writers who are constantly declaring that these Tudor and Stuart creations in Oxford and elsewhere are mere mushrooms of yesterday in comparison with the Pyramids or the Parthenon, tends to drive back to their old faith those of their readers



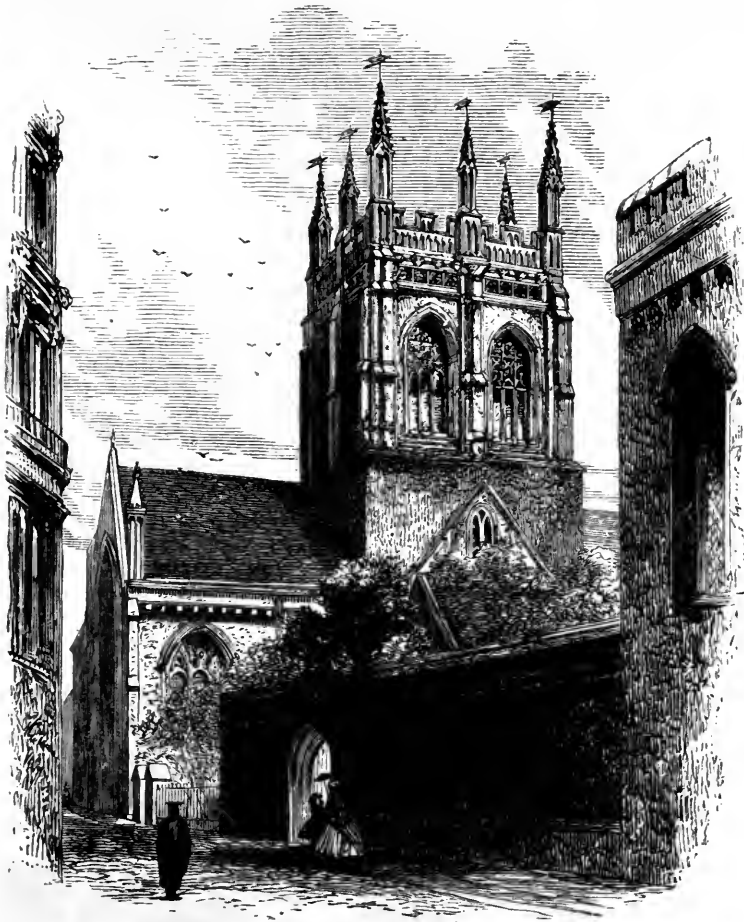
PUGIN GATE-WAY, MAGDALEN COLLEGE.

are built of a peculiarly soft stone on which the weather acts with great rapidity, so that at the end of a short life of fifty years they make a very creditable show of age, and at two hundred are more time-scarred than Westminster Abbey.

It is difficult to imagine what Oxford

who are not so familiar with the relics of Egyptian and Greek civilizations as to be vexed by such comparisons.

The judgment of one versed in architectural lore would not be misled by this factitious hoariness of the university into accrediting it with an imaginary antiquity.



MERTON COLLEGE.

There are other things which speak too plainly of its actual origin. Most of the buildings occupied for university purposes, and all the colleges, are an attempt at the Gothic; and the builders of the Stuart and Tudor periods were no better masters of this style than those of later times,—scarcely so likely indeed to avoid displays of asinine ears under the lion's skin, when they tried to assume it, because they combined with an equal lack of practical familiarity an unconsciousness of their own ignorance. When the chapel of Wadham College was to be built, it is recorded that handicraftsmen were brought for the purpose from Somersetshire, where the pure Gothic taste was supposed to be kept up somewhat better than in other neighborhoods. No one will be surprised to learn that this effort did not result in remarkable success. But it is illustrative of the mental attitude of

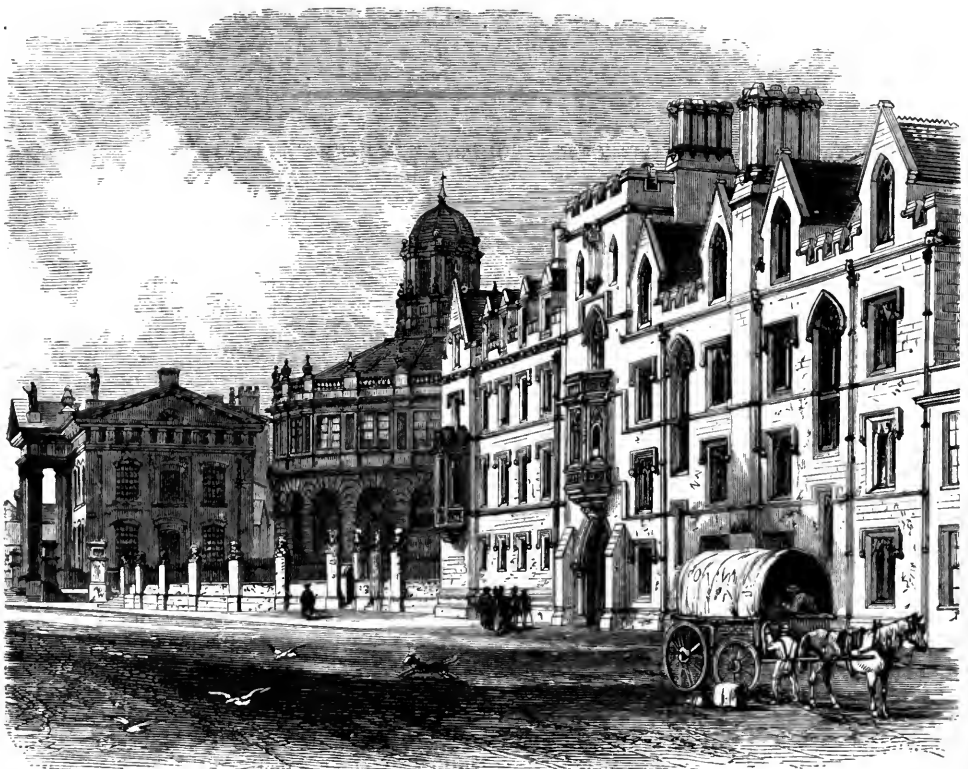
the age in regard to architecture, that they thought that the loss of the Gothic principles of construction and style of ornamentation could be supplied by the undeteriorated cunning of stone-masons' chisels.

The best feature of the modern Gothic of Oxford is, perhaps, the very one which most clearly marks it, for a discriminating observer, as belonging to a post-Gothic age. This is an extreme plainness, by which it is prevented from offending grossly against any of the more rigid canons of taste. I fear that we should be ascribing a better judgment to the originators of these buildings than they deserve, if we praised them for this negative excellence, as indicating a proper sense of their own short-comings. It is more probably due to the shallowness of the academic coffers at the time, and the consequent inability of their masters to waste money on useless decoration. But, whatever its cause,

there is a noteworthy absence of elaborate design in the structure of the university as a whole, nothing like the ambitious attempt to reproduce the fanciful tracery and intricate grotesqueness of the mediæval Gothic, which is too apt to disfigure imitations of that difficult style. The construction of the typical Oxford "domus" of this period is exceedingly simple. Only the chapel and hall have any show of interior decoration, while over the gate-way into the quadrangular court usually rises a more or less pretentious embattled tower. The dormitories, with the residential buildings for the great dignitaries of the college, which comprise the rest of the edifice, always form a square, with an open court, and are so unostentatious as rather to suggest military barracks. Only the gabled roof and an occasional oriel mark the Gothic design of the architect, and give consistency to the whole edifice. The modesty which is so noticeable a characteristic of the university, and which we shall have to remark again from other points of view, has disarmed and restrained much of the criticism which might be bestowed

upon it, and which the indignation aroused by the extravagance of its encomiasts would otherwise have let loose.

But, while it is true that, when spoken of as a whole, the Oxford of the nineteenth century is not the ancient city which it is commonly supposed to be, but is a mass of pretenses, for some of which its rapidly moldering stone-work is accountable, while others have had no other source than the imaginations of self-deceiving undergraduates and uncritical visitors,—there are still scattered bits to be found of an earlier structure and nobler beauty. Magdalen College occurs first to the mind of one who is inclined to laud the architecture of the university, and is the last spot to which he retreats before the onslaught of criticism. Magdalen has been called "Oxford's queen," the "fairest of her daughters," and by every endearing name which could be appropriated for it; it represents the acme, the ideal, of an English college. It belongs to a time when the Gothic architecture was not a faded recollection, impossible to be recalled, but a living reality. Founded in 1457, toward the



EXETER COLLEGE.—THE ASHMOLEAN AND CLARENDON BUILDINGS TO THE LEFT.

close of the distracted reign of Henry VI., it retains almost the whole of its original structure. Its tower is taller and more slenderly graceful than any other in Oxford. Around the inside of the quadrangle runs one of the few remaining cloistered walks, and this evidence of monastic origin is borne out by the more decorative style of the whole edifice. From the front, and from within this old court, there is nothing to mar the exquisite effect of the whole; but when one passes through the little gate-way in the rear, toward the no less famous "water-walks" of the college, he is first greeted with an unpleasant surprise. A range of "new buildings," of the pseudo-Grecian architecture which was such a fashion in the last century, raises the least agreeable of contrasts with the scene which he has just left. There is a tradition among undergraduates that when these additions were made to the college, it was discussed whether propriety did not demand that the whole should be pulled down, and rebuilt in this style. It is not incredible that this might have been considered, from what we know of that blind rage after classicism in architecture; and the antiquary involuntarily crosses himself at the thought, and mutters his thanks that it was never put in execution.

Next to Magdalen, Merton and New Colleges are the ones which possess the largest amount of antique structures, and it follows, almost as a matter of course, that they are only second to it in beauty, far exceeding all more recent erections. Merton competes with Balliol and University Colleges for the credit of being the oldest existing corporation in Oxford. The best authorities place the birth of all three of them in the latter part of the thirteenth century, at about the time when Edward I. was crusading in Palestine. But, though Merton, unlike the others, retains its original plan, additions and alterations have obscured its details, so that its present character is Elizabethan. Its gate-way and tower are a century and a half older. New College—false to its name—completes the list of academic houses which have any real claim to be considered mediæval, with its cloisters originally consecrated as a monkish burying-ground in the year 1400, and its chapel of equal age. One of the most interesting relics in Oxford is the wall which skirts two sides of the gardens of this college. It was the old city wall, built in the fourteenth century; and behind it, three hundred years later, Charles I. and the royalists found their last resting-place

before his flight into the north, to surrender to the Scotch allies of the parliament.

These three colleges—Magdalen, Merton and New—are the only ones of the fifteen which had their foundation before the conclusion of the first stage of the English Reformation which can be said to belong, in point of general architectural structure, to the time of their creation as corporations. The others contain, here and there, in obscure corners, remnants of the work of mediæval chisels, preserved in spite of the spirit of renovation, which arose after this era, and with the aid of the rapid disintegration of their more modern parts, which has been their best decorator, impress the not-too-curious spectator with very pleasurable sensations. Between 1571 and 1714 four more colleges were founded, which, of course, have nothing like pure Gothic about them, but vary between moderate success and none at all, in the attempt to copy it.

Turning to the buildings which belong to the university,—the libraries, museums, theaters and "schools,"—we find them less ancient and less artistic than the colleges. With the sole exception of the "Divinity School," which is coeval with the chapel of Henry VII. in Westminster Abbey, and hides away some of the same loveliness, these edifices can hardly be said to belong to any distinct order of architecture, though many of them are tinged with that same would-be classicism, which gave rise to the new buildings at Magdalen. It is not worth while to examine them in detail. The university church, St. Mary's, which ought to be the cathedral, is distinguished by one entirely anomalous feature in Oxford. This is a beautiful Italian porch, which forms the entrance from High street. Over its doorway still stands the figure of the Virgin and Child, which were put there with Archbishop Laud's connivance, and furnished the basis for one of the articles of impeachment against him.

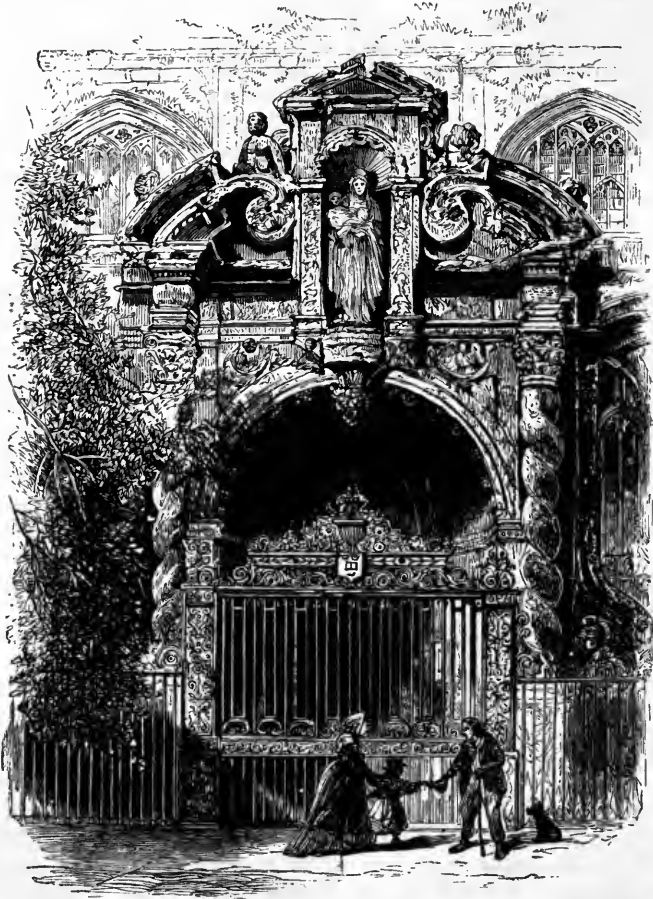
Enough has been said to show that the architecture of Oxford is full of faults, such that only willful blindness can hide them from one who is familiar with it. It needs just that intensity of personal affection, and that intimacy of association with the past, which do combine in the experience of all Oxonians, to enable one to overlook disagreeable contrasts, to ignore the counterfeit antiquity in which it is clothed, to dwell chiefly on its really admirable features, and mentally to harmonize and idealize the

whole into a beautiful fabric. Illusions like these do not necessarily spring from ignorance. They may embody truths which are more real than facts and figures. But before we can understand their operation in this case, there is another feature of the university to be taken into account.

The ground plan of Oxford is complicated in the highest degree. An habitué can thread his way from one part to another

ing the university off into corners, where it cultivates obscurity. It seems impossible to point to a line where the town ends and the university begins. Since, therefore, this setting in which the latter is placed so utterly refuses to be ignored, something must be said about it.

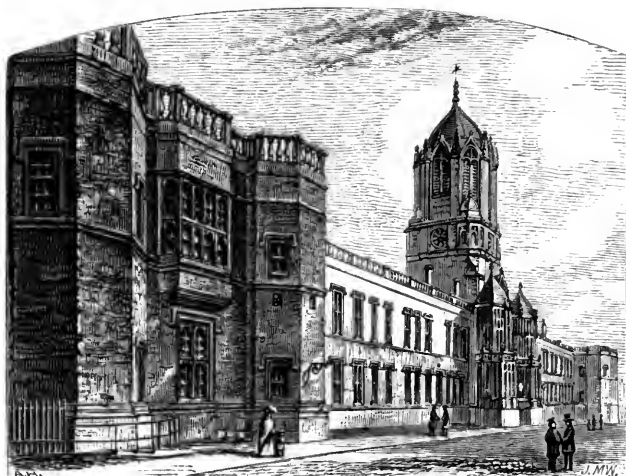
The extra-academic part of Oxford has certainly profited little by its immemorial association with the university, in the matter



GATE-WAY OF ST. MARY'S.

of the system of colleges, through postern gates and intricate passages, without getting at any time far away from the scholastic precincts. But a stranger is apt to doubt the existence of any system at all, and to conclude that buildings have been put down wherever there was room for them, with no regard for accessibility or display. The town of Oxford is what he sees on every side of him, and it makes the effect of push-

of picturesqueness. That strange old conflict, not even yet extinct, between its inhabitants and the gownsmen, has left its permanent marks. There could be no better illustration of Mr. Matthew Arnold's theory of the eternal struggle of Philistinism against culture, than is afforded by the manner in which the former, as embodied in the burghers of Oxford, has sturdily refused to be elevated or beautified by contact with



CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE.

the influences of the university, fighting them with tooth and nail for centuries.

The effect appears in the unartistic character of the substantial dwellings which it has bequeathed to the Philistines of the present. There are many old buildings in the town, and some of them hide behind their unpretending exteriors quite grand apartments, which undergraduates have found out and appropriated for club rooms and similar purposes. But the shop-lined streets of Oxford have nothing to compare with the "Rows" of Chester, for instance, which have contributed no less than its cathedral to the fame of that little city. They are about as void of attractions as old streets can well be. Some of the churches of the

townspeople are of extreme antiquity, but none have any other claim to notice. Oxford is, as everybody knows, a city, which means in England that it possesses a cathedral. The edifice, however, is the chapel of Christ Church, situated where it stood, as the minster of an Augustinian priory, long before Cardinal Wolsey built the college up around it, and that ambitious society has not failed, in the course of three centuries, to appropriate most of the credit and advantage of its possession.

The old city, then,—leaving out of the question its suburbs, which are springing up in every direction, but which one seldom comes in contact with,—would have to be characterized as simply commonplace, if it were not for its university. The direct effect of this is to enhance, by contrast, the picturesque effectiveness of the latter, and, inasmuch as the fault of the city is merely homeliness, the contrast has no worse result. There is a little shock, at first, at the impudence with which some considerable house, with perhaps a shop in the first story and a tailor's sign over its door, has elbowed its way into line with a lordly Gothic front, and established itself under the eaves. But one's respect for the house increases if he learns that it was there before



AN OXFORD QUADRANGLE.

the college, which is often the actual intruder. The material chiefly used in the construction of these dwellings in the old part of the city was honest stone and mortar, and it was covered with a plaster on which time makes far less conspicuous ravages than on the exposed masonry of the colleges.

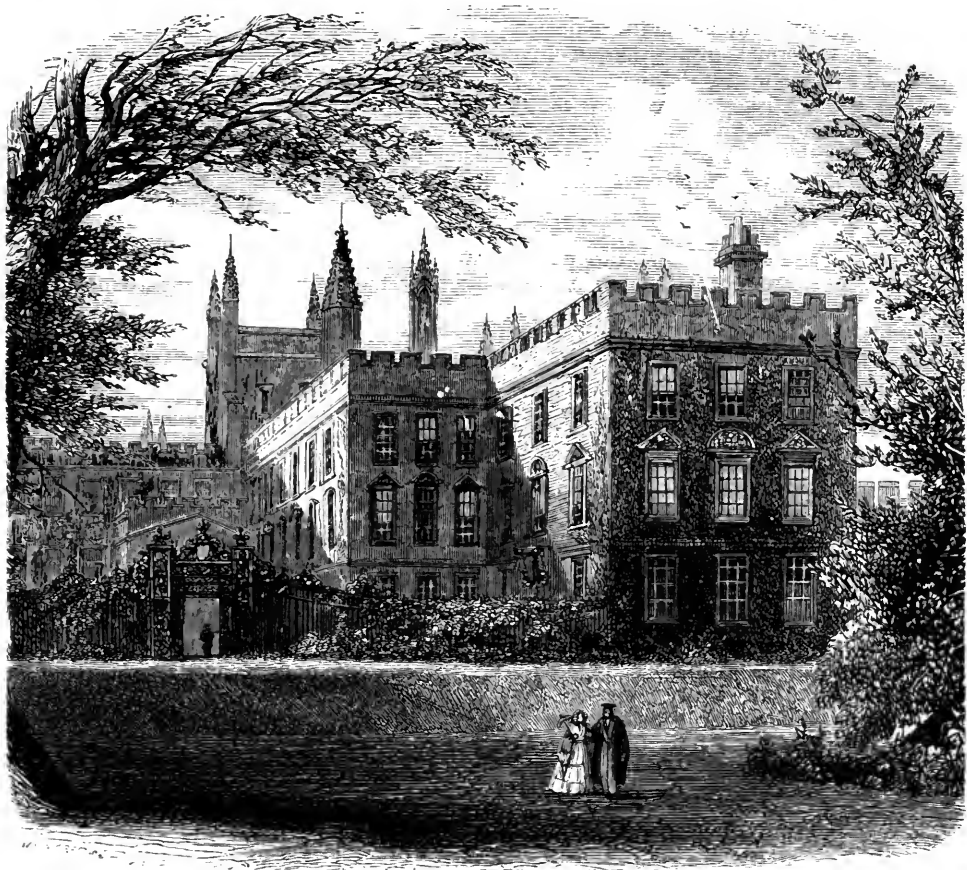
Such is the artistic character of this city, in which the university is packed so closely that it is almost lost to view for the uninitiated eye. There are three thoroughfares in this part of Oxford which are wide enough to deserve the name of streets—"The High" and "The Broad," to use the popular appellations, running parallel with one another, east and west, and one which cuts them at right angles, and is called in different parts "St. Aldates" and "St. Giles." On these are stretched, though not contiguously, the façades of several of the finest colleges; and all but a few of the university buildings cluster in a space between the two first-mentioned streets, where they are sufficiently visible. Three of the colleges—Christ Church, Merton, and Magdalen—line the open space of meadow land along the rivers, and are, of course, conspicuous from any part of it. But it is still true that the university, as a whole, is very much obscured by its surroundings. It is impossible from any one point—except by a bird's-eye view from some of the towers—to realize its immense extent. Those buildings which face the streets I have named are hidden on two or three sides; and behind them, accessible only through tortuous alleys, lie others whose existence would never be suspected by one who merely rode through these avenues. Oriol and New Colleges are quite choked in their narrow quarters, and there is scarcely an Oxonian but knows the names of some of the small unincorporated colleges—the "halls," as they are called—which he will confess that he could not find.

An artist may be inclined, on general principles, to regret this unnecessary economy of space; a modern sanitarian may sigh for more air and light and elbow-room; but the antiquary and the average man will agree in thinking this feature an invaluable characteristic of Oxford. From what has been said, it is plain that few of its structures would improve by being open to thorough scrutiny. Their merits show to best advantage as it is,—when discovered one by one, after something of a search, and then half guessed at in an artificial twilight. Little would be gained by a better exposure, beyond a chance to

make known defects. It is its intricacy of plan and confinement in space, even more than the eroded surfaces of its Gothic and would-be Gothic edifices, which give Oxford the air of a mediæval city. There is no work for a Baron Haussmann here, to open up and modernize obscure passages, and transform it into a little Paris.

It will be easy now to trace out the mental processes by which an ordinarily unskeptical new-comer reaches his final condition of complete admiration for this "City of Palaces," as its old writers loved to call it. Those were days, it must be remembered, when palaces and dungeons had much in common; and as several of the Oxford colleges have been used by English monarchs and grandees as places of residence, the name was not inappropriate when first invented. A stranger comes to an understanding of Oxford by a series of unfoldings. Beginning with disappointment at the aspect of the town,—disappointed again, probably, at finding himself established in a spot whence, though it may be beautiful in itself, he can gain no idea of that vast assemblage of colleges which he expected to have burst upon him all at once, he has to begin immediately to correct his preconceived impressions. Here is the end of disappointment, however. From this time the place begins to strike blow after blow at his independence, as he becomes familiar with its inner side, until it makes him a willing captive. One learns to dissociate what is commonplace and external to the university from the life and the atmosphere within. The spell fastens itself more firmly on him as his residence goes on; and though circumstances may make him eager to leave it, after taking his degree, he never ceases to feel for it the same inexpressible affection, to avail himself enthusiastically of chances for revisiting it, to look upon it, if he has scholarly tastes, as the place whose shade most strongly invites to a life of literary retirement and happiness—a bachelor's paradise.

I speak of Oxford as a bachelor's home, although the presence of women within its walls has been of such importance as to have largely caused what is now one of its distinctive features—the "gardens" which are embosomed within its old colleges. Women made their appearance at the university in the sixteenth or early in the seventeenth century, following close on the heels of the Reformation. Before then, instructors and students had been so generally clergy-



NEW COLLEGE AND GARDENS.

men, either full-fledged or in embryo, that a married man was unknown among them. All the engines of the church and the university would have been turned upon a petticoated applicant for admission into this spot, sacred to logic and celibacy. With the departure from the Roman Church, however, and the abolition of celibacy among the clergy, the reasons for this exclusion of women disappeared. Women were soon knocking at the doors of residential houses, and, to the consternation of men of the old school, were admitted. "Most of them womankind," bursts out a splenetic annalist, "which before were looked upon, if resident in the colleges, a scandal and an abomination thereunto."

The number of ladies who have blessed the university with their presence has never been large; but they have been in a position to exert an influence, and this has chiefly appeared in the growth and improvement of the gardens—*lawns*, we should

rather call them—since their rise into power. Before their time these now exquisite inclosures were neither so numerous, so large, nor so ornamental. We may, at this day, congratulate the university and ourselves on this product of feminine taste for the beautiful, but the early instances of its exercise met with vigorous protests. The quaint old annalist, Antonius à Bosco,—English, Anthony Wood,—lays aside all pretense to scholarly placidity for a moment, to inveigh against the conduct of one Lady Clayton, in his time the wife of the warden of Merton College, who seemed to him inclined to draw too heavily on the college finances for these improper purposes; and other complaints of a like character have come down from different sources. In keeping with the seclusion which so prevails throughout the structure of the university, these gardens are generally hidden from the outside world behind solid walls which give no suggestion of the beau-

ties they inclose. Most of them now show, in their freedom from geometrical devices, and in the informal disposition of trees, walks, and flower-beds, the handiwork of the school of landscape-gardeners, who, in the last century, "with the aid of Horace Walpole's critical patronage, drove the geometrical garden less quickly than completely out of fashion."

The especial pride of the academic heart, however, are the meadows which border the two rivers. Oxford lies in the right angle formed by the confluence of the Cherwell and the Thames,—here classically called "Isis,"—and the banks of these streams have been turned, on the city side, into spots of surpassing loveliness. For more than a mile, meadows, parks and gardens succeed one another, sometimes narrowing to a mere path, which winds along close by the water's edge, and elsewhere stretching out into a broad expanse of green, with a city-ward view of some of the finest towers and piles of buildings. These pleasure-grounds, like the university of which they are an adjunct, have an interest which is quite separate from their beauty. To the celebrated Magdalen walk, Addison gave his name, by the fondness which he showed, when an undergraduate, for pacing it in his meditative moods. The open space behind this, where the rich corporation now keeps a deer-paddock and a play-ground for Magdalen School, was stripped of trees and turned into an artillery park when Oxford was the head-quarters of the royalist forces of Charles I. It was across the great meadow toward the Isis, that Henrietta Maria—Queen Mary, as the Cavaliers named her—looked from her windows in Merton while she planned the annihilation of the Parliamentary armies and the triumph of the "daughter of Henri Quatre," and kept her weak husband in the course which led him to the scaffold. This same view now commands the line of anchored boat-houses, belonging to the different colleges, on the greater stream; and here, on a bright afternoon, the whole university gathers for its favorite sport. This open meadow-land forms a girdle half around the old part of the city. A few moments' walk will take one into it from any of the colleges. It is the true complement to the architectural qualities of the university, and the Oxonian points to it and smiles at one who declares against the confinement and inexpensiveness of his home.

It is worth while now to glance into the

interior of an Oxford college, in order to view at closer quarters the habitations of those who are connected with these centers of English culture; and for this purpose we must pitch upon one which avoids as much as possible all extremes of style, and can stand as a fair representative of its score of sisters. Let us turn toward the college whose name, at least, indicates that it once aspired to a grand position in the educational world—University. We shall find here neither the grandeur of Christ Church, the beauty of Magdalen, nor the rococo newness of Keble. Among the smallest and least pretentious of the academic houses, it is distinguished as being second only to Balliol in the race for honors, and second to no rival in athletics and in social tone. But its artistic qualities are so little thought of that visitors are seldom shown beyond its gate. "There is the college which claims to have been founded by King Alfred, and absurd as it may seem, the courts have sanctioned this tradition in comparatively modern times, when they ought to have known better. It is not worth while to go in;"—so the stranger and his guide pass on to some more remarkable scene. But this very lack of peculiar features makes it exactly suitable for the end we have in view.

The only thing visible from without the college is the plain façade of dormitories and residential buildings, extending along the south side of "The High," at a conspicuous point. The corporation has occupied nearly its present site since the fourteenth century; but of the subsisting "domus," the modest tower over the gateway was erected in the time of Henry VIII., and improved under Elizabeth; the remainder of its "old buildings" grew up in the following century, while the west wing is plainly new to the eye of any one except an American from beyond the Mississippi. All but this last portion, however, looks extremely old, even more so than the other erections of the same period; and so far as concerns the satisfaction which their occupants take in them, the "old buildings" of the college are what they appear to be; their plainness and scarcity of Gothic ornament are redeemed by foot-worn thresholds and weather-worn, discolored walls, and made truly venerable. "Univ"—as its denizens call it—has two rather small quadrangles, each with a gate-way on High street; but it will be sufficient for us to examine one of these, the "main quad." As we enter the low, arched passage-way,

the familiar face of "Porter" peers out at us from his little den, touching a well-trained forelock to the strangers. The inclosed space is filled with that perennially green velvet which the English know as turf. The side of the quadrangle opposite the gate-way, rising higher than the rest, is taken up by the chapel, remarkable only for its curious Dutch glass, and the hall where dons and students dine and the college examinations are held. The three other sides are exactly alike and correspond with the front of the college. The deep, broad window-casements give a high idea of internal comfort, which investigation does not falsify. In the summer term, each of these windows is filled with a box of growing flowers, and in this gay dress, under the soft suns of June, the gray quadrangle lights up with its annual smile. The staircases leading up to the rooms appear to have been built with more regard for economy of space than for convenience, as they are narrow, steep, and dark. The rooms themselves are of all sizes and degrees of excellence, furnished to suit every possible variation of taste, commanding views which go to the extremes of

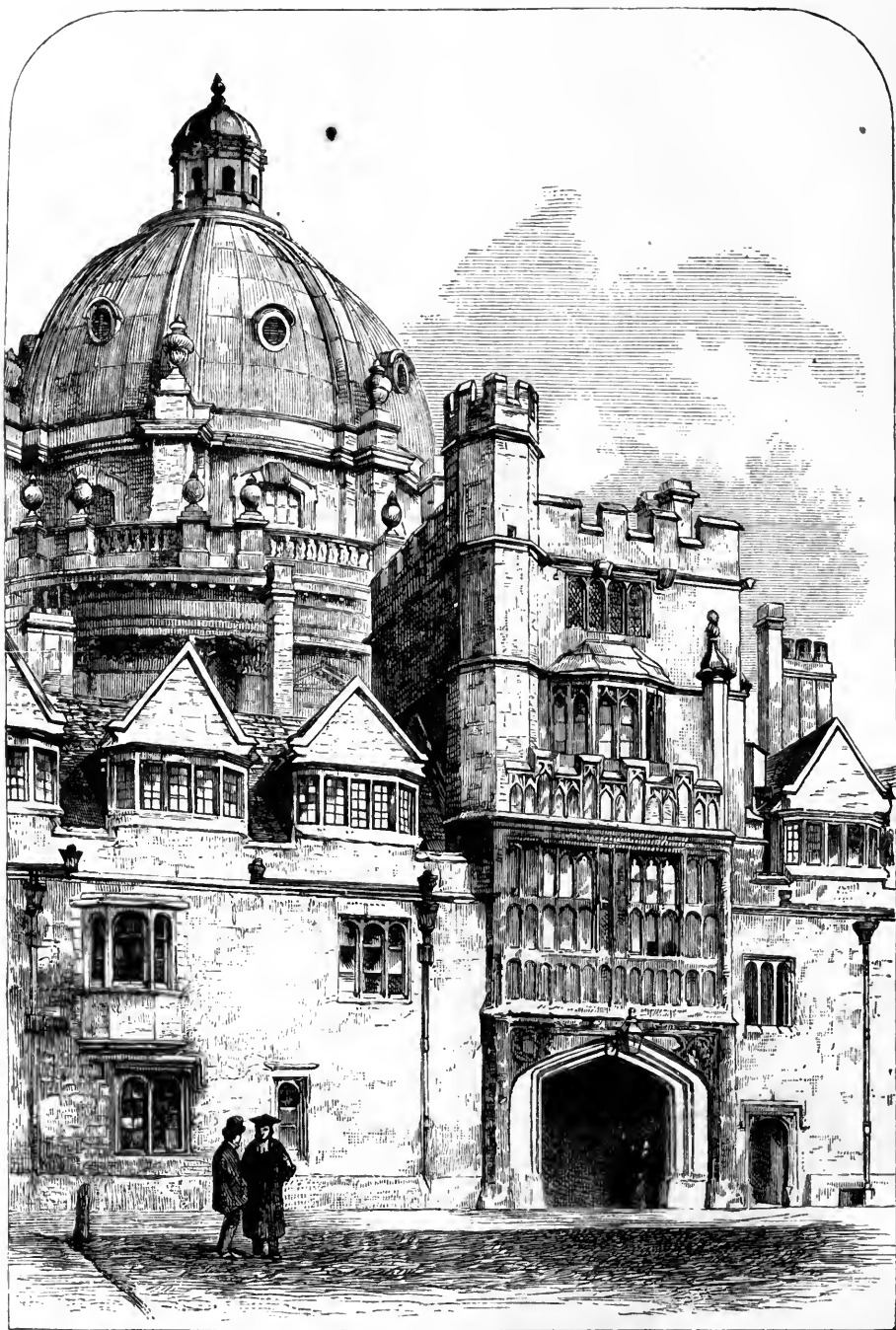
attractiveness and the opposite,—sometimes the diminutive "master's garden," with the meadows and river beyond; sometimes the kitchen court-yard and the back windows of a few Oxford houses. But in general they impress one favorably, by their freedom from display and attention to the air and reality of comfort. They are no unfit setting for the scenes with which our imagination fills them. There remain two essential constituents of the college to be mentioned,—the kitchen and the library, which are stowed away together behind the hall. This strikes us as something of an indignity to the latter; but it is so little used by undergraduates that it would be voted, on canvassing the college, the less important edifice of the two.

These, then, are features which all of the colleges possess in common, with some variations of arrangement,—the structural basis to which they add the distinguishing characteristics which have made them individually famous. Their detailed beauties, I cannot, of course, attempt to enumerate. But I am tempted to insert here a passage from the usually cross, dry chronicle of Anthony Wood, in which it rises for once to a pitch of true poetic fervor. It is where he is moved to render homage to Magdalen, whose essential character, it will be remembered, has remained unchanged for a much longer time than the two centuries since he lived and wrote. In University and Magdalen we shall have the type and the ideal of an English college, and out of their materials, a tolerable idea of the external appearance of the whole university can be constructed.

"I have no more to say of this house," the annalist exclaims, "but what may be applied to the most noble and rich structure in the learned world; that is to say, that, if you have a regard to its endowment, excellency (all things considered) any society in Europe; or to those honorable, reverend, and learned persons it hath produced, what place more? Look upon its buildings, and the lofty pinnacles and turrets thereon, and what structure, in Oxford or elsewhere, doth more delight the eye, administering a pleasant sight to strangers at their entrance into the east part of the city?—upon the stately tower, which containeth the most tunable and melodious ring of bells in all these parts and beyond. Walk also into the quadrangle, and there every buttress almost of the cloister beareth an antick; into the chapel, where the eye is delighted with Scripture-history and pictures of saints in



SCENE IN MAGDALEN COLLEGE.—"WATER-WALKS."



BRASENOSE COLLEGE.

the windows and on the east wall ; into the library, and there you'll find a rare and choice collection of books, as well printed as written. Go without it, and you'll find it a college,

sweetly and pleasantly situated, whose grove and gardens, enclosed with an embattled wall by the pound, are emulous with the gardens of Hippolitus Cardinal d'Este, so

much famed and commended by Franciscus Scholtus in his 'Itinerary of Italy'; go into the water-walks, and at some times in the year you'll find them as delectable as the banks of Eurotas, which were shaded with bay-trees, and where Apollo himself was wont to walk and sing his lays. And of the rivers here, that pleasantly and with a murmuring noise wind and turn, may in a manner be spoken that which the people of Angoulesme, in France, were wont to say of their river Touvre, that 'it is covered and chequered with swans, paved and flowered with troutes, hemmed and bordered with cresses.' Such pleasant meanders also, shadowed with trees, were there before the civil distempers broke forth, that students could not but with great delight accost the Muses."

The environs of Oxford are not naturally picturesque, but possess in a high degree the mellow, cultivated beauty of the English country. As it lies entirely unsheltered in the valley of the Thames, the domes, and spires, and turrets of the city are visible at a long distance from the low hills surrounding it. The impression which it makes when so viewed is that of ideal loveliness. No language can do justice to its exquisitely subtle charm. Nestling between its historic rivers, framed in the smooth English landscape, with all its complex details softened and harmonized in the distance, and with

associations rising like a mist around it, to beautify and idealize everything, it makes us search our memories for pictures, with pen or brush, of enchanted cities, in whose language we can express our thoughts. Turner, the poet in colors, is the only artist whose brush could have attempted this scene without danger of defiling it. It is one which no one who has seen it can ever forget. We need not stop at this point to ask how much of the enthusiasm over this vision of Oxford from the hills springs from the imagination. When Tennyson waited on the bridge at Coventry, "to watch the three tall spires, and there to shape the city's ancient legend," he did not turn in upon himself to question whether they are really different from other spires, merely because they mark the scene of Godiva's sacrifice. And so Oxford's spell is not the less real, if it be shown to find its deepest sources in romantic fancies. When the softly bright weather of the late spring and early summer tinges its grayness with light, it is a home for lotus-eaters, and at this season lotus-eating, in its most modern developments, forms the chief occupation of its residents. It is not strange that the English have that intense fondness for it, and for its like-featured sister on the Cam, which so colors all their opinions about them and even biases their soberer judgment in regard to the highest usefulness of these pet institutions.

RAINDROPS:

A LOVE SONG.

SHINING and clear two raindrops lie
On the glowing leaves of a rose;
Low and sweet the night winds sigh,
Far away the river flows;
Not for these do the raindrops care,
So far they seem and yet so near,
Just the heart of the rose between.

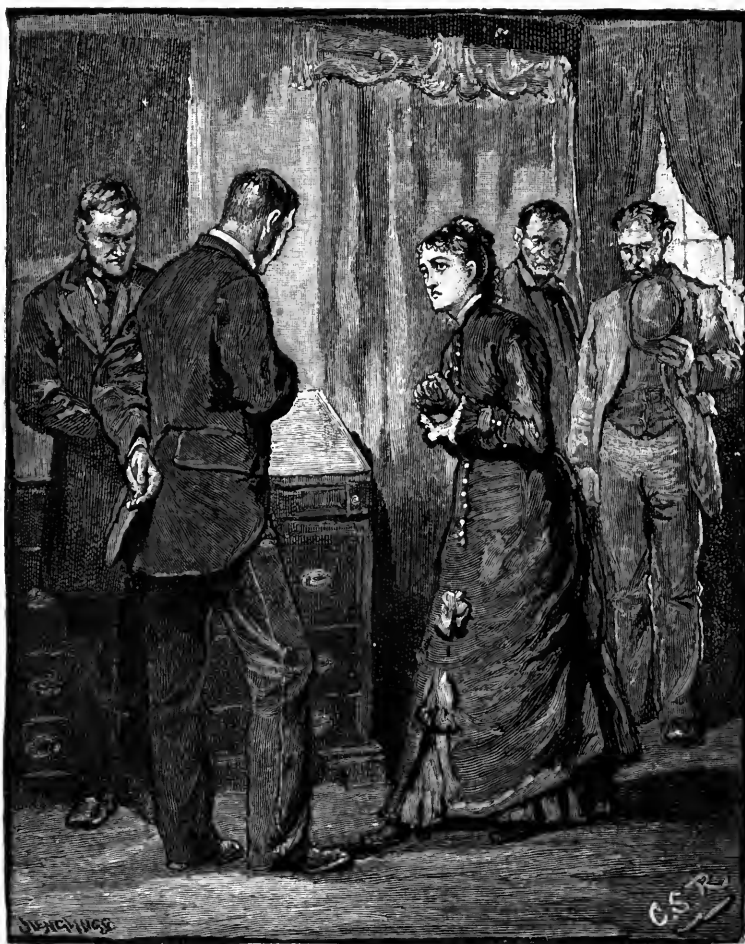
Tearful and sad the maiden's eyes,
Pale she looks by the red, red rose;
Low and sweet the night wind sighs,
Far away the river flows;
Not for these does the maiden care,
Estrang'd her love, and yet so near,
Just the bloom of the rose between.

Eager and glad the lover pleads,
Strong he stands by the red, red rose;
Low and sweet the night wind speeds,
Far away the river flows;
Not for these does the lover care,
He breaks the rose! He is so near!
Not the shade of a rose between!

Shining and clear the raindrops glow,—
In the red, fresh heart of the rose;
Sweet and low the night winds blow,
Far away the river flows;
Twines the rose in the maiden's hair,
Hearts and lips, they are near, so near!
Just the breath of the rose between!

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.



"WHAT IS IT? TELL ME THE TRUTH," SAID MRS. AKERS."

CHAPTER XXXV.

"YOUR COUSIN'S WIFE! CAPTAIN ELYOT'S WIFE!"

TO THE people of the town where she had been living, the announcement that poor Emily Drake was no other than Captain Robert Elyot's mysterious wife came with a painful shock. At first it could not be believed. But Mrs. Akers confirmed it, with tears, as she repeated the story she had heard from the girl's own lips. "I was

strangely drawn to her from the first," she said. And then out of her full heart, she told all she had ever known of the Drakes, and especially of Emily, without sparing herself. There was no need to make a secret of it now. Every one must know the truth sooner or later. Of course it would be necessary to communicate with Captain Elyot at once. He was somewhere abroad. Mr. Simpkins had his foreign address,—the address of his bankers,—and had from time to time assured Mrs. Akers of her cousin's good health and that Cap-

tain Robert had no present intention of coming home. So that he doubtless heard from him. But why was he wandering in strange lands mourning—as every one believed—the loss of this young wife who had but just now died? Very little had been known of Captain Elyot of late years. Contradictory reports of his having suffered or escaped capture at the hands of the Indians had reached his friends not long after his marriage. But suffering or heroism in the Indian country does not count for much, as every one knows, and the most of the story had exhaled in being blown across the continent. Then, too, it had come at a time when the young man was in disgrace on account of his low marriage and his uncle's displeasure, and when interest in his fortunes had well-nigh died out. Although no one was inclined to doubt this part of the young wife's story, it added not a little to its complication. It must remain for the present an inexplicable mystery how the two had become separated, and what strange chance—for it could hardly be regarded as a providence—had kept them apart unknown to each other and unknowing of each other's fate so many years.

But one question was repeated again and again by the kind-hearted ladies of the Square: How could it be that in their intercourse with this family—brief and rare though it had been—no one had chanced to mention Captain Elyot's name? Each one recalled—now that it was too late—some particular moment when it might have been uttered,—when it must have been, but for the sudden diversion of the awkward conversation into another channel for its abrupt conclusion. The Drakes had shown a fatal lack of curiosity as to their surroundings or to the family whose house had become their home. Could it be that the widow had feared or even come to know the truth? Suspicion pointed persistently to her when the dying girl's story and everything that could be gathered in regard to the Drakes had been looked through and through and thoroughly discussed. Had she come between the husband and the wife, separating them for some purpose of her own or in angry disappointment that Captain Elyot's family had turned away from him? This was more than hinted at by the neighbors and in Mrs. Akers's presence, with many a sorrowful shake of the head over the disastrously successful result. But the truth would in all probability never be known, unless Captain Elyot could bring it

to light. Mrs. Drake lay locked in a silence which seemed eternal.

But though every one else gave free expression to surmises and opinions, Mrs. Akers said nothing—after that one outpouring of her heart. She knew that to herself alone among all these kindly, easily prejudiced people, opportunity had beckoned. She alone might have unraveled the mystery—so unlike what she had fancied it to be; she might have set this matter right, bringing happiness to at least two people instead of life-long suffering and death, even, to one. She could have done this but for her coldness, her silly pride or an indifference more blameworthy than either. She even wondered, a strange dread chilling her through, if this lost chance would not be exacted of her at the last. More than once the words which would have opened the door for her (Mrs. Akers) to speak, had pressed against the girl's lips. She could see it all, now that it was too late. When we look back from another world, that clarified vision which will come in reviewing the past must bring a pang of its own, and the "left undone" will weigh heaviest of all against us, if I mistake not. Perhaps in this case the woman exaggerated her culpability. Certainly her gentle heart was full of a pain keen as remorse. Her Cousin Robert's wife, whom she had once thought she might love as a sister! She hastened away home to her husband as soon as she could leave the distracted house. It was more than she could bear alone. The burden of her conscience weighed down her hands and there was absolutely no one, so far as she knew, to assume the care of this strangely helpless family or even to see that the dead was buried away out of sight. She was nearest of kin, unless it should be found that the Drakes had relatives, and upon her must fall the responsibility of directing the servants—frightened, superstitious and not disinclined to shirk at this time when accustomed authority had given way. There was no one but herself to assume the care of the household where a few days before she had been regarded as a stranger.

She dispatched a messenger at once to Mr. Simpkins. He would know the quickest and most reliable way of getting word to Captain Elyot. About this there must be no delay. He might be able to throw some light upon Mrs. Drake's affairs. He had mentioned once casually that Mrs. Drake had asked his advice upon certain invest-

ments. It might be that her communication had gone beyond mere business matters. There was one person who had probably been informed of the family connections,—if there were any,—and that was Edgar Wyman. But though this thought occurred to her it came only with a shudder. Never for a moment did the woman dream of calling upon him for advice or aid. To her he would be from this time as though he had never lived. Fortunately he had left town; there was no need to dread meeting him again. But Mrs. Drake! What if she were to pass from this living death to death itself without waking? If there were relatives they should be sent for. Mary Akers was a Christian woman and responded audibly every Sunday to the prayers of her church. She did not hesitate to declare upon her knees that she (with the rest of the respectable, well-dressed people around her) had “erred and strayed as lost sheep.” And yet in her heart of hearts she could not forgive the woman lying in stony silence in the room above her for what she had done. How this separation had been brought about between her cousin Robert and his wife was still as great a mystery to her as to any of her friends, but that the widow had herself effected it and by some means that would not bear the light she had no doubt. And now to think that this woman had fallen into her hands to be cared for!—and at a time when she was sore from her own remissness, (for viewed beside the widow’s probable sins, even Mrs. Akers felt her own conduct to be no more). It was certainly very desirable that some of Mrs. Drake’s friends should appear.

“Could we not advertise?” she asked of her husband, the morning after Emily’s death, when they had gone over to the Brock house to see what should be done.

“Certainly not. There is nothing for it but to wait till Simpkins comes.”

The doctor had already sent a nurse. She had taken up her position at the foot of the bed where the widow lay, in a silence almost as unbroken as that of the patient.

But before the lawyer could arrive, a servant tapped at the door to announce the doctor. Mrs. Akers had given orders that he should be detained a moment after making his visit to the sick-room. He had been summoned in haste the afternoon before, when poor Emily was “struck with death,” but had not arrived until all was over, and though he had made two visits since, in the sorrowful confusion of the house

no one had thought to apprise her of the fact. He was not Mrs. Akers’s own family physician, but a stranger from the adjoining town, and doubtless looked upon the sick-room as his own domain, having established his viceroy, in the person of the silent nurse, and uttered his decrees without regard to the rest of the house or any appearance of interest in its condition or management.

“Perhaps you had better see him,” Mrs. Akers said to her husband. A natural reaction after the tense excitement of the past twenty-four hours had brought a strange feeling of languor with a sudden shrinking from responsibility to the woman upon whom all these painful and unusual cares had fallen.

“Suppose he comes in here. Let the girl show him in here,” her husband rejoined.

He was standing before the fire in the dining-room; for some one had remembered to light a fire on the hearth, now that the house had taken up tolerably orderly ways again. The room was much the same as when Mary Akers knew it long before. All the silly, showy finery of the rest of the house had been spared here, or possibly Emily’s serious illness had put aside any thought of further changes. The pale November sunshine crept in between the heavy faded curtains and lay across the carpet,—the crimson of which had dulled to a dead brown,—as it did that well-remembered morning long ago, when old Mr. Brock had urged his niece to look kindly upon her cousin Robert. But her cousin Robert, as well as herself, had chosen elsewhere. For poor Emily Drake—for so Blossom would always be named by these friends who had known her only as a faded blossom—for this shy, pale girl he had risked everything! Tender as was her heart toward the poor child lying with a still white face upon the bed upstairs, Mary Akers felt a momentary wonder that it should have been so. But the door opened upon the doctor, breaking up and scattering her reverie.

“Ah, Mrs. Akers?” he said, advancing cordially and naturally. They were not entire strangers, having occasionally met at the house of a friend in town. But at the sight of her saddened face and the plain black dress she had put on out of respect to her cousin Robert’s wife his own manner became at once subdued and regretful. “This is sad, very sad,” he went on, having shaken hands with Tom Akers, who was a good deal put out of his usual ease by his attempts to show a becoming sorrow over

these people whom he had never seen above once or twice. "The young lady was in a bad way—one of those cases where alleviation only is possible; still I did not anticipate so sudden an end. Some unusual exertion, I should say, possibly a slight shock; life at times hangs by a thread, especially where a remarkably sensitive organization has been worn down by long illness."

"She was much moved at the last, I cannot deny, still the change had come before that," Mary Akers answered sadly and thoughtfully. "The shock was for us—for me," she went on in a slightly broken voice. "She was my cousin Robert's wife, my cousin, Robert Elyot, in whose house we are at this moment. What strange chance could have brought them here?" she added, forgetting that her listener could have no idea of what she was talking about.

"Your cousin's wife? Captain Elyot's wife? Do I understand you to say that Miss Drake was your cousin's wife?" The half-professional tone of sympathetic sorrow gave place to an expression of the most incredulous surprise.

"Did I not say that the shock was for us—for me?" And with her heavy-lidded eyes and complexion strikingly pale against the deep black of her gown, Mrs. Akers appeared, indeed, like one who had suffered sharply either physical or mental pain.

"It was only at the last moment that we learned it. When it was too late," she added to herself and almost with a sob.

"I knew Captain Elyot very well at one time; I remember something of his marriage; but I have understood that his wife was dead."

"So we believed. We have never doubted that he gave up the army and went abroad because of her loss. And yet my cousin Robert's wife is lying now in this house." She clasped her hands and leaned toward him in her eagerness of belief in the truth of what she was saying.

The doctor was incredulous. He was almost inclined to be angry. How could he have been so deceived? And what did these people mean by withholding all confidence from their physician after this manner—if this story were true?

"Pardon me," he said, "but are you sure there is no mistake? I have had serious doubts of Mrs. Drake's sanity. In this house and with certain family circumstances coming to her knowledge, it would not be strange if a disordered imagination——"

But Mrs. Akers interrupted him.

"It was the daughter who told the story and when she knew that she was dying. Mrs. Drake never knew——" and then she went back to the beginning of her acquaintance with the Drakes and recounted the whole. It was best that he should know it all. It was due to the physician, who was a wise and honorable gentleman as well, and capable of proving a friend in this strait. But it was an incomplete story at best, she felt. "We do not pretend to understand it," she said at its close. "We only wait for Cousin Robert to come home. But you believe now that she was his wife, do you not?" She was so shaken by all she had gone through that a little matter disturbed her. His grave doubt, strongly expressed, had unsettled her, although it had not brought her to doubt.

"It seems so,—it would certainly seem so." The doctor pulled at his beard and stared doubtfully into the fire. Circumstances, the every-day circumstances with which he had had to do in this family, as well as his own skeptical turn of mind, were against this view of the matter. It appeared to him that Mrs. Akers had looked for no evidence beyond the mere statement of this girl, who, weak and sick, overborne by the strong will of her mother, might easily have been deceived—if no worse. He had risen and was slowly drawing on his gloves. With all his freshly aroused interest in these people he could not forget that other patients were waiting for him. "Could the girl have been deceived?" he asked absently, aloud.

"That would have been impossible," Mrs. Akers said hastily.

"Pardon the doubt, my dear madam, but really I must turn this matter over in my own mind before daring to offer a decided opinion. We will speak of it again. I shall look in toward night. You will see that the house is quiet, and for the rest, I have given directions to the nurse. You need not disturb yourself; she is a most reliable person and will watch Mrs. Drake unremittingly so as to send for me if there is the slightest change in her symptoms."

"Yes,—Mrs. Drake." Mrs. Akers roused herself with an effort. She was going over again in her mind all the circumstances of Emily's story, dissecting it and examining each part. "I had almost forgotten Mrs. Drake. Will you tell us quite frankly if there is any chance of her recovery? And there was something else,—oh, about her friends.

If there are friends, ought we to send for them?"

"If there are near relatives it would be well to notify them of her condition, perhaps, though she may linger in this state for some time, and even partially regain the use of her faculties. But I have really not another moment that I can call my own." And he bowed himself out of the room and the house.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"AND NOW WILL YOU NOT SEND FOR COUSIN ROBERT?"

It was not until late in the day that Mr. Simpkins answered the summons made upon him. He had been called away from his office and the messenger dispatched in haste had not been able to find him. But Mrs. Akers, foreseeing some such difficulty, had written a note which was left to await his return. It was only a few lines; this indeed:

"MY DEAR MR. SIMPKINS:—Mrs. Drake's daughter has suddenly died. We are in great trouble. Will you not come to us at once, and oblige yours very truly,

"MARY LANE AKERS."

All through the long day she waited for him at the Brock house, sitting alone, dull and depressed but growing nervously uneasy as the hours wore away and he did not appear. Her husband had been obliged to go to town, and the child—Emily's child—she had left in the care of the sympathetic servants at her own house. She was full of forebodings as the time dragged slowly on. Perhaps Mr. Simpkins had never received her note, which, indeed, had nearly come true, since it was overlooked and only fell into his hands by chance at last. She regretted not having mentioned Captain Elyot's name in it. The agent would believe that the appeal to him was in behalf of the Drakes, for whom he would, perhaps, be willing to put himself to no great trouble. If she had even hinted at the truth he would have set all other business aside and come to her at once. Her husband would possibly call at his office. Why did she not think to suggest it? She walked back and forth the length of the dining-room unable to settle herself to any one place as the morning lengthened to noon. Sometimes she mounted the narrow stairs pausing on the broad landing near the top to listen for any sound from the room where the widow was

lying. But everything was still,—still as the silence of that other room into the hush of which she stole at last, a chill, a tremor as of fear creeping over her as she stood by the bed. But it had passed away when she turned back the sheet covering the figure lying there. All the longing, the agony of desire to know the truth, had died with life out of the face of the girl. She smiled as though in a pleasant dream. And the woman leaning over her kissed her cheek, and, covering her face again, went down to her solitary watch, comforted, though she knew not why.

It was time for the lamps to be lighted, but the room still lay in a heavy shadow, relieved only by the fire-light, when Mr. Simpkins was announced.

"Eh, what is all this? What's this I hear, my dear lady?"

The birds of the air or some other irresponsible tale-bearer had met him on the way with a confused account of strange revelations and dreadful confusion at the Brock house. His manner was hushed, as became a house of mourning, but bewildered, as he took the chair offered him, while Mrs. Akers hastened to get the girl out of the room.

"Bring a light, Nora, please," she said. And then when the door had closed after the servant, although she could scarcely see his face for the darkness, she began hurriedly to tell the story, which had lost something of its power to thrill her with horror over its conclusion, now that she had repeated it so many times; making others as well as herself to share in that last painful scene. She had spoken freely to the physician, but she was even less reserved with Mr. Simpkins. She kept nothing back. Not even her suspicion that the widow had herself brought about all this dreadful misunderstanding. She set the subject before him in every light in which she had made it appear to herself.

"And now what do you think of it?" she asked, in conclusion, when there was nothing more to be related or conjectured.

"It is strange, very strange," Mr. Simpkins replied, thoughtfully. But he did not call in question the truth of poor Emily's story as the doctor had done.

"And what ought we to do?" Mrs. Akers went on. "We have really no one to go to, but you. We must send for Captain Elyot, of course. But Mrs. Drake—has she any friends? Did you learn anything of the family at the time Cousin Robert was married?"

"Only that the girl's father was a post-

sutler at Fort Atchison where Captain Elyot was stationed at the time. Your uncle Jeremy told me, the morning he came over to my office to tear up the will he had made in Captain Elyot's favor. He was in a terrible rage."

"It was a cruel, unjust thing to do. I never quite forgave him for it. Not at least until he died without making another will."

"Perhaps it was—from your point of view. But you must remember that it was a bitter disappointment to him, and of disappointments he had not had a few. He had staked everything upon your cousin. And you will acknowledge that with Captain Robert's opportunities and expectations this was not a very grand marriage,—hardly what your Uncle Jeremy had a right to look for. Mind, I do not say that I uphold your uncle in his conduct. I am speaking of his feelings and what he naturally expected. And it was a great disappointment. Though I told him at the time that in destroying the will I considered he was acting in a hasty manner and one which he might yet regret. But Mr. Brock was not a man to accept advice. There were certain other considerations; he had formed other plans which had to be put aside," Mr. Simpkins added, slowly.

Mary Akers knew very well what those other plans were, but she made no response.

"And was there really nothing against the girl, but this?"

"Nothing, so far as I could learn. I inquired, with some pains, quietly, thinking your uncle Jeremy might be more reasonable in time. Captain Elyot was a fine young fellow, even allowing that he had made a mistake. It was a pity that he should lose the property."

But Mrs. Akers paid no attention to this panegyric.

"You inquired?" she repeated hastily. "What did you hear? Do tell me all you know of this poor girl. If I could only bring her back!" she added, her eyes filling with tears. The peace and rest of heaven might be welcome to the poor thing, but there was something almost better for her here, if one would dare to say so. "It was not right for her to die," she said, passionately. "Don't call it a providence. Is it a providence when people scheme and connive or even blunder stupidly and make everything go wrong, and others besides themselves suffer?" She was choking with the sobs she tried to hold back. The tears were falling hot and fast into her

lap. "I am nervous, as you see," she said after a moment in which she succeeded in controlling herself, "but this affair has taken hold of me strangely, and I do not feel entirely blameless. But go on, tell me all you learned of the family."

"It was not much," Mr. Simpkins replied, settling himself back in Uncle Jeremy's own chair. "You know young Apthorpe was at Fort Atchison awhile,—spoke very well of Captain Elyot, too, by the way. He said this girl and her mother were living there alone at that time. The father was dead,—had been killed by the Indians some months before, when Captain Elyot saved the daughter's life. I made a memorandum of the statement at the time, to which I could refer if necessary. The particulars have slipped my mind. But this will probably explain the subsequent intimacy and the marriage which so displeased your uncle. The mother was an odd creature—strong-willed and passionate; she was settling her husband's business affairs and keeping up the sutler's store until the arrival of the man appointed in his place. A kind of she-bear, Apthorpe described her, and jealously anxious over this girl who never left her side. Indeed, only one or two of the officers were allowed to speak to the girl, I believe, or to enter the woman's house."

"Yes, that is like Mrs. Drake."

"To be sure, though I should not have thought of it," Mr. Simpkins responded. "The girl was very pretty, and quite the lady, Apthorpe said. She had been educated in the east. 'Elyot need never be ashamed of his wife; though the mother is a devil,' he said. It was a strong expression which I should hardly repeat in the presence of a lady, but for its possible bearing upon present circumstances," and little Mr. Simpkins bowed his head and stroked his fat white hands.

"And there was money, I think I have heard. Mrs. Drake appears to be a person of means."

Mrs. Akers was too anxious to get at the facts to be particular as to the lawyer's manner of stating them.

"That was the impression at the time. The sutler was said to have left a large property,—immense, indeed, Apthorpe said; but that was doubtless an exaggeration."

"Possibly," Mrs. Akers responded absently, gazing into the fire. "And they might have been happy to this day," she went on, "yes, and for years to come, here, in Cousin Robert's own home, for he would have left

the army, I am sure, if only Uncle Jeremy had been kind and this dreadful woman——”

“Careful, my dear lady,” Mr. Simpkins interrupted her. “It has yet to be proved, you must remember.”

He looked at the clock upon the mantel.

“Bless me! and I promised to be back in town in half an hour. Now for a little business.” With this frank, charming woman beside him, it was impossible to say to what dangerous communications upon family affairs he might not be led. “We are speaking of Mrs. Drake. What do you propose to do?”

“What ought we to do? We do not even know if there are friends—family friends—who should be sent for or warned of her illness.”

Mr. Simpkins pursed up his lips and shook his head with an air of doubt.

“If she were poor I should say not; but it is astonishing what an invigorator money proves to be to one’s relatives, how it quickens the memory and even prolongs life! I dare say some one claiming kinship with her could be found, if an effort were made. But, first, let us clear up this mystery somewhat. You had better write, quietly, to Fort Atchison—stay, I will find out from Apthorpe the address of the officer in command at the time of the marriage. We could have Captain Elyot home at once, if necessary.”

“Where is he? and can you reach him so easily? Oh then, do send for him. He might even be in time for the funeral,” Mrs. Akers said eagerly.

“Not so fast, not so fast.” And Mr. Simpkins rose and placed himself with his back to the fire, clasping his hands by an effort which made his round face quite red. “I have his banker’s address in Paris, to be sure, but he would hardly return to Paris so early in the season as this. I think his last letter was from some out-of-the-way village in the Tyrol.”

“And did he say nothing of coming home?”

“Nothing at all; it was simply a few words in regard to a matter of business. But before taking any steps in this affair we must see if we have sufficient grounds for them. It would be comparatively easy to call Captain Elyot home. There might be some delay, as he has no fixed residence, but we should reach him in time, through his bankers. But there is another question to be considered, first. Now mind, I do not wish to throw a doubt upon the story you have been so kind as to relate to me. It is

highly probable, I admit. It is consistent in many points with what we already know of this family. But can we prove it by other evidence?—as we shall certainly be called upon to do, and first of all to Captain Elyot himself. One moment, if you please,” for Mrs. Akers, astonished and almost angry at this sudden turn from concurrence to doubt, would have interrupted him. “Look at the facts. Here is a man who has believed for five years, let us say, that his wife is dead. The grounds of his belief I do not know. They were evidently sufficient to convince him and to alter the whole course of his life. Now, suddenly, after all these years, a person appears claiming to be his wife. She dies with this declaration upon her lips, after relating a story, plausible, ingenious,—if untrue,—but so indefinite as to localities, time, etc., that it would not stand for a moment in law. We have absolutely, so far, no evidence whatever as to the truth of this statement.”

“How can you doubt that poor girl’s story, told when she knew she was dying?” Mrs. Akers said, indignantly. “I thought you would come to our assistance. I believed you would bring Cousin Robert home, but I was deceived. I am disappointed in you.” Her eyes shone, then suddenly dropped tears. “Give *me* the address,” she went on. “I will send for him. I am not afraid to trust this poor child who is beyond defending herself now.”

“You are too hasty in your conclusions, my dear madam; but it is the way with your sex,” replied the lawyer, smiling still from a superior height of affability. “I said there was, so far, no evidence. But evidence, let me say, is to be searched for,—to be dug up from below the surface of ordinary life. However, any little matter will do for the present, any slight corroboratory testimony to warrant us in sending for Captain Elyot. Suppose we look at once. Have you come upon any letters or papers? Perhaps you can direct me.”

“I am afraid not. I simply turned and removed all the keys, since we knew nothing of the servants,” Mary Akers replied in sudden meekness and shame.

“A very wise precaution.”

Mr. Simpkins crossed to Uncle Jeremy’s writing-desk, a clumsy piece of furniture, half book-case and half writing-table, filling the space between the two windows overlooking the garden.

“If you will give me the keys, I will begin here.

She offered no objection, but put them at once into his hands. After all, his cool, and she had almost said heartless, manner of proceeding might do more for poor Emily than her hot, unreflecting partisanship. She was ashamed that she had doubted him for a moment, and stood meekly and still burning with the mortification that had succeeded her angry speech, looking over his shoulder as he unlocked the green-baize doors and searched both pigeon-holes and drawers for anything which might throw light upon this mystery. But there was nothing—no letter or scrap of paper that bore any reference to this matter; only bills, neatly tied up in bundles, and leases made out in printed forms and all quite properly, in Mrs. Drake's own name.

"Do you know of any other receptacle for papers, without disturbing the sick woman?" asked the lawyer, as he turned the key sharply in the last lock and pushed back his chair.

"Nothing could disturb Mrs. Drake," Mrs. Akers replied. "Still you could not go there," she added, reflectively. "I remember to have noticed a writing-case, a small affair that one could carry in the hand, in"—what should she call this girl, who, it seemed was not yet proved to be her cousin Robert's wife? She paused, then drawing a quick breath, added, "in my cousin's room. It certainly was not there in Uncle Jeremy's time."

Mr. Simpkins gave a sharp glance at the clock. A foreign mail left the next day at noon. If a letter was to follow a dispatch to Captain Robert it must be mailed within a couple of hours. "May I trouble you to send for it?" he said briskly.

"I will go myself." She lit one of the candles in the shining brass candlesticks over the fire-place and went and brought it down,—not without much trembling and a shiver of excitement like fear as she passed the bed where the dead girl lay. She fancied its covering stirred, or was it the night-wind entering at the open window that touched it and made it move? As though poor Emily would protest against this attempt to discover her secrets. "It is for you, my poor child! it is to bring him home," she said, almost aloud, as she closed the door upon the room that seemed so cruel in its icy chill.

She set the writing-case down upon the table before Mr. Simpkins. It had been a handsome article of Russia leather, but was defaced and worn now, as if from hard service. As she set it down the candle in her

hand suddenly flared, bringing out with startling distinctness some half-effaced letters stamped in the leather upon one side. They read:

"CAPT. ROBERT ELYOT,
"4TH U. S. CAVALRY."

"Do not open it," said Mary Akers, laying both hands upon the worn thing that had so unexpectedly spoken to them both. What tender secrets, which they had no right to penetrate, might it not conceal! "Is not this corroboration enough! And now will you not send for Cousin Robert?"

"I think we may," Mr. Simpkins replied, with an air of thoughtful deliberation. "This is by no means conclusive; still I think we may be justified in sending for him."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WAITING.

A LETTER was accordingly dispatched to Captain Elyot in the lawyer's most terse style. Mary Akers would gladly have taken this part upon herself, but the time was too short to allow of her saying all she desired, and besides Mr. Simpkins would not hear to her faintly expressed wish. "No, no," he said, as he buttoned his coat and prepared to take his leave. "The less said the better, at present. I shall write a few lines only, stating the bare facts."

She knew by this time how exceeding bare Mr. Simpkins's facts would be; but she had no spirit left to contest the point. She only waited in a kind of fever for the reply, which came after due and long time from the foreign bankers. Captain Elyot had started a fortnight before upon a tour in the East, leaving no address; his letters were to be written for, later, when he had determined upon his route.

What was to be done now?

"Let them send some one after him. Do, Mr. Simpkins, write again. If he had only been gone a fortnight, they could easily overtake him," Mrs. Akers argued. And the lawyer being of much the same mind did send a second letter to U. Zellweger & Co., No. 29 Rue de Provence, Paris, requesting them to take measures, without delay, to find Captain Elyot, whose presence was required at home. Letters of explanation were already on their way to him at their address, Mr. Simpkins added, and so there were, for by this time Mrs. Akers her-

self had written, trusting to intercept her cousin Robert. She felt that a woman's sympathy would be much to him at this time,—especially if that woman were one of his own kindred,—and above all, that he should be made to know more than the lawyer's formal letter had told of the strange circumstances which were calling him home. She wrote with Mr. Simpkins's guarded consent. For, having broken ground, as one might say, by discovering Captain Elyot's writing-desk, other bits of evidence came at once to the surface to prove poor Emily Drake's identity with her cousin Robert's wife. As if there were not enough, at the last moment, the day of the funeral,—for there had been no delay, since Captain Elyot could not reach home in time and there was no change in Mrs. Drake's condition,—Mr. Simpkins appeared with a stranger at his side. It was no other than Captain Apthorpe, home on a brief leave of absence, whom the little lawyer had met most unexpectedly that very morning on the street.

"I ventured to bring him," Mr. Simpkins apologized, to Mrs. Akers, "in the hope that he might put this question beyond a doubt. You do not object?" he asked, in a lower tone. "Remember he has seen your cousin's wife repeatedly at Fort Atchison."

The stranger had considerably turned his back and was staring out of the window upon the neglected garden, sere and yellow now, under a November sky.

"I do not object? Oh no; why should I object?" But Mrs. Akers put out a hand to steady herself against the table—a hand dressed in a black glove. The finger of the clock had almost reached the hour. She could hear the feet of the men whose business it was to wait upon the dead, moving in the next room. Sometimes a hushed, jarring voice came out. And what if now, at this late moment, it should all be a mistake. She was faint at the thought. "There was no time to lose. Come," she said, and led the way across the hall into the gaudy drawing-room, all stiff and staring with its great gilt mirrors, but which had never been garnished for an occasion like this. There was no one here except the men who stood at the coffin head, prepared to cover the face, when Mrs. Akers approached, with a swift, still movement. She motioned them back. Captain Apthorpe stepped to the side of the coffin. He looked at the dead girl, then the blood flew to his face. "What is

it? Tell me the truth," said Mrs. Akers, in a strained whisper. She was facing him, compelling his eyes, full of pain and shame, to meet hers. "Is it not——" She could not speak the rest.

"I do not know. It is dreadful that I should have come here. Simpkins, why did you ask me? It is years since I saw her, and——" But Mr. Simpkins was putting Mrs. Akers into a chair. Her strength had suddenly left her. One of the men who had been waiting at the door brought a glass of water. But she put it away and rose with an effort. She could hear the wheels of the hearse grating against the curbstone. It had come to take poor Emily to the church. For Mrs. Akers had vowed in her heart that every respect possible now should be paid to her cousin's wife. The people were there already. The minister would be waiting. "Come upstairs," she said, almost wildly. "He must see Mrs. Drake."

But Captain Apthorpe demurred.

"I beg of you, don't."

He was astonished and distressed at the position in which he found himself. And would they put him to a new trial? But Mrs. Akers had already mounted the stairs and was in parley with the nurse.

"She knows nothing, she sees nothing. She has not even opened her eyes," she said to him in a quick distinct whisper. "You are to follow the nurse."

It was all bewildering to the man. Who was it? Who had not so much as opened her eyes? He did not understand, at all. He stepped over the threshold into a darkened room, following a dimly defined figure moving noiselessly before him. The air of the room was stifled; there was an odor of drugs. Was that the bed looming darkly before him? The nurse had stepped aside. He paused, waiting for her to make some sign. Suddenly, as she opened the blinds, there came a broad sweep of light across the bed, revealing the outlines of a still figure and a set, gray face with bands of snow-white hair on either side. Was this, too, death? But as he gazed with a kind of horrible fascination on him, the closed eyelids trembled slightly. Then they opened full upon him.

"Good heavens! *It is Mrs. Stubbs!*" he gasped aloud.

"Go away, quick," said the nurse, fairly pushing him out of the room. "And tell some one to run for the doctor. She's woke up at last!"

They carried Blossom to the church where Uncle Jeremy had grimly worshiped so many years. All the neighborhood, and more, pressed in, for her story had spread far,—the broken story, which was believed for its very strangeness. And she was “as good as the best of them”—for one brief hour at least. Indeed, if she had been born to her honors, there could hardly have been more tears shed over the poor young thing. And then they laid her away. Poor little Blossom! whose claim to be a lady was only acknowledged at this late moment and by putting her to rest in the great, grand tomb of the Brock family.

And when all this was over, and not until then, Mrs. Akers was able to turn her thoughts to the widow. She had “come to herself,” the nurse said, when the physician had been brought in haste. But this was only partially true. “Herself” was still a long way off from the fettered body, from the staring eyes that had no recognition in them, not even when the child was brought—frightened and shrinking at first, but soon only full of wonder—and placed upon the bed beside her. Speech had not returned, and whether the change were a step toward dissolution or recovery no one, not even the doctor, would dare say. They could only wait, while the soul lay locked in with its sin—if sin there were. Even this little rift shed no light.

But one outward effect followed this change. At the physician’s expressed desire the child was brought every day now to spend an hour in the sick-room. At first awe imposed a strange quiet upon the little creature who was full of life at other times. But this soon passed away. Was it a fancy of the watchers, or did those expressionless eyes follow the movements of Emily’s child as it played about the room? And who could say that the touch of the little hands might not yet quicken the dead muscles, or the young voice call to life the sleeping consciousness?

The winter came on earlier than usual this year. It hurried with feet shod in ice after the spring-like days that had preceded poor Blossom’s death. But the time dragged to Mary Akers, filled though it was with cares. She was much worn by all she had passed through and the fever of expectation which made her start at every strange footstep and sent the blood to her heart at every peal of the bell. Who could tell at what moment her cousin Robert might appear? She dreaded the meeting, and yet

he would not come unwarned. The edge of his grief and surprise—for there must be great and terrible surprise—would be taken off before he reached her. She began to talk to the child of this unknown papa who was coming home to see his little daughter, “in a big ship from over the sea.” There was something resonant in the words which caught the little maiden’s ear and brought her from her playthings to stand at Mrs. Akers’s knee. There was even something tangible in the idea of a ship to the infant mind, her picture-books having taught her this much. But further the young imagination could not go, and Mrs. Akers gave up her attempt at last in despair. Time and opportunity would do more than all her efforts could accomplish toward awakening natural affection. It was only necessary for Captain Elyot to come home. She dragged from the garret at the Brock house the heavy old furniture that had been stored away during Mrs. Drake’s rule and re-arranged the rooms as far as she was able in a likeness of what they had been in Uncle Jeremy’s day. If she had dared she would have removed every trace of the widow’s vulgar taste. It was all an eyesore and an abomination to her. It was worse than that, it was a desecration. For this old house where her love-dream had begun had almost the sacredness of a temple to the woman. But the widow’s lease had not yet expired and Mrs. Akers was by no means sure of the height or depth to which her assumed authority might extend without being called in question. She contented herself, therefore, with removing the objects most offensive to her eyes, under a pretense, even to herself, of extra care. But Emily’s room was undisturbed. The key was turned in the lock and no one crossed the threshold after the poor girl was carried out. As the winter wore away more than one letter came over the ocean from the foreign bankers in regard to Captain Elyot. He had left Paris a fortnight before Mr. Simpkins’s first letter came to hand. At Marseilles he had taken a steamer for Alexandria. But, an accident occurring, the passengers were put ashore at a small port in Southern Italy to go on as best they could, some by vetturino to the nearest railway, and others, after a little delay, by boarding the next steamer. While they were still striving to find out which of these courses was pursued by Captain Elyot a report traveled back to Paris from Alexandria that he was preparing to ascend the Nile. Before the truth of this

could be ascertained, a rumor came from Cairo that he had left that city for the interior, having joined an exploring party.

If this were true he was practically beyond reach for some months to come—for an indefinite time. The bankers were at a loss how to proceed. They wrote for instructions.

It was well toward spring when this letter reached Mr. Simpkins. He forwarded it at once to Mrs. Akers.

"You may as well give it up, Mary. He will not put in an appearance for a year at least," said her husband.

"O, Tom! he will *never* come home if this is true. What shall we do? Those foreign people are to blame. They should have got ahead of him, instead of following him at a snail's pace. Somebody must start in search of him."

"Suppose we go,—you and I. Not to the interior of Africa, perhaps, though we might skirt the edges of that mysterious region," Tom Akers added.

"But the child? We could never leave the child." And Mrs. Akers glanced toward the little figure upon the floor bent nearly double in its efforts to nurse a huge doll. There was an expression of anxiety upon the woman's face—a slight contraction of the eyebrows not unusual now. It struck her husband all at once that these many cares were beginning to tell upon his wife. The more reason why she should have a change.

"Oh, she would do well enough; or, we might take the little maid along. How would you like to go and find your papa—a real papa with his pockets full of sugar-plums?" he added to the little one who, aware that she was being talked about, through the subtle instinct so alike in animals and young children, had laid her doll down to come and stand beside him. He lifted her to his knee. She had been overlooked at first in the press of suddenly acquired responsibility, but she was growing very dear to these people who had no children of their own.

"Oh no, that would never do," Mrs. Akers said hastily. "She could never travel so far. Something might happen to her. Besides, we should be obliged to move so slowly on her account that we should miss him, very likely. No, Mr. Simpkins ought to go."

"But he may not be able to leave his own affairs."

"Are not these his affairs? And it would

be made up to him. Cousin Robert would see that it was no loss." She stooped and took the child's face between her hands and kissed it almost passionately, leaving a tear upon the round wondering countenance. Ah, how could her cousin Robert regret any amount of money spent in bringing him home to the child! What would gold be to her if—she checked the sigh half-uttered as her husband tossed a letter into her lap.

"Who is your correspondent now, Mary? I did not recognize the hand."

"It must be from the Bryces. You know I wrote to Major Bryce a fortnight ago to inquire for Mrs. Drake's friends."

"The list appears rather formidable," as Mary Akers tore open the envelope, disclosing three or four closely written sheets. It was indeed from Mrs. Bryce—a long account of the Stubbses,—as she called them,—and especially of Blossom's story so far as it had come under the eyes of the major's wife. It was so mingled with ejaculations of horrified surprise over what Mrs. Akers had written and of self-reproach that she, Mrs. Bryce, had not in some way averted these calamities, as to be almost unintelligible. One point was made tolerably clear by this letter, though it filled Mary Akers's gentle mind with horror. "What will you think," wrote Mrs. Bryce, "when I assure you that a newspaper was sent to us five years ago, or a little less (it was the beginning of winter, I remember) addressed in Mrs. Stubbs's own hand and containing among the deaths (she had drawn a line about them to attract our attention) the name of Captain Elyot's wife. She was ailing at the time they went East, and we never for a moment doubted that she had died. It was this moved Captain Elyot to leave the army, and after searching for Mrs. Stubbs in vain, to go abroad to forget his trouble. If what you write proves true, I am sure Mrs. Stubbs is the cause of it all. I shall never forgive myself for having suffered them to leave Fort Atchison, although, as the major said at the time," etc., etc.

"O Tom, how can I tend upon this woman when I know that she has done this!" said Mary Akers, allowing the letter to drop into her lap.

Tom Akers threw his cigar into the fire. "This is bad business, Mary. We'll talk it over with Simpkins, and something shall be done, if I have to start to-morrow to bring Elyot home."

But the result of the conference with the

lawyer was that Mr. Simpkins himself sailed a week later for Havre.

The interest of the neighborhood was in no degree abated in the Drakes; it was only transferred now to Captain Elyot and African explorations. Every item of news which bore even indirectly upon the interior of that country was seized upon, discussed and compared, with reference to this missing individual. But spring stole upon the town again, marshaling all its forces in green and trumpeting the summer by many an early bird—and still Captain Elyot did not come home.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

COMPENSATION.

THERE is one day in each year when the city of which I have been writing awakens to a new life. It is in the beginning of summer, upon the anniversary of the battle fought here so long ago. Then the old town arises, shakes itself free from its slumbers and puts on its beautiful garments; flaunts its gay flags, peals its loud bells and utters its sentiments of liberty and loyalty anew. The square about the monument is thronged—even the grassy terrace from which it rises is gay with crowds of people in holiday attire. Tents for penny-shows with startling announcements painted upon their sides, spring up as if by magic; booths in which lemonade and gingerbread are offered noisily for sale burst out at every corner; hoarse voices are shouting these attractions; organs are playing, dark-eyed children dancing to the tinkle of tambourines; soldiers are marching with drum and fife or brazen trumpet,—one would think that the quiet town had suddenly gone mad. It is the gay, wild carnival of a dream, which will vanish in a night, while within the houses upon the square, hospitality smiles and beckons and outdoes itself.

The day was almost over; but with the shadows the crowd increased. It was not yet night, hardly twilight, only a softer, faintly shaded day, evoked, perhaps, by the music beginning to sound in some long-drawn, pathetic air from an unseen point beyond the monument, toward which the stream of people was tending. Upon the more deserted side of the square, within her long French windows thrown wide open, yet partially screened from the passers outside, Mrs. Akers had gathered a party of intimate friends, somewhat weary after

the protracted excitement; the younger ladies, at least, contented to pose themselves in graceful silence until the mild revelry of the evening should draw them forth. In the street the noisy bustle had died to a low, continuous sound of moving feet and distant voices—a kind of murmuring undertone to the music floating back upon the drowsy air. The booths were almost deserted. The red-faced woman of multitudinous aprons at the stand across the way had found a moment at last to refresh herself with a glass of her own ginger-beer. An organ-man, dusty and unkempt, yet gay in a scarlet waistcoat, came strolling down the street and halted before the balcony. He unslung his organ wearily, then, all his manner changing, suddenly struck up a lively air, accompanying himself with a marvelous whistle, while his jaded wife, travel-stained and sad-colored of face and gown, forced a momentary gayety, as she took up her old tambourine. In a moment the stragglers along the now quiet street flocked together, others drew near, attracted by the merry tones, reviving the spirit of the waning day. The young people who had sat listlessly behind the half-drawn curtains stepped out of the windows. More than one glance of bold admiration, possibly of envy, was thrown upward to the balcony, with its clouds of pink and white and crimson, its bright eyes and gay smiles, as the languor of the moment before was thrown off. It was a pretty picture, a bit of bright color in the gray and darkening street. So one man, at least, seemed to regard it,—a gentleman, and apparently a foreigner,—for after gazing, with more than the interest of an ordinary passer, and screened from sight by the deeper shadows of a friendly tree, he crossed the street, and, making his way through the crowd, mounted the steps to the open door and entered the house. No one of the party upon the balcony had observed him. The organ had come to the end of its merry tunes. As it ceased playing, the hilarity of the two principal actors in the scene vanished in an instant—as though they had been moved by invisible wires connecting them with the organ. The man, heavy and stiff and stupid all at once, adjusted the straps to his shoulders and moved on, half bent, through the dispersing crowd; the woman raised her battered tambourine in both hands, with a smile upon her lips in which the dull eyes had no part. Every body leaned out and down. A shower of pennies pattered into the tambourine.

The stranger in the meantime had advanced from within to the parted curtains and stood regarding the group of handsome, comfortable people with a curiosity that appeared almost eager. Recognition seemed to kindle the expression of his bronzed face as his eye passed from one to another, resting last and with curious attention upon Mrs. Akers, who stood with one hand upon the balcony-rail and with her head turned aside to watch this weary, unwomanly figure tramping away.

Some slight, fresh movement, or perhaps the momentary hush of voices at the appearance of this stranger where all were old friends, recalled her to herself.

"Good evening," she said, graciously, advancing to meet him, yet puzzled to know which of her half-remembered acquaintances this could be.

He was looking with kindly, curious eyes into her face.

"Is this Mrs. Akers? May I venture to call you Cousin Mary? My name is Elyot, Robert Elyot."

"Then you received our letters at last," she gasped—forgetting everything—the friends around her—everything, but this matter which had lain like a stone upon her, and had only been rolled away for a little hour.

"Your letters? No. Did you write to me? That was kind." He still grasped her hand. There were tears in the man's eyes. To find himself at home again and welcomed like this; to know that some one had thought of him when he had believed himself alone in the world and uncared for, was almost too much of joy.

Mary Akers fell to trembling.

"You have seen Mr. Simpkins?"

"No; they told me at his office that he had gone abroad."

"And he missed you! But the letters—in Paris, at your banker's?"

"They'll follow me, I dare say. I came directly from the East, by way of Gibraltar and England."

But what was it? She had some ill news for him, he could see. She had become quite white—even to the lips that had forgotten to smile on him. Had the banks that held his money failed? Had his riches, valued so lightly now, taken to themselves wings? Ah, well, he had borne a heavier loss!

"One moment," he said quietly, "till I have spoken with these friends." He called each one by name pouring out his greetings with a warmth of which he was half ashamed a moment later, for there seemed a strange

constraint upon them all. One after another they made some awkward excuse and slipped away, until he found himself alone with Mrs. Akers.

"Sit here," she said, pushing forward the ottoman deserted by the last one. And yet, how could she tell him!

The shadows had grown closer and closer. The moon, like a ghost of herself, appeared overhead, with a train of trembling stars. Still the crowd streamed by, glancing up to stare or nod and smile, as the case might be. A child strolled slowly across the dusty street, timid, often pausing, yet beguiled at every step by some unusual sight, enjoying a stolen liberty. It was Emily Drake's child who had eluded its nurse and escaped from the Brock house, who hung, shyly, in view of the stranger, upon the iron railing of the steps now, waiting to attract Mrs. Akers's eye. There was something in the poise of the head, there was everything in the sweet, upturned face to recall Blossom. The man leaning back in his seat started up.

"Who are you, dear? What is your name?"

His voice held a tone sharper than curiosity. The child swung slowly back and forth for a moment, then lifting her eyes—so like Blossom's!—she replied in the solemn, deliberate tone peculiar to childhood:

"Remember."

"Remember!" repeated the man. O, my God! don't I remember!"

"Come here, dear." Mrs. Akers beckoned the child into the house. And then, in the half-darkened room, with the little one in her arms and the music and shouts and many a gay laugh floating in from the street outside,—a jarring accompaniment,—she told the story I have tried to tell here, with self-reproaches and with bitter tears.

And Blossom, if she did indeed look down upon the heart-broken man who heard it, could have had no doubt of his faithful love—of whom she had said: "How sorry he would be to return some day and find the baby and not me!"

The Brock house was closed once more; for Captain Elyot took his child and went abroad again a few weeks later, when the widow's death had set him free. Perhaps because she had been Blossom's mother,—though she had ruined her life and his,—perhaps the awful fear and shame of visiting his anger upon this poor, death-bound creature made him tend her faithfully while she lived. Did she know him? Did

she feel the living coals he heaped upon her head? No one could say. She died and made no sign.

The house was closed; and foolish stories crept about that it was haunted. It was said that Emily appeared at night-fall at the windows overlooking the garden. "If I could believe it," said Captain Elyot, to whom these idle tales came in time, "how gladly would I return there!"

At one of the Elysée balls at Paris during the winter of 187-, a young girl of exquisite figure and sweet, thoughtful face, came out from the Salon of Salutation, leaning upon the arm of a middle-aged gentleman whose bearing was almost military in its erectness.

"Who is she?—that charming girl in a robe of sea-foam—is it not?—and with something like phosphorescence shining upon her bosom and in her hair?" asked a young American newly arrived in Paris of the young Count d'Alembert by his side.

"Pardon me, but one would know that you had been only twenty-four hours in Paris," was the reply. "That is the 'beautiful American' (distinguished individuals are referred to only by their titles). Your country-woman,—though she has spent the most of her life on the continent. Her father, Captain Elyot—you thought him her lover? A mistake often made. There is a story"—the count shrugged his shoulders—"told in a thousand ways. It is enough to know that he had nearly lost her, as a child. Now he attends her every-where. Observe the expression of her face

as she addresses him. Ah, my friend, one would do much to win such a regard as that. But she is already affianced, and to one of your own countrymen. He is approaching now, with a yellow mustache and a distinguished air." There was a roll of r-r's behind the Frenchman's white teeth. "For myself, I abhor a yellow mustache! You recognize him? Ah yes, yes; General Orme was well known in your late war. They say that he was a friend of her father when they were both younger; and they sometimes add that he loved her mother. But who can tell?"

The young American's eyes followed the beautiful girl. She had dropped her hand from her father's arm and stood, the center of a group, her face animated, her eyes beaming to brilliancy yet drooping shyly as they were turned from time to time upon her lover—a man of noble presence but evidently of twice her age. "Beautiful?" repeated Count d'Alembert, echoing an exclamation at his side. "You may well say that. She has created a sensation this season—her only one for the present. They sail in a few weeks for America—immediately after the marriage. The father accompanies them. But that goes without saying: they are never separated. Yes, yes; she is most beautiful; and as charming in conversation as in face and manner, I can affirm, since I have the honor of her acquaintance. Present you? Ah, my friend, why lay up for yourself pains which must be unavailing? Let me whisper in your ear: *I have been near the candle!*"

THE END.

IS IT GOING TO RAIN?

I SUSPECT that like most countrymen I was born with a chronic anxiety about the weather. Is it going to rain or snow, be hot or cold, wet or dry?—are inquiries upon which I would fain get the views of every man I meet, and I find that most men are fired with the same desire to get my views upon the same set of subjects. To a countryman the weather means something,—to a farmer especially. The latter has sowed and planted and reaped and vended nothing but weather all his life. The weather must lift the mortgage on his farm, and pay his taxes, and feed and clothe his

family. Of what use is his labor unless seconded by the weather? Hence there is speculation in his eye whenever he looks at the clouds, or the moon, or the sunset, or the stars; for even the milky way, in his view, may point the direction of the wind to-morrow, and hence is closely related to the price of butter. He may not take the sage's advice to "hitch his wagon to a star," but he pins his hopes to the moon and plants and sows by its phases.

Then the weather is that phase of Nature in which she appears not the immutable fate we are so wont to regard her, but on

the contrary something quite human and changeable, not to say womanish,—a creature of moods, of caprices, of cross purposes; gloomy and downcast to-day, and all light and joy to-morrow; caressing and tender one moment, and severe and frigid the next; one day iron, the next day vapor; inconsistent, inconstant, incalculable, full of genius, full of folly, full of extremes, to be read and understood, not by rule, but by subtle signs and indirections, by a look, a glance, a presence, as we read and understand a man or a woman. Some days are like a rare poetic mood. There is a felicity and an exhilaration about them from morning till night. They are positive and fill one with celestial fire. Other days are negative and drain one of his electricity.

Sometimes the elements show a marked genius for fair weather, as in the fall and early winter of 1877, when October, grown only a little stern, lasted till in January. Every shuffle of the cards brought these mild, brilliant days uppermost. There was not enough frost to stop the plow, save once perhaps, till the new year set in. Occasionally a fruit-tree put out a blossom and developed young fruit. The warring of the elements was chiefly done on the other side of the globe, where it formed an accompaniment to the human war raging there. In our usually merciless skies was written only peace and good-will to men; for months.

What a creature of habit, too, Nature is as she appears in the weather! If she miscarry once she will twice and thrice, and a dozen times. In a wet time it rains to-day because it rained yesterday, and will rain to-morrow because it rained to-day. Are the crops in any part of the country drowning? They shall continue to drown. Are they burning up? They shall continue to burn. The elements get in a rut and can't get out without a shock. I know a farmer who, in a dry time, when the clouds gather and look threatening, gets out his watering-pot at once, because, he says, "it wont rain, and 'tis an excellent time to apply the water." Of course, there comes a time when the farmer is wrong, but he is right four times out of five.

But I am not going to abuse the weather; rather to praise it, and make some amends for the many ill-natured things I have said within hearing of the clouds, when I have been caught in the rain or been parched and withered by the drought.

When Mr. Field's "Village Dogmatist" was asked what caused the rain, or the fog,

—I forget which,—he leaned upon his cane and answered with an air of profound wisdom that "when the atmosphere and hemisphere come together it causes the earth to sweat, and thereby produces the rain,"—or the fog as the case may be. The explanation is a little vague, as his biographer suggests, but it is picturesque, and there can be little doubt that two somethings do come in contact that produce a sweating when it rains or is foggy. More than that, the philosophy is simple and comprehensive, which Goethe said was the main matter in such things. Goethe's explanation is still more picturesque, but I doubt if it is a bit better philosophy. "I compare the earth and her atmosphere," he said to Eckermann, "to a great living being perpetually inhaling and exhaling. If she inhale she draws the atmosphere to her, so that coming near her surface it is condensed to clouds and rain. This state I call water-affirmative." The opposite state, when the earth exhales and sends the watery vapors upward so that they are dissipated through the whole space of the higher atmosphere, he called "water-negative."

This is good literature, and worthy the great poet; the science of it I would not be so willing to vouch for.

The poets, more perhaps than the scientists, have illustrated and held by the great law of alternation, of ebb and flow, of turn and return, in nature. An equilibrium, or what is the same thing, a straight line, nature abhors more than she does a vacuum. If the moisture of the air were uniform, or the heat uniform, that is, *in equilibrio*, how could it rain? what would turn the scale? But these things are heaped up, are in waves. There is always a preponderance one way or the other; always "a steep inequality." Down this incline the rain comes, and up the other side it goes. The high barometer travels like the crest of a sea, and the low barometer like the trough. When the scale kicks the beam in one place, it is correspondingly depressed in some other. When the east is burning up, the west is generally drowning out. The weather we say is always in extremes; it never rains but it pours; but this is only the abuse of a law on the part of the elements, which is at the bottom of all the life and motion on the globe.

The rain itself comes in shorter or longer waves—now fast, now slow—and sometimes in regular throbs or pulse-beats. The fall and winter rains are, as a rule, the most

deliberate and general, but the spring and summer rains are always more or less impulsive and capricious. One will see the rain stalking across the hills or coming up the valley in single file as it were. Another time it moves in vast masses or solid columns, with broad open spaces between. I have seen a spring snow-storm lasting nearly all day that swept down in rapid intermittent sheets or gusts. The waves or pulsations of the storm were nearly vertical and were very marked.

But the great fact about the rain is that it is the most beneficent of all the operations of nature; more immediately than sunlight even, it means life and growth. Moisture is the Eve of the physical world, the soft teeming principle given to wife to Adam or heat, and the mother of all that lives. Sunshine abounds everywhere, but only where the rain or dew follows is there life. The earth had the sun long before it had the humid cloud, and will doubtless continue to have it after the last drop of moisture has perished or been dissipated. The moon has sunshine enough, but no rain; hence it is a dead world—a lifeless cinder. It is doubtless true that certain of the planets, as Saturn and Jupiter, have not yet reached the condition of the cooling and ameliorating rains. If they have showers there, they are probably down-pourings of “muriatic, nitric and sulphuric acid, not only intensely hot, but fiercely burning through their chemical activity.” Think of a dew that would blister and destroy like the oil of vitriol! There are clouds and vapors in the sun itself, and storms and tornadoes, but the earth could not live in them while you are counting one. Our earth itself has doubtless passed through the period of the fiery and consuming rains, but that period is far behind us now. When this fearful fever was past and the earth began to “sweat;” when these soft, delicious drops began to come down, or this impalpable rain of the cloudless nights to fall, the period of organic life was inaugurated. Then there was hope and a promise of the future. The first rain was the turning point, the spell was broken, relief was at hand. Then the blazing furies of the fore world began to give place to the gentler divinities of later times.

The first water,—how much it means! Seven-tenths of man himself is water. Seven-tenths of the human race rained down but yesterday! It is much more probable that Cæsar will flow out of a bung-hole

than that any part of his remains will ever stop one. Our life is indeed a vapor, a breath, a little moisture condensed upon the pane. We carry ourselves as in a phial. Cleave the flesh, and how quickly we spill out! Man begins as a fish, and he swims in a sea of vital fluids as long as his life lasts. His first food is milk; so is his last and all between. He can taste and assimilate and absorb nothing but liquids. The same is true throughout all organic nature. 'Tis water-power that makes every wheel move. Without this great solvent, there is no life. I admire immensely this line of Walt Whitman:

“The slumbering and liquid trees.”

The tree and its fruit are like a sponge which the rains have filled. Through them and through all living bodies there goes on the commerce of vital growth, tiny vessels, fleets and succession of fleets, laden with material bound for distant shores, to build up, and repair, and restore the waste of the physical frame.

Then the rain means relaxation; the tension in Nature and in all her creatures is lessened. The trees drop their leaves, or let go their ripened fruit. The tree itself will fall in a still, damp day, when but yesterday it withstood a gale of wind. A moist south wind penetrates even the mind and makes its grasp less tenacious. It ought to take less to kill a man on a rainy day than on a clear. The direct support of the sun is withdrawn; life is under a cloud; a masculine mood gives place to something like a feminine. In this sense, rain is the grief, the weeping of Nature, the relief of a burdened or agonized heart. But tears from Nature's eyelids are always remedial and prepare the way for brighter, purer skies.

I think rain is as necessary to the mind as to vegetation. Who does not suffer in his spirit in a drought and feel restless and unsatisfied? My very thoughts become thirsty and crave the moisture. It is hard work to be generous, or neighborly, or patriotic in a dry time, and as for growing in any of the finer graces or virtues, who can do it? One's very manhood shrinks, and if he is ever capable of a mean act or of narrow views, it is then.

Oh, the terrible drought, when the sky turns to brass; when the clouds are like withered leaves; when the sun sucks the earth's blood like a vampire; when rivers shrink, streams fail, springs perish; when

the grass whitens and crackles under your feet; when the turf turns to dust; when the fields are like tinder; when the air is the breath of an oven; when even the merciful dews are withheld, and the morning is no fresher than the evening; when the friendly road is a desert and the green woods like a sick chamber; when the sky becomes tarnished and opaque with dust and smoke; when the shingles on the houses curl up, the clapboards warp, the paint blisters, the joints open; when the cattle rove disconsolate and the hive-bee comes home empty; when the earth gapes and all nature looks widowed, and deserted, and heart-broken,—in such a time, what thing that has life does not sympathize and suffer with the general distress?

The drought of the summer and early fall of '76 was one of those severe stresses of weather that make the oldest inhabitant search his memory for a parallel. For nearly three months there was no rain to wet the ground. Large forest-trees withered and cast their leaves. In spots, the mountains looked as if they had been scorched by fire. The salt sea-water came up the Hudson ninety miles, when ordinarily it scarcely comes forty. If the river-water had entirely failed, I suppose the sea would have flowed quite to Albany—a proof that this great water-course is only a long arm of the Atlantic, that probably once reached through the Champlain valley into Canada—a big, deep moat or crack which Nature meant to be the western limit of New England. Toward the last, the capacity of the atmosphere to absorb and dissipate the smoke was exhausted, and innumerable fires in forests and peat-swamps made the days and the weeks—not blue, but a dirty yellowish white. There was not enough moisture in the air to take the sting out of the smoke, and it smarted the nose. The sun was red and dim even at midday, and at his rising and setting he was as harmless to the eye as a crimson shield or a painted moon. The meteorological conditions seemed the farthest possible remove from those that produce rain, or even dew. Every sign was negated. Some malevolent spirit seemed abroad in the air, that rendered abortive every effort of the gentler divinities to send succor. The clouds would gather back in the mountains, the thunder would growl, the tall masses would rise up and advance threateningly, then suddenly cower, their strength and purpose ooze away; they flattened out, the hot, parched breath of the earth

smote them; the dark, heavy masses were re-resolved into thin vapor and the sky came through where but a few moments before there had appeared to be deep behind deep of water-logged clouds. Sometimes a cloud would pass by, and one could see trailing beneath and behind it a sheet of rain, like something let down that did not quite touch the earth, the hot air vaporizing the drops before they reached the ground.

Two or three times the wind got in the south and those low, dun-colored clouds that are nothing but harmless fog came hurrying up and covered the sky, and city folk and women folk said the rain was at last near. But the wise ones knew better. The clouds had no backing, the clear sky was just behind them; they were only the night-cap of the south wind which the sun burnt up before ten o'clock.

Every storm has a foundation that is deeply and surely laid, and those shallow surface clouds that have no root in the depths of the sky deceive none but the unwary.

At other times, when the clouds were not re-absorbed by the sky, and the rain seemed imminent, they would suddenly curdle, and when the clouds curdle the clerk of the weather has a sour stomach and you need expect no good turn from him. Time and again I saw them do that, saw their continuity broken up, saw them separate into small masses—in fact saw a process of disintegration and disorganization going on, and my hope of rain was over for that day. Vast spaces would be affected suddenly; it was like a stroke of paralysis; motion was retarded, the breeze died down, the thunder ceased, and the storm was blighted on the very threshold of success.

I suppose there is some compensation in a drought; Nature doubtless profits by it in some way. It is a good time to thin out her garden and give the law of the survival of the fittest a chance to come into play. How the big trees and big plants do rob the little ones! there is not drink enough to go around and the strongest will have what there is. It is a rest to vegetation, too, a kind of torrid winter that is followed by a fresh awakening. Every tree and plant learns a lesson from it, learns to shoot its roots down deep into the perennial supplies of moisture and life.

But when the rain does come, the warm, sun-distilled rain; the far-traveling, vapor-born rain; the impartial, indiscriminating, unstinted rain; equitable, bounteous, myriad-eyed, searching out every plant and every

spear of grass, finding every hidden thing that needs water, falling upon the just and upon the unjust, sponging off every leaf of every tree in the forest and every growth in the fields; music to the ear, a perfume to the smell, an enchantment to the eye; healing the earth, cleansing the air, renewing the fountains; honey to the bee, manna to the herds and life to all creatures—what spectacle so fills the heart? "Rain, rain, O, dear Zeus, down on the plowed fields of the Athenians, and on the plains."

There is a fine sibilant chorus audible in the sod and in the dust of the road and in the porous plowed fields. Every grain of soil and every root and rootlet purrs in satisfaction. Because something more than water comes down when it rains; you cannot produce this effect by simple water; the good-will of the elements, the consent and approbation of all the skyey influences, come down; the harmony, the adjustment, the perfect understanding of the soil beneath and the air that swims above are implied in the marvelous benefaction of the rain. The earth is ready; the moist winds have wooed it and prepared it, the electrical conditions are as they should be, and there are love and passion in the surrender of the summer clouds. How the drops are absorbed into the ground! You cannot, I say, succeed like this with your hose or sprinkling pot. There is no ardor or electricity in the drops, no ammonia, or ozone or other nameless properties borrowed from the air.

Then one has not the gentleness and patience of Nature; we puddle the ground in our hurry, we seal it up and exclude the air and the plants are worse off than before. When the sky is overcast and it is getting ready to rain, the moisture rises in the ground, the earth opens her pores and seconds the desire of the clouds.

Indeed, I have found there is but little virtue in a sprinkling pot after the drought has reached a certain pitch. The soil will not absorb the water. 'Tis like throwing it on a hot stove. I once concentrated my efforts upon a single hill of corn and deluged it with water night and morning for several days, yet its leaves curled up and the ears failed the same as the rest. Something may be done, without doubt, if one begins in time, but the relief seems strangely inadequate to the means often used. In rainless countries good crops are produced by irrigation, but here man can imitate in a measure the patience and bounty of Nature, and with night to aid him can make his

thirsty fields drink, or rather can pour the water down their throats.

I have said the rain is as necessary to man as to vegetation. You cannot have a rank, sappy race like the English or German without plenty of moisture in the air and in the soil. Good viscera and an abundance of blood are closely related to meteorological conditions; unction of character, and a flow of animal spirits, too, and I suspect that much of the dry and rarified humor of New England, as well as the thin and sharp physiognomies, are climatic results. We have rain enough, but not equability of temperature or moisture,—no steady abundant supply of humidity in the air. In places in Great Britain it is said to rain on an average three days out of four the year through, yet the depth of rain-fall is no greater than in this country where it rains but the one day out of four. John Bull shows those three rainy days both in his temper and in his bodily habit; he is better for them in many ways, and perhaps not quite so good in a few others: they make him juicy and vascular, and may be a little opaque; but we, in this country, could well afford a few of his negative qualities for the sake of his stomach and full-bloodedness.

We have such faith in the virtue of the rain and in the capacity of the clouds to harbor and transport material good that we more than half believe the stories of the strange and anomalous things that have fallen in showers. There is no credible report that it has ever yet rained pitchforks, but many other curious things have fallen. Fish, flesh, and fowl, and substances that were neither, have been picked up by voracious people after a storm. Manna, blood, and honey, frogs, newts, and fish-worms are among the curious things the clouds are supposed to yield. If the clouds scooped up their water as the flying express train does, these phenomena could be easier explained. I myself have seen curious things. Riding along the road, one day, on the heels of a violent summer tempest, I saw the ground swarming with minute hopping creatures. I got out and captured my hands full. They proved to be tree-toads, many of them no larger than crickets, and none of them larger than a bumble-bee. There seemed to be thousands of them. The mark of the tree-toad was the round flattened ends of their toes. I took some of them home, but they died the next day. Where did they come from? I imagined the violent wind swept them off the trees in the woods to windward

of the road. But this is only a guess; may be they crept out of the ground, or from under the wall near by, and were out to wet their jackets.

I have never yet heard of a frog coming down chimney in a shower. Some circumstantial evidence may be pretty conclusive, Thoreau says, as when you find a trout in the milk, and if you find a frog or toad behind the fire-board immediately after a shower, you may well ask him to explain himself.

When I was a boy, I used to wonder if the clouds were hollow and carried their water as in a cask, because, had we not often heard of clouds bursting and producing havoc and ruins beneath them? The hoops gave way, perhaps, or the head was pressed out. Goethe says, that when the barometer rises the clouds are spun off from the top downward like a distaff of flax; but this is more truly the process when it rains. When fair weather is in the ascendant, the clouds are simply re-absorbed by the air; but, when it rains, they are spun off into something more compact; 'tis like the threads that issue from the mass of flax or roll of wool, only here there are innumerable threads and the fingers that hold them never tire. The great spinning-wheel, too, what a humming it makes at times, and how the footsteps of the invisible spinner resound through the cloud-pillared chambers!

The clouds are thus literally spun up into water, and were they not constantly recruited from the atmosphere as the storm-center travels along, was new wool not forthcoming from the white sheep and the black sheep that the winds herd at every point, all rains would be brief and local; the storm would quickly exhaust itself, as we sometimes see a thunder-cloud do in summer. A storm will originate in the far West or South-west—those hatching-places of all our storms—and travel across the continent, and across the Atlantic to Europe, pouring down incalculable quantities of rain as it progresses and recruiting as it wastes. It is a moving vortex into which the outlying moisture of the atmosphere is being constantly drawn and precipitated. It is not properly the storm that travels, but the low pressure, the storm impulse, the meteorological magnet, that makes the storm wherever its presence may be. The clouds are not watering-carts, that are driven all the way from Arizona or Colorado to Europe, but growths, developments that spring up as the Storm-deity moves his wand across the land. In advance of the storm,

you may often see the clouds grow; the condensation of the moisture into vapor is a visible process; slender, speculum-like clouds expand, deepen and lengthen; in the rear of the low pressure, the reverse process, or the wasting of the clouds, may be witnessed. In summer, the recruiting of a thunder-storm is often very marked. I have seen the clouds file as straight across the sky toward a growing storm or thunder-head in the horizon, as soldiers hastening to the point of attack or defense. They would grow more and more black and threatening as they advanced, and actually seemed to be driven by more urgent winds than certain other clouds. They were, no doubt, more in the line of the storm influence.

All our general storms are cyclonic in their character, that is, rotary and progressive. Their type may be seen in every little whirlpool that goes down the swollen current of the river, and in our hemisphere they revolve in the same direction, namely, from right to left, or in opposition to the hands of a watch. When the water finds an outlet through the bottom of a dam, a suction or whirling vortex is developed, that generally goes round in the same direction. A morning-glory or a hop-vine or a pole-bean winds around its support in the same course, and cannot be made to wind in any other. In the southern hemisphere, the cyclone revolves in the other direction, or from left to right. How do they revolve at the equator, then? They do not revolve at all. This is the point of zero, and cyclones are never formed nearer than the third parallel of latitude. Whether also hop-vines refuse to wind about the pole there, I am unable to say.

All our cyclones originate in the far south-west and travel north-east. Why did we wait for the Weather Bureau to tell us this fact? Do not all the filmy, hazy, cirrus and cirro-stratus clouds first appear from the general direction of the sunset? Who ever saw them pushing their opaque filaments over the sky from the east or north? Yet, do we not have "north-easters" both winter and summer? True, but the storm does not come from that direction. In such a case, we get that segment of the cyclonic whirl. A north-easter in one place may be an easter, a norther, or a souther, in some other locality. See through those drifting, drenching clouds that come hurrying out of the north-east, and there are the boss-clouds, above them, the great captains themselves, moving serenely on in the opposite direction.

Electricity is of course an important agent in storms. It is the great organizer and ring-master. How a clap of thunder will shake down the rain! It gives the clouds a smart rap; it jostles the vapor so that the particles fall together more quickly; it makes the drops let go in double and treble ranks. Nature likes to be helped in that way,—likes to have the water agitated when she is freezing it or heating it, and the clouds smitten when she is compressing them into rain. So does a shock of surprise quicken the pulse in man, and in the crisis of action help him to a decision.

What a spur and impulse the summer shower is! How its coming quickens and hurries up the slow, jogging country life! The traveler along the dusty road arouses from his reverie at the warning rumble behind the hills; the children hasten from the field or from the school; the farmer steps lively and thinks fast. In the hay-field, at the first signal-gun of the elements, what a commotion! How the horse-rake rattles, how the pitchforks fly, how the white sleeves play and twinkle in the sun or against the dark background of the coming storm! One man does the work of two or three. It is a race with the elements, and the hay-makers do not like to be beaten. The rain that is life to the grass when growing is poison to it after it becomes cured hay, and it must be got under shelter, or put up into snug cocks, if possible, before the storm overtakes it.

The rains of winter are cold and odorless. One prefers the snow which warms and covers, but can there be anything more delicious than the first warm April rain, the first offering of the softened and pacified clouds of spring? The weather has been dry, perhaps, for two or three weeks; we have had a touch of the dreaded drought thus early; the roads are dusty, the streams again shrunken, and forest fires send up columns of smoke on every hand; the frost has all been out of the ground many days; the snow has all disappeared from the mountains; the sun is warm, but the grass does not grow, nor the early seeds come up. The quickening spirit of the rain is needed. Presently the wind gets in the south-west, and, late in the day, we have our first vernal shower, gentle and leisurely, but every drop condensed from warm tropic vapors and charged with the very essence of spring. Then what a perfume fills the air! One's nostrils are not half large enough to take it in. The smoke, washed by the rain, be-

comes the breath of woods, and the soil and the newly plowed fields give out an odor that dilates the sense. How the buds of the trees swell, how the grass greens, how the birds rejoice! Hear the robins laugh! This will bring out the worms and the insects, and start the foliage of the trees. A summer shower has more copiousness and power, but this has the charm of freshness and of all first things.

The laws of storms, up to a certain point, have come to be pretty well understood, but there is yet no science of the weather, any more than there is of human nature. There is about as much room for speculation in the one case as in the other. The causes and agencies are subtle and obscure, and we shall, perhaps, have the metaphysics of the subject before we have the physics.

But as there are persons who can read human nature pretty well, so there are those who can read the weather.

It is a masculine subject, and quite beyond the province of woman. Ask those who spend their time in the open air—the farmer, the sailor, the soldier, the walker; ask the birds, the beasts, the tree-toads; they know, if they will only tell. The farmer diagnoses the weather daily, as the doctor a patient; he feels the pulse of the wind, he knows when the clouds have a scurfy tongue, or when the cuticle of the day is feverish and dry or soft and moist. Certain days he calls "weather breeders," and they are usually the fairest days in the calendar—all sun and sky. They are too fair; they are suspiciously so. They come in the fall and spring, and always mean mischief. When a day of almost unnatural brightness and clearness in either of these seasons follows immediately after a storm, it is a sure indication that another storm follows close—follows to-morrow. In keeping with this fact is the rule of the barometer, that if the mercury suddenly rises very high, the fair weather will not last. It is a high peak that indicates a corresponding depression close at hand. I observed one of these angelic mischief-makers the past October. The second day after a heavy fall of rain was the fairest of the fair—not a speck or film in all the round of the sky. Where have all the clouds and vapors gone to so suddenly? I thought, but knew they were plotting together somewhere behind the horizon. The sky was a deep ultramarine blue; the air so transparent that distant objects seemed near, and the afternoon

shadows were sharp and clear. At night the stars were unusually numerous and bright (a sure sign of an approaching storm). The sky was laid bare, as the tidal wave empties the shore of its water before it heaps it up upon it. A violent storm of wind and rain, the next day, followed this delusive brightness. So the weather, like human nature, may be suspiciously transparent. A saintly day may undo you. A few clouds do not mean rain; but when there are absolutely none, when even the haze and filmy vapors are suppressed or held back, then beware.

Then, the weather-wise know there are two kinds of clouds, rain clouds and wind clouds, and that the latter are always the most portentous. In summer, they are black as night; they look as if they would blot out the very earth. They raise a great dust, and set things flying and slamming for a moment, and that is all. They are the veritable wind-bags of Æolus. There is something in the look of rain clouds that is unmistakable,—a firm, gray, tightly woven look that makes you remember your umbrella. Not too high, nor too low, not black, nor blue, but the form and hue of wet, unbleached linen. You see the river water in them; they are heavy laden, and move slow. Sometimes they develop what are called "mares' tails,"—small cloud-forms here and there against a heavy background, that look like the stroke of a brush, or the streaming tail of a charger. Sometimes a few under-clouds will be combed and groomed by the winds or other meteoric agencies at work, as if for a race. I have seen coming storms develop well-defined vertebra,—a long backbone of cloud, with the articulations and processes clearly marked. Any of these forms changing, growing, denote rain, because they show unusual agencies at work. The storm is brewing and fermenting. "See those cowlicks," said an old farmer, pointing to certain patches on the clouds; "they mean rain." Another time, he said the clouds were "making bag," had growing udders, and that it would rain before night, as it did. This reminded me that the Orientals speak of the clouds as cows which the winds herd and milk.

In the winter, we see the sun wading in snow. The morning has perhaps been clear, but in the afternoon a bank of gray filmy or cirrus cloud meets him in the west, and he sinks deeper and deeper into it, till, at his going down, his muffled beams

are entirely hidden. Then, on the morrow, *not*

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,"

but silent as night, the white legions are here.

The old signs seldom fail,—a red and angry sunrise, or flushed clouds at evening. Many a hope of rain have I seen dashed by a painted sky at sunset. There is truth in the old couplet, too:

"If it rains before seven,
It will clear before eleven."

Morning rains are usually short-lived. Better wait till ten o'clock.

When the clouds are chilled, they turn blue and rise up.

When the fog leaves the mountains, reaching upward, as if afraid of being left behind, the fair weather is near.

Shoddy clouds are of little account, and soon fall to pieces. Have your clouds show a good strong fiber, and have them lined,—not with silver, but with other clouds of a finer texture,—and have them wadded. It wants two or three thicknesses to get up a good rain. Especially, unless you have that cloud-mother, that dim, filmy, nebulous mass that has its root in the higher regions of the air, and is the source and backing of all storms,—your rain will be light indeed.

I fear my readers' jacket is not thoroughly soaked yet. I must give him a final dash, a "clear-up" shower.

We were encamping in the primitive woods, by a little trout-lake which the mountain carried high on his hip, like a soldier's canteen. There were wives in the party, curious to know what the lure was that annually drew their husbands to the woods. That magical writing on a trout's back they would fain decipher, little heeding the warning that what is written here is not given to woman to know.

Our only tent or roof was the sheltering arms of the great birches and maples. What was sauce for the gander should be sauce for the goose too, so the goose insisted.

A luxurious couch of boughs upon springing poles was prepared, and the night should be not less welcome than the day, which had indeed been idyllic. (A trout dinner had been served by a little spring brook, upon an improvised table covered with moss and decked with ferns, with strawberries from a near clearing.)

At twilight, there was an ominous rumble

behind the mountains. I was on the lake, and could see what was brewing there in the west.

As darkness came on, the rumbling increased, and the mountains and the woods and the still air were such good conductors of sound that the ear was vividly impressed. One seemed to feel the enormous convolutions of the clouds in the deep and jarring tones of the thunder. The coming of night in the woods is alone peculiarly impressive, and it is doubly so when out of the darkness comes such a voice as this. But we fed the fire the more industriously, and piled the logs high, and kept the gathering gloom at bay by as large a circle of light as we could command. The lake was a pool of ink and as still as if congealed; not a movement or a sound, save now and then a terrific volley from the cloud-batteries now fast approaching. By nine o'clock little puffs of wind began to steal through the woods and tease and toy with our fire. Shortly after, an enormous electric bomb-shell exploded in the tree-tops over our heads, and the ball was fairly opened. Then followed three hours, with only two brief intermissions, of as lively elemental music and as copious an outpouring of rain as it was ever my lot to witness. It was a regular meteorological carnival, and the revelers were drunk with the wild sport. The apparent nearness of the clouds and the electric explosion was something remarkable. Every discharge seemed to be in the branches immediately overhead and made us involuntarily cower, as if the next moment the great limbs of the trees, or the trees themselves, would come crashing down. The mountain upon which we were encamped appeared to be the focus of three distinct but converging storms. The last two seemed to come into collision immediately over our camp-fire and to contend for the right of way until the heavens were ready to fall and both antagonists were literally spent. We stood in groups about the struggling fire, and when the explosion became too terrible would withdraw into the cover of the darkness, as if to be a less conspicuous mark for the bolts; or did we fear the fire, with its currents, might attract the lightning? At any rate, some other spot than the one where we happened to be standing seemed desirable when those onsets of the

contending elements were the most furious. Something that one could not catch in his hat was liable to drop almost anywhere any minute. The alarm and consternation of the wives communicated itself to the husbands, and they looked solemn and concerned. The air was filled with falling water. The sound upon the myriad leaves and branches was like the roar of a cataract. We put our backs up against the great trees only to catch a brook on our shoulders or in the backs of our necks. Still the storm waxed. The fire was beaten down lower and lower. It surrendered one post after another, like a besieged city, and finally made only a feeble resistance from beneath a pile of charred logs and branches in the center. Our garments yielded to the encroachments of the rain in about the same manner. I believe my neck-tie held out the longest and carried a few dry threads safely through. Our cunningly devised and bedecked table, which the housekeepers had so doted on and which was ready spread for breakfast, was washed as by the hose of a fire-engine,—only the bare poles remained,—and the couch of springing boughs that was to make sleep jealous and o'erfond became a bed fit only for amphibians. Still the loosened floods came down; still the great cloud mortars bellowed and exploded their missiles in the tree-tops above us. But all nervousness finally passed away, and we became dogged and resigned. Our minds became water-soaked; our thoughts were heavy and bedraggled. We were past the point of joking at one another's expense. The witticisms failed to kindle,—indeed, failed to go, like the matches in our pockets. About midnight the rain slackened, and by one o'clock ceased entirely. How the rest of the night was passed beneath the dripping trees and upon the saturated ground, I have only the dimmest remembrance. All is watery and opaque; the fog settles down and obscures the scene. But I suspect I tried the "wet pack" without being a convert to hydropathy. When the morning dawned, the wives begged to be taken home, convinced that the charms of camping-out were greatly overrated. We who had tasted this cup before, knew they had read the legend of the wary trout without knowing it.

WEAVING THE WEB.

"THIS morn I will weave my web," she said,
As she stood by her loom in the rosy light,
And her young eyes, hopefully glad and clear,
Followed afar the swallow's flight.

"As soon as the day's first tasks are done,
While yet I am fresh and strong," said she,
"I will hasten to weave the beautiful web
Whose pattern is known to none but me!

"I will weave it fine, I will weave it fair,
And ah! how the colors will glow!" she said.
"So fadeless and strong will I weave my web
That perhaps it will live after I am dead."
But the morning hours sped on apace;
The air grew sweet with the breath of June;
And young Love hid by the waiting loom,
Tangling the threads as he hummed a tune.

"Ah! life is so rich and full," she cried,
"And morn is short though the days are long!
This noon I will weave my beautiful web,
I will weave it carefully, fine and strong."
But the sun rode high in the cloudless sky;
The burden and heat of the day she bore;
And hither and thither she came and went,
While the loom stood still as it stood before.

"Ah! life is too busy at noon," she said;
"My web must wait till the eventide,
Till the common work of the day is done,
And my heart grows calm in the silence wide!"
So, one by one, the hours passed on
Till the creeping shadows had longer grown;
Till the house was still, and the breezes slept,
And her singing birds to their nests had flown.

"And now I will weave my web," she said,
As she turned to her loom ere set of sun,
And laid her hand on the shining threads
To set them in order, one by one.
But hand was tired, and heart was weak;
"I am not as strong as I was," sighed she,
"And the pattern is blurred, and the colors rare
Are not so bright, or so fair to see!

"I must wait, I think, till another morn;
I must go to my rest with my work undone;
It is growing too dark to weave!" she cried,
As lower and lower sank the sun.
She dropped the shuttle; the loom stood still;
The weaver slept in the twilight gray.
Dear heart! Will she weave her beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day?

POMONA TAKES THE HELM AT RUDDER GRANGE.

It was winter at Rudder Grange. The season was the same at other places, but that fact did not particularly interest Euphemia and myself. It was winter with us, and we were ready for it. That was the great point, and it made us proud to think that we had not been taken unawares, notwithstanding the many things that were to be thought of on a little farm like ours.

It is true that we had always been prepared for winter, wherever we had lived; but this was a different case. In other days it did not matter much whether we were ready or not; but now our house, our cow, our poultry, and indeed ourselves, might have suffered,—there is no way of finding out exactly how much,—if we had not made all possible preparations for the coming of cold weather.

But there was a great deal yet to be thought of and planned out, although we were ready for winter. The next thing to think of was spring.

We laid out the farm. We decided where we would have wheat, corn, potatoes, and oats. We would have a man by the day to sow and reap. The intermediate processes I thought I could attend to myself.

Everything was talked over, ciphered over, and freely discussed by my wife and myself, except one matter, which I planned and worked out alone, doing most of the necessary calculations at the office, so as not to excite Euphemia's curiosity.

I had determined to buy a horse. This would be one of the most important events of our married life, and it demanded a great deal of thought, which I gave it.

The horse was chosen for me by a friend. He was an excellent beast (the horse), excelling, as my friend told me, in muscle and wit. Nothing better than this could be said about a horse. He was a sorrel animal, quite handsome, gentle enough for Euphemia to drive, and not too high-minded to do a little farm-work, if necessary. He was exactly the animal I needed.

The carriage was not quite such a success. The horse having cost a good deal more than I expected to pay, I found that I could only afford a second-hand carriage. I bought a good, serviceable vehicle, which would hold four persons, if necessary, and there was room enough to pack all sorts of parcels and baskets. It was with great sat-

isfaction that I contemplated this feature of the carriage, which was a rather rusty-looking affair, although sound and strong enough. The harness was new, and set off the horse admirably.

On the afternoon when my purchases were completed, I did not come home by the train. I drove home in my own carriage, drawn by my own horse! The ten miles' drive was over a smooth road, and the sorrel traveled splendidly. If I had been a line of kings a mile long, all in their chariots of state, with gold and silver, and outriders, and music, and banners waving in the wind, I could not have been prouder than when I drew up in front of my house.

There was a wagon-gate at one side of the front fence which had never been used except by the men who brought coal, and I got out and opened this, very quietly, so as not to attract the attention of Euphemia. It was earlier than I usually returned, and she would not be expecting me. I was then about to lead the horse up a somewhat grass-grown carriage-way to the front door, but I reflected that Euphemia might be looking out of some of the windows and I had better drive up. So I got in and drove very slowly to the door.

However, she heard the unaccustomed noise of wheels, and looked out of the parlor window. She did not see me, but immediately came around to the door. I hurried out of the carriage so quickly that, not being familiar with the steps, I barely escaped tripping.

When she opened the front door she was surprised to see me standing by the horse.

"Have you hired a carriage?" she cried. "Are we going to ride?"

"My dear," said I, as I took her by the hand, "we are going to ride. But I have not hired a carriage. I have bought one. Do you see this horse? He is ours—our own horse."

If you could have seen the face that was turned up to me,—all you other men in the world,—you would have torn your hair in despair.

Afterward she went around and around that horse; she patted his smooth sides; she looked, with admiration, at his strong, well-formed legs; she stroked his head; she smoothed his mane; she was brimful of joy.

When I had brought the horse some

water in a bucket—and what a pleasure it was to water one's own horse!—Euphemia rushed into the house and got her hat and we took a little drive.

I doubt if any horse ever drew two happier people. Euphemia said but little about the carriage. That was a necessary adjunct, and it was good enough for the present. But the horse! How nobly and with what vigor he pulled us up the hills and how carefully and strongly he held the carriage back as we went down! How easily he trotted over the level road, caring nothing for the ten miles he had gone that afternoon! What a sensation of power it gave us to think that all that strength and speed and endurance was ours, that it would go where we wished, that it would wait for us as long as we chose, that it was at our service day and night, that it was a horse, and we owned it!

When we returned, Pomona saw us drive in,—she had not known of our ride,—and when she heard the news she was as wild with proud delight as anybody. She wanted to unharness him, but this I could not allow. We did not wish to be selfish, but after she had seen and heard what we thought was enough for her, we were obliged to send her back to the kitchen for the sake of the dinner.

Then we unharnessed him. I say we, for Euphemia stood by and I explained everything, for some day, she said, she might want to do it herself. Then I led him into the stable. How nobly he trod, and how finely his hoofs sounded on the stable floor!

There was hay in the mow and I had brought a bag of oats under the seat of the carriage.

"Isn't it just delightful," said Euphemia, "that we haven't any man? If we had a man he would take the horse at the door, and we should be deprived of all this. It wouldn't be half like owning a horse."

In the morning I drove down to the station, Euphemia by my side. She drove back and Old John came up and attended to the horse. This he was to do, for the present, for a small stipend. In the afternoon Euphemia came down after me. How I enjoyed those rides! Before this I had thought it ever so much more pleasant and healthful to walk to and from the station than to ride, but then I did not own a horse. At night I attended to everything, Euphemia generally following me about the stable with a lantern. When the days

grew longer we would have delightful rides after dinner, and even now we planned to have early breakfasts, and go to the station by the longest possible way.

One day, in the following spring, I was riding home from the station with Euphemia,—we seldom took pleasure-drives now, we were so busy on the place,—and as we reached the house I heard the dog barking savagely. He was loose in the little orchard by the side of the house. As I drove in, Pomona came running to the side of the carriage.

"Man up the tree!" she shouted.

I helped Euphemia out, left the horse standing by the door, and ran to the dog, followed by my wife and Pomona. Sure enough, there was a man up the tree, and Lord Edward was doing his best to get at him, springing wildly at the tree and fairly shaking with rage.

I looked up at the man. He was a thoroughbred tramp, burly, dirty, generally unkempt, but, unlike most tramps, he looked very much frightened. His position, on a high crotch of an apple-tree, was not altogether comfortable, and although, for the present, it was safe, the fellow seemed to have a wavering faith in the strength of apple-tree branches, and the moment he saw me, he earnestly besought me to take that dog away, and let him down.

I made no answer, but turning to Pomona, I asked her what this all meant.

"Why, sir, you see," said she, "I was in the kitchen bakin' pies, and this fellow must have got over the fence at the side of the house, for the dog didn't see him, and the first thing I know'd he was stickin' his head in the window, and he asked me to give him somethin' to eat. And when I said I'd see in a minute if there was anything for him, he says to me, 'Gim me a piece of one of them pies,'—pies I'd just baked and was settin' to cool on the kitchen table! 'No, sir,' says I, 'I'm not goin' to cut one of them pies for you, or any one like you.' 'All right!' says he. 'I'll come in and help myself.' He must have known there was no man about, and comin' the way he did, he hadn't seen the dog. So he come round to the kitchen door, but I shot out before he got there and unchained Lord Edward. I guess he saw the dog, when he got to the door, and at any rate he heard the chain clankin', and he didn't go in, but just put for the gate. But Lord Edward was after him so quick that he hadn't no time to go to no gates. It was all he could

do to scoot up this tree, and if he'd been a millionth part of a minute later he'd 'a' been in another world by this time."

The man, who had not attempted to interrupt Pomona's speech, now began again to implore me to let him down, while Euphemia looked pitifully at him, and was about, I think, to intercede with me in his favor, but my attention was drawn off from her, by the strange conduct of the dog. Believing, I suppose, that he might leave the tramp for a moment, now that I had arrived, he had dashed away to another tree, where he was barking furiously, standing on his hind legs and clawing at the trunk.

"What's the matter over there?" I asked.

"Oh, that's the other fellow," said Pomona. "He's no harm." And then, as the tramp made a movement as if he would try to come down, and make a rush for safety, during the absence of the dog, she called out, "Here boy! here boy!" and in an instant Lord Edward was again raging at his post, at the foot of the apple-tree.

I was grievously puzzled at all this, and walked over to the other tree, followed, as before, by Euphemia and Pomona.

"This one," said the latter, "is a tree-man——"

"I should think so," said I, as I caught sight of a person in gray trousers standing among the branches of a cherry-tree not very far from the kitchen door. The tree was not a large one, and the branches were not strong enough to allow him to sit down on them, although they supported him well enough, as he stood close to the trunk just out of reach of Lord Edward.

"This is a very unpleasant position, sir," said he, when I reached the tree. "I simply came into your yard, on a matter of business, and finding that raging beast attacking a person in a tree, I had barely time to get up into this tree myself, before he dashed at me. Luckily I was out of his reach; but I very much fear I have lost some of my property."

"No, he hasn't," said Pomona. "It was a big book he dropped. I picked it up and took it into the house. It's full of pictures of pears and peaches and flowers. I've been lookin' at it. That's how I knew what he was. And there was no call for his gittin up a tree. Lord Edward never would have gone after him if he hadn't run as if he had guilt on his soul."

"I suppose, then," said I, addressing the

individual in the cherry-tree, "that you came here to sell me some trees."

"Yes, sir," said he quickly, "trees, shrubs, vines, evergreens,—everything suitable for a gentleman's country villa. I can sell you something quite remarkable, sir, in the way of cherry-trees,—French ones, just imported; bear fruit three times the size of anything that could be produced on a tree like this. And pears—fruit of the finest flavor and enormous size——"

"Yes," said Pomona. "I seen them in the book. But they must grow on a ground-vine. No tree couldn't hold such pears as them."

Here Euphemia reproved Pomona's forwardness, and I invited the tree-agent to get down out of the tree.

"Thank you," said he; "but not while that dog is loose. If you will kindly chain him up, I will get my book, and show you specimens of some of the finest small fruit in the world, all imported from the first nurseries of Europe—the Red-gold Amber Muscat grape,—the——"

"Oh, please let him down!" said Euphemia, her eyes beginning to sparkle.

I slowly walked toward the tramp-tree, revolving various matters in my mind. We had not spent much money on the place during the winter, and we now had a small sum which we intended to use for the advantage of the farm, but had not yet decided what to do with it. It behooved me to be careful.

I told Pomona to run and get me the dog-chain, and I stood under the tree, listening, as well as I could, to the tree-agent talking to Euphemia, and paying no attention to the impassioned entreaties of the tramp in the crotch above me. When the chain was brought, I hooked one end of it in Lord Edward's collar, and then I took a firm grasp of the other. Telling Pomona to bring the tree-agent's book from the house, I called to that individual to get down from his tree. He promptly obeyed, and, taking the book from Pomona, began to show the pictures to Euphemia.

"You had better hurry, sir," I called out. "I can't hold this dog very long." And, indeed, Lord Edward had made a run toward the agent, which jerked me very forcibly in his direction. But a movement by the tramp had quickly brought the dog back to his more desired victim.

"If you will just tie up that dog, sir," said the agent, "and come this way, I would like to show you the Melting snow pear,—dissolves in the mouth like snow, sir; trees will bear next year."

"Oh, come look at the Royal Sparkling Ruby grape!" cried Euphemia. "It glows in the sun like a gem."

"Yes," said the agent, "and fills the air with fragrance during the whole month of September——"

"I tell you," I shouted, "I can't hold this dog another minute! The chain is cutting the skin off my hands. Run, sir, run! I'm going to let go!"

"Run! run!" cried Pomona. "Fly for your life!"

The agent now began to be frightened, and shut up his book.

"If you only could see the plates, sir, I'm sure——"

"Are you ready?" I cried, as the dog, excited by Pomona's wild shouts, made a bolt in his direction.

"Good-day, if I must——" said the agent, as he hurried to the gate. But there he stopped.

"There is nothing, sir," he said, "that would so improve your place as a row of the Spitzenberg Sweet-scented Balsam fir along this fence. I'll sell you three-year-old trees——"

"He's loose!" I shouted, as I dropped the chain.

In a second the agent was on the other side of the gate. Lord Edward made a dash toward him; but, stopping suddenly, flew back to the tree of the tramp.

"If you should conclude, sir," said the tree-agent, looking over the fence, "to have a row of those firs along here——"

"My good sir," said I, "there is no row of firs there now, and the fence is not very high. My dog, as you see, is very much excited, and I cannot answer for the consequences if he takes it into his head to jump over."

The tree-agent turned and walked slowly away.

"Now, look-a-here," cried the tramp from the tree, in the voice of a very ill-used person, "aint you goin' to fasten up that dog, and let me git down?"

I walked up close to the tree and addressed him.

"No," said I, "I am not. When a man comes to my place, bullies a young girl who was about to relieve his hunger, and then boldly determines to enter my house and help himself to my property, I don't propose to fasten up any dog that may happen to be after him. If I had another dog, I'd let him loose, and give this faithful beast a rest. You can do as you please. You can come

down and have it out with the dog, or you can stay up there, until I have had my dinner. Then I will drive down to the village and bring up the constable, and deliver you into his hands. We want no such fellows as you about."

With that, I unhooked the chain from Lord Edward, and walked off to put up the horse. The man shouted after me, but I paid no attention. I did not feel in a good humor with him.

Euphemia was a good deal disturbed by the occurrences of the afternoon. She was sorry for the man in the tree; she was sorry that the agent for the Royal Ruby grape had been obliged to go away; and I had a good deal of trouble during dinner to make her see things in the proper light. But I succeeded at last.

I did not hurry through dinner, and when we had finished I went to my work at the barn. Tramps are not generally pressed for time, and Pomona had been told to give our captive something to eat.

I was just locking the door of the carriage-house, when Pomona came running to me to tell me that the tramp wanted to see me about something very important—just a minute, he said. I put the key in my pocket and walked over to the tree. It was now almost dark, but I could see that the dog, the tramp, and the tree still kept their respective places.

"Look-a-here," said the individual in the crotch, "you don't know how dreadful oneasy these limbs gits after you've been settin' up here as long as I have. And I don't want to have nuthin to do with no constables. I'll tell you what I'll do: if you'll chain up that dog, and let me go, I'll fix things so that you'll not be troubled no more by no tramps."

"How will you do that?" I asked.

"Oh, never you mind," said he. "I'll give you my word of honor I'll do it. There's a reg'lar understandin' among us fellers, you know."

I considered the matter. The word of honor of a fellow such as he was could not be worth much, but the merest chance of getting rid of tramps should not be neglected. I went in to talk to Euphemia about it, although I knew what she would say. I reasoned with myself as much as with her.

"If we put this one fellow in prison for a few weeks," I said, "the benefit is not very great. If we are freed from all tramps, for the season, the benefit is very great. Shall we try for the greatest good?"

"Certainly," said Euphemia; "and his legs must be dreadfully stiff."

So I went out, and after a struggle of some minutes, I chained Lord Edward to a post at a little distance from the apple-tree. When he was secure, the tramp descended nimbly from his perch, notwithstanding his stiff legs, and hurried out of the gate. He stopped to make no remarks over the fence. With a wild howl of disappointed ambition, Lord Edward threw himself after him. But the chain held.

A lane of moderate length led from our house to the main road, and the next day, as we were riding home, I noticed, on the trunk of a large tree, which stood at the corner of the lane and road, a curious mark. I drew up to see what it was, but we could not make it out. It was a very rude device, cut deeply into the tree, and somewhat resembled a square, a circle, a triangle, and a cross, with some smaller marks beneath it. I felt sure that our tramp had cut it, and that it had some significance, which would be understood by the members of his fraternity.

And it must have had, for no tramps came near us all that summer. We were visited by a needy person now and then, but by no member of the regular army of tramps.

One afternoon, that fall, I walked home, and at the corner of the lane I saw a tramp looking up at the mark on the tree, which was still quite distinct.

"What does that mean?" I said, stepping up to him.

"How do I know?" said the man, "and what do you want to know fur?"

"Just out of curiosity," I said; "I have often noticed it. I think you can tell me what it means, and if you will do so, I'll give you a dollar."

"And keep mum about it?" said the man.

"Yes," I replied, taking out the dollar.

"All right!" said the tramp. "That sign means that the man that lives up this lane is a mean, stingy cuss, with a wicked dog, and it's no good to go there."

I handed him the dollar and went away, perfectly satisfied with my reputation.

I wish here to make some mention of Euphemia's methods of work in her chicken-yard. She kept a book, which she at first called her "Fowl Record," but she afterward changed the name to "Poultry Register." I never could thoroughly understand this book, although she has often explained every part of it to me. She had pages for registering the age, description, time of pur-

chase or of birth, and subsequent performances of every fowl in her yard. She had divisions of the book for expenses, profits, probable losses and positive losses; she noted the number of eggs put under each setting hen; the number of eggs cracked per day, the number spoiled, and finally, the number hatched. Each chick, on emerging from its shell, was registered, and an account kept of its subsequent life and adventures. There were frequent calculations regarding the advantages of various methods of treatment, and there were statements of the results of a great many experiments—something like this: "Set Topsy and her sister Pinky, April 3d, 187—; Topsy with twelve eggs,—three Brahma, four common, and five Leghorn; Pinky with thirteen eggs (as she weighs four ounces more than her sister), of which three were Leghorn, five common, and five Brahma. During the twenty-second and twenty-third of April (same year), Topsy hatched out four Brahmas, two commons, and three Leghorns, while her sister, on these days and the morning of the day following, hatched two Leghorns, six commons, and only one Brahma. Now, could Topsy, who had only three Brahma eggs, and hatched out four of that breed, have exchanged eggs with her sister, thus making it possible for her to hatch out six common chickens, when she only had five eggs of that kind? Or, did the eggs get mixed up in some way before going into the possession of the hens? Calculate probabilities."

These probabilities must have puzzled Euphemia a great deal, but they never disturbed her equanimity. She was always as tranquil and good-humored about her poultry-yard as if every hen laid an egg every day, and a hen-chick was hatched out of every egg.

For it may be remembered that the principle underlying Euphemia's management of her poultry was what might be designated as the "cumulative hatch." That is, she wished every chicken hatched in her yard to become the mother of a brood of her own during the year, and every one of this brood to raise another brood the next year, and so on, in a kind of geometrical progression. This plan called for a great many mother-fowls, and so Euphemia based her highest hopes on a great annual preponderance of hens.

We ate a good many young roosters that fall, for Euphemia would not allow all the products of her yard to go to market, and, also, a great many eggs and fowls were sold. She had not contented herself with her

original stock of poultry, but had bought fowls during the winter, and she certainly had extraordinary good luck, or else her extraordinary system worked extraordinarily well.

It was in the latter part of August of that year that it became necessary for some one in the office in which I was engaged to go to St. Louis to attend to important business. Everything seemed to point to me as the fit person, for I understood the particular business better than any one else. I felt that I ought to go, but I did not altogether like to do it. I went home, and Euphemia and I talked over the matter far into the regulation sleeping-hours.

There were very good reasons why we should go (for, of course, I would not think of taking such a journey without Euphemia). In the first place, it would be of advantage to me, in my business connection, to take the trip, and then it would be such a charming journey for us. We had never been west of the Alleghanies, and nearly all the country we would see would be new to us. We would come home by the great lakes and Niagara, and the prospect was delightful to both of us. But then we would have to leave Rudder Grange for at least three weeks, and how could we do that?

This was indeed a difficult question to answer. Who could take care of our garden, our poultry, our horse and cow, and all their complicated belongings? The garden was in admirable condition. Our vegetables were coming in every day in just that fresh and satisfactory condition—altogether unknown to people who buy vegetables—for which I had labored so faithfully, and about which I had had so many cheerful anticipations. As to Euphemia's chicken-yard,—with Euphemia away,—the subject was too great for us. We did not even discuss it. But we would give up all the pleasures of our home for the chance of this most desirable excursion, if we could but think of some one who would come and take care of the place while we were gone. Rudder Grange could not run itself for three weeks.

We thought of every available person. Old John would not do. We did not feel that we could trust him. We thought of several of our friends; but there was, in both our minds, a certain shrinking from the idea of handing over the place to any of them for such a length of time. For my part, I said, I would rather leave Pomona in charge than any one else; but, then, Pomona was young and a girl. Euphemia agreed

with me that she would rather trust her than any one else, but she also agreed in regard to the disqualifications. So, when I went to the office the next morning, we had fully determined to go on the trip, if we could find some one to take charge of our place while we were gone. When I returned from the office in the afternoon, I had agreed to go to St. Louis. By this time, I had no choice in the matter, unless I wished to interfere very much with my own interests. We were to start in two days. If in that time we could get any one to stay at the place, very well; if not, Pomona must assume the charge. We were not able to get any one, and Pomona did assume the charge. It is surprising how greatly relieved we felt when we were obliged to come to this conclusion. The arrangement was exactly what we wanted, and now that there was no help for it, our consciences were easy.

We felt sure that there would be no danger to Pomona. Lord Edward would be with her, and she was a young person who was extraordinarily well able to take care of herself. Old John would be within call in case she needed him, and I borrowed a bull-dog to be kept in the house at night. Pomona herself was more than satisfied with the plan.

We made out, the night before we left, a long and minute series of directions for her guidance in household, garden and farm matters, and directed her to keep a careful record of everything noteworthy that might occur. She was fully supplied with all the necessities of life, and it has seldom happened that a young girl has been left in such a responsible and independent position as that in which we left Pomona. She was very proud of it.

Our journey was ten times more delightful than we had expected it would be, and successful in every way; and yet, although we enjoyed every hour of the trip, we were no sooner fairly on our way home than we became so wildly anxious to get there, that we reached Rudder Grange on Wednesday, whereas we had written that we would be home on Thursday. We arrived early in the afternoon and walked up from the station, leaving our baggage to be sent in the express wagon. As we approached our dear home, we wanted to run, we were so eager to see it.

There it was, the same as ever. I lifted the gate-latch; the gate was locked. We ran to the carriage-gate; that was locked, too. Just then I noticed a placard on the fence; it was not printed, but the lettering.

was large, apparently made with ink and a brush. It read:

TO BE SOLD
For TAXES.

We stood and looked at each other. Euphemia turned pale.

"What does this mean?" said I. "Has our landlord——"

I could say no more. The dreadful thought arose that the place might pass away from us. We were not yet ready to buy it. But I did not put the thought in words. There was a field next to our lot, and I got over the fence and helped Euphemia over. Then we climbed our side-fence. This was more difficult, but we accomplished it without thinking much about its difficulties; our hearts were too full of painful apprehensions. I hurried to the front door; it was locked. All the lower windows were shut. We went around to the kitchen. What surprised us more than anything else was the absence of Lord Edward. Had *he* been sold?

Before we reached the back part of the house, Euphemia said she felt faint and must sit down. I led her to a tree near by, under which I had made a rustic chair. The chair was gone. She sat on the grass and I ran to the pump for some water. I looked for the bright tin dipper which always hung by the pump. It was not there. But I had a traveling-cup in my pocket, and as I was taking it out I looked around me. There was an air of bareness over everything. I did not know what it all meant, but I know that my hand trembled as I took hold of the pump-handle and began to pump.

At the first sound of the pump-handle I heard a deep bark in the direction of the barn, and then furiously around the corner came Lord Edward. Before I had filled the cup he was bounding about me. I believe the glad welcome of the dog did more to revive Euphemia than the water. He was delighted to see us, and in a moment up came Pomona, running from the barn. Her face was radiant, too. We felt relieved. Here were two friends who looked as if they were neither sold nor ruined.

Pomona quickly saw that we were ill at ease, and before I could put a question to her, she divined the cause. Her countenance fell.

"You know," said she, "you said you wasn't comin' till to-morrow. If you only

had come then—I was goin' to have everything just exactly right—an' now you had to climb in——"

And the poor girl looked as if she might cry, which would have been a wonderful thing for Pomona to do.

"Tell me one thing," said I. "What about—those taxes?"

"Oh, that's all right," she cried. "Don't think another minute about that. I'll tell you all about it soon. But come in first, and I'll get you some lunch in a minute."

We were somewhat relieved by Pomona's statement that it was "all right" in regard to the tax-poster, but we were very anxious to know all about the matter. Pomona, however, gave us little chance to ask her any questions. As soon as she had made ready our lunch, she asked us, as a particular favor, to give her three-quarters of an hour to herself, and then, said she, "I'll have everything looking just as if it was to-morrow."

We respected her feelings, for, of course, it was a great disappointment to her to be taken thus unawares, and we remained in the dining-room until she appeared, and announced that she was ready for us to go about. We availed ourselves quickly of the privilege, and Euphemia hurried to the chicken-yard, while I bent my steps toward the garden and barn. As I went out I noticed that the rustic chair was in its place, and passing the pump I looked for the dipper. It was there. I asked Pomona about the chair, but she did not answer as quickly as was her habit.

"Would you rather," said she, "hear it all together, when you come in, or have it in little bits, head and tail, all of a jumble?"

I called to Euphemia and asked her what she thought, and she was so anxious to get to her chickens that she said she would much rather wait and hear it all together. We found everything in perfect order,—the garden was even free from weeds, a thing I had not expected. If it had not been for that cloud on the front fence, I should have been happy enough. Pomona had said it was all right, but she could not have paid the taxes—however, I would wait; and I went to the barn.

When Euphemia came in from the poultry-yard, she called me and said she was in a hurry to hear Pomona's account of things. So I went in, and we sat on the side porch, where it was shady, while Pomona, producing some sheets of foolscap paper, took her seat on the upper step.

"I wrote down the things of any account what happened," said she, "as you told me to, and while I was about it, I thought I'd make it like a novel. It would be jist as true, and p'r'aps more amusin'. I suppose you don't mind?"

No, we didn't mind. So she went on.

"I haven't got no name for my novel. I intended to think one out to-night. I wrote this all of nights. And I don't read the first chapters, for they tell about my birth and my parent-age and my early adventures. I'll just come down to what happened to me while you was away, because you'll be more anxious to hear about that. All that's written here is true, jist the same as if I told it to you, but I've put it into novel language because it seems to come easier to me."

And then, in a voice somewhat different from her ordinary tones, as if the "novel language" demanded it, she began to read:

"Chapter Five. The Lonely house and the Faithful friend. Thus was I left alone. None but two dogs to keep me com-pa-ny. I milk-ed the lowing kine and water-ed and fed the steed, and then, after my fru-gal repast, I clos-ed the man-si-on, shutting out all re-col-lections of the past and also fore-sights into the future. That night was a me-mor-able one. I slept soundly until the break of morn, but had the events transpired which afterward occur-red, what would have hap-pen-ed to me no tongue can tell. Early the next day nothing hap-pen-ed. Soon after breakfast, the vener-able John came to bor-row some ker-o-sene oil and a half a pound of sugar, but his attempt was foil-ed. I knew too well the in-sid-i-ous foe. In the very out-set of his vil-li-an-y I sent him home with a empty can. For two long days I wander-ed amid the ver-dant pathways of the gar-den and to the barn, whenever and anon my du-ty call-ed me, nor did I ere neg-lect the fow-ery. No cloud o'er-spread this happy pe-ri-od of my life. But the cloud was ri-sing in the horizon although I saw it not.

"It was about twenty-five minutes after eleven, on the morning of a Thursday, that I sat ponder-ing in my mind the ques-ti-on what to do with the butter and the veg-et-ables. Here was butter, and here was green corn and lima-beans and trophy to-mats, far more than I ere could use. And here was a horse, idly cropping the fol-i-age in the field, for as my employer had advis-ed and order-ed I had put the steed to grass. And here was a wagon, none too new, which

had it the top taken off, or even the curtains roll-ed up, would do for a li-cen-ced vender. With the truck and butter, and mayhap some milk, I could load that wagon——"

"O, Pomona," interrupted Euphemia. "You don't mean to say that you were thinking of doing anything like that?"

"Well, I was just beginning to think of it," said Pomona, "but of course I couldn't have gone away and left the house. And you'll see I didn't do it." And then she continued her novel. "But while my thoughts were thus employ-ed, I heard Lord Edward burst into bark-ter——"

At this Euphemia and I could not help bursting into laughter. Pomona did not seem at all confused, but went on with her reading.

"I hurried to the door, and look-ing out, I saw a wagon at the gate. Re-pair-ing there, I saw a man. Said he, 'Wilt open this gate?' I had fas-ten-ed up the gates and remov-ed every steal-able ar-ticle from the yard."

Euphemia and I looked at each other. This explained the absence of the rustic seat and the dipper.

"Thus, with my mind at ease, I could let my faith-ful fri-end, the dog (for he it was), roam with me through the grounds, while the fi-erce bull-dog guard-ed the man-si-on within. Then said I, quite bold, unto him, 'No. I let in no man here. My em-ploy-er and employ-er-ess are now from home. What do you want?' Then says he, as bold as brass, 'I've come to put the light-en-ing rods upon the house. Open the gate.' 'What rods?' says I. 'The rods as was order-ed,' says he, 'open the gate.' I stood and gaz-ed at him. Full well I saw through his pinch-beck mask. I knew his tricks. In the ab-sence of my employ-er, he would put up rods, and ever so many more than was wanted, and likely, too, some miser-able trash that would attrack the light-en-ing, instead of keep-ing it off. Then, as it would spoil the house to take them down, they would be kept, and pay demand-ed. 'No, sir,' says I. 'No light-en-ing rods upon this house whilst I stand here,' and with that I walk-ed away, and let Lord Edward loose. The man he storm-ed with pas-si-on. His eyes flash-ed fire. He would e'en have scal-ed the gate, but when he saw the dog he did forbear. As it was then near noon, I strode away to feed the fowls; but when I did return, I saw a sight which froze the blood with-in my veins——"

"The dog didn't kill him?" cried Euphemia.

"Oh no, ma'am!" said Pomona. "You'll see that that wasn't it. At one corner of the lot, in front, a base boy, who had accompanied this man, was banging on the fence with a long stick, and thus attacking to himself the rage of Lord Edward, while the vile intriguer of a lightening rodder had brought a ladder to the other side of the house, up which he had now ascended, and was on the roof. What horrors filled my soul! How my form trembled!" "This," continued Pomona, "is the end of the novel," and she laid her foolscap pages on the porch.

Euphemia and I exclaimed, with one voice, against this. We had just reached the most exciting part, and, I added, we had heard nothing yet about that affair of the taxes.

"You see, sir," said Pomona, "it took me so long to write out the chapters about my birth, my parentage, and my early adventures, that I hadn't time to finish up the rest. But I can tell you what happened after that just as well as if I had writ it out." And so she went on, much more glibly than before, with the account of the doings of the lightning-rod man.

"There was that wretch on top of the house, a-fixin' his old rods and hammerin' away for dear life. He'd brought his ladder over the side fence, where the dog, a-barkin' and plungin' at the boy outside, couldn't see him. I stood dumb for a minute, an' then I know'd I had him. I rushed into the house, got a piece of well-rope, tied it to the bull-dog's collar, an' dragged him out and fastened him to the bottom rung of the ladder. Then I walks over to the front fence with Lord Edward's chain, for I knew that if he got at that bull-dog there'd be times, fur they'd never been allowed to see each other yet. So says I to the boy, 'I'm goin' to tie up the dog, so you needn't be afraid of his jumpin' over the fence,'—which he couldn't do, or the boy would have been a corpse for twenty minutes, or may be half an hour. The boy kinder laughed, and said I needn't mind, which I didn't. Then I went to the gate, and I clicked to the horse which was standin' there, an' off he starts, as good as gold, an' trots down the road. The boy, he said somethin' or other pretty bad, an' away he goes after him; but the horse was a-trottin' pretty fast, an' had a good start."

"How on earth could you ever think of

doing such things?" said Euphemia. "That horse might have upset the wagon and broken all the lightning-rods, besides running over I don't know how many people."

"But you see, ma'am, that wasn't my lookout," said Pomona. "I was a-defendin' the house, and the enemy must expect to have things happen to him. So then I hears an awful row on the roof, and there was the man just coming down the ladder. He'd heard the horse go off, and when he got about half-way down an' caught a sight of the bull-dog, he was madder than ever you seed a lightnin'-rodder in all your born days. 'Take that dog off er there!' he yelled at me. 'No, I wont,' says I. 'I never see a girl like you since I was born,' he screams at me. 'I guess it would 'a' been better fur you if you had,' says I; an' then he was so mad he couldn't stand it any longer, and he comes down as low as he could, and when he saw just how long the rope was,—which was pretty short,—he made a jump, and landed clear of the dog. Then he went on dreadful because he couldn't get at his ladder to take it away; and I wouldn't untie the dog, because if I had he'd 'a' tore the tendons out of that feller's legs in no time. I never see a dog in such a boiling passion, and yet never making no sound at all but blood-curdlin' grunts. An' I don't see how the rodder would 'a' got his ladder at all if the dog hadn't made an awful jump at him, and jerked the ladder down. It just missed your geranium-bed, and the rodder, he ran to the other end of it, and began pullin' it away, dog an' all. 'Look-a-here,' says I, 'we can fix him now;' and so he cooled down enough to help me, and I unlocked the front door, and we pushed the bottom end of the ladder in, dog and all; an' then I shut the door as tight as it would go, an' untied the end of the rope, an' the rodder pulled the ladder out while I held the door to keep the dog from follerin', which he came pretty near doin', anyway. But I locked him in, and then the man began stormin' again about his wagon; but when he looked out an' see the boy comin' back with it,—for somebody must 'a' stopped the horse,—he stopped stormin' and went to put up his ladder ag'in. 'No, you don't,' says I; 'I'll let the big dog loose next time, and if I put him at the foot of your ladder, you'll never come down.' 'But I want to go and take down what I put up,' he says; 'I aint a-goin' on with this job.' 'No,' says I, 'you aint; and you can't go up there to wrench off them rods and make rain-holes

in the roof, neither.' He couldn't get no madder than he was then, an' fur a minute or two he couldn't speak, an' then he says, 'I'll have satisfaction for this.' An' says I, 'How?' An' says he, 'You'll see what it is to interfere with a ordered job.' An' says I, 'There wasn't no order about it;' an' says he, 'I'll show you better than that;' an' he goes to his wagon an' gits a book. 'There,' says he, 'read that.' 'What of it?' says I; 'there's nobody of the name of Ball lives here.' That took the man kinder aback, and he said he was told it was the only house on the lane, which I said was right, only it was the next lane he oughter 'a' gone to. He said no more after that, but just put his ladder in his wagon, and went off. But I was not altogether rid of him. He left a trail of his baleful presence behind him.

"That horrid bull-dog wouldn't let me come into the house! No matter what door I tried, there he was, just foamin' mad. I let him stay till nearly night, and then went and spoke kind to him; but it was no good. He'd got an awful spite ag'in me. I found something to eat down cellar, and I made a fire outside an' roasted some corn and potatoes. That night I slep' in the barn. I wasn't afraid to be away from the house, for I knew it was safe enough, with that dog in it and Lord Edward outside. For three days, Sunday an' all, I was kep' out of this here house. I got along pretty well with the sleepin' and the eatin', but the drinkin' was the worst. I couldn't get no coffee or tea; but there was plenty of milk."

"Why didn't you get some man to come and attend to the dog?" I asked. "It was dreadful to live that way."

"Well, I didn't know no man that could do it," said Pomona. "The dog would 'a' been too much for Old John, and besides, he was mad about the kerosene. Sunday afternoon, Captain Atkinson and Mrs. Atkinson and their little girl in a push-wagon, come here, and I told 'em you was gone away; but they says they would stop a minute, and could I give them a drink; an' I had nothin' to give it to them but an old chicken-bowl that I had washed out, for even the dipper was in the house, an' I told 'em everything was locked up, which was true enough, though they must 'a' thought you was a queer kind of people; but I wasn't a-goin' to say nothin' about the dog, fur, to tell the truth, I was ashamed to do it. So as soon as they'd gone, I went down into the cellar,—and it's lucky that I had the key for the outside cellar door,—and I got

a piece of fat corn-beef and the meat-ax. I unlocked the kitchen door and went in, with the axe in one hand and the meat in the other. The dog might take his choice. I know'd he must be pretty nigh famished, for there was nothin' that he could get at to eat. As soon as I went in, he came runnin' to me; but I could see he was shaky on his legs. He looked a sort of wicked at me, and then he grabbed the meat. He was all right then."

"Oh, my!" said Euphemia, "I am so glad to hear that. I was afraid you never got in. But we saw the dog—is he as savage yet?"

"Oh no!" said Pomona; "nothin' like it."

"Look here, Pomona," said I, "I want to know about those taxes. When do they come into your story?"

"Pretty soon, sir," said she, and she went on:

"After that, I know'd it wouldn't do to have them two dogs so that they'd have to be tied up if they see each other. Just as like as not I'd want them both at once, and then they'd go to fightin', and leave me to settle with some blood-thirsty lightnin'-rod-der. So, as I know'd if they once had a fair fight and found out which was master, they'd be good friends afterward, I thought the best thing to do would be to let 'em fight it out, when there was nothin' else for 'em to do. So I fixed up things for the combat."

"Why, Pomona!" cried Euphemia, "I didn't think you were capable of such a cruel thing."

"It looks that way, ma'am, but really it aint," replied the girl. "It seemed to me as if it would be a mercy to both of 'em to have the thing settled. So I cleared away a place in front of the wood-shed and unchained Lord Edward, and then I opened the kitchen door and called the bull. Out he came, with his teeth a-showin', and his blood-shot eyes, and his crooked front legs. Like lightnin' from the mount'in blast, he made one bounce for the big dog, and oh! what a fight there was! They rolled, they gnashed, they knocked over the wood-horse and sent chips a-flyin' all ways at wonst. I thought Lord Edward would whip in a minute or two; but he didn't, for the bull stuck to him like a burr, and they was havin' it, ground and lofty, when I hears some one run up behind me, and turnin' quick, there was the 'Piscopalian minister, 'My! my! my!' he hollers; 'what a awful spectacle! Aint there no way of stoppin' it?'

'No, sir,' says I, and I told him how I didn't want to stop it, and the reason why. Then says he, 'Where's your master?' and I told him how you was away. 'Isn't there any man at all about?' says he. 'No,' says I. 'Then,' says he, 'if there's nobody else to stop it, I must do it myself.' An' he took off his coat. 'No,' says I, 'you keep back, sir. If there's anybody to plunge into that arena, the blood be mine;' an' I put my hand, without thinkin', ag'in his black shirt-bosom, to hold him back; but he didn't notice, bein' so excited. 'Now,' says I, 'jist wait one minute, and you'll see that bull's tail go between his legs. He's weakenin'.' An' sure enough, Lord Edward got a good grab at him, and was a-shakin' the very life out of him, when I run up and took Lord Edward by the collar. 'Drop it!' says I, and he dropped it, for he know'd he'd whipped, and he was pretty tired hisself. Then the bull-dog, he trotted off with his tail a-hangin' down. 'Now, then,' says I, 'them dogs will be bosom friends forever after this.' 'Ah me!' says he, 'I'm sorry indeed that your employer, for who I've always had a great respect, should allow you to get into such habits.' That made me feel real bad, and I told him, mighty quick, that you was the last man in the world to let me do anything like that, and that, if you'd 'a' been here, you'd 'a' separated them dogs, if they'd a-chawed your arms off; that you was very particular about such things; and that it would be a pity if he was to think you was a dog-fightin' gentleman, when I'd often heard you say that, now you was fixed an' settled, the one thing you would like most would be to be made a vestryman."

I sat up straight in my chair.

"Pomona!" I exclaimed, "you didn't tell him that?"

"That's what I said, sir, for I wanted him to know what you really was; an' he says, 'Well, well, I never knew that. It might be a very good thing. I'll speak to some of the members about it. There's two vacancies now in our vestry.'"

I was crushed; but Euphemia tried to put the matter into the brightest light.

"Perhaps it may all turn out for the best," she said, "and you may be elected, and that would be splendid. But it would be an awfully funny thing for a dog-fight to make you a vestryman."

I could not talk on this subject. "Go on, Pomona," I said, trying to feel resigned to my shame, "and tell us about that poster on the fence."

"I'll be to that almost right away," she said. "It was two or three days after the dog-fight that I was down at the barn, and happenin' to look over to Old John's, I saw that tree-man there. He was a-showin' his book to John, and him and his wife and all the young ones was a-standin' there, drinkin' down them big peaches and pears as if they was all real. I know'd he'd come here ag'in, for them fellers never gives you up; and I didn't know how to keep him away, for I didn't want to let the dogs loose on a man what, after all, didn't want to do no more harm than to talk the life out of you. So I just happened to notice, as I came to the house, how kinder desolate everything looked, and I thought perhaps I might make it look worse, and he wouldn't care to deal here. So I thought of puttin' up a poster like that, for nobody whose place was a-goin' to be sold for taxes would be likely to want trees. So I run in the house, and wrote it quick and put it up. And sure enough, the man he come along soon, and when he looked at that paper, and tried the gate, an' looked over the fence an' saw the house all shut up an' not a livin' soul about,—for I had both the dogs in the house with me,—he shook his head an' walked off, as much as to say, 'If that man had fixed his place up proper with my trees, he wouldn't 'a' come to this!' An' then, as I found the poster worked so good, I thought it might keep other people from comin' a-botherin' around, and so I left it up; but I was a-goin' to be sure and take it down before you came."

As it was now pretty late in the afternoon, I proposed that Pomona should postpone the rest of her narrative until evening. She said that there was nothing else to tell that was very particular; and I did not feel as if I could stand anything more just now, even if it was very particular.

When we were alone, I said to Euphemia:

"If we ever have to go away from this place again——"

"But we wont go away," she interrupted, looking up to me with as bright a face as she ever had, "at least, not for a long, long, long time to come. And I'm so glad you're to be a vestryman."

WABASH BUBBLES.

I.—A PAW-PAW.

In dusky groves, where cheerily all day long,
Mocking the nut-hatch and the cardinal,
The trim drab cat-bird trolls its fitful song,
I hear the mellow, golden paw-paws fall.

. . . . What luscious fruit! Scorned as of little worth
By those who long for guavas of the South,
Figs and bananas, pining that the North
Is barren of the luxuries of the earth!

Fruit, that I sought in childhood with a mouth
Eager to taste thy wild delicious juice!
What orange grown in groves of Italy,
Or what pomegranate ripened in the dews
Of Grecian isles, would I not now refuse
For the rare-flavored, racy pulp of thee!

II.—A SANDPIPER.

UNBALANCED bird, whose see-saw motion tells
Of something feeble in thy character,
Thou seemest a constant, aimless wanderer
In places where no sign of beauty dwells:
The sand-bars, that thy shadowy feet prefer,
Are spots most sadly drear and desolate

I wonder what bereavement wrought thy fate,
And made thee restless as an autumn leaf?
What voice can soothe thy sorrow into cheer?
What silken wing can fan away thy grief?

A coward, too! When the big frog hops near,
Thou shiest off in ecstasy of fear,
Like some thin spinster scared almost to death,
Because a man comes down her garden path!

III.—A GREEN HERON.

WHERE a bright creek into the river's side
Shoots its keen arrow, a green heron sits
Watching the sunfish as it gleaming flits
From sheen to shade. He sees the turtle glide
Through the clear spaces of the rhythmic stream,
Like some weird fancy through a poet's dream;
—He turns his golden eyes from side to side,
In very gladness that he is not dead,
While the swift wind-stream ripples over-head,
And the creek's wavelets babble underneath!

O bird! that in a cheerful gloom dost live,
Thou art, to me, a type of happy death;
For when thou fliest away no mate will grieve
Because a lone, strange spirit vanisheth!

IV.—A FROG.

CROUCHED in the water-grass, this comical
 Green, blear-eyed harlequin doth blink, and peep,
 And yawn, as if just startled out of sleep
 By the white heron's delicate wing-fall
 I wonder if he ever thinks at all?
 And, if he does, what fancies please him best?
 One would suspect him of rare oddities
 In serious verse—of grim conceit and jest,
 And ludicrous phrase, that could not fail to please
 The most exacting humorist in the West!

But sometimes, when I watch his eyes, I see
 A gleam that chills my blood, so strange it is.—
 The eyes of Nero might, it seems to me,
 Have worn in death's last throes a look like this!

V.—AN OWL.

WHAT art thou, say, a bird, or beast, or what?
 Leering from that old plane-tree's hollow stem!
 Thine eyes have something criminal in them,
 And thy hooked beak suggests a chilling thought
 Of midnight murder of sweet sleeping things,
 Dreaming with delicate heads beneath their wings,
 And of thy hideous presence knowing not,
 Till thou dost swoop! . . . I scarce can look at thee
 Without a shudder, thinking how, of old,
 In frightful dungeons far beyond the sea,
 The heathen kings their prisoners would hold
 For devilish wreaking of their cruelty,
 And, while the beasts lapped human blood as wine,
 Laughed in a husky, heartless voice, like thine!

TWO PURSE-COMPANIONS.

EVERYBODY in college who knew them at all was curious to see what would come of a friendship between two persons so opposite in tastes, habitudes and appearance as John Silverthorn and Bill Vibbard. John was a hard reader, and Bill a lazy one. John was thin and graceful, with something pensive yet free and vivid in his nature; Bill was robust, prosaic and conventional. There was an air of neglect and a prospective sense of worldly failure about Silverthorn, but you would at once have singled out Vibbard as being well cared for, and adapted to push his way. Their likes and dislikes even in the matter of amusement were dissimilar; and Vibbard was easy-going and popular, while Silverthorn was shy and had few acquaintances. Yet, as far as possible, they were always with each

other; they roomed, worked, walked and lounged in company, and often made mutual concessions of taste so that they might avoid being separated. It was also discovered that though their allowances were unequal, they had put them together and paid all expenses out of a common purse. Their very differences made this alliance a great advantage in some respects, and it was rendered stronger by the fact that, however incompatible outwardly, they agreed in both, acting with an earnest straightforwardness.

But perhaps I had better describe how I first saw them together. It was on a Saturday, when a good many men were always sure to be found disporting themselves on the ball-field. I used to exercise my muscles by going to look at them, on these occasions;

and on that particular day I came near being hit by a sudden ball, which was caught by an active, darting figure just in time to save my head from an awkward encounter. I nodded to my rescuer, and called out cordially, "Thank you!"

"All right," said he, in a glum tone meant to be good-naturedly modest. "Look out for yourself next time."

It was Bill Vibbard, then in the latter part of his freshman year; and not far distant I discovered his comrade Silverthorn, watching Bill in silent admiration. They continued slowly on their way toward an oak-grove, which then stood near the field. Silverthorn, a smaller figure than Vibbard, wore a suit of uniform tint, made of sleazy gray stuff that somehow at once gave me the idea that it was taken out of one of his mother's discarded dresses. His face was nearly colorless without being pallid; and the faint golden down on his cheeks and upper lip, instead of being disagreeably juvenile, really added to the pleasant dreaminess that hung like a haze over his mild young features. He was slender, he carried himself rather quaintly; but his gait was buoyant and spirited. At that season the lilacs were in bloom, and Silverthorn held a glorious plume of the pale blossoms in his hand. What the first touch of fire is to the woods in autumn, the blooming of the lilac is to the new summer—a mystery, a beauty, too exquisite to last long intact; evanescent as human breath, yet, like that, fraught with incalculable values. All this Silverthorn must have felt to the full, judging from the tender way in which he held the flowers, even while absorbed in talk with his friend. His fingers seemed conscious that they were touching the clue to a finer life. In Vibbard's warm, tough fist, the lilacs would have faded within ten minutes. Vibbard was stocky and muscular, and his feet went down at each step as if they never meant to come up again. He wore stylish clothes, kept his hands much in his coat pockets, affected high-colored neck-scarfs, and had a red face with blunt features. When he was excited, his face wore a fierce aspect; when he felt friendly, it became almost foolishly sentimental; as a general thing it was morosely inert.

Being in my senior year, I did not see much of either Vibbard or his friend; but I sometimes occupied myself with attempts to analyze the sources of their intimacy. I remember stating to one of my young acquaintances that Vibbard probably had a

secret longing to be feminine and ideal, and that Silverthorn felt himself at fault in masculine toughness and hardihood, so that each sought the companionship of the other, hoping to gain some of the qualities which he himself lacked; and my young acquaintance offended me by replying, as if it had all been perfectly obvious, "Of course."

After I had been graduated, and had entered the Law School, Silverthorn and Vibbard came to my room one day, on a singular errand, which—though I did not guess it then—was to influence their lives for many a year afterward.

"Ferguson," began Bill, rather shyly, when they had seated themselves, "I suppose you know enough of law, by this time, to draw up a paper."

"Yes, I suppose so; or draw it down, either," I replied. But I saw at once that my flippancy did not suit the occasion, for the two young fellows glanced at each other very seriously and seemed embarrassed. "What do you want me to do?" I asked.

Silverthorn now spoke, in his soft light inexperienced voice, which possessed a singular charm.

"It's all Bill's idea," said he, rather carelessly, "I would much rather have the understanding in words, but he——"

"Yes," broke in Bill, growing suddenly red and vehement, "I'm not going to have it a thing that can be forgotten. No one knows what might happen."

"Well, well," said I, "if I'm to help you, you'd better fire away and tell me what it is you're after."

"I will," returned Vibbard, with a touch of that fierceness which marked his resolute moods. "Thorny and I have agreed to stand by each other when we quit college. Men are always forming friendships in the beginning of life, and then getting dragged apart by circumstances, such as wide separation and different interests. We don't want this to happen, and so we've made a compact that whichever one of us, Thorny or me, shall be worth thirty thousand dollars first,—why that one is to give the other half. That is, unless the second one is already well enough off, so that to give him a full half would put him ahead of whichever has the thirty thousand. D'you see?"

"The idea is to keep even as long as we can, you know," said Silverthorn, turning from one of my books which he had begun to glance through, and looking into my eyes with a delighted, straightforward gaze.

"That's a very curious notion!" said I, turning over the plan with a caution born of legal readings. "Before we go on, would you mind telling me which one of you originated this scheme?"

I was facing Silverthorn as I spoke, but felt impelled to turn quickly and include Vibbard in the question. They were both silent. It was plain, after a moment, that they really didn't know which one of them had first thought of this compact.

"Wasn't it you?" queried Silverthorn, musingly, of his comrade.

"I don't know," returned Vibbard; then, as if so much subtlety annoyed him: "What difference does it make, any way? Can't you draw an agreement for us, Ferguson?"

But I was really so much interested in getting at their minds through this channel, that I couldn't comply at once.

"Now, you two fellows, you know," said I, laughing, "are younger than I, and I think it becomes me to know exactly what this thing means, before proceeding any further in it. How can I tell but one of you is trying to get an advantage over the other?"

The pair looked startled at this, but it was only, I found, because they were so astonished at having such a construction put upon their project.

"Don't be alarmed," I hastened to say. "I wasn't serious."

But Vibbard persisted in a dogged expression of gloom.

"It's always this way," he presently declared, in a heavy provoked tone. "My father, you know, is a shrewd man, and everybody is forever accusing me of being mean and overreaching. But I never dreamed that it could be imputed in such a move as—well, never mind!" he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with assumed indifference, getting up from his chair. "Of course it's all over now. I sha'n't do anything more about it, after what Ferguson has said." He was so sulky that he had to resort to thus putting me in the third person, although he was not addressing these words to Silverthorn. Then he gave his thick frame a slight shake, as if to get rid of the disagreeable feelings I had excited, and turned toward his friend. On the instant there came into his unmoved eyes and his matter-of-fact countenance a look of sentiment so incongruous as to be almost laughable. "I wish I could have done it, Thorny," said he, wistfully.

"Hold on, Vibbard," I interposed. "Don't be discouraged."

He paid no attention.

Upon this Silverthorn fired up.

"Hullo, Bill, this won't do! Do you suppose I'm going to let our pet arrangement drop that way and leave you to be so misconstrued? Come back here and sit down." (Vibbard was already at the door.) "As for *your* getting any advantage out of this, is it likely? Why, you are well off now, to begin with; that is, your father is; and I am poor, downright poor—Ferguson must have seen that."

Here was a surprise! The dreamy youth was proving himself much more sensible than the beefy and practical one. Vibbard, however, seemed to enjoy being admonished by Silverthorn, and resumed his seat quite meekly. To me, in my balancing frame of mind, it occurred that one might go farther than Silverthorn had done, in saying that any advantage to Vibbard was very improbable; one might assume that it was surely Silverthorn who would reap the profit. But I decided not to disturb the already troubled waters any more.

Silverthorn, however, expressed this idea: "You'll be thinking," he said to me, with a smile, "that I am going to get the upper hand in this bargain; and I know there seems a greater chance of it. But then I have hopes—I—" The dreamy look, which I have described by the simile of a haze, gathered and increased on his fair ingenuous young face, and his eyes quite ignored me for a moment, being fixed on some imaginary outlook very entrancing to him, until he recalled his flagging voice, to add: "Well, I don't know that I can put it before you, but there are possibilities which may make a great difference in my fortunes within a few years."

I fancied that Vibbard gave me a quick, confidential glance, as much as to say, "Don't disturb that idea. Let him think so." But the next moment his features were as inert as ever.

It turned out, on inquiry, that only Vibbard was of age; his friend being quick in study, had entered college early, and nearly two years stood between him and his majority; so that, if their contract was to be binding, they would have to defer it for that length of time. I was prepared for their disappointment; but Silverthorn, after an instant's reflection, seemed quite satisfied. As they were going, he hurried back, leaving his friend out of ear-shot, and explained himself,—

"You see, Vibbard has an idea that I shall never succeed in life,—financially,

that is,—and so he wants to fasten this agreement on me, to prevent pride or anything making me back out, you know, by and by. But I like all the better to have it left just as it is for a while, so that if we should ever put it on paper he needn't feel that he had hurried into the thing too rashly."

"I understand," I replied; and I pressed his hand warmly, for his frankness and genuineness had pleased me.

When they were gone, I pondered several minutes on the novelty and boyish naïveté of the whole proceeding, and found myself a good deal refreshed by the sincerity of the two young fellows and their fine confidence in the perfectibility of the future. It seemed to me, the more I thought of it, that I could hold on to this scheme of theirs as a help to myself in retaining a healthy freshness of spirit. "At any rate," I said, "I won't allow myself to go adrift into cynicism as long as they keep faith with their ideal."

From time to time during the two years, I encountered the friends casually; and I remember having a fancy that their faces—which of course altered somewhat, as they matured—were acquiring a kind of likeness; or, rather, were *exchanging* expressions. Silverthorn's grew rounder and brightened a degree in color; his glance had less momentum in it; he looked more commonplace and contented. On the other hand, Vibbard, through mental exertion (for he had lately been studying hard) and the society of his junior, had modified the inertia of his own expression. The strength of his features began to be mingled with gentleness. But this I recalled only at a later time.

Near the end of the two years' limit, when the boon companions were on the eve of taking their degrees, I found that another element had come into their affairs.

Going out one evening to visit a friend who lived at some distance on one of the large railroads, I had a glimpse of a small manufacturing place, which the train passed with great rapidity at late twilight. The large mill was already lighted up, and every window flashed as we sped by. But the sunset had not quite faded, and, from the colored sky far away behind the mill, light enough still came to show the narrow glen with its wall of autumn foliage on either side, the black and silent river above the dam, the sudden shining screen of falling water at the dam itself, and again a smooth, dark current below, running toward us and under the railroad embankment. There

was a small settlement of operatives' houses near the factory, and two or three larger homes appeared in sight, snugly placed among the trees. We were swept away out of sight in a moment; but there was something so striking in that single glimpse, that a traveler in the next seat, who had not spoken to me before, turned and asked me what place it was. I did not know. I afterward learned that it was Stansby, a factory village perhaps forty miles from Cambridge. Finding that the memory of the spot clung to me, I wished to know more about it; and one day in the following spring, when I needed a change from the city, I actually went out there. Stansby did not prove to be a very picturesque place; yet its gentle hills, with outcroppings of cold granite, the deep-wued river between, and the cotton-mill near the railroad, somehow roused a decided interest which I never have been able wholly to account for. I enjoyed strolling about, but was beginning to think of a train back to Boston, when a turn of the road, a quarter of a mile from the mill, brought me face to face with a young girl who was approaching slowly with a book in her hand, which she read as she walked.

She was not a beautiful girl, and not at all what is understood by a "brilliant" girl; yet at the very first look she excited my interest, as Stansby village itself had done. In every outline and motion she showed perfect health; her clear color was tonic to the eye; her deep brown hair, at the same time that it gave a restful look to her forehead, added something of fervency to her general aspect. In sympathy with the beautiful day, she had taken off her hat (which she carried on one arm), disclosing a spray of fresh lilacs in her hair. She was very simply, though not poorly, dressed. All this, and more, I was able to observe without disturbing her absorption in her book; but just as I was trying to decide whether the firm, compressed corners of her mouth only meant interest in the reading, or indicated some peculiar hardness of character, she glanced up and saw my eyes bent upon her.

Then, for an instant, there came into her own a look of eager search; no softly inquiring gaze, such as would be natural to most women on a casual meeting of this sort, but a full, energetic, self-reliant scrutiny. I don't think the compression about her lips was softened by her surprise at seeing me; but that keen level look from her

eyes brought a wonderful change over her face, so that from being interesting it became attractive, and I was fired by a kind of enthusiasm in beholding it. Involuntarily I took off my hat, and paused at the side of the highway. She bent her head again, —perhaps with some acknowledgment of my bow, but not definitely for that purpose, because she continued reading as she passed me.

But now came the strangest part of the episode. This girl disappeared around the bend of the road, and after her two young fellows drew near whom I recognized as Vibbard and Silverthorn. It happened that Silverthorn, as on the very first day I had ever seen him, carried a sprig of lilac. Happened? No; the lilac in the girl's hair was too strong a coincidence to be overlooked, and I was not long in guessing that there was some tender meaning in it.

"Hullo! Ferguson."

"Did you know we were here?"

These exclamations were made with some confusion, and Silverthorn blushed faintly.

"No," said I. "Do you come often?"

They looked at each other confidentially.

"We have, lately," Vibbard admitted.

"Then perhaps you can tell me who that girl is that I just passed."

"Oh yes," said Silverthorn, at once. "That's Ida Winwood, the daughter of the superintendent here at the mills."

"She is a very striking girl," I said. "You know her, of course?"

"A little."

Vibbard enlarged upon this: it was a curious habit they had fallen into, of each waiting for the other to explain what should more properly have been explained by himself.

"Thorny's father, you know," said Vibbard, "was a great machinist, and so they had acquaintances around at mills in different parts of the state. She—that is Ida, you know—is only sixteen now, but Thorny first saw her when he was a boy and came here, once or twice, with his father."

Silverthorn nodded his head, with a corroborative glance.

"But it seems to me," I said, addressing him, "that you treat her rather distantly for an old acquaintance; or else she treats *you* distantly. Which is it?"

They laughed, and Vibbard blurted out, with a queer, boyish grimace:

"It's *me*. She don't like me. Hey, Thorny?"

"It's nearer the truth," returned his friend, "to say that you're so bashful you don't give her half a chance to make known what she does think of you."

"Oh, time enough—time enough," said Vibbard, good-humoredly.

Remembering that I must hurry back to catch my train, I suddenly found that I had been in an abstracted mood, for I was still standing with my hat off.

"Well, let me know how you get on," I said, jocosely, as I parted from the comrades.

Yet for the life of me I could not tell which one of them it was that I should expect to hear from as a suitor for the girl's hand.

It was within a fortnight after this that they came to my office—for I have forgotten to say that I was now admitted to the bar—and announced that the time for drawing up their long-pending agreement had arrived. They were still as eager as ever about it, and I very soon had the instrument made out, stating the mutual consideration and duly signed and sealed.

Finding that they had been at Stansby again, I was prompted to ask them more about Ida.

"Do you know," I said, boldly, "that I am very much puzzled as to which of you was more interested in her?"

They took it in good part, and Silverthorn answered,

"That's not surprising. I don't know, myself."

"I'm trying," said Vibbard, bluntly, "to make Thorny fall in love with her. But I can't seem to succeed."

"No," said his friend, "because I insist upon it that she's just the woman for *you*."

Vibbard turned to me with an expression of ridicule.

"Yes," he said, "Thorny is as much wrapped up in that idea as if his own happiness depended on my marrying her."

"You're rivals, then, after a new fashion," was my comment. "Don't you see, though, how you are to settle it?"

"No."

"Why, each of you should propose in form, for the other. Then Miss Winwood would have to take the difficulty into her own hands."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Vibbard. "That's a good idea. But suppose she don't care for either of us?"

"Very well. I don't see that in that case she would be worse off than yourselves, for neither of you seems to care for her."

"Oh yes, we do!" exclaimed Silverthorn, instantly.

"Yes, we care a great deal," insisted Vibbard.

They both grew so very earnest over this that I didn't dare to continue the subject, and it was left in greater mystery than before.

At last the time of graduation came, and the two friends parted to pursue their separate ways. Silverthorn had a widowed mother living at a distance in the country, whose income had barely enabled her to send him through college on a meager allowance. He went home to visit her for a few days, and then promptly took his place on a daily newspaper in Boston, where he spent six months of wretched failure. He had great hopes of achieving in a short time some prodigious triumph in writing, but, at the end of this period, he gave it all up, and decided to develop the mechanical genius which he thought he had perhaps inherited from his father. I began to have a suspicion when I learned that this new turn had led him to Stansby, where he procured a position as a sort of clerk to the superintendent, Winwood.

After some months, I went out to see him there. In the evening we went to the Winwoods', and I watched closely to discover any signs of a new relation between Silverthorn and the daughter. Mr. Winwood himself was a homely, perfectly commonplace man, whose face looked as if it had been stamped with a die which was to furnish a hundred duplicate physiognomies. Mrs. Winwood was a fat, woolly sort of woman, who knitted, and rocked in her rocking-chair, keeping time to her needles. A smell of tea and chops came from the adjoining room, where they had been having supper; and there was a big, hot-colored lithograph of Stansby Mills hung up over the fire-place, with one or two awkward-looking engravings of famous men and their families on the remaining wall-spaces. Yet, even with these crude and barren surroundings, the girl Ida retained a peculiar and inspiring charm. She talked in a full, free tone of voice, and was very sensible; but in everything she said or did, there was a mixture, with the prosaic, of something so sweet and fresh, that I could not help thinking she was very remarkable. In particular, there was that strong, fine look from the eyes, which had impressed me on my first casual meeting in the road. It had a transforming power, and seemed

to speak of resolution, aspiration, or self-sacrifice. I noticed with what enthusiasm she glanced up at Silverthorn, when he was showing her some drawings of machinery, executed by himself, and was dilating upon certain improvements which he intended to make. Still, there was a reserve between them, and a timidity on his part, which showed that no engagement to marry had been made, as yet.

He was very silent as we walked together beside the dark river toward the railroad, after our call. But, when we came abreast of the dam, with its sudden burst of noise, and its continual hissing murmur, he stopped short, with a look of passion in his face.

"Things have changed since Vibbard went away," he said. "Yes, yes; very much. I used to think it was he who ought to love her."

"And you have found out——" I began.

He laid his hand quickly on my arm.

"Yes, I have found that it is I who love her—eternally, truly! But don't tell any one of this; it seems to me strange that I should speak of it, even to you. I cannot ask her to marry me yet. But there seems to be a relief in letting you know."

I was expressing my pleasure at being of any use to him, when the ominous sound of the approaching cars made itself heard, and I had to hurry away. But, all the way back to the city, I could think of nothing but Silverthorn's announcement; and suddenly there flashed upon me the secret and the danger of the whole situation. This girl, who had so much interested the two friends, in spite of their strong contrasts of character, was, perhaps, the only one in the world who could have pleased them both; for in her own person she seemed to display a mixture of elements, much the same and quite as decided as theirs. What, then, if Vibbard also should wake up to the knowledge of a love for her?

The next time I saw Silverthorn, which was a full year later, I said to him:

"Do you hear from Vibbard anything about that agreement to divide your gains?"

"No!" he replied, avoiding my eye; "nothing about that."

"Do you expect him to keep it?"

"Yes!" he said, glancing swiftly up again, with a gleam of friendly vindication in his eyes. "I know he will."

"But I hear hard things said of him," I persisted. "Reports have lately come to me as to some rather close, not to say sharp,

bargains of his. He is successful; perhaps he is changing."

For the first time, I saw Silverthorn angry.

"Never say a word of that sort to me again!" he cried, with a demeanor bordering on violence.

I was a little piqued, and inquired:

"Well, how do you get on toward being in a position to pay him?"

But I regretted my thrust. Silverthorn's face fell, and he could make no reply.

"Is there no prospect of success with those machines you were talking of last year?" I asked more kindly.

"No," said he, sadly. "I'm afraid not. I shall never succeed. It all depends on Vibbard, now. I cannot even marry, unless he gets enough to give me a start."

I left him with a dreary misgiving in my heart. What an unhappy outcome of their compact was this!

Meanwhile, Vibbard was thriving. After a brief sojourn with his father, who was a well-to-do hardware merchant in his own small inland city, he went to Virginia and began sheep-farming. In two years he had gained enough to find it feasible to return to New York, where he took up the business of a note-broker. People who knew him prophesied that he would prove too slow to be a successful man in early life; and, in fact, as he did not look like a quick man, he was a long time in gaining the reputation of one. But his sagacious instincts moved all the more effectively for being masked, and he made some astonishing strokes. It began to seem as if other men around him who lost, were controlled by some deadly attraction which forced them to throw their success under Vibbard's feet. His car rolled on over them. Everything yielded him a pecuniary return.

As he was approaching his thirtieth birthday, he found himself worth a little over thirty thousand dollars—after deducting expenses, bad claims, and a large sum repaid to his father for the cost of his college course. He had been only six years in accumulating it. But how endlessly prolonged had those six years been for Silverthorn! When three of them had passed, he declared his love to Ida Winwood, though in such a way that she need neither refuse nor accept him at once; and a *quasi* engagement was made between them, having in view a probable share in Vibbard's fortunes. Once,—perhaps more than once,—Silverthorn bitterly reproached himself, in her presence, for trusting so entirely to another

man's energies. But Ida put up her hands beseechingly, looking at him with a passionate, devoted faith.

"No, John!" she cried. There is nothing wrong about it. If you were other than you are, I might not wish it to be so. But you,—you are different from other men; there is something finer about you, and you are not meant for battling your way. But, when once you get this money, you will give all your time to inventing, or writing, and then people will find out what you are!"

There was something strange and pathetic in their relation to each other, now. Silverthorn seemed nervous and weary; he looked as if he were growing old, even with that soft yellow beard, and his pale brown hair still untouched (for he was only twenty-eight). His spirits were capricious; sometimes bounding high with hope, and, at others, utterly despondent. Ida, meantime, had reached a full development; she was twenty-two, fresh, strong, and self-reliant. When they were together, she had the air of caring for him as for an invalid.

Suddenly, one day, at the close of Vibbard's six years' absence, Silverthorn came running from the mill during working-hours, and burst into the superintendent's cottage, with an open letter in his hand, calling aloud for Ida.

"He is coming! He is coming!" cried he, breathless, but with a harsh excitement, as if he had been flying from an angry pursuer.

"Who? What has happened?" returned Ida, in alarm.

"Vibbard."

But he looked so wild and distraught, that Ida could not understand.

"Vibbard?" she repeated. Then,—with an amazed apprehension which came swiftly upon her,—shutting both hands tight as if to strengthen herself, and bringing them close together over her bosom: "Have you quarreled with him?"

"Quarreled?" echoed Silverthorn, looking back her amazement. "Why, do you suppose the world has come to an end? Don't you know we would sooner die than quarrel?"

"Vibbard—coming!" repeated Ida, as she caught sight of the letter. "Yes; now, I see."

"But, doesn't it make you happy?" asked her lover, suddenly annoyed at her cool reception of the news.

"I don't know," she answered, pensively. "You have startled me so. Besides,—why

should it make me happy?" A singular confusion seemed to have come over her mind. "Of course," she added, after a moment, "I am happy, because he's your friend."

"But,—the money, Ida!" He took her hand, but received no answering pressure. "The money,—think of it! We shall be able——" Then catching sight of an expression on her features that was almost cruel in its chill absence of sympathy, Silverthorn dropped her hand in a pet, and walked quickly out of the house back to the mill.

She did not follow him. It was their first misunderstanding.

Silverthorn remained at his desk, went to his own boarding-house for dinner, and returned to the mill, but always with a sense of unbroken suffering. What had happened? Why had Ida been so unresponsive? Why had he felt angry with her? These questions repeated themselves incessantly, and were lost again in a chaotic humming that seemed to fill his ears and to shut out the usual sounds of the day, making him feel as if thrust away into a cell by himself, at the same time that he was moving about among other people.

Vibbard was to arrive that afternoon. Silverthorn wished he had told Ida, before leaving her, how soon his friend was coming. As no particular hour had been named in the letter, he grew intolerably restless, and finally told Winwood that he was going to the dépôt, to wait.

All this time, Ida had been nearly as wretched as he; and, unable to make out why this cloud had come over them just when they ought to have been happiest, she too, went out into the air for relief, and wandered along the hill-side by the river.

It was early summer again. The lilacs were in bloom. All along the fence in front of Winwood's house were vigorous bushes in full flower. Ida, as she passed out, broke off a spray and put it in her hair, wishing that its faint perfume might be a spell to bring Silverthorn back.

On the edge of the wood where she had been idly pacing for a few minutes, all at once she heard a crackling of twigs and dry leaves under somebody's active tread, just behind her. It did not sound like her lover's step. She looked around. The man, a stranger with strong features and thick beard, halted at once and looked at her—silently, as if he had forgotten to speak, but with a degree of homage that dispelled everything like alarm.

She stood still, looking at him as earnestly

as he at her. Then, she hardly knew how, a conviction came to her.

"Mr. Vibbard?" she said, in a low inquiring tone. To herself she whispered, "Six years!"

Somehow, although she expected it, there was something terrible in having this silent, strange man respond:

"Yes."

He spoke very gently, and put out his hand to her.

She laid her own in his strong grasp, and then instantly felt as if she had done something wrong. But he would not let it go again. Drawing her a little toward him, he turned so that they could walk together back to the mills.

"Did John send you this way? Have you seen him?" she asked, falteringly.

"No," said Vibbard. "From where I happened to be, I thought I could get here sooner by walking over through Bartlett. Besides, it was pleasanter to come my own way instead of by railroad."

"But how did you know me?"

"I have never forgotten how you looked. And besides, that lilac."

With a troubled impulse, Ida drew her hand away from his, and snatched the blossoms out of her hair, meaning to throw them away. Then she hesitated, seeing her rudeness. Vibbard, who had not understood the movement, said with a tone of delight:

"Wont you give them to me? Do you remember how you wore them in your hair one day, years ago?"

"I have reasons for not forgetting it," she answered with a laugh, feeling more at her ease. "Well, I have spoiled this bunch now, but of course you may have them."

He took the flowers, and they walked on, talking more like old friends. At the moment when this happened, Silverthorn, who, while waiting for another train to arrive had come back to the house in search of Ida, passed on into a little orchard on a slope, just beyond, which overlooked a bend in the road: from there he saw Ida give Vibbard the lilac spray. At first he scarcely knew his old friend, and the sight struck him with a jealous pang he had never felt before. Then suddenly he saw that it was Vibbard, and would have rushed down the slope to welcome him. But like a detaining hand upon him, the remembrance of his foolish quarrel with Ida held him back. He slunk away secretly through the orchard, into the woods, and hurried to meet

Vibbard at a point below the house, where Ida would have left him.

He was not disappointed. He gained the spot in time, and appeared to be walking up from the mill, when he encountered his old comrade going sturdily toward it. Nevertheless, he felt uncomfortable at the deception he was using. They greeted each other warmly, yet each felt a constraint that surprised him.

Vibbard explained how he had come.

"And I have seen Ida," he exclaimed impetuously, with a glow of pleasure. Then he stopped in embarrassment. "Are you going back that way?" he asked.

"No," said the other, gloomily. "We'll go over the river to where I live."

They took the path in that direction, and on the way Vibbard began explaining how he had arranged his property.

"It's just as well not to go up to the Winwoods' until we've finished this," he said, parenthetically. "And to tell you the truth, Thorny, it's a queer business for me to be about, after I've been hard at work for so long, scraping together what I've got. I shouldn't much like people to know about it, I can tell you; and I never would do it for any man but you."

Formerly, Silverthorn had been used to this sort of bluntness, but now it irritated him.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, "that you would break your bargain, if it had been made with any one besides me?"

Vibbard drew himself up proudly.

"No, sir!" he declared, in a cold tone. "I keep my word whenever I have given it." Silverthorn uttered an oath under his breath.

"If you mean to keep your word, why don't you do it without blustering? Supposing I *have* been unfortunate enough to come out behind in the race, and to need this money of yours? Is that any reason why you should grind into me like a file the sense of my obligation to you?"

"Come, Thorny," said his friend, "you are treating me like a stranger. How long is it since you got these high-strung notions?"

"I suppose I've been growing sensitive since I first perceived that I was dependent on your fortune. It has unmanned me. I believe I might have done something, but for this."

"Gad, so might I be doing something, now, if I had my whole capital," muttered Vibbard.

He did not see how his remark renewed the wound he had just been trying to heal. The truth is, he had for several years been feeling that the compact with his friend was a useless clog on himself, and he had dwelt too much on his own generosity in making it.

Both felt pained and dissatisfied with their meeting. It was full of sordidness and discomfort; it seemed in one hour to have stripped from their lives the romance of youth. But after their little tiff they tried to recover their spirits and succeeded in keeping up a sham kind of gayety. Arrived at Silverthorn's lodging, they completed their business; Vibbard handing over a check, and receiving in exchange Silverthorn's copy of the agreement with a receipt in due form.

"How long can you stay, Bill?" asked Silverthorn, more cheerfully, when this was over. A suppressed elation at his good luck made him tingle from top to toe; and, to tell the truth, he did not feel much interest in Vibbard's remaining.

"I must be off to-morrow," said his friend. "I suppose I can stay here to-night?"

"Of course."

"I must call on Ida, before I go."

Silverthorn's brow darkened.

"Ah, Thorny," continued Vibbard, unconsciously, "it's queer to look back to that time when we were trying to persuade each other to make love to her! Do you know that since I've been away, she's never once gone out of my mind?"

"Is that so?" returned his comrade, with a strained and cloudy effort to appear lightly interested.

"Yes," said the other, warming to his theme. "It may seem strange in a rough business man like me,—and I guess it would have played the Old Harry with anybody whose head wasn't perfectly level,—but that strong, pure, sweet face of hers has come between me and many a sharp fellow I've had to deal with. But it never distracted my thoughts; it helped me. The memory of her was with me night and day, Thorny, and it made me a hard, successful worker, and kept me a pure-hearted, happy man. You'll see that I don't need much persuasion to speak to her now!"

While Vibbard was talking, Silverthorn had risen, as if interested, and now stood with his arm stretched on the cheap, painted wooden mantel-piece above the empty grate of his meager room. Vibbard noticed that

he looked pale; and it suddenly struck him that his friend might have suffered from poverty, and that his health was perhaps weakening. A gush of the old-time love suddenly came up from his heart, though he said nothing.

"You know I always told you," Silverthorn began,—he paused and waited an instant,—“I always told you she was the woman for you.”

"Indeed I know it, old boy," said Vibbard, heartily.

He rose, came to his old college-mate and took hold of his disengaged arm with both hands, affectionately.

"Look here," he added; "there's been something queer and dismal about seeing each other, after such a long interval,—something awkward about this settlement between us. If I've done anything to hurt your feelings, Thorny, I'm sorry. Let's make an end of the trouble here and now, and be to each other just as we used to be. What do you say?"

"I say you're a good, true-hearted fellow, as you always were, and I want you to promise that we shall keep up our old feeling forever."

"There's no need of any promise but this," said Vibbard, as they clasped hands.

"Now, tell me one thing," resumed Silverthorn: "did it never occur to you, in all these six years, that I, who have been living in the daily company of the girl you love, might cross your prospect?"

For a second or two Vibbard's eyelids, which fell powerless while he listened, remained shut, and a shock of pain seemed to strike downward from the brain, across his face and through his whole stalwart frame.

"It's your turn to hurt me," he said, slowly, as he looked at his friend again. "Have you any idea how that bare suggestion cut into me?"

"I think I have," said Silverthorn, mechanically. He remained very pale. "But I see, from the way it struck you, that you had never thought of it before. That relieves me. Give me your hand once more, Bill." Then he explained, hurriedly, that he must go to the mill for a few moments. "If I'm not back to tea, don't wait. The girl will come up and give it to you. And mind you don't go over to the Winwoods" (this with a laugh); "I wish to give them a little warning of your visit."

In a moment he was gone. Vibbard amused himself as well as he could with the books and drawings in the room; then he

sat down, looked all about the place, and sighed:

"Poor fellow! he can be more comfortable now."

Before long the tea hour came. Thorny had not returned, and he took the meal alone, watching the sunset out of the window. But by and by he grew restless, and finally, taking his hat and his cane, which had an odd-shaped handle made of two carved snakes at once embracing and wounding one another, he went out and strolled across the bridge toward the Winwoods'. By the time he reached there dusk had closed in, though the horizon afar off was overhung by a faint, stirring light from the rising moon. He remembered Silverthorn's injunction, however, and would not go into the cottage.

He passed the lilac-hedge, with its half-pathetic exhalations of delicious odor recalling the past, and was prompted to step through a break in the stone wall and ascend the orchard slope.

He stood there a few minutes enjoying the hush of night-fall and exulting in the full tide of happiness and sweet anticipation that streamed silently through his veins. All about him stole up the soft and secret perfumes of the summer's dusk,—perfumes that feel their way through the air like the monitions of early love, going out from one soul to another.

Suddenly a side-door in the house below was opened, and two figures came forth as if borne upon the flood of genial light that poured itself over the greensward.

They were Silverthorn and Ida.

How graceful they looked, moving together,—the buoyant, beautiful maiden and the slender-shaped young man, who even at a distance impressed one with something ideal in his pose and motion! Vibbard looked at them with a bewildered, shadowy sort of pleasure; but all at once he saw that Silverthorn held Ida's hand in his and had laid his other hand on her shoulder. A frightful tumult of feeling assailed him. The small, carved serpents on his stick seemed suddenly to drive their fangs into his own palm, as he clutched the handle tighter.

For an instant he hesitated and hoped. Then the pair, passing along below the broken wall, came within earshot, and he heard his old boon comrade saying, in a pleading voice:

"But you have never quite promised me, Ida! You have never fully engaged yourself to me."

Partly from a feeling of strangulation, partly with a blind impulse to do something violent, Vibbard clutched himself about the throat, tore furiously at his collar till it gave way, and, in a paroxysm little short of madness, he turned and fled—he did not know where nor how—through the darkness.

It seemed to him for a long time as if he was marching and reeling on through the woods, stumbling over roots and fallen trunks, breaking out into open fields upon the full run, then pursuing a road, or rambling hopelessly down by the ebon-hued river,—and as if he was doing all this with some great and urgent purpose of rescuing somebody from a terrible fate. He must go on foot,—there was no other way,—and everything depended on his getting to a certain point by a certain time. The worst of it was, he did not know where it was that he must go to! Then, all at once, he became aware that he had made a mistake. It was not some one else who was to be saved. It was *himself*. He must rescue himself——

From what?

At this, he came to a pause and tried to think. He stood on a commanding spot, somewhere not far from Stansby, though he could not identify it. The moon was up, and the wide, leafy landscape was spread out in utter silence for miles around him. For a brief space, while collecting his thoughts, he saw everything as it was. Then, as if at the stroke of a wand, horrible deformity appeared to fall upon the whole scene; the thousand trees below him writhed as if in multitudinous agony; and, where the thick moonlight touched house or road, or left patches of white on river and pool, there the earth seemed smitten as with leprosy.

Silverthorn, reaching his room in an hour after Vibbard had left it, was not at first surprised at his absence. Afterward he grew anxious; he went out, ran all the way to Winwood's house, and came back hoping to find that his friend had returned while he was searching for him. He sat down and waited; he kept awake very late; his head grew heavy, and he fell asleep in his chair, dreaming with a dull sense of pain, and also of excitement, about his new access of comparative wealth.

A heavy step and the turning of the door-knob awoke him. Moonlight came in at the window—pale, for the dawn was breaking—and his lamp still flickered on the table. Streaked with these conflicting glimmers, Vibbard stood before him,—his clothes torn, his hat gone, his face pale and fierce.

"What have you been doing?" asked Silverthorn wearily, and without surprise, for he was too much dazed.

"You—*you*!" said Vibbard, hoarsely, pointing sharply at him, as if his livid gaze was not enough. "You have been taking her from me!"

"Ida?" queried Silverthorn, with what seemed to the other to be a laughing sneer.

"Are you shameless?" demanded Vibbard. "Why don't you lie down there and ask me to forgive you for demanding so little? I've no doubt you are sorry that you couldn't get the whole of my money! But I suppose you were afraid you wouldn't receive even the half, if you told me beforehand what you meant to do."

Silverthorn was numb from sleeping in a cramped posture and without covering; but a deeper chill shook him at these words. He tried to get up, but felt too weak, and had to abandon it. He shivered heavily. Then he put his hand carefully into the breast of his coat, and after a moment drew out his pocket-book.

"Here it is," said he, very quietly. "I came home intending to give you back your money, but you were not here."

"You expect me to believe that?" retorted Vibbard, scornfully, "when I know that you went from here after receiving the check, and—ah! I couldn't have believed it, if I hadn't heard——"

"You overheard us, then? You came, though I warned you not to? And what did you hear?" Silverthorn's lips certainly curled with contempt now.

Vibbard answered: "I heard you pleading with Ida to promise herself to you."

"That's a lie," said Silverthorn, calmly.

"Didn't you say to her 'You have never yet fully engaged yourself to me?' Weren't you pleading?"

"Yes. I was begging that she would forget all the words of love I had ever spoken, and listen to you when you should come to tell her your story."

Vibbard's head bowed itself in humiliation and wonder. He came forward two or three steps, and sank into a chair.

"Is this possible?" he inquired, at last.

"And you, too, had loved her!"

Silverthorn vouchsafed no reply.

Vibbard, struggling with remorse, uncertainty and a dimly returning hope, brought himself to speak once more, hesitatingly.

"What did she say?"

"At first she would not tolerate my pro-

posal. I saw there was a conflict in her mind. Something warned me what it was, yet I could not help fancying that she might really be unwilling to give me up. So then I said I had made up my mind any way, as things stood, to return you your money. I—forgive me, Bill, but it was not treachery to you—only justice to all—I asked her if she would wish to marry me as I was, poor and without a future.”

“And she—” asked Vibbard, trembling. “What did she say?”

Silverthorn let the pocket-book fall, and buried his face in his hands. It was answer enough for his friend.

Vibbard came over and knelt beside him, and tried to rouse him. He stroked his pale brown hair, and called him repeatedly “Dear old boy.”

“Poor Thorny, I wish I could do something for you,” he said, gently. “Are you sure you understood her?”

The other suddenly looked up.

“Don’t blame her, Bill,” he said, beseechingly. “Don’t let it hurt your love for her. There was nothing mercenary. She hesitated a moment—and then I saw that it had all been a dream of the impossible. I had always associated this money with myself. It turned back the whole current of her ideas, and upset everything, when I separated myself from it. All the plans of going away—all that life I had talked of—had to be scattered to the winds in a moment. She did not love me enough, in myself alone!”

“Poor Thorny!” again murmured his friend.

Love, amid all its other resemblances, is like the spirit of battle. It fires men to press on toward the goal, even though a brother by their side, pushing in the same direction, should fall with a mortal wound. And the fighter goes on, to wed with victory, while his brother lies dead far behind, cheated of his bride.

Vibbard offered himself to Ida the next day. It was a strange and distressful wooing; but she could not deny that, in a way unknown to herself till now, she had loved Vibbard from the beginning, more than his friend. In her semi-engagement with Silverthorn, she had probably been loving Vibbard through his friend. But when the strong man, who had gained a place in the world for her sake, returned and placed his heart before her, she could no longer make a mistake.

Silverthorn would not keep the money, neither could his friend persuade him to come and take a share in his business. He would not leave Stansby. Where he had first seen Ida, there he resolved to dwell, with the memory of her.

When I saw him again, and he told me of this crisis, he said:

“I am not ‘poor Thorny,’ as Vibbard called me; for now I have a friendship that will last me through life. It has stood the test of money, and hate, and love, and it is stronger than them all.”

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Thin Living and Thick Dying.

If any reader of this article will take General Walker's Statistical Atlas, based on the results of the Ninth Census, and turn to the page which represents the mortality from consumption, he will be startled to see that, over an immense area of the Northern American territory, one-fifth of all the deaths that occur are in consequence of this fell disease. The whole of Maine and New Hampshire, the most of Vermont, Massachusetts, and Connecticut, and all of Northern New York, show that two thousand out of every ten thousand who die, owe their death to consumption; while, in very much larger areas about the great lakes, the deaths from this disease range from one thousand four hundred to two thousand in every ten thousand. If Asiatic cholera were to claim in these unfortunate regions, in a single year, as many victims as consumption

does, it would be regarded as a terrible epidemic,—perhaps, as an awful visitation from heaven.

It would be a great benefit to New England and all the regions associated with her in this sad scourge, to know how far the dangers of their inhospitable climate can be avoided by a change in diet and regimen. Our own opinion is that consumption can be driven from New England in three generations. Let us try to get at some of the facts in her case.

The first fact is that her climate is very severe. In truth, consumption seems to be inseparable from the New England climate, and to be associated with all climates that resemble her own in the northern parts of the country. Wherever the frost comes early and the winters are hard, and the springs are slow, there consumption makes its home. The next fact in the case is that certain ideas in regard to diet and

regimen have prevailed in New England, especially among rural populations, which ignore these facts of climate. Where so much of life's fuel is required to keep a man warm, there has never been enough taken in to repair the waste of labor. In these consumptive districts, we have had a large population proverbially and notoriously given to hard and constant toil, and as proverbially and notoriously frugal in their way of living. Their sleeping-rooms have not been warmed; it has been considered quite effeminate to dress heavily; and almost disgraceful to favor one's self in the matter of work. In short, the people have not eaten enough of nourishing food; they have not dressed warmly enough; they have slept in temperatures altogether too low, and lived too much in their unventilated kitchens.

A man does not need to be old to remember the time when all New England was infatuated with Sylvester Graham's notions concerning food. The New England colleges were hot-beds of consumption. Many of their students made long tramps while fasting in the morning, and came back to breakfasts that were suicidally meager. They died by scores,—by hundreds. Graham was a man of brains, but he was a man of mischievous hobbies; and instead of helping New England, as he most conscientiously endeavored to do, he harmed her grievously. It is true that there has been a great change in the popular opinion, but this has not yet fully pervaded the rural districts. In the towns, the people live better; and students have learned that they must eat, and eat well, in order to keep themselves in health and to be able to do good work.

At the tables of how many farmers and mechanics, we wonder, is the buckwheat breakfast gone into disgrace? We readily recall the time when uncouth multitudes of families broke their fast of twelve hours and faced the work of a blustering winter day with nothing but greasy buckwheat cakes and molasses! They might almost as well have eaten sawdust; and what had they for dinner? Boiled salt-pork and potatoes, and for supper boiled salt-pork and potatoes again—cold, and made palatable with vinegar! Ah, we forget the pie,—the everlasting pie, with its sugary center and its leathery crust,—the one titillation of the palate that made life tolerable. Good bread and butter or milk, abundant fruit, beef and mutton, nutritious puddings,—all these things have been within the reach of the people of New England, for they have always been the thriftiest people in the world; but they have cost something, and they have not really been deemed necessary. The people have not realized that what they regarded as luxuries were necessities, and that the food upon which they have depended for protection from the climate, and for the repair of the wastes of labor has been altogether inadequate, and has left them with impoverished blood and tuberculous lungs.

For, after taking into account all the influence of heredity, which is made much of in treating of the causes of phthisis, insufficient nourishment is responsible alike, in most instances, for the deposit

of tubercle and the inflammation to which it naturally gives rise. There are many men, who, by a change of living, render the tubercles already deposited in their lungs harmless. Vitality becomes so high in its power that it dominates these evil influences, and they live out a fairly long life with enemies in their lungs that are rendered powerless by the strength of the fluid that fights them. We have seen consumption cured again and again by the simple process of building up the forces of vitality through passive exercise in the open air, and the supply of an abundance of nutritious food; and we have no doubt that it can be prevented in most instances by the same means.

No human body can long endure the draught made upon it by a cold climate and by constant labor, unless it is well fed, well clothed, and well housed. Somewhere deterioration will show itself, and in New England,—nay, all over the kingdom of Great Britain it is the same, where the people are worse fed than here,—the poverty of blood shows itself in the deposit of tuberculous matter in the lungs. There should be by this time some improvement in New England, in consequence of the increased intelligence of the people, but so long as so many of them are running westward, and their places are taken by an ignorant foreign population, it is not likely that the statistics will show much improvement for a great many years to come. If our physicians could only be paid for preventing disease, and could be permitted to prescribe for each family its way of living, there would be but little difficulty in routing from its stronghold that most fatal and persistent enemy of human life, which we call consumption.

Too Much Of It.

As the world grows older, and the materials of knowledge are multiplied, and the employments of life are subjected to the widest and intensest competitions, the ordinary individual seems to be quite overmatched by his circumstances. The average man is not "sufficient for these things," and the intellectual aliment that is provided for him is altogether in excess of his demands—altogether ahead of the possibilities of his consumption. We go on producing profusely in all departments, mostly of non-essential material, and the process of gathering is a process of selection.

Let us take, for instance, our morning newspaper. No man can read one of our great New York dailies through, and digest its contents, and have time or strength left for other duties. He can only pass his eyes over, and very indistinctly gather and remember the leading matters of news. It is a huge jumble, in the main, of unimportant facts—facts that have no relation to his life. Now any newspaper man knows that the essential matters in his columns can be crowded into one-tenth of the space that they occupy, and that he fills his columns with material that it is a waste of any man's time to read. He must compete with his neighbor, therefore he must give acres of space to trash. Few

can read it, and nobody would miss it, or be the poorer or worse for losing it.

Who will give us the newspaper that will print only that which is worth reading—only that which people will remember—reducing it all to its compactest form? The late Samuel Bowles, of Springfield, probably came nearest to doing exactly this thing of all who have undertaken it. This, at least, was what he definitely tried to do—to “boil down” everything. He was often known to apologize for a long article on the ground that he had no time to write a short one. The thing he accomplished was so unexampled that his paper was regarded as a model; and it achieved a national reputation, though published in a little city of only thirty thousand people. If his successors stand by this idea, they will make their newspaper as much a success as he did. One page of a small paper is enough to furnish a record of any day's news—of everything that it is desirable to see or remember.

There was a time when a minister was obliged to furnish pretty much all the intellectual pabulum of his parish. His people had little to read, and they read little. He was the only scholar, and he preached long sermons, and they either liked them or could stand them. Now a long sermon is, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a mistake. It is not desired on the part of the people, and it is in no way needed by the people. They are glad when it is finished, and know that for all practical purposes it had been better finished from fifteen to thirty minutes earlier. When they have received the idea of a sermon, they can dispense with the exposition of its various phases and the dilutions and illustrations that go with it. In short, the people nowadays have a great abundance of intellectual stimulus outside of the pulpit, and they want their sermons boiled down, as much as they do their newspapers. It is not that they want less in them—they want all they can get, and all that the best man has it in him to give; but they want it in smaller space. The pulpit sin of talking too much is pretty universal. We do not know of a minister in the whole round of a pretty wide acquaintance who is accused of talking too little.

The theaters are even more open to criticism on these matters than the newspaper and the pulpit. How many persons does any one suppose there are in any theater in New York, on any night, who are not glad when the play of the place and the evening is over? One of the great drawbacks on theater-going and concert-going and opera-going is that they last so long that they bore a man. When that which was intended to be an entertainment and an amusement becomes tedious and tiresome, it ceases, of course, to answer its intention. We believe we express the universal feeling when we say that our public amusements are wearisome except to the fresh few who have no need of them. Three hours in a hot and crowded hall, at the end of a day of labor, are too many, and we have no doubt that many more would attend amusements if it were not that the last half of their continuance becomes simply a period of weary and impatient

endurance. The way in which a tired audience jumps from a preacher's “Amen” for the door, is only equaled by the rush which begins before the fall of the curtain of the theatrical or operatic stage.

Look, for another instance, at the amount of stuff that enters into what we are pleased to call our social life. The hen that undertook to “spread herself” over a bushel of eggs was a fair type of the modern woman who undertakes to keep up her social relations with a great city-ful of women. What is called the “social tax” upon women is something marvelous. There are hundreds of thousands of women who are weary all the time with the work of keeping up relations with each other, that are never flavored with the element of friendship. No good comes of it that we know of, or ever heard of. It consists entirely of calling, and is never so pleasant in its experiences as when the caller fails to find the lady called on at home. If a lady can succeed in making twenty calls in an afternoon, in consequence of finding only ten ladies at home, she accounts it a most successful performance of her social duties, and boasts of it as a good thing well got along with. We know of nothing that wants boiling down any more than our social life. It needs this concentrating process to make it significant not only, but to make it endurable. It is good for nothing as it is, and it is a weariness to flesh and spirit alike.

We are glad to see that so many great and able men have gone to making primers, so that the essential knowledge embraced in the treatises of philosophers and the records of scientific investigators may be brought in simple and easily available forms within the reach of all. We must all go to primer-making, for there is not enough of any man or of any life-time to be spread over such spaces, and diluted with such inanities and non-essentials as seem to prevail in every department of human interest. The days grow no longer as the world grows older, but the interests, the employments, the amusements of the world are increased tenfold, so that they must be concentrated and reduced in order that they may preserve their proper relations to each other, and to the capacities of life and time.

Culture and Christianity.

It hardly needs to be said that the tendency of modern culture is away from Christianity. It diverges from it not only in its faith, or lack of faith, but in its spirit and in its effect upon character. With a multitude of minds, more or less intelligent, culture stands in the place of any sort of cult. To these, the perfection of the human being, through the development of its native powers and the harmonization of those powers by discipline and happy use and control, seems a dream quite possible to be realized. Turning their backs to faith, they give one hand to science and the other to art, to be led upward and onward in “the path of progress.” They hold meetings; they “preach;” they address the “Infinite Mystery” in “aspiration;” they go through various imitative motions which show that

Christian ideas haunt them, while they pretend to ignore every fact out of which those ideas have grown. It is always well, when one gets a little muddled over a new system of ideas, and particularly over the talk about it, to take one of them, follow it out, and see where it lands a man.

One large portion of the domain of culture ultimately in art. It is in art that it comes to its flower, and it is in the reactions of art upon the artist, and in the motives engendered and nourished by art, that we learn just what this kind of culture does for a man. A tree is known by its fruits. Much of the talk of culture is very foggy. Many of its assertions and propositions are as hard to disprove as to prove. It is full of glittering generalities; it utters ingenious sophisms; it puts on superior airs; and many a simple-hearted believer who knows that he holds in his faith something that is infinitely fruitful and valuable stands before it with a silent tongue. But when it begins to act, it begins to show the stuff that it is made of. It talks divinely of progress, but when it starts to walk it goes lame.

If we may judge by facts that are painfully patent, there is no occupation in the world that so belittles and degrades men and women as that which is based upon, or which engages, the different fine arts. In literature, in sculpture and picture, in the theater, in music, in every branch of art that enlists the higher and finer powers of men and women, we have the most lamentable evidence that culture has not one purifying, or ennobling quality when unaccompanied by religion. In literature, men and women are broken up into cliques and parties, and the criticism of the time is honeycombed with jealousies and spites. Selfishness dominates here as in other domains of art. It is charged with the spirit of detraction. This is no new state of things. One has but to turn over the pages of the old reviews, or listen to the echoes of Byron's angry protest, to learn that the present time is a legitimate successor of the past, and that brutality of the grossest type may characterize the followers of the sublimest art the world knows. The highest powers, cultivated to their highest point, speaking in the sweetest voice of literary art, save no man from being a sot, a debauchee, an adulterer, a disgusting boaster, a selfish glutton of praise, and a vindictive enemy of all who dispute with him the high places of the public admiration.

If all this can be said of literary art, and of those who are engaged in it, what shall we say of artists of other professions and names? Why is it that so bad a flavor lingers around the opera-house and the theater? Why is it that the church protests against them? It is not that these institutions are necessarily bad. It is not that there are no good men and women among actors and actresses. It is because that from the dawn of the drama until the present time, the stage has been associated with

unworthy lives, impure connections, the most degrading jealousies, the bitterest rivalries, and the most disgusting selfishness. Nobody knows this any better, or feels it more keenly when they stop to think at all, than the actors and musicians themselves. It is all shamefully and notoriously true. Does not music purify those who devote their lives to it? Not at all. Not in the slightest degree. There is no more reformatory or saving power in music than in the lowest of menial pursuits. The farmer, who lives half the time among his brutes, is likely to be a better man than he who, successfully interpreting some great master, bows nightly before the storms of popular applause.

Bear us witness, ye poets and actors, ye painters and sculptors, ye singers and players upon instruments, that your arts have not saved the most of you from becoming petty and selfish men and women. You are jealous of one another. You are greedy of praise and of the gold it brings. You know that there is nothing in your art that enlarges and liberalizes you, that restrains you from drunkenness and vices that shall not be named, that gives you sobriety and solidity of character, that enlarges your social sympathies, that naturally leads you into organizations for helping others outside of your own circle. Bear us witness, that you are not the men and women who are relied on for performing the duties of society. If all were like you,—if all were controlled by the ideas that dominate you,—if all shirked the duties of social and civil life like you,—if all were as much unfitted by their ideas and their employments as you are for carrying the great burdens of society, what do you suppose would become of the country, and what would become of the world?

Now, if there is anything in art that can take the place of religion, we should like to see it. If there is anything in culture that can take the place of religion, it has not yet revealed itself. Culture is centered in self. Self is the god and self is the model of all culture. Why should it not ultimate in selfishness? Culture assumes that what is present in a man needs only to be developed and harmonized to lift character to its highest point, and life to its highest issues. It carries no idea of self-surrender, which is the first fact in practical religion of any valuable sort, and the first fact in all good development. Greece and Rome had plenty of culture, and are still our teachers in art, but the beauty that looked upon them from every hill and gate and temple could not save them from their vices. By and by, culture will learn how powerless it is to make a man that shall be worth the making, and what poor instruments science and art are for uprooting the selfishness that rules the world. It is slowly learning this, and men who have bowed low to her have been touched with that divine discontent which nothing but religion can allay.

THE OLD CABINET.

CHILDREN gain, through experience, knowledge, and finally wisdom; they add fact to fact, knowledge to knowledge,—but that children are born with full-fledged human souls, no one who has watched a child closely through the earlier stages of its development will be likely to deny. With their perfect simplicity, and their inherited instincts,—especially the instinct of imitation,—a child acquires in a very short space of time, an amount of information the recapitulation of which would astonish those who have not looked into the matter. Nor does a baby learn things by mere rote,—it learns them deeply, experimentally, vitally, unforgetably. The facts acquired by a child, during the first twelve or eighteen months, before it can express itself in language, are in some respects the most important for a human being to know. Suppose that a person thirty years old had never been informed that hands can grasp and lift, that legs can be used for the purpose of walking, that fire burns, that water quenches thirst, that the law of gravitation pulls people over the edges of things, that certain intonations of the voice induce others to grant various requests; suppose a grown-up person, ignorant of all these and many other facts which a baby finds out,—what would that grown-up person be worth? Long before a baby learns to talk, it has learned almost every intonation of which the human voice is capable,—expressing surprise, anger, command, scorn, pleading, pity, disgust, affection. When finally it comes to imitate human speech it has only to fill these subtle intonations with articulated words.

—GENIUS and childhood are allied by the three qualities of simplicity, humility and self-reliance. The delight that a baby takes in a flower; seizing it and tearing it to pieces in its ecstasy—this simplicity and enthusiasm is the basis of the art-spirit. which we lose with the sophistications of age, and only regain by years of effort. All training, all culture is in the direction of simplicity. We only realize the detachability of things when we see a baby at work—separating a book into its component parts,—cover, sheets, and inserted illustrations,—detaching isinglass from stove-doors, the top of the piano-stool from its base. It is the same curious and child-like spirit in which the inventor labors. Who upon seeing and hearing the phonograph for the first time has not thought it a mere accident that he himself did not invent it? (Alas for the learned professor who laid away for years the notes for this very invention—letting another reap the honors of accomplishment!) Religion is simple, not Jesuitical; good manners are simple; art is simple, notwithstanding all its complications. We knew a bad painter who, with his complicated teaching of painting, perplexed, discouraged, and almost

drove away from painting his brightest pupils. We knew a good painter who, by his simple teaching of painting, encouraged and helped along marvelously, his brightest pupils; as to his dullest, he at least brought out the best that was in them,—quickening the taste of all, leading them to appreciate whatever was excellent, and to make the most favorable use of their powers.

—THOUGH to the making of a good teacher—just as to the making of a good critic, of a good writer, of a good artist, of a good man—other qualities beside simplicity are needed, and none more than generosity of heart. We can neither appreciate nor enjoy an author, without in some measure surrendering ourselves to him. We enjoy the greatest authors with the keenest zest, partly because in their renowned presence we lose our self-pride; we approach them with humility of mind; we give ourselves to them,—and giving is the function of generosity. It requires greater generosity to appreciate contemporary works of art, especially when they come to us without the stamp of celebrity. We may be willing to black Shakspeare's shoes; but cannot think of performing a menial office for our neighbor, the contributor to the poet's corner of the weekly newspaper, even though he contribute to that familiar and despised corner a spark of the authentic fire. The thorough teaching of any art requires a large share of generosity,—for here the surrender must be made to those who are professedly the inferiors. There are some who teach and it costs them nothing. You may be alarmed for the future of students whose teacher waxes fat and prosperous in his profession.

How much generosity is requisite for the making of a great artist, of a great writer, can be known in part, and in part only, by those who have given to the public sincere works, no matter how humble, in any art. Among the swine who trample your pearls under their feet and turn again and rend you, you will find some whom you had mistaken for nobler creatures.

—IN writing, as has often been said, simplicity is the last thing arrived at. There is, to be sure, an affected simplicity, like a good deal of Wordsworth's, which amounts to the same thing as turpitude. It should be noted that simplicity is by no means separated from subtilty. This would seem to go without the saying, yet we are told that Jean François Millet, in rightly condemning the in-artistic subtilties of the literary schools of painting, scouted the idea of the existence of subtilty in his own painting, which to others is as profoundly subtle as it is simple,—as simple as it is "sensuous and passionate." Perhaps Shakspeare, too, would have denied that either his plays or shorter poems were, even in the best sense, subtle. And how

much more mercilessly than Bishop Blougram he would have chaffed

"You, Gigadibs, who, thirty years of age,
Write stately for 'Blackwood's Magazine,'
Believe you see two points in Hamlet's soul
Unseen by the Germans yet—which view you'll print."

—It is held by some that "the unsophisticated eye is the best judge of art." This may be true in a sense. The question is, Whose eyes do you call unsophisticated? Familiar from childhood with shallow and false representations of the human face and form and of out-of-door nature, the eyes of most of us are far from being unsophisticated. We are, even, trained to accept certain symbols as veritable imitations of nature. We have heard an artist say, very truly, that a black spot on white paper, with black lines radiating from it, will, from long association, pass anywhere as a picture of the sun!

A genuine rustic, in his humility of mind and lack of sophistication, does sometimes recognize a true and beautiful report of nature in pictures which the connoisseur, who

"Peers along the exhibition-gallery with half-shut eyes
bent sideways,"

calls "false to nature," "ugly," "queer." It is much the same with literature. We do not know many "literary men," or "men of culture," who get from the classic writers such solid pleasure as does an old farmer of our acquaintance,—broad-backed, big-brained, simple-minded, generous-hearted.

But it is never safe to deride training. If it is training, and worthy of the name, then it has been, as we have said, in this very direction of simplicity,—persistently away from sophistication of every kind. Landor makes Southey declare that "the opinion of a thousand millions who are ignorant or ill-informed is not equal to the opinion of only one who is wiser." Again: "In what regards poetry, I should just as soon expect a sound judgment of its essentials from a boatman or a wagoner as from the usual set of persons we meet in society; persons not uneducated, but deriving their intelligence from little gutters and drains round about. The mud is easily raised to the surface in so shallow a recep-

tacle, and nothing is seen distinctly or clearly. Whereas the humbler man has received no false impressions, and may therefore to a limited extent be right." We must be trained to appreciate, as well as to perform. When the play of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" was given at the Fifth Avenue Theater, lately, the principal attraction was the company of genuine plantation darkies who took part in the episode of the "Virginia Breakdown." To eyes used only to burnt-cork imitations, the dancing of these originals approached the neighborhood of genius;—it was "simple," as Bret Harte says, "but first-class,"—it had fire and abandon, no less than polish. When the fun and fury were at their height, forward came two shining pickaninnies,—the boy five years old, the girl three,—and, dancing the walk-around with considerable, though not perfect, art, pointed the moral of training—training—training! Thus early had all these artists begun their careers. And from their witty, sometimes startling, expressions with regard to each other's performance, it was evident that their training as critics had gone hand-in-hand with their training as artists. A pickaninny on a plantation begins to learn the breakdown at the age of three, and keeps up a constant practice for years and years. A writer sends his first piece of rhyme to "The Atlantic," and thinks that periodical given over to a "decaying aristocracy of letters" if the poem does not appear in the "following number."

—It takes a strong stomach to stand all this modern babble about "Art,"—to see people of "culture" paying a thousand dollars for an imitation Japanese vase who would not pay ten cents for a photograph from Leonardo, or five dollars for a cast of one of Barye's lions. To-day it is "art" and "decoration;" yesterday it was the oil mania; the day before it was "Boston Unitarianism," whose "pale negations" Emerson, in his latest essay, treats with Emersonian scorn. It takes, we say, a strong stomach to stand the art affectation of these days; and yet it is worth while to stand it, for it means, here and there and as by accident, opportunity for the genuine artist—and the greater his individual opportunity for the education and for the display of his genius, the stronger and wider will be the reaction upon the public of genuine appreciation and good taste.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Pure Milk, by the "French Method."

To the city resident the effort to get pure milk has, in times past, been a perplexing problem. But it promises to be so no longer. The question which has vexed city housekeepers perennially, and taxed the wits of the guardians and promoters of health has, it would seem, found at last a novel but sensible solution. It is a solution, too, which really puts the city block on a level of advantage with the country farm-house in respect to the purity of its milk supply, and thus diminishes by one degree the discomforts of multiplied metropolitan living.

If we leave out of view the abominable fluid which was sold from the swill stables, the two methods of bringing us milk have been hitherto—First, that which puts whole dairies into forty-quart cans, to be remingled or modified by the middleman; and, Second, that which supplies us with the "condensed" article. The latter is a more certain way of securing purity, but it has its objections. Condensed milk is never quite like real milk, even when it is diluted, and, for children and others who require the article as a beverage, just as it comes from the cow, it is a rather tiresome and tantalizing substitute. Even the hospital patients become cloyed with it, and long for the essence of the spiced grasses and sweet-clover that come mingled with an aroma which no chemistry, or dechemicalization is potent enough to retain. The condensed milk has its uses,—particularly the sugared-condensed, which supplies the wants of sea-voyagers, and which is valuable in places where it is necessary to keep single packages for an indefinite period of time. But for daily consumption no form of it (that without sugar, for instance) is comparable to the milk of which we are about to speak, and which is put up in trim glass bottles, holding a quart each.

This way of packing and sending it is called the "French method," not because the French have really done anything quite so good, but because they have done something which gave a fertile-minded Connecticut gentleman and farmer the hint to achieve a still more perfect way. It is said the outlying country which environs Paris sends milk to special customers in very small packages, with devices that certify to its freshness and purity; but these receptacles are always of tin, and we are not certain that any separation or discrimination is made with reference to "the milk of one cow." However, the experiment of sending small packages frequently was good, and the author of it "built better than he knew" in giving our inventor a suggestion on which he has greatly improved.

These glass bottles, which are sent from "Sweet-clover Farm," in Sharon, Conn., and from nowhere else in the world, are made of beautiful clear glass, and, though of daintier proportions, resemble somewhat in shape the larger champagne bottles. They are supplied with a wired rubber cork, similar to that which is used for sarsaparilla and beer bottles, and on the side of the flange of the wire, which is

to be raised before the cork can be opened, a paper label is pasted overlapping the wire on the glass neck, whereon is printed the day and date on which the bottle was filled. On the base of the bottle is a general label giving the advertisement of the farm on which the method originated, and a little piece of information of which we shall presently speak. When twenty of these bottles are filled they are put into a box just large enough to hold them, separated from each other by a rack partition.

It is easy to see that milk put up in this way says to the purchaser at once, and unmistakably: "I am 'the genuine article.'" For, it would be utterly impracticable to try to tamper with it. The label, which cannot be broken without detection, gives to the buyer the correct history of the contents of every bottle; and when he draws the cork, he knows that the grass his milk was secreted from was cropped the day before on the slopes of lovely pastures in Litchfield County, Conn. There is no fear of chalk, of chemicals, or of water. It is the same fluid you find in the pail as it comes from the country barn.

A sentence printed on the bottles tells us that the bottling of "MILK FROM ONE COW" is a specialty; and to young children and invalids this news becomes a pleasant proclamation. For ordinary use the combination of the milk of twenty to a hundred cows suffices, if the dairy be well kept; but, under special circumstances it is desirable, and in the case of delicate infants may save life, to have the milk which is used drawn regularly from one cow. When the bottles discriminate in this way an extra label is used to designate "Cow 25," or "Cow 34," and so on.

It is obvious that no profitable cheating can be done on this system, and that the city consumer of milk is now placed by it where he can have advantages never before within his reach. The trademark, which gives assurance to the buyer, is the special property of the producer. In the costly experiment he is making, he is bound by every motive to keep its character high.

Certain conditions are necessary, it will be seen, to send milk satisfactorily on this method. Every step in the process must be thoughtful and thorough. The milk must be carefully cooled and put up with dispatch. It must be procured from cows that are of fine quality and whose health and feeding have been a special care. It must come from a region of delicious and succulent grasses, among lofty hills, and green fields, and crystal streams.

All these conditions seem to be perfectly met in the "Sweet-clover Farm" experiment; and they deserve mention because, owing to the breakage of bottles and the failure of the consumers to restore them, the business has not yet proved profitable to those having it in charge. When the enterprise is better established, these difficulties and hinderances, we suspect, will be greatly reduced in number, or wholly obviated, and then the plan will grow, as it deserves, into general repute and favor.

JOEL BENTON.

Music and Drawing at Home.

A MOTHER writes to us, "Our income is so limited that every dollar weighs full weight in the year's expenses. Under these circumstances, would you advise that our girls should be taught music and drawing? The boys have received college educations." To which we reply that the decision must depend on the individual girl. Unfortunately, the individual girl has very little to do with the course of her parents, in regard to her education, if she happen to live in a small inland town, or farm neighborhood. Life and action in these places are, as a rule, governed by universal custom rather than by practical personal reasons. The mysterious power called "fashion," or "style," governs not only the clothes, but the daily habits and doings of the inhabitants of a small town much more arbitrarily than those of a city. We wish we had a voice strong and penetrating enough to reach every family in such classes, and show them the folly of this herding together in small matters like a flock of unreasoning sheep. The farmer, or small shop-keeper, judges for himself in business matters, but he eats, dresses, and lives after the fashion set by the squire; and his little daughter must go through the same training as the squire's heiress, or lose caste. "College educations," in such cases as often these are, grow at great sacrifice to the parents, not because the boy is especially fitted to receive a classical training, nor because it will better fit him to be a helpful citizen of the world, but because "it is a step upward,"—it is "more genteel." As to the effect of the collegiate training, we have nothing to say; we only quarrel with the motive of giving it. Precisely the same motives apply to a girl's so-called accomplishments. In countless towns, the acquisition of the proper rank in gentility involves the necessity of "piano-lessons" for the girls. The instrument is bought after much saving and stinting in other matters. Nelly is brought, through sore tribulation, to hammer out a half dozen dashing marches or waltzes, and that is the end of it. After she marries, she neither plays for her own pleasure nor for her husband's, and she is not competent to teach her own daughter. But the piano is there, a big assertant token of social rank. If any such ambition as this urges our correspondent, we can only assure her that no greater outlay can be made of money or time for such small reward. If a girl or boy evince decided musical ability, or ability, indeed, of any kind, let no money, labor, or time be spared in its culture. It is, perhaps, their one weapon,—their one expression,—the magnetic chord with which they will be brought into relation with the world. But let it be trained and encouraged just the same, whether it be a genteel talent for music or drawing, or the more ignoble skill in type-setting, carving, sewing, or cookery. Find what material is actually in your boy or girl and make the best of that. Don't model them after your own idea. Many a financier was berated as stupid when a boy, because he could not master Horace or Homer. Many a brilliant woman remembers a youth neglected and solitary,

when she disappointed a mother because she could not rival the town belles in pretty little accomplishments. "Can you purr?" said the cat to the ugly duck. "Then, of what use are you in the world?" The fact is, however, that most of the mothers who read SCRIBNER are on the look-out to find swans in their ugly ducklings. Genius is not likely to be overlooked in any American household. It is the dull, ordinary boys, the matter-of-fact, homely girls who need to have their education carefully guarded. If it will please or soothe the woman in lonely or sorrowful days to thrum her little airs, or sing her little songs, all success to her and her "piano-lessons." But, in heaven's name, not a note for the sake of gentility! If she have expertness of fingers, but no imagination, shall she not be taught to draw because she never can be a Raphael? She may design posters and bill-heads, and earn a comfortable meal thereby, some day, for her children.

How to make a Haggis.

A LADY sends us the following quaint piece of housewifery, saying:

"In looking over some old papers, that belonged to my grandmother, I found this receipt, with its accompanying "remarks," and thinking some enterprising housekeeper might like to try a dish that has called forth such enthusiasm, as well as excited the poetic inspiration of Burns, I copy it for the benefit of your readers."

For Mrs. G., showing how to make a Haggis.

Parboil a sheep's pluck and a piece of good lean beef. Grate the half of the liver, and mince the beef, the lights, and the remaining half of the liver. Take of good beef suet half the weight of this mixture and mince it with half a dozen small firm onions. Toast some oatmeal before the fire for hours, till it is of a light brown color and perfectly dry. Less than two tea-cupfuls will not do for this meat. Spread the mince on a board, and strew the meal lightly over it with a high seasoning of pepper, salt, and a little cayenne well mixed. Have a haggis-bag, perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your labor may be lost by its bursting. Put in the meat with as much good beef gravy or strong broth as will make it a thick stew. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat room to swell; add the juice of a lemon, or a little vinegar, press out the air, and sew up the bag; prick it with a large needle when it first swells in the pot, to prevent it from bursting; let it boil, but not violently, for three hours.

REMARKS.—A blind man cannot by any effort of the imagination conceive color; nor can any man alive conceive a Haggis, without having it submitted to the senses. It takes possession of the palate,—you forget for the time being all other tastes. Your tongue feels enlarged in your mouth. It is more fibrous; also more porous. There is a harmonious call among tongue, palate, and insides of the cheeks. Your very eyes have a gust; and your ears are somewhat dull of hearing trying to taste. The stomach receives without effort and enjoys such delight that you scarcely know when, how, or why you have ceased to eat. You continue to eye the haggis-bag with grateful affection, command the waiter to behave kindly to it, and when it is removed follow it out of the room with silent benediction.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Henry James's "French Poets and Novelists."*

MR. JAMES presents the rather unusual spectacle of an American *littérateur* who remains permanently in Europe and supplies the American magazines with short essays on actors and men of letters, living and dead, while he offers, in both the American and English markets, romances, both short and long novels, and collections of his smaller pieces. The book before us is a collection of the last-named variety; all the twelve essays have appeared in various magazines of America. Though they are written with the intention of amusing a popular audience, there is no sign of slovenliness in their composition. The slow and almost painful precision which marked the first attempts of Mr. James has borne good fruit, and his style, though in no sense picturesque, has become light and flowing, without losing too much of its old solidity. The careful choice of words is no longer disagreeably apparent, and his sentences no longer bear the marks of elaboration. In other words, he is losing, if not rapidly, yet very surely, a peculiar self-consciousness which haunted all his early work and still crops out in his fiction.

Popularity is something which Mr. James seems never to have cared much about. He addresses a narrow audience of readers, and he uses terms of expression common only to a very small fraction of the English-speaking world. It might almost be said that a trip to Europe is necessary before a person can read him without being surprised by unusual words and turns of thought foreign to England and America. At any rate, it is necessary to have read French easily and diligently. Mr. James is strongly Gallicized, and although the importation of French words and ideas into England and America has been going on for as many centuries as we know about in history, it requires a certain time for each fashion to become naturalized. Formerly, Mr. James was both more Gallican and less Gallican than he now appears. He used more words of doubtful acceptance in English; but, on the other hand, the somewhat elaborate and involved structure of his sentences smacked of anything rather than Gallic precision. If any one should wonder that a young American of decided promise, whose work is well received by the best magazines the country can boast, should expatriate himself, a few words will explain the phenomenon.

Literary men, exactly like artists, require, as a rule, a certain atmosphere of art and literature. This has never existed to any extent in America, and has appeared only at certain intervals in England. Italy used to be the center of art and literature, but with the waning of the power of the Papacy, accompanied, as it was, with a growth of the northern nations in comfort and civilization, the center

shifted to France. Italy and Spain have always been serious rivals to France in literature and art, but, by reason of her central position and her weight of numbers, France has held the supremacy. To this day, English art and literature, not to speak of American, can only make exceptional attempts to reach the same level. Hence, English and American artists and literary men (of the latter, those who speak the language readily) are attracted to the center. Whether it is the best for them to go, is quite another matter; the fact is sufficient. Mr. James is a conspicuous example of the power of this attraction. As far as art is concerned the language of art is the same all the world over, or, at least, all the western world over; but between the genius of the French and English tongues there is a wide gap which makes a settlement in France, on the part of a writer of English, a hazardous matter. For the present, however, and in the case under question, the move seems to have resulted in improvement.

Mr. James puts first on his list the poets of modern France—Musset, Gautier, and Baudelaire. He gives an intelligent and interesting account of them, but cannot be said to write with any animation until he reaches a novelist. Prose is much safer ground for Mr. James than poetry, notwithstanding that his critical faculty is very good. The review of Balzac, for instance, shows what he can do when roused. Evidently, Musset is unable to excite him much. One feels that he regards verse-making as amiable child's play which the world has agreed to like, and which he must, therefore, have and express an opinion upon. A real lover of poetry would talk very differently of Musset and make very different citations. But Balzac, Tourguéneff, George Sand and Mérimée interest him intensely. The comprehensive genius of Balzac, which sought to bring the whole comedy of modern human life into a kingdom of novels, fires his imagination, just as Napoleon's attempt to bring all nations into one great empire turned the heads of people in the early years of this century. We will quote a bit from this review, not to show Mr. James enthusiastic, but because he draws comparisons in large lines between three celebrated novelists:

"This latter [the portraiture of people] is Balzac's greatest gift, and it is so strong that it easily distances all competition. Two other writers in this line have gone very far, but they suffer in comparison with him. Dickens often sets a figure before us with extraordinary vividness, but the outline is fantastic and arbitrary; we but half believe in it, and feel as if we were expected but half to believe in it. It is like a silhouette in cut paper, in which the artist has allowed great license to his scissors. If Balzac had a rival, the most dangerous rival would be Tourguéneff. With the Russian novelist, the person represented is equally definite, or meant to be equally definite; and the author's perception of idiosyncrasies is sometimes even more subtle. With Tourguéneff, as with Balzac, the whole person springs into being at once; the character is never left shivering for its fleshly envelope, its face, its figure, its gestures, its tone, its costumes, its name, its bundle of antecedents. But behind Balzac's figures we feel a certain heroic pressure that drives them home to our credence—a contagious illusion on the author's own part."

Mr. James writes as a man might who is perpetually looking on at the game of life without taking

* French Poets and Novelists. By Henry James, Jr. London: Macmillan & Co.

part in it. He is like a cool and wary frequenter of Baden-Baden, who may now and then stake a five-franc piece, but not for the pleasure of the game, only in order to appear like other people, and in that way pursue his own little game of observation unmolested. He prowls about the character of an author and makes sly discoveries, like an amiable detective. This may be merely the result of a temperamental coldness of mind. Such minds are not apt to make successful novelists, even of the modern analytical variety, but they are admirably adapted to criticism. On closing this book, the reader will doubtless agree that no one is now doing work of the kind in English much, if at all, better than Mr. James.

Bartlett's "Dictionary of Americanisms."

THE eighteen years which have passed since the third edition was published of Mr. Bartlett's well-known "Dictionary of Americanisms,"* have been very fruitful in the introduction of new words and phrases. The war and the development of frontier life have had much to do with this, and possibly the lively competition among the newspaper humorists of the new order. Accordingly, at least sixteen hundred words have been added to the collection, and those previously admitted have received in many cases new illustration and definition; for even slang sometimes wanders from its first intention, a noticeable instance being in the phrase "to go for" a person or thing, which has retained its original meaning of advocacy, and added the opposite sense of attack, a meaning which is set down in Bartlett as Southern in origin. A hundred or more words have been dropped, presumably because they were too insignificant or were discovered not to be peculiarly American. Some of these omissions seem undesirable and unaccountable. Why, for example, should the new edition fail to contain "aggravate," "bank-bill," "beaver," "blazes,"—in the expression, "like blazes,"—"bonny-clabber," to "camp out," "cantelope," "coal-hod," "copper" (for a cent), "coverlid," "expect," "fire-new," "holt," "honeysuckle," "meat-ax," "scalping," "senatorial," "uncommon,"—all of which appeared properly enough in the earlier edition? "Realize," in its legitimate use, appeared in the previous edition, where good English authority was brought for it, but neither in that nor in this edition is the incorrect, and we fear American, use given, in such phrases as "to realize a large sum." "Blatherskite" also has been dropped, but we leave "The Nation" to look after its favorite.

In running over the pages we note omissions of words and phrases which may have been considered and ruled out by Mr. Bartlett, but seem to us to belong properly in his work. He does not profess to follow any rigid rule of admission, and the only principle that seems to guide him is that a word should have popular use here whether it originated

in America or in England. He admits "Conestoga wagon," but leaves out the better known "Concord coach"; "the goose hangs high" is surely an Americanism as much "as sound on the goose." Sam Slick is his authority for many expressions and might have suggested to him another use of guess in the phrase "another guess sort of a man"; "high and mighty" is a picturesque local phrase; "Jerusalem!" is a favorite Yankee oath; "judgmatical" is a very useful word, having a nice shade of meaning as distinct from "judicious"; "kersplash" is an onomatopoeia as fairly as "keswosh"; "mister," as applied in the West to any actor in a narrative, is a highly effective title, which gives the rabbit, the buffalo, or Lo the poor Indian, as the case may be, a sudden dignity; "sundown," as the name of a light vehicle, is a poetic use; "the White House" is an unusual instance of affectionate frankness of speech; to "make over," as used of dresses, is American; so is "silver" as applied collectively to silver plate; a "Cornwallis" is a historic term for the old-fashioned muster; "arm-size" has not found its way into the dictionaries, but is of familiar use; a person's "seeming" is an expression often heard in New England country towns; an American "gets through" with a thing, when an Englishman is done with it; to "make no bones" of doing a thing is, we suspect an Americanism; it is singular that the phrase, to "crack up," which Dickens so mercilessly employed, does not appear; "foot-hills" is a very useful descriptive word; to "value on a draft" is an abominable expression, but it is an Americanism; "go West" might surely have had a place; the forcible advice to one disposed to too much talk to "hire a hall," is possibly of foreign origin, but we think not; "lobster-pot" does not appear, though "fish-pot" does; inasmuch as Mr. Bartlett includes botanical uses, he might have pointed out "ground pine" and "dog-wood," the American variety being poisonous and quite distinct from the English plant of same name; to name others, "boat-ride," to ride in the sense of drive, "hay-ride," "old Betty," "that's not the kind of hair-pin I am," and "on it," a singular frontier phrase—none of all these enumerated are to be found in the work.

When we take the words which do appear, we notice the introduction of many which cannot fairly be described as Americanisms, but merely the momentary coinage which perhaps never goes beyond the occasion of its invention, it may be even a pun or half jest. Among these must be named "adulterer" for one who adulterates, the illustration being in a weak congressional joke; "Algic," a word used by the late Mr. Schoolcraft for Algonquin and never used so far as we know by any one else, except when quoting the title of one of Mr. Schoolcraft's books; "cawhalux," an obviously individual expression; "forlornity," which any one might have said, but no one would have thought worth repeating; "indicted" for "indited,"—a piece of ignorance in writer or printer upon a solitary occasion; "laurelistic," "collapsity" and "appetitical," words which could be made a great many times by feeble-minded writers or speakers trying to be forcible, without taking

* Dictionary of Americanisms: A Glossary of Words and Phrases usually regarded as peculiar to the United States. By John Russell Bartlett. Fourth Edition, greatly improved and enlarged. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

hold of the community; "oughtness," which the Rev. Joseph Cook used and which may be a "Cookism," but is not an Americanism; "sozodont," which is a trade-mark with no national characteristic. Some words too are used that surely are strictly English. "Tile," for a hat, "tramp," "rink" and "andpersand"; and the confusion of "aught" and "naught," a subject sufficiently treated in Miss Edgeworth's "Frank"; "high-jinks" is by no means an Americanism nor indeed is it used here very much; a curious explanation of the phrase, properly spelled "hy-jinks," will be found in the recent re-issue of Allan Ramsay's works, vol. i, p. 162. Nor are the definitions always exact. "Infair," as used at any rate in Virginia, is the wedding feast given afterward by the bridegroom, when the bride's hospitality has been exhausted; "head-stall" fails of its secondary definition of a horse's bridle; the old custom of bundling has a fuller explanation in the recent monograph on that subject; we sighed as we turned with some hopes to "pull down your vest" and found ourselves no nearer the secret of that mysterious phrase. Indeed, we wish that Mr. Bartlett had exercised a little more editorial discrimination, and had pursued the words and phrases more extensively to their historic origin. "Like all stacia," "like Sam Hill," are set down with the simple remark, "indefinite intensives." We know nothing of Mr. Hill's character or history; but the other phrase, of down-East origin, may well have come from a limitation at first to rain, like that which the coaster knew in the West Indies about St. Eustatius, and so have come to a general use as an intensive. "To fill the bin" is a phrase which has a suspicious likeness to the familiar one of "fill the bill".

The collection is unquestionably a useful one, and it is a pity that it has not been subjected to a more exact method. Its bulk is unnecessarily extended by the introduction of words individually instead of by classes. It was hardly worth while to make seven separate articles, for example, out of the words connected with secession. The list of proverbs and similes at the end of the book is a curious one, and the proverbs are generally expressions good enough for proverbial use, though not yet really adopted into the common speech.

Recent American Poetry.

THE influence of Mr. Bryant has been much greater than the casual and careless reader of the American poets is aware of. He has been an impressive and potent spirit ever since he published "Thanatopsis" in the pages of the "North American Review," in the autumn of 1817, and the "Lines to a Water-fowl," in the same periodical, a little later, if our memory is not at fault. One has but to take up any of the early collections of American verses—Kettell's, Chever's, or Mr. Bryant's own collection—to stumble over evidences of this fact. We take up Mr. Bryant's little volume of "Selections from the American Poets" (1840) and discover that young Mr. Willis has been reveling in Mr. Bryant's garden, where he has found April violets;

we discover, also, that young Mr. Brainard has been wandering in his woods, and musing over the autumn leaves; we discover, further, that Mr. Carlos Wilcox has been looking at spring in New England through his spectacles; we discover furthermore that young Mr. Longfellow has been discovering the spirit of poetry in one of his forests; in a word, that all our singers were imitating him to the best of their ability.

The Northern singers were the first to imitate Mr. Bryant, we should have said,—now in his descriptions of nature, now in the tone of his philosophic musings, and now in his measures. The stanza of Mr. Longfellow's "April Day" is identical with the stanza of the "Lines to a Water-fowl." The landscapes of the South differed so largely from those of the North that the poems in which Mr. Bryant celebrated the latter would make little or no impression on the minds of the Southern minstrels, who, from temperament, would not be likely to reproduce his meditative musings. We find no trace of his influence, therefore, at the South, but many traces of it in Western poets, and notably in the poems of Mr. W. D. Gallagher and Mr. John James Piatt.* We have taken pains to discover the ancestry of Mr. Piatt, which is much misunderstood both in this country and in England, where he is looked upon as an absolutely original poet, which he is not, and which no poet yet ever was absolutely. Poets are always fathered by their elders, and Mr. Piatt is as much the son of Mr. Bryant as Mr. Bryant was the son of Wordsworth.

Mr. Piatt's poetry is characterized by two qualities which are seldom found together. This is but another way of saying that he has two manners,—one of which appears to be natural to him, the other of which appears to be acquired. His natural manner we take to be his homely one; his acquired manner his fanciful one. The titles of some of the poems in his "Western Windows" will show what we mean as well as a page of criticism. Here are a few of them: "The Mower in Ohio," "The Pioneer's Chimney," "Fires in Illinois," and "Riding to Vote." A few more titles in the second section of his volume, which is headed "Sunshine and Firelight," will assist us in understanding his second manner: "Rose and Root," "The Sunshine of Shadows," "My Lost Horizon," "The Master Key," and "The Unheard Bell." Without reading a line of either of the poems so designated, we see that the first batch are realistic studies of certain phases of Western life, and that the latter aim to be poetic studies of Mr. Piatt's inner life. The poems themselves, when we have read them, confirm the impression we derived from their titles. "The Mower in Ohio," for example, is an animated and picturesque description of an old man in a clover-field doing the work of his sons, who are in the battle-fields of their country in 1864. We have rural life here, and we have patriotism, and they are

* *Western Windows*, and other Poems. By John Piatt. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co., 1877. *The Lost Farm*, and other Poems. By John James Piatt. J. R. Osgood & Co.

blended skillfully in long, musical, fluent couplets. "The Pioneer's Chimney" is the silent historian of a condition of life that vanished from the near West years ago—the historian, in short, of growth, prosperity, and decay. It is in blank verse.

The art of Mr. Bryant is wanting in Mr. Piatt's blank verse; but it is blank verse, and it is downright, honest, manly writing, and as such is entitled to praise. There are evidences of imagination in it, though its scope is limited. It is picturesque, but would bear more detail, and be better for it. Here Mr. Piatt's art is at fault. It is much less so in his rhymed pieces. "Blackberry Farm" is a happy instance of hinted details, and a rustic reminder of another American poet, whose genius is utterly unlike his own. We refer to Mr. Emerson, whose felicitous styles are perfectly caught. Speaking of Nature, he writes:

"She, discerning owners old—
Scorning their 'to have and hold'—
Takes herself: the mouldering fence
Hides with her munificence;
O'er the crumbled gate-post twines
Her proprietary vines;
On the doorstep of the house
Writes in moss 'Anonymous,'
And, that beast and bird may see,
'This is public property.'"

Belonging to the same class of poems is Mr. Piatt's lines "To my Brother, Guy," which show a genuine appreciation of the life of childhood. Homely themes impress him because he associates what may be called the humanities with them, as positively, though not as tenderly, as does Mr. Longfellow, who gives us the clue to so many of his poems in the one beginning:

"All houses wherein men have lived and died
Are haunted houses."

"The First Fire" is a good example of Mr. Piatt's manner of dealing with the domestic ties (which is a warmer and sweeter phrase than the humanities), and one which better describes the range of his sympathies and the cast of his meditations. He is the poet of home and the home affections, as well as the painter of Western landscapes and the chronicler of what he saw in his boyhood, and what his father saw before him. His work is sincere, but a little hard at times, as if his thoughts were not clear and his measures were not fluent. We can forgive much in a sincere writer whose powers are constantly enlarging, as Mr. Piatt's certainly are. He is to the West, we think, what Mr. Bryant is to the East.

ALFRED B. STREET'S poem on "Burgoyne,"* a part of which was delivered at the Centennial celebration of last fall, contains many passages in the style of those which early won a European as well as American celebrity. Street has published but little comparatively of late years, but his cunning in literary photography, in pre-Raphaelite pictures of wild-wood and farm scenery makes us suspect that his pen has been none the less diligent, meanwhile.

* Burgoyne: a Poem written for the Centennial Celebration at Schuylerville, on the 17th of October, 1877, of Burgoyne's Surrender. By Alfred B. Street. Albany: Weed, Parsons & Co.

Here are some bits constructed in his characteristic vein, and surely excellent of their kind:

"Or by some half-full brook with pebbly isles
And broken banks where blue the aster smiles,
And the rich sunflower lifts its golden star,
With here and there mossed rock and sandy bar
And sparkling water breaks like little lutes
That match the bluebird's and the robin's flutes;
They watch the snipe that leaves its tiny prints
On the soft margin, and the velvet tints
Of the brown rushes as the heron gray
Struts tall among them, and the silver play
Of light on the wet sands where pictures shine,
As in a looking-glass, of wreathing vine
And feathery foliage fringed along the edge,
And bayonet-pointing reed and dirk-like sedge.
Or by some fractured stump they oft would pause
To mark the life and tints, the clefts and flaws
Of that small world: the moss shows golden blots;
The lichen, scalloped scales; in little grots,
Dart in and out black-beetles; busily knots
The spider his white hammock over chinks;
And sinking, falling, in quick, loosening links
Twitch the gray gnats."

And here is another, possessing individuality and truthfulness, the former quality, indeed, the very outcome of the latter:

"His life within his hand, the fifer-lad
Tramped on; the baggage-driver whirled his gad;
The cannonier, beside his gleaming gun,
His crunching, pounding, plunging pathway won;
Vaulting the prostrate log, the snare-loosed drum
Jarred by the bound, gave out a solemn hum;
The king's arm clanked upon the buckle; rang
The sword against the rock."

The plot of the poem is the historic narrative of Burgoyne's advance up Lake Champlain and along the Hudson River valley. The heroes are the well-known Revolutionary patriots and soldiers. The toils of the invading army, the sufferings and martyrdoms of the settlers, the heroisms of our men and women are the warp of the work. It is brightened or relieved by frequent descriptions of forest, glade and stream, by glints of fancy, subtle strokes of delineation, historical allusion and sentimental reflection.

As a work of art Longfellow's "Kéramos" compares favorably with the best among his long series of poetical publications; regarded as an original piece, it cannot rank so high, while the thought displayed in it, though occasionally more subtle than is Mr. Longfellow's wont, does not equal in boldness his best. Many poets could conceive as good a plot and carry it out on as good a plan, but hardly another could treat it with just the same clearness and quiet beauty. While the poet is musing on Palissy, the potter strikes in:

"Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar;
And shall it to the Potter say
What maketh thou? Thou hast no hand?
As men who think to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they."

Here is a philosopher discovered in a potter indeed! The stanza will remind the reader of a certain part of the quatrains of Omâr Khâyyam as translated by Mr. Fitzgerald, where the pots in the shop of the

* Kéramos and Other Poems. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

potter talk to each other. The vivid imagination of the old Oriental poet personifies the pots and sets them talking to each other after a strange cynical fashion, and their conversation is very impressive. Here Mr. Longfellow's philosophical potter merely suggests that, should a pot criticise its master, it would be foolish in so doing, and uses the simile in order to give a fillip to atheists. In the one case the result is dramatic and vivid; in the other vague. Yet it is hardly fair to take a piece out of one poem by Longfellow and compare it with what is probably the most striking in the quatrains of the great Omár.

Among the "Birds of Passage" are some of the best short pieces which Mr. Longfellow has ever written. The Book of Sonnets which follow contains nearly twenty original sonnets, while at the end of the volume seven more are printed, being translations from the poetry of Michael Angelo. Some of the original sonnets are very beautiful. We would like to give that called "Nature" and that called "The Harvest Moon." Here is the fourth sonnet in "The Two Rivers."

"And thou, O River of to-morrow, flowing
Between thy narrow adamantine walls,
But beautiful, and white with waterfalls,
And wreaths of mist, like hands the pathways showing;
I hear the trumpets of the morning blowing,
I hear thy mighty voice, that calls and calls,
And see, as Ossian saw in Morven's halls,
Mysterious phantoms, coming, beckoning, going!
It is the mystery of the unknown
That fascinates us; we are children still,
Wayward and wistful; with one hand we cling
To the familiar things we call our own,
And with the other, resolute of will,
Grope in the dark for what the day will bring."

A number of translations from the Latin and French, as well as the Italian, go to make up this volume. Virgil's first eclogue counts one more translation among its innumerable admirers. Mr. Longfellow's hexameter keeps very close to the text, in some lines following almost word for word. The celebrated opening is rendered thus:

"Tityrus, thou in the shade of a spreading beech-tree reclining,
Meditatest, with slender pipe, the Muse of the woodlands,
We our country's bounds and pleasant pastures relinquish,
We our country fly; thou, Tityrus, stretched in the shadow,
Teachest the woods to resound with name of the fair Amaryllis."

The pathetic complaint of Melibeus, whom the soldier settlers of Caesar have ousted from his pastures, receives an unusual translation at the hands of Mr. Longfellow,—in those lines, that is to say, where he speaks of his wattled or turf-covered cottage, and of the many years that must pass before he could behold it again. Melibeus cries:

"En unquam patrios longo post tempore fines,
Pauperis et tuguri congestum cespitem culmen
Post aliquot, mea regna videns, mirabor aristas!"

This is translated after the following obscure manner, all the more unusual because of the well-known clearness of Mr. Longfellow's style and thought:

"Ah, shall I ever, a long time hence, the bounds of my country
And the roof of my lowly cottage covered with greensward
Seeing, with wonder behold,—my kingdom, a handful of wheat-
ears!"

Commentators usually connect the first two words of the last line with the end word—*Post aliquot aristas*!—and interpret *aristas* as "harvests," or "seasons," the wheat-ears (*aristas*), being put for

the season in accordance with the rustic atmosphere of the poem.

"After how many harvests, looking again upon my domain, shall I ever see," etc., etc.

Perhaps some grumbling German has discovered that the old commentators were all wrong, and Mr. Longfellow has taken the latest advice on the passage; but this explanation certainly has the advantage of greater simplicity.

Without having compared "Ovid in Exile," a translation from Ovid's *Tristia*, we may call attention to the beauty of the English verse. Mr. Longfellow is not a fiery or vigorous translator, but he is careful, and, generally speaking, beautifully smooth. If "Kéramos and Other Poems" does not add signally to his fame, it attests the healthy vigor of his old age. It gives a happy proof that he has in him the capacity to please and delight his great American and English audience for many years to come.

Gardner's "Home Interiors."*

FROM the exterior of the house which he treated of in his two former volumes, our Springfield architect has at last reached the interior in this (his third) book, where he lays about him in the same free, but courteous and good-natured, way that characterized his other works. His books are all remarkable for their readableness, and very frequently for their positive literary quality and charm. They abound in acute and penetrating remarks like the following on taste as applied to house decorations: "Neither is it safe to affirm that a strong liking on your part for certain things proves their right to be. Yet it might sometimes be wise to allow a man to outgrow his own crude taste even by indulging it, rather than to insist upon his accepting the verdict—to him incomprehensible—of a higher culture." And again: "The crudest attempt to beautify our homes by an humble and earnest seeking for true principles of art is sure to lead to a higher and nobler life, for the very dissatisfaction which follows imperfect work is a sign of growth infinitely more to be desired than the complacent content of fashionable ignorance."

Mr. Gardner writes for, and his books are well calculated to help, a class of persons that abound in nearly every community—people of cultivated tastes and perceptions, but of small means. Indeed, one of the notable things about his home interiors is the inexpensiveness of the plans and reforms he suggests. He would show you how to beautify your own home, how to do it with your own hands at odd spells, and give the painters and carpenters the go-by. The cut of a "Home-made Fire-place," on page 222, is very taking and eminently practicable. The design for an open grate, on page 190, in one of those large, awkward fire-places that are sometimes found in old houses, is also to the point. It consists simply of a cast-iron basket, swinging from a crane, and ought not to cost, he says, more than four or five cents a pound. The design also, on page 203, of a sort of stove and open fire-place in

* Home Interiors. By E. C. Gardner. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

one,—a stove in utilizing the heat, and an open fire in beauty and cheerfulness,—is another of the felicitous strokes with which the volume abounds. What can be more simple and artistic than the treatment of the chimney as shown in design on page 183?

Mr. Gardner's designs for inside doors are also original and a great relief to the eye, after the short and long rectangular panels to which we have so long been accustomed.

The volume contains chapters on "Paper-hangings," "Walls, Floors, and Blinds," "Wood vs. Paint," "Doors and Screws," "Casings, Caps, and Window-seats," "Stair-ways and Tiles," "Fire-places and Big Windows," "Renovating Old Houses," and "How John's House was Painted,"—all treated from the stand-point of thorough common sense and domestic economy, as well as from that of good taste. The author practically inculcates the principle that in interior construction and decoration, what pleases the heart—the simple, serious, warm, home-loving, human heart—will be found to be in good taste, and that to be artistic in these matters is not to be showy, expensive, ornate, but to be honest, modest, unaffected, seeking not so much to hold or astonish the eye by striking colors, or forms, or sharp contrasts, or intricate lines, as to leave it at ease and unchallenged. The beauty to be aimed at is mainly negative or secondary beauty,—the beauty of background, of tone, of quality, of quiet manners; the beauty that does not weary, or make demands, that is good for all moods and seasons, and is felt rather than seen.

Guizot's "History of France."*

IN this work, M. Guizot gives us the history of his country from the earliest times down to the outbreak of the great Revolution. The reader follows this long narrative with unflagging attention and pleasure. Like all good historians, the author has a thorough knowledge of historical perspective. We are spared those interminable details of battles and sieges and court intrigues that would be of no use even if they could be remembered; while the pages usually devoted to them are, in this work, given to a thorough study of those events that are best available for historical mile-stones, and which only a really great historian knows how to select from the mass. It is chiefly in this, and not because of any especial originality of ideas or superiority of style, that this book is so much above the general class of popular histories.

Though never very warm or brilliant, M. Guizot's language is peculiarly clear and, to be paradoxical, monotonously interesting. The history was written in the first place for the use of his grandchildren, and it is easy to see that he has labored, sometimes too obviously, to make every sentence so simple and plain that an average bright boy would comprehend its full meaning at the first reading.

M. Guizot writes from a conservative political and religious stand-point. In politics, he is a constitutional monarchist; in religion, a Prot-

estant. This latter fact lends additional interest to his account of the great religious wars between the Catholics and the Huguenots. Without attempting to disguise his sympathy for the cause of the latter, he reviews the actions and aims of the antagonistic parties in a spirit of great impartiality. His chapters on Henry IV., the Protestant king, and Henry IV., the Catholic king, are among the best in the book. He frankly indorses the apostasy of this great and good monarch as a necessity of the situation.

The bent of M. Guizot's mind is decidedly philosophical and toward broad generalizations. He is not one of those historians, however, who deny that individuals can give a new direction to the general course of events. His respect for individual influence upon history is nowhere more decidedly shown than in his remarks upon Joan of Arc. He implies, though he does not expressly say, that he believes Joan to have been directly inspired. Whatever we may think on this subject, it is, at all events, refreshing to read his sympathetic account of the glorious deeds of one of the purest and most singular characters in history, especially after the cynical aspersions that have of late years been cast upon her character and motives, not because of the discovery of any new facts bearing on her, but simply because it is considered "philosophical" to deny the existence of characters so unselfish. Perhaps it will be a handle for writers of this class to learn that Joan, according to M. Guizot, generally called the English "Goddams." "I know well," said she, "that these English will put me to death; but were they a hundred thousand more Goddams than have already been in France, they shall never have the kingdom."

In his description of Voltaire's stay at Potsdam with Frederick the Great, M. Guizot makes a glaring mistake. Speaking of the disagreements that arose between the philosopher and his patron, he quotes the following letter of Voltaire's:

"I am at present correcting the second edition which the King of Prussia is going to publish of the history of his country. Fancy! in order to appear more impartial, he falls tooth and nail on his grandfather. * * * I rather like this grandfather, because he displayed magnificence, and has left some fine monuments: * * * I had great trouble in softening down the terms in which the grandson reproaches his ancestor for having got himself made king."

"Whilst Voltaire" adds M. Guizot, "was defending the Great Elector against his successor," and so forth. This is positively a case for Macaulay's school-boy. The Great Elector was Frederick's great-grandfather, not his grandfather. Moreover, M. Guizot's ignorance of the character of the Great Elector must have been sublime to have permitted him to conclude that it was of Prussia's great founder that Voltaire was speaking in such patronizing terms.

It should be said of the present edition that the type is large, the paper is excellent, and the attention of the reader is pleasantly relieved by some four hundred wood-cuts and forty steel engravings. The wood-cuts were drawn by the French artist, de Neuville. The translator, Mr. Robert Black, has done his work conscientiously and well.

* A Popular History of France. By M. Guizot. Boston: Estes & Lauriat.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Gas from Cotton Waste.

ONE of the latest and most valuable methods of utilizing the waste and refuse that gather about railroad shops and manufactories, such as cotton waste, sawdust, wood, cloth, rubber-tubing, and oily by-products of every variety, works up the materials into gas of good illuminating qualities. A gas plant erected recently for this purpose consists of two benches of three retorts each, one-half being round and the other half being D-shaped retorts. The cotton waste, sawdust, rags and loose fabrics of all kinds are packed in sheet-iron carriages, and unless already saturated with oil, are sprinkled with the light petroleum oil known as "straw-color oil." The carriages are run into the round retorts, and the wood is placed loosely in either the round or the D-shaped retorts. In addition to these materials, and to enrich the gas, the same light oil is also run into the D retorts, a charge for gas-making being made up in this manner: one retort with oily sawdust, one with wood, one with cotton waste, and one with clear oil. The fires are started with anthracite, and are then maintained with waste cinders and refuse coal from the locomotives. The gas, on leaving the retorts, passes through a tank of water and a small system of cooling pipes, and thence to the holder. The condensation from the cooling pipes is saved and returned to the retorts by pouring it over the sawdust, to drive out what gas it may have taken up. The labor needed for this gas plant was one man and a boy, and from one month's operation, it has been found that the cost of making 52,460 meters (172,000 feet) of gas was \$150. Of this, \$30 was for oil, and the rest was for labor and the expense of gathering the refuse from the shops and yards. Further experiments at other works, and using only wood and oil, gave the cost of the gas as 30 cents for 305 meters (1,000 feet). The gas made from this refuse and oil is reported to be of excellent quality. The gas plant has now been in use for several months, and preparations are being made to extend the works. A by-product of this style of gas-producer is a good quality of charcoal from the wood, that, when sold, assists to reduce the cost of the gas.

Improved Catamaran.

THE catamaran or double yacht has found some favor in our waters, by reason of its high speed. A new boat of this pattern shows some improvements that are worthy of notice. The hulls are sharp, slender, and quite deep for the width. Each hull is 9.15 meters (30 feet) long, and 66 centimeters wide and deep. Each has a center-board 2.44 meters (8 feet) long, and with the center-boards down, the hulls draw 120.5 centimeters (3 feet 9 inches). The two hulls are placed 4.57 meters (15 feet) apart, the carriage for the crew and passengers being hung between them. It will be seen that these dimensions give a boat differing materially from the yacht already described in this department, and a boat that

insures great stability with light draft and extreme lightness, the total weight being only 750 kilos (1,500 pounds). The boat is rigged as a sloop, and has a mainsail with a hoist of 6.71 meters (22 feet), with a main-boom 7.93 meters (26 feet) long. The bowsprit is 7.61 meters long, and the foot of the jib 5.49 meters (18 feet) long. The carriage for the crew and passengers is a platform with a low railing, and is suspended between the two hulls on wooden bars braced by light iron trusses in every direction. All the connections between the carriage and the hulls are given free play vertically, the rods and braces being joined by rings and bolts moving easily, and wedged up with pieces of rubber. By this arrangement, the strains caused by the unequal movements of the hulls are distributed, and the wrenching and straining encountered where the two hulls are rigidly joined together are, in a measure, prevented. Each hull is provided with a rudder, the two being joined together by the steering gear, the mast is set up at the bow of the carriage and is raised clear of the water, the foot of the mast and all the framework being a few centimeters above the surface.

New Hand-Drill.

A NEW quick-speed drill of ingenious construction employs a frame for supporting the drill and a drill moving constantly in one direction. The frame holds the spindle that moves the drill and carries, on a projecting arm in front, a horizontal drum or pulley fitted with a spiral spring. A cord is wound around this drum and secured to the spindle, so that when unwound from the drum it is wound around the spindle; on being released the spring tends to rewind the cord in the contrary direction. Another cord is wound around the spindle in the opposite direction, and then passed through a guide-hole on the frame to a ring designed to be held in the operator's hand. On the spindle is a hollow cast-iron drum containing a ratchet and pawl that prevents the spindle from turning except in one direction. At the same time the drum serves as a fly-wheel for the drill. In operating the drill the left hand is used to hold the machine in position by means of a handle on the top of the frame, and to feed the drill to the work. The ring at the end of the cord is taken in the right hand and is pulled away from the drill. This turns the drill, and at the same time winds up the cord from the drum and tightens the spring. On letting the cord run back the pawl acts on the ratchet and prevents the drill from changing its direction, and at the same time the spring rewinds the cord and brings the machine into position for the next stroke without exertion on the part of the operator. The momentum of the fly-wheel carries the drill onward during this recovering stroke, and the drill runs steadily on in its initial direction; a few strokes give the drill high speed and quick and sure work. The apparatus has the advantage of ready adjustment in

any position and a good speed, and will doubtless prove of use in light wood and metal working.

Cheap and Convenient Motor for Farms.

THE demand for a low-power motor for light work, in shops and farms, has brought out a number of new steam and water engines, and for the benefit of farmers and others, some of the best of these have been described in this department. Among the more recent steam motors of this class is a portable engine and boiler of one-horse power, that presents some features of value to the farmer and small manufacturer. The boiler is cast in a single heavy piece of car-wheel iron, and depends for its safety on its great thickness. It consists of two circular castings, each 38 centimeters (15 inches) in diameter, and joined together by four vertical tubes. The fire-box is placed in the middle of the lower casting, and thus surrounded by the water. The smoke-flues are taken up through the center of each of the tubes that join the two parts of the boiler. A light dome fits over the top of the upper casting and serves to connect the flues with the chimney. By this simple arrangement is secured a good water surface, direct upward draught and plenty of steam space above and surrounding the flues. The vertical engine, with all its proper appliances, is placed at the side of the boiler near the top, and takes its steam directly from the upper part of the boiler and throws its exhaust into the stack above the boiler. The pulley for giving power to the machinery is placed on the opposite side of the boiler on a shaft that passes between the upright tubes of the boiler. Every appliance essential in a first-class engine is supplied in a compact and convenient form, and the boiler is fitted with safety-valve, water-glass, blow-off check-valves, gauge-cocks and rocking grate for the fire. The engine is said to work at an expense of only ten cents a day in burning hard coal for the one-horse power.

Filtering under Pressure.

THE usual system of filtering, where fabrics are used as strainers, has the disadvantage of offering resistance to the particles held in the water in the least useful direction of the netting or other strainer. The sediment meeting the cloth at the side or across the fibers escapes between the fibers, or the weight of the sediment or water bursts through the fabric and renders it useless. An improved form of filter employs netting, bagging or any other fabric in the direction of its fibers, making the water move along its length, instead of through it. The filters consist of a number of flat wooden rings bound with iron to give them strength, an equal number of rings cut from some suitable fabric, and the same number of thin metallic rings, all the rings being of precisely the same size. These rings are laid one over the other in this order: first a wooden ring, then one of cloth, then a metallic ring, then one of the fabric, and then a wooden ring, and so on indefinitely. After making a pile of these combined rings, heavy disks designed to close the ends of the hollow cylinder thus formed are put at the ends, and the whole

mass is fastened together by means of rods and bars that may be tightly screwed up till the rings hold together by the pressure. A small air-cock is placed on the central ring on one side, and on the opposite side is the inlet pipe for the water,—this ring being slightly wider for this purpose. On placing the filter in a horizontal position, the water to be filtered is turned in, and as soon as the air is driven out, the air-cock is closed and pressure is applied to the water in any way that is desirable. The water is thus forced outward between the rings in every direction, following the fibers of the fabric, and oozing from the sides of the filter. It will be observed that the filter holds the water in the middle, and that in escaping it must traverse the length of the fibers of the fabric, instead of across them as in the usual practice. The fabric is pressed tightly between the rings so that only by extremely minute openings can the water escape. These openings are so slender that all sediment is effectually checked, and is retained in a solid and compact form after the water has been expressed. In filtering the refuse from distilleries, fish works, cement works, and in filtering sewage or potable water, this form of filter has been found of great value. It can be constructed of any size up to works for water supply.

Memoranda.

IN the scroll-saws now so much used by young people of both sexes the saw is usually fastened at both ends, and in cutting out the interior parts of the work the saw must be removed and passed through the hole drilled in the wood and then secured to the frame, thus involving considerable labor. An improved scroll-saw has the saw-blade fastened to the frame only at the upper end. To prevent the swaying of the saw the blade is made to run in guides above and below the sawing-table. By this arrangement the saw may be raised and the work passed under it without removing the blade from the frame. The guides for the saw can be adjusted to the thickness of the wood and the saw can be used on the up or down stroke as desired. This style of scroll-saw is reported to do good work at a material saving of time and labor and power needed to move the frame.

A new form of hydraulic motor has been brought out that presents some features of interest to those in want of a low-power water-engine. The inlet-pipe is placed near the top, and by an arrangement of curved chutes the stream of water is thrown on the wheel in thin sheets that overlap each other and cover a third of the circumference of the wheel. By a suitable valve the chutes may be used singly, in pairs, or altogether, and thus the speed and power may be easily regulated within the limits of the pressure of the water. The wheel is provided with buckets of a peculiar form, so that by turning the motor down on its side and changing the inlet-pipe from the top to the side at the center, the motor may be used as a turbine. This motor seems to be well designed, and likely to prove of value in driving small lathes, printing-presses, sewing-machines, etc.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Money of Our Fathers.

THE expression "A bit piece" is often heard in the south-western section of the United States, where the term is used to indicate the value of twelve and a half cents. For example, a huckster tells you his price for a melon is "two bits" (quarter of a dollar), "four bits" (half dollar), or "six bits" (seventy-five cents). It is seldom used in estimating any other fractional parts of currency; that is, we never hear the term three bits, or five bits, or seven bits; but "a bit apiece," or "a bit a yard" is used constantly in making sales, purchases and estimates.

During many years, the word "bit" was a provincialism, the same as a "York shilling," in New York State, or a "levy" in Pennsylvania. It doubtless originated in the English name of eleven-penny bit, as applied to the Spanish, or old style Carolus or pillar shilling, which was once in common use in

the states, long after they ceased to be colonies. In many portions of New York State, Pennsylvania, and some of the western states, the terms, "levenpenny bit," or levy (value twelve and a half cents), and fippenny bit, or fip (value six and a fourth cents), are often used in reckoning. In the south-west, eleven-penny bit became contracted into the word bit, and is now more commonly used than the name shilling was in the olden time. The coin, however, to which it refers has almost ceased to circulate, and specimens are seldom seen, except in numismatic collections. The fact that the silver in a perfect bit is worth at least twelve or more cents, but does not pass for more than ten cents, has caused them to be melted and assayed into modern coins and used for other purposes.

There is one form of bit, which was once in common use in the South and West, which has disappeared so completely that my most earnest and persistent efforts have not enabled me to secure a specimen, or find one in any of the numerous collections which I have examined.

In the early part of this century, and up to about thirty years ago, the form of bit to which I refer was made by cutting a Carolus silver dollar into eight pieces, which were triangular or wedge shaped, and had a recognized value of twelve and a half cents each, in United States currency. At a later period, American coins were cut and circulated in the same manner. The illustrations will show how this was done.

No. 1 is the face or vignette side of a Spanish dollar.

No. 2 is the pillar or reverse side.

No. 3 is the face of the dollar as it appears when marked into eight pieces for bits.

No. 4 is the pillar or reverse side of the dollar divided into bits.

No. 5 is the American half dollar divided into four bits.

No. 6 is a bit, cut from a Carolus or pillar dollar.

No. 7 is a bit made from an American half dollar.

The use of this kind of coin arose from the scarcity of small change, in frontier countries, and especially about the government agencies. When an Indian or trader wanted change of a smaller denomination than a half dollar, he placed a coin on an anvil or stone, and, with a tomahawk, cut a dollar into eight pieces, with which he met the emergency and the demands made on his exchequer.

These wedge-shaped bits were freely



No. 1.



No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.



No. 6.



No. 7.



No. 5.

used as a circulating medium, and I saw them in use, until about the year 1850, when the decimal currency of ten and five cent pieces hurried them out of sight. Their inconvenient shape, rough edges, ragged points and cutting corners made them very objectionable, and they soon fell out of use.

The method by which these bits were forced into circulation and used as money will be best understood from a description of distribution or pay day at an Indian agency. At such periods, the tribes were paid exclusively in silver dollars and half dollars, large quantities of which were sent to the stations and posts for this purpose. I have seen at an agency several wagon loads of silver coins used to make one regular payment. On these occasions, the heads of families made up in regular form schedules of the members, and these were certified to by the chief and the sums paid by the disbursing agent. It often occurred then, as at the present time, that white people made a temporary abode with the Indians, and had the head of the lodge of which they became nominal members certify to their bogus claim, and thus secure a large share of the payments. After the lists were given to the agents, the amounts of money due to each representative were placed in convenient piles on tables. The Indians stood in line, and when the individual name of each was called, he took his pile of shiners, swooped them into a blanket, twisted the corners together, flung the load on his back and retired to distribute the shares to those who were entitled to them. The bucks (warriors) then gave to each squaw a few dollars, with which they purchased ornaments, gewgaws, and other articles of dress and usefulness that were brought to the agencies for sale by hordes of traders, thieves, gamblers, and swindlers of every class, who swarmed about the posts at such times. Many of the shrewdest and most prudent of the squaws, old braves, and children, upon receiving their shares, immediately departed and hid away in the distant fastnesses, where their lodges were located.

After the bucks had received their pay and presents, and had provided the squaws with allowances, they deliberately proceeded to indulge in a gaming spree and drunken debauchery, that was concluded only when they were fleeced out of every dollar they had, after which they returned home in a worse condition of degradation than before they came to the agency. Thousands of these cut coins were taken away by the agency thieves and carried to the towns, cities, and countries, far away from their normal scene of circulation.

I. E. NAGLE.

The Modern Course of True Love.

THEY met amid the ball-room's glare,
And only this had either noted,
That he was dark and she was fair,
When breathless in the waltz they floated.
But in that instant Cupid flung
A chain that bound their hearts together;
She thought that Hybla tipped his tongue
Although he only praised the weather.

To him her spirit seemed divine,
Though still she talked but commonplaces;
Her accents breathed the tuneful Nine,
Her face and figure all the Graces.
His coat her critic eye approved;
He owned perfection in her bodice;
And if to her a god he moved,
To him no less she swam a goddess.

So when they danced it seemed to each
Their bliss had brimmed its fullest measure;
And when they sat in tender speech,
Life held for them no equal pleasure.
So sitting pleased and bent to please,
Or whirling through the galop's mazes,
Unconsciously by swift degrees
They slipped through all love's sweetest phases.

He brought her *bouillon* on the stair,
He brought her sandwiches and salad,
With here a hint of deep despair,
And there a snatch of woful ballad—
With pensive pauses, shifts abrupt,
And speaking gaps of conversation,
And so by turns they sighed and supped,
And slid from ices to flirtation.

He squeezed her hand, she blushed and sighed;
Her lips said "Fie!" but not her glances;
He told of lovers that had died,
Of cruel maids in old romances;
He clasped her waist, he stole a kiss;
Her eyes still foiled her lips? "How dare he!"
They dropped cold "Mr." formal "Miss,"
And he was Frank and she was Mary.

Fifteen delicious minutes passed;
Love's star had reached its culmination.
Twin souls they knew themselves at last,
Born for each other from creation.
He swore, ere half an hour went by,
She was his bosom's only idol;
As much she vowed; with rapturous eye,
The glad youth urged an early bridal.

Ah, sweet, coy maiden shame! No more
Than this the modest Muse discovers—
They parted at her carriage door
Earth's fondest pair of plighted lovers;
With kisses, tears, and vows to meet
They parted—and Love's *Ilium fuit*;
Next day she cut him on the street,
And he, the false one, never knew it!

WALTER CAREY.

Sun-Song.

WHAT makes the birds so merry?
What makes so ripe the cherry?
It is the Sun that comes along
To mellow fruit and mellow song;
This makes the birds so merry,
This makes so ripe the cherry.

What warms the blood that rushes
To bring the tint that blushes?
It is the Sun imparting heat
To rosy lips to make them sweet.
This warms the blood that rushes
To bring the tint that blushes.

Why are the flowers growing,
With odors overflowing?
Because the Sun each blossom loves
More than the honey-bee that roves.
For this the flowers are growing,
With odors overflowing.

E. B. ROBINSON.

En Route.

PANTOUM.

[The pantoum is a meter borrowed by the modern French romantic poets from Malayan prosody. It consists of a series of four-line stanzas, the second and fourth line of each stanza re-appearing as the first and third lines of the next stanza. Victor Hugo, in the notes to his "Orientales," gave a prose translation of a Malayan pantoum, which Théophile Gautier afterward versified. MM. de Banville and Asselineau and others have written pantoums, serious and familiar. The first English attempt is the "In Town" of Mr. Austin Dobson, composed in 1876 and included in his latest volume, "Proverbs in Porcelain." The first American attempt is here presented. It is to be noted that the Malayan pantoum resembles the old French rondeau in that the opening words recur at the end.]

HERE we are riding the rail,
Gliding from out of the station;
Man though I am, I am pale,
Certain of heat and vexation.

Gliding from out of the station,
Out from the city we thrust;
Certain of heat and vexation,
Sure to be covered by dust.

Out from the city we thrust:
Rattling we run o'er the bridges:
Sure to be covered with dust,
Stung by a thousand of midges.

Rattling we run o'er the bridges,
Rushing we dash o'er the plain;
Stung by a thousand of midges,
Certain precursors of rain.

Rushing we dash o'er the plain,
Watching the clouds darkly lowering,
Certain precursors of rain:
Fields about here need a showering.

Watching the clouds darkly lowering,—
Track here is high on a bank—
Fields about here need a showering,
Boy with the books needs a spank.

Track here is high on a bank,
Just by a wretched old hovel:
Boy with the books needs a spank—
"No, I don't want a new novel!"

Just by a wretched old hovel,
Small speck of dust in my eye.
"No, I don't want a new novel!"
—Babies beginning to cry.—

Small speck of dust in my eye,
"I will not buy papers or candy!"
—Babies beginning to cry—
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!

"I will not buy papers or candy!"
Train boys deserve to be slain;
Oh, for a tomahawk handy!
Oh, for the cool of the rain!

Train boys deserve to be slain,
Heat and the dust—they are choking,
Oh, for the cool of the rain!
—"Gent" just behind me is joking.

Heat and the dust they are choking,
Clogging and filling my pores,
—"Gent" just behind me is joking,
"Gent" just in front of me snores.

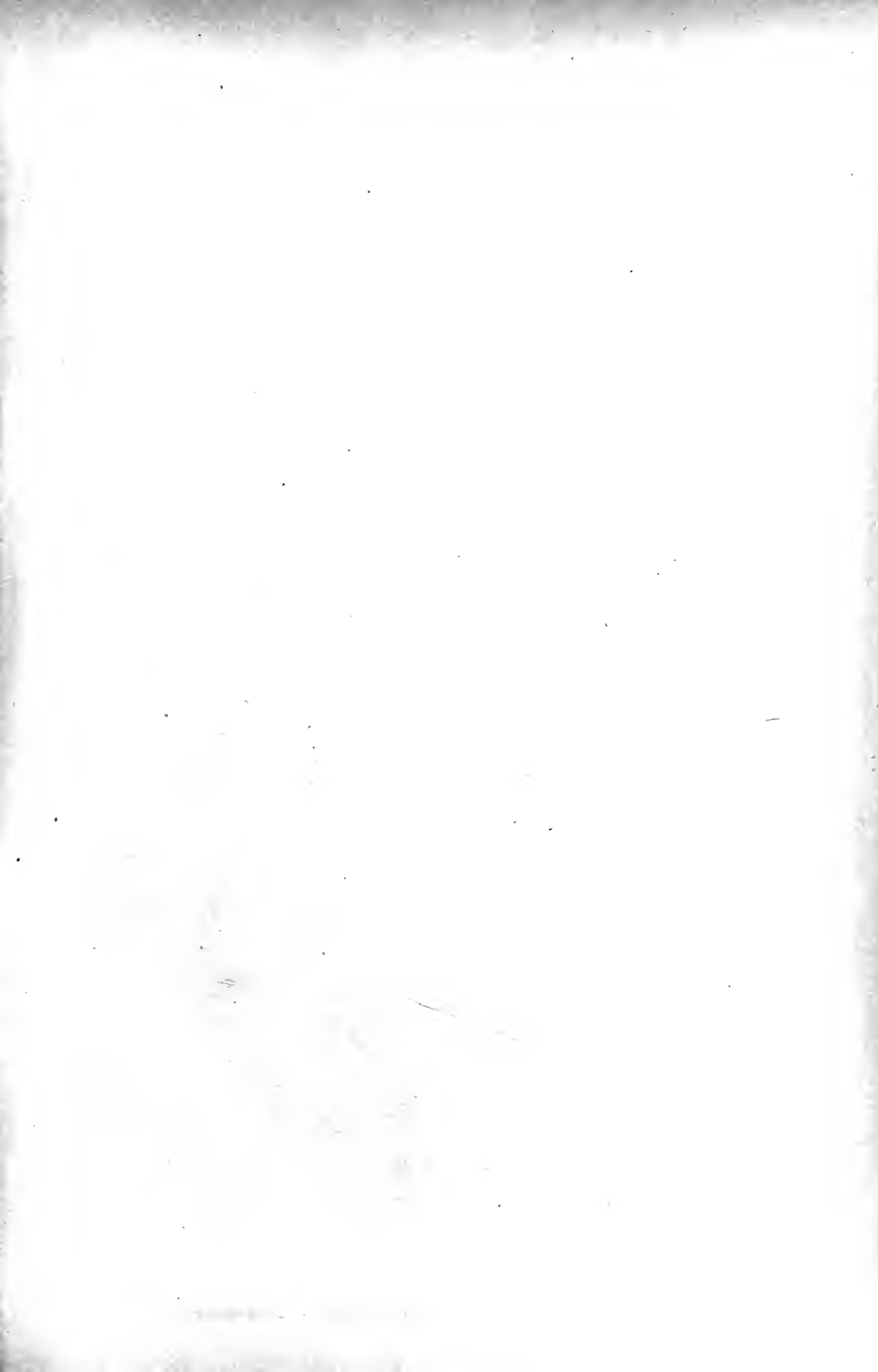
Clogging and filling my pores,
Ears are on edge at the rattle;
"Gent" just in front of me snores,
Sounds like the noise of a battle.

Ears are on edge at the rattle,
Man though I am, I am pale,
Sounds like the noise of a battle,
Here we are riding the rail.
J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.



A GOOD LISTENER.

ENTHUSIASTIC YOUNG LADY:—You are fond of music, Colonel?
COLONEL F:—Music? Aw—yes, I think I may say I like—aw noise of—of any kind!





Wyatt Eaton
Feb'y. 1878

“So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”

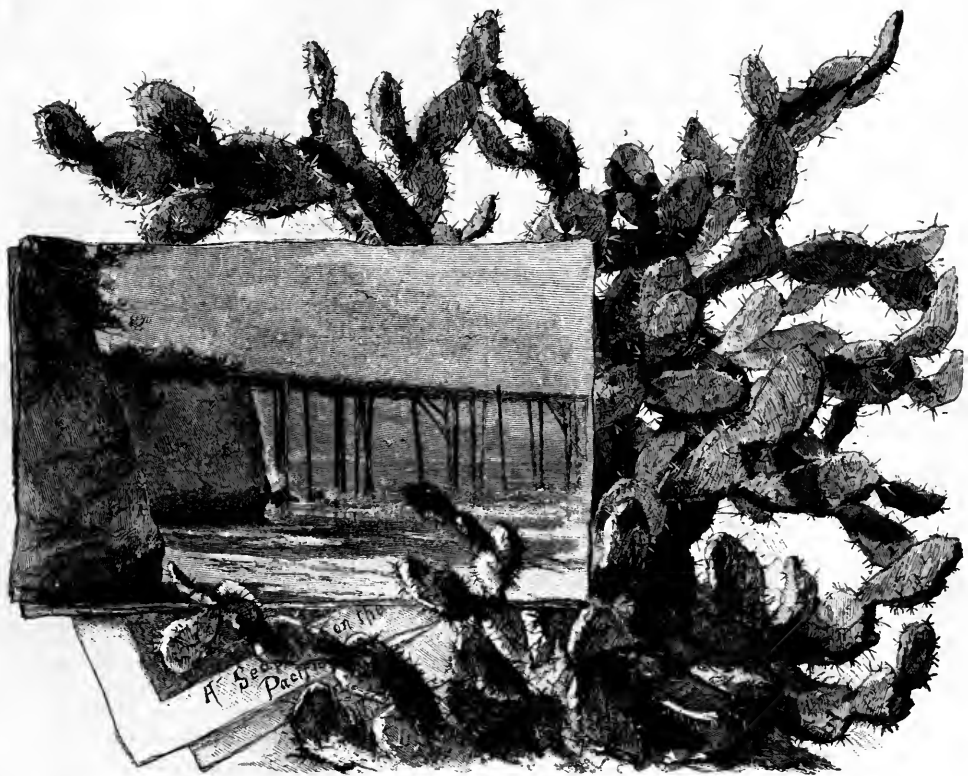
MIDSUMMER HOLIDAY NUMBER
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No. 4.

A SEA-PORT ON THE PACIFIC.



OLD WHARF, SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

PRICKLY PEAR.

THE whitish-gray sandstone cliffs rise above the breakers to the level of the breezy plain above; they are like an old sea-wall which the waves have shattered and crumbled, obliterating all but the massive original plan. I have seen old fortifications and earth-works with this half-premeditated, half-natural look. The sea working its way in, or little streams from the mountains working their way out, have left at intervals along the coast, long, bare headlands with bayous, or "lagunas," as they are here called, between them and the main-land; as they near the mouth of the bay they grow wilder, more

ragged and wave-worn, with a thinner upper-crust of soil, and a harder under-crust of rock; often they are tunneled into natural bridges, through which the breakers plunge with a hollow roar. There will be a little sandy path following along the top, or two paths, one in use, and one that may have been trodden with safety a few years before, now perilously near the edge, or disappearing entirely in places, showing how rapidly the rock wastes away. The yellow-white glare of these cliffs in the sun is strange to one accustomed to the sober gray ramparts and deep-rooted boulders, laced with wild vines,

or figured over with pale lichens, of our eastern coast. The effect is brilliant, but one turns for relief from this immovable, solid brightness, even to the piercingly blue depths of the sky, or to the changing white foam-flashes. A colorist would rejoice in the luminous shadows which fall along these cliffs, bringing out all the purple, and red, and green tints, which the blinding light effaces; and if this shadow inclose a group of figures standing against the rock, how the faces glow, and every bit of white is cut out as clear and solid as on a cameo.

The light-house stands on one of these bleak promontories (I hesitate to say what an ugly little light-house it is;—it is most unaffectedly built, and I believe it answers the purpose for which it was intended; therefore, should it not be beautiful? but distinctly, it is not). From the light-house point, looking back, we see the little white town brightening the low tones of the landscape; all this glare at a distance has a tremendous depth and strength of color, against which the town shows as a flock of sheep shows on a sunny field. Its terraces and slender poplar spires and spots of dark pine shadow, the broad white beach, and the “composed” effect of the bay and mountains give it a foreign look. You feel as if a curtain rose on it; or, as if you had seen it through the frame of a car window, on some journey through southern Europe.

It is January, but the air has an Indian summer mildness, with its underlying chill also. The early rains have brought out a tender faint greenness, like a smile over the patient, brown hills. The path which we follow along the cliffs toward the town is fringed with budding willows, and a pale, downy-leaved lupine with a dark stem. We cross a stile,—an American, not an English stile,—and the path leads on to the high railroad bridge, from which we overlook the beach, the wooden piers wading out through the surf, the bath-houses, and “sea-foam restaurants,” the “Plaza” and “Pacific ave.” horse-cars, and the unmistakably American crowd which eddies below. As we go down the steps of the bridge, we meet a Chinese washerman shuffling up, with a basket of clean clothes, neatly covered with a sheet, balanced on his shoulder; it is Saturday, and the town is full of them, hurrying in all directions with the weekly wash. We take the red “Plaza” car and rumble off through a deep cut in the cliff, past the Chinese vegetable gardens in the suburbs of the Flat, as the lower part of the town is called, and

so on, to the foot of a flight of steps leading to one of the streets on the “Hill.”

Santa Cruz is sometimes called the New-port of California, but it is like calling the Hudson the Rhine of America or Joaquin Miller the Byron of the West. The old padres in choosing this site for their mission had, no doubt, a comfortable belief that the best of everything was none too good for them; or they may have wished to enhance the virtues of abstinence and prayer by surrounding themselves with every temptation to live according to the flesh. The climate is certainly not favorable to asceticism. There is a breadth and intensity of light and color here; the flowers blossom recklessly all the year round; the flame-colored *eschscholtzia* that grows wild on the downs is twice as big as those in our gardens at home; even the white sand of the beach bears a delicate purple flower with a pale-green waxy leaf and a perfume which the sun and the sweet salt wind must have given. The high, windy plain, which sweeps across from the first low range of hills to the ragged brink of the cliffs, has been compared to the English downs. It is a pity that fences and houses should ever interrupt the impressive monotone of these wide plains. In their summer brownness they make one deep, quiet chord of color, with the cliffs and the yellow-white line of beach; the sky and sea are another; figures walking between have an intensity of effect, like that prolonged high note in the “Lohengrin” overture, against the swelling crescendo of the violins. Nature here is rather unmanageable when you try to bring it within the range of human emotions and sympathies; it cannot be made to express subtleties, or half shades of meaning, but there is a massive and savage grandeur, which would fitly accompany a drama like the “Nibelungen,” or the unearthly harmonies of the “Lohengrin,” where even the tones of passionate love and grief seem as if borne from afar off, like that “tale of little meaning, though the words are strong.” The lines of the landscape are broad and simple. The terraces of the town, the first low range of bluffs, the dark, smoky, blue mountains beyond, rise and gradually step back, with stretches of plain between, like the circling seats of a great amphitheater, from the broad bright arena of the bay,—the Bay of Monterey, forty miles wide, into whose barriers the ocean pours its winter tides, lashed by the wild “south-easters.” The storms here are warm with all their violence;

the roaring of the surf, the tumult of the wind and rain are more like wild rough play than the wrath of nature, and the tides, which, when they swell, cover the long wooden piers with spray and shake them to their foundations, still, to me, have no association with fear or peril. This may be because during the season of storms the bay is solitary. No net-work of black masts and ropes and yards fringe the wharfs;

doubt, observed these same 'wooded mountains.'"

I quote from the historical sketch of Santa Cruz prepared for the Centennial by the



MOORE'S BEACH.

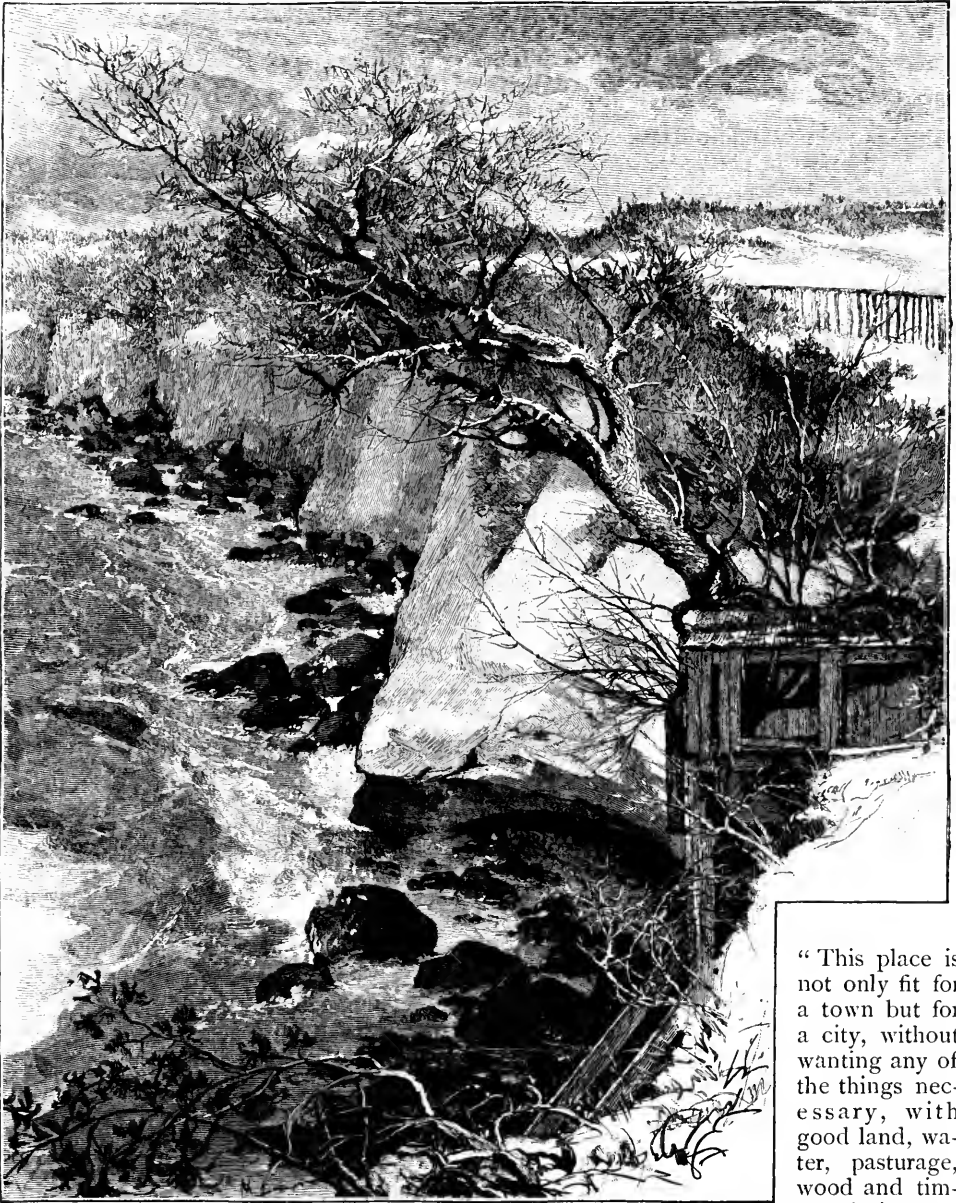
there are no white sails or black smoke pennants traced on the horizon. In all the wide stretch of water, there is nothing human for the elements to harm.

The earliest voyagers along this coast seemed to have noted the mountains, especially from the fact of their being heavily timbered. Cabrillo first speaks of these "wooded mountains," and Viscayno, "exploring the coast more carefully in search of harbors," anchored in this noble bay, and gave it the name of his patron viceroy. I confess the names of Cabrillo and Viscayno are not as familiar to my ears as Hendrick Hudson, or Captain John Smith, or the valiant Miles Standish; but we feel quite at home with Sir Francis Drake,* who, in 1578, "sailed along the same track, and, without

Rev. Mr. Willey. He gives some interesting extracts from the diary of Father Crespi, a Franciscan priest, who accompanied the expedition to rediscover the Bay of Monterey. Viscayno had given a brave account of it,

* We never can escape the ubiquitous Sir Francis. A quicksilver mine would seem an unlikely place to encounter him,—he could hardly circumnavigate that,—but we found him at New Almaden. One of the mining captains said he had lived near the old family-seat in Devonshire; there was a room in which hung a suit of Sir Francis's armor; the room was not frequented, because so much of the old gentleman's vigor still remained in his sword and gauntlet that any one opening the door was unceremoniously knocked down by those lively antiquities. Captain Gray was very young when he heard this story.

and "Governor Portala, Captain Rivera, with twenty-seven soldiers in leathern jackets, and Lieutenant P. Fages, with seven volunteers of Catalonia, besides an engineer and fifteen Christian Indians from Lower California," set out from San Diego in search of it. By the time they came to this spot they had almost given up their quest, and, like Cadmus and his brethren, where they



ITALIAN FISHERMAN'S HUT ON THE ROAD TO THE LIGHT-HOUSE.—ROCKS AT LOW TIDE.

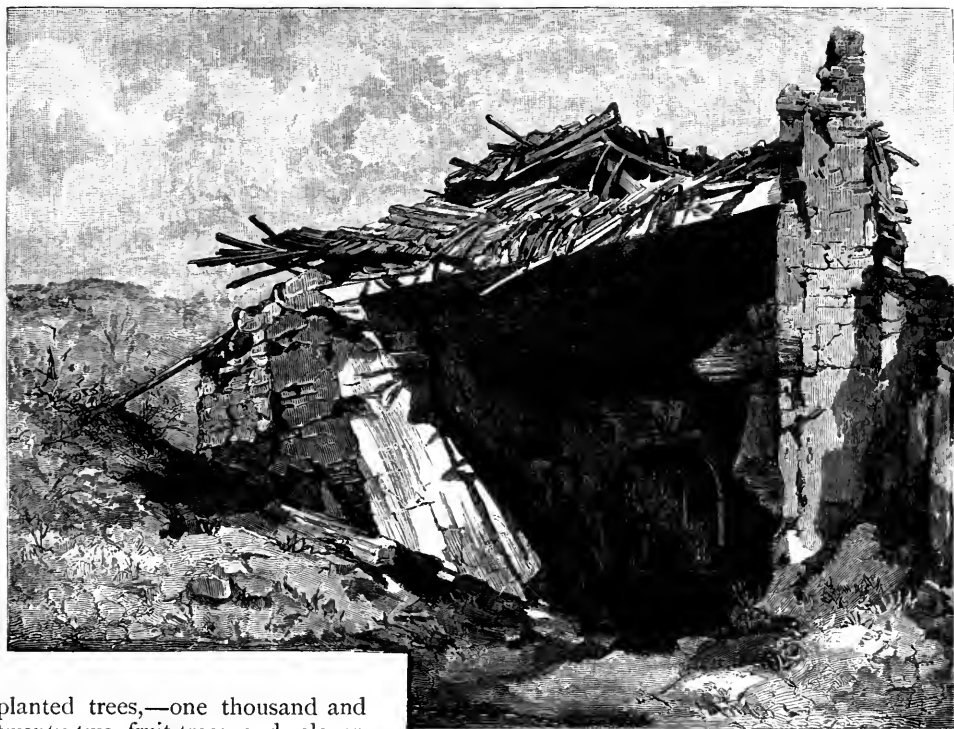
rested, they founded a city on the shores of the bay, the existence of which they had begun to doubt.

Viscayno, in his good report of the country, had spoken of an infinite number of very large pines, "straight, smooth, fit for masts and yards; likewise oaks, thorns, firs, willows and poplars; large, clear lakes, fine pastures and arable lands." And Father Crespi prophesies, with a keen temporal eye:

"This place is not only fit for a town but for a city, without wanting any of the things necessary, with good land, water, pasturage, wood and timber within reach and in abun-

dance, and close to Monterey Bay." [They had by this time verified the existence of Viscayno's bay.] "The town could be put a quarter of a league from the sea with the said advantages."

So here they founded the mission of Santa Cruz. They built the old church (its ruins are now roofed over, and protected from the weather by a dreary board sepulcher). But it was not only a question of souls,—they



RUINS OF OLD MISSION CHURCH, AS IT WAS. (FROM A WATER-COLOR DRAWING BY MRS. MATTHIAS.)

planted trees,—one thousand and twenty-two fruit-trees and eleven hundred and ninety grape-vines. Their flocks and herds increased and multiplied. They taught the Indians how to make adobes, and the use of such rude tools as were then known. The crop of beans was trodden out on a threshing-floor by the feet of oxen yoked by a stick across the horns, and winnowed by tossing it in baskets into the air.

When they ran short of provisions, in the very early days of the settlement, they were supplied by the soldiers with beans and corn to the value of \$42, "which value," the father in charge does not fail to mention, "was faithfully returned to the soldiers." The mission grew rich in temporal treasure as well as in souls. There were vessels of gold and vessels of silver, and priests' vestments,—a gold chalice was valued at \$608, two capes at \$1,200, and a priests' vestment, yet preserved, at \$800. Of the bells belonging to the mission two remain in use, and one large one lies broken and silent in the priests' garden. For twenty-three years the mission prospered undisturbed by outside influences.

The mild * rule of the padres faded away like an old moon at day-break. Their slow foot-prints have been trodden out of sight by

all the busy feet crowding in. All that remains of them and their work scarcely furnishes one distinct outward feature of the place they created, and yet the parent sap still thickens the swifter current of new life springing out of it. The influence of the climate helps to perpetuate it in its soft, persistent protest against individual effort and self-reliance; and with all its softness, the climate here is as strong as fate, or a universal scheme of salvation. There is something almost tragic in the anxiety with which, during the last dry months, the whole country awaits the blessed winter rains. If they are withheld, all is gloom for another year; if they come in joyful abundance, the dread is past, the shops enlarge their "stock," smiling faces show the general relief, and every-

* The "tender mercies" of the mother church sometimes bore a painful resemblance to those of the wicked. One means of conversion employed by the padres was no doubt irresistible: "They sent out horsemen armed with the lasso, and by its skillful use the savages were caught and compelled to come into church." They were also urged to the confessional by men standing in the church aisle armed with whips.



A WINDOW IN THE OLD MISSION WALL.

body spends a little more money than, a month ago, he thought he could afford. It is all a matter of luck, or of Providence, according to one's belief, or lack of it; and in every society, those who recklessly accept their luck outnumber those who have learned to find a meaning, even in waiting. There

is certainly a strong element of fate in the life of a Californian,—even the wide limits of the horizon, and the far-off meeting-line of sea, or plain, and sky, lead one's eyes away toward unknown possibilities, and teach one an impatience of wearisome details.

Several years ago the old mission church was shaken by an earthquake which startled the town. Its interior is a mass of ruins (horses are stabled in one end), and the entrance is entirely gone; only the long side-walls remain in somber massiveness to serve as the tomb-stones of the dead mission. From the street little can be seen except the boards which inclose the gable and roof, but the priests' garden is sheltered under the side-wall, which gives to it, with all its greenness and growth, a character of heavy quietness, as if only the life of the past haunted it. The blossoms of a yellow acacia touch it here and there half shrinkingly; there are pigeon cotes, a whole colony, built against it, where the afternoon sun strikes warm. Two small windows

piercing its massive crust show nothing but blackness within,—black holes laced across with thongs of raw hide, after the manner of an iron grating.

There is a still, brown pool of water in the priests' garden; the sunlight only touches it in gleams, for it is roofed by the green canopy of the grape-arbor which covers half

the garden. The huge parent vines, coiled like brown serpents up either post of the piazza entrance, look as if they might be as old as the mission itself. The calla lilies which border the fountain seem all the whiter in this green gloom, and, rising above the water, are reflected in it like pale gibbous moons. A pine-tree throws its mass of shadow across the sunny space between the grape-arbor and the church wall.

Late in November there are days when the air is still and lifeless, and the clouds shut heavily down: it was on such a day that we first went to the priests' gar-



OLD MISSION BELL IN THE PRIESTS' GARDEN.

den. The grape-arbor was bare of leaves, and through the cordage of stems overhead the dull sky looked down. Father Adam (there is a familiar sound about the name) talked with us a little while, and then went away and walked up and down the path beside the church wall reading a little book. The white pigeons were flitting about past the shadow of the pine-tree or perching on the brink of the pool. It all seemed strangely unreal and yet familiar, as if I had read of it long ago or seen it in a picture. It must have been the old gray wall, the smoky green masses of the pine-tree, and Father Adam in his black gown walking and reading to himself. And the pool was fascinating in its still opaqueness: those cold, white lilies,—what fellowship could they have with its secrets!

with her hands full of flowers. Another lady, in a dress of the world, had also a bouquet. I should like to have followed them into the chapel for which their offerings were intended.

Five minutes' walk from the priests' garden will bring you into a little street which contradicts every impression there received. Looking across Mission street, which it joins at right angles, we see the bare, brown hills, against the sky. They are not very big or imposing, but they have a distinctly uncivilized look which keeps them aloof from the white, gaily houses, and gay little gardens at their feet. A line of fence has been thrown across the shoulders of the hills behind the old mission buildings,—a most ridiculously inadequate tether for those brown old savages,—and two or three white-



IN THE PRIESTS' GARDEN.

Another day, when I visited the garden, one of the sisters from the convent was there gathering flowers,—for Our Lady's Chapel, perhaps. She was a Spanish sister and spoke very little English, so we could only smile at each other. Her eyes were as dark as the pool, and her cap as white as the lilies. She had rather a heavy face, but there was a gentle dignity about her that suited her dress, and she looked very happy

painted houses, the outposts of the town, stand on the very top; they have a look of painful temerity. An old Mexican house, low, wide-roofed, with ample piazzas, crouched among corn-fields, on a distant rocky bluff, seems more as if anchored.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more unlike the general impression eastern people have of California than this new street of the little fields,—these low-



SANTA CRUZ AMERICANA.

porched houses and little gardens ranged side by side with paths and grass-plots, and chaste picket-fences. You might fancy yourself in the cold, peaceful atmosphere of a New England village were it not for the gardens which the picket-fences inclose. These gardens always remind me of the people,—such a heterogeneous mass of transplanted life growing and blooming together, more or less prosperously. A botanist separating them according to their nativity would scatter them to every corner of the world. Even to the unlearned they offer a strange mixture of associations. English violets hide in the grass beneath the sculptured stem of a yucca palm, round which clings a passion-vine, its heavy purple blossoms drooping among the saber-like leaves which spring from the plinth of the palm. The shadow of a huge prickly pear falls across the white New England fence; it was planted about twenty-five years ago, and its broad, spiked leaves are printed with the initials of youths and maidens belonging to the new generation,—the young Californians. The Lamarque rose, which covers our porch with its thicket of shining green, has a stem like a

strong man's wrist. It scales the pillars and storms the piazza-roof, tossing its white blossoms about in the wind; we can see them from our upper windows like a surf against the blue sky. There are flowering shrubs from New Zealand and the Sandwich Islands; tall plumes of pampas-grass, yew-trees and fig-trees; old-fashioned pied wall-flowers, Japanese lilies, and pomegranate blossoms. The bright-eyed narcissus will always have a new association, since the Chinese "New-Year's Day," when the washermen carried them about the town presenting them to their customers,—the blossoming bulbs arranged in a dish of water, with pebbles heaped around them filling the dish and supporting the flower-stems.

There is a bed of chrysanthemums round the corner of the house, in the shade. Their bitter-sweet breath is strong with home memories. I wonder how they can gather its pungent fragrance in this mild air, if they miss the still, keen November nights and the cold kisses of the early snows.

It is November here, but not the November of the East. I walk up and down the grape-arbor at the K——'s, and see how the

sky looks in through the widening spaces in the leafy roof. There is a smell of ripening grapes. The dead leaves curl and drop. They have the same rustle as on still fall days at home, but there is something missing. We seem to be always skipping a season here. Now, in late November, the fields are getting softly, tenderly green, as in early Spring. We found wild roses growing along the sandy paths by the shore. It is lovely, surprising; but there seems to be always something we are waiting for—something left out!

You should see the innocent parade of baby-wagons on the street during the sunny

Its long leaves flap instead of flutter, and show a silver lining. I respect the old brook-willows which mark the winding channel of the "San Lorenzo," but the weeping willows have no bones in them. They are all a loose wash of pale green, like a bad water-color drawing.

The poplars stand up firmly, lightly poised against the deep blue of the sky; they are all yellow now on top, as if the sun touched them: the locusts let all their leaves drift down light and slow, and in their bare, rugged outlines keep the sentiment of the fall.

The town made its beginning in a quiet way, down on the "Flat," then climbed the



SANTA CRUZ MEXICANA.

hours! This is a wonderful climate for babies, as well as flowers, and after sunset until dark there is a cheerful fizzling of garden hose in all the neighboring gardens. One fancies that the air suddenly grows cool, moist, and perfumed.

There are many trees in the streets of the town—great-grandchildren, perhaps, of the "oaks, thorns, firs, willows and poplars" Viscayno saw, but he did not see the delicate feathery pepper-tree or the *Eucalyptus* (Australian gum-tree), which shows its pale bluish-green foliage here and there. It is always "out of tone," and looks as if seen through a fog, or with a hoar-frost upon it.

hill to enjoy its leisure with a "view," and a refuge from the business streets. Almost all the streets on the hill end in a flight of wooden steps, leading to the "Flat." This is one of the pretty features of the town,—these unexpected little stair-ways. Sometimes long and straight, sometimes short and crooked, almost all with a landing in the middle and a bench to rest on. We cannot help wishing that the hospitality which put these landings and benches here, with their mute invitations to stop and rest, could be perpetuated in something more lasting than boards.

In some old stone mediæval city, what

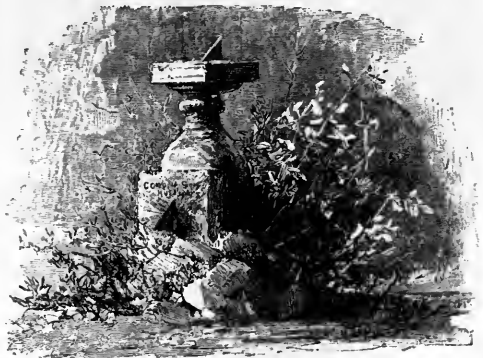
richness and gloom of mellow time-stains, sharp angles of shadow, splashes of color and smoky lights, would gather around these little stair-ways! They would be worn into hollows, and have a look as if the whole human race since the flood had trodden them.

The flight at the end of our street has a bench on top, from which there is a charming view over the house-tops to the Monterey Mountains across the bay, and the gray line of the sea, out beyond the light-house point. The trees blow about the white gables and gray roofs at sunset, the windows all sparkle up brightly, the mountains grow darkly blue, and the sky glows with a golden pinkish color. A level light falls across the nearer hills, and the tall poplars, lifting their yellowed tops, look as if they too shared in this last joy of the hills. For the first two months after we came, the Monterey Mountains were hidden by a haze, and the sky had that luminous indefiniteness which I have seen in some old engravings after Turner. The bench is best on moonlight nights (there is a good deal of quiet competition for it by the young people of the neighborhood, on these occasions), or at twilight, when the whiteness of the houses fades into the gray, and nothing is left of the town but its clustered lights, its spires and softly stirring tree-tops, its wide encircling sweep of mountains and that dim stretch of cloud, or fog, or water which we feel, rather than see, is the ocean. In still, summer weather, the daylight noises of the town almost drown the surf, but when the tide comes in at midnight, and the wind rises, all the living sounds and voices are lulled. Then, if you are wakeful, you can hear its hoarse, loud sigh, dying into murmurs faintly repeated in whispers along the shore.

The convent is only a few streets and corners distant. We can hear the bell ring for early mass. I sometimes meet the sisters, walking, almost always two together, in their heavy dark gowns and stiff white caps. It gives us quite a traveled, Old-Worldly feeling to talk of going round by the convent and the fig-tree. The convent was once an old hotel, and could never have been picturesque in any capacity; and the fig-tree is an aged "buck-eye." The mistake was made by a young lady from the East, whose knowledge of fig-trees was entirely theoretical. We always call it the fig-tree, and have forgiven it long ago for not being one. It couldn't help it, any more than the con-

vent can help its dead white glare and its blank prospective of piazza. A double piazza extending along two sides of a house is so suggestive of life and enjoyment,—it gives me a chill to pass these empty white galleries, where no one ever walks or leans over the railing, or smiles down to a friend below, or looks out at the mountains. The yard runs back on a little street which ends in the usual flight of steps; there is a long whitewashed wall which in some way reminds me of the sisters' caps; the trees show over the top, crowding out into the sunlight. Through a little door in the wall I see, in the afternoons, a troop of children pass out; first in a long string, then scattering apart singly or in little groups, like bright beads rolling away when the string is broken.

The stairs leading from the little convent street are old, crooked, and unfrequented. They overlook some queer back-yards and balconies, with plants in boxes and clothes hung out to dry. There is a Chinese wash-house with its sign, "Jim Wau," illustrated by a picture of a large and not un-Christian-looking flat-iron. It may be that Jim, himself, with his pig-tail neatly wound round his head, sits in the door-way, smoking. The stairs are built against the wall of a high garden; looking up, you see its tangled vines and shrubbery, and one tall superb clump of pampas-grass; its blossoms are like silver flames with a core of gold; they lightly wave to and fro on the long reed stem like torches, paling in the sunlight. On



COMO LA SOMBRA

HUYE LA HORA

SUN-DIAL IN MR. K——'S GARDEN, SANTA CRUZ.

a gray, windy day,—one of the first cloudy days which herald the early rains,—we walked

along the top of the cliffs to the light-house point. I had only seen the beach in broad sunlight, and the effect of that darkly curtained sky was unspeakably restful,—no one can know how restful, who has not known seven months of unmitigated sunshine! You could throw your head back and look up,—you could open your eyes wide and gaze long and far! There was a long, pale streak of light, where the dark curtain lifted to show the meeting line of sky and sea; there were gleams on the wet sand, on the sea-gull's wings, and a broad white gleam where the hissing foam spread fast up the beach, or swam dizzily back with the retreating wave,—you could follow the curves of the beach by its white flashes,—it was like that robe of Samite, "mystic, wonderful," flung up on the shore in fleecy folds, and then withdrawn by unseen hands; or, like the shroud the weird sisters washed in time of trouble.

A wrecked schooner lay on the beach before the light-house, with her keel bedded in sand, her one remaining mast slanted at an angle of distress, and the surf breaking over her decks. "Active," was all of the name we could see. Farther in-shore, below the rocks, lay the mast she lost in the storm, and two little bare-legged boys were balancing up and down its length, treading carefully, one foot before the other, swaying from side to side, with hands upraised and sun-bleached locks blowing in the salt wind. The kelp was strewn in wide swaths upon the beach, and a dead sea-bird lay on one of the dank brown heaps.

From the light-house beach we went on, climbing another stile, and following the narrow sandy path along the cliff to Round-tree beach. Here is one of the natural bridges and some fine masses of rocks carved by the waves. Above, what would have been the key-stone of the bridge, where the shadow of the rude arch is blackest, and the tumult of water rushing out of the echoing defile is churned into whitest foam, we saw a Mexican fisherman perched like an old water-fowl, waiting for his prey. His coat was huddled over his shoulders with the sleeves crossed in front; his head sunk forward, watching with silent intentness the line which quivered down, a slanting thread of light, against the ragged parapet of the bridge. Far down below, the water hissed and roared; sea-gulls flew in and out, and back on the bank above the old fisherman's head, lay a boy as silent as himself, a "muchacho," all in brown,—face, hat and clothes, as if he had grown out of the brown bank

he lay on. They looked as if they had been for hours in the same place, without moving or speaking.

On our way home, we walked on the wet sand below the cliffs; the tide had just gone out, and the rocks for some distance above their base were a mass of life,—such dim subconsciousness as may quiver in a star-fish, or expand the oozy petals of a sea-anemone. The avalone shell is found clinging to these rocks; it has a tremendous power of suction, and is with difficulty detached from its hold. Its meat, when pounded tender and fried in steaks, is not unlike scallops; it makes a delicious soup. A Chinese fisherman at Soquel was caught by one,—a huge fellow whom he was prying off the rock. It held him in its clammy grasp until the tide washed in and drowned him. I wonder if he felt the ghastly ignominy of such a death.

The fishermen here are almost all Chinese or Italian. I saw a picturesque group of the latter dragging their seine-nets in through the surf at low tide. Their boats are rigged with a lateen sail, such as we see in pictures of the Mediterranean. The Chinese fishermen at Soquel live in a delightful huddle of shanties along the base of the cliffs. They build like birds or animals, and their houses, though dirty and squalid, are seldom obtrusive. They often show a curious ingenuity in adapting a commonplace means to an unusual end; a Chinese vegetable-grower on the Flat has defended his field by a *chevaux de frise* of tin cans of the square variety opened and stretched out so the four sides form one long strip of tin, notched at the top, and nailed above an ordinary close boarded fence.

The houses at Santa Cruz distressed me at first by their painful whiteness and uprightness, which give them a Pharisaical air of virtue, quite incompatible with the broad and easy stretches of the landscape. The builders here built not in harmony with their new surroundings, but in memory of the old ones they left behind them. These are the white-gabled, steep-roofed houses that in the East are sheltered by hills and seen in prospective at the end of winding roads with deep tree-shadows across them.

The houses do not bear transplanting so well as the clean, upright, peaceful lives they symbolize. Good men and women harmonize, in the best sense, with any landscape,—they may not always be picturesque,—they are often not very happy, but it is good for the country that they are there.

Almost every settlement in California is more or less like the Basil plant, with old wrongs and tragedies clinging to the soil about its roots. Here the conflict of races, religion and land titles is not so far in the past that its heritage is entirely outworn. It is true that society in the West does not hide its wounds so closely as in the East, but is there not hope in the very fact of this openness? At all events the worst is known. The East constantly hears of the

recklessness, the bad manners, and the immorality of the West, just as England hears of all our disgraces, social, financial and national; but who can tell the tale of those quiet lives which are the life-blood of the country,—its present strength and its hope in the future?

The tourist sees the sensational side of California—its scenery and society; but it is not all included in the Yo Semite guide-books and the literature of Bret Harte.

SHARP EYES.

"The harvest of a quiet eye."

In the spring movements of the fishes up the stream, toward their spawning beds, the females are the pioneers, appearing some days in advance of the males. With the birds the reverse is the case, the males coming a week or ten days before the females. The female fish is usually the larger and stronger, and perhaps better able to take the lead; among most reptiles the same fact holds, and throughout the insect world there is to my knowledge no exception to the rule. But higher in the scale the male comes to the front and leads in size and strength.

The first spring birds, therefore, are cocks; hence the songs and tilts and rivalries. Hence also the fact that they are slightly in excess of the other sex, to make up for this greater exposure; apparently no courting is done in the South, and no matches are pre-arranged. The males leave irregularly without any hint, I suspect, to the females as to when or where they will meet them. In the case of the passenger pigeon, however, the two sexes travel together, as they do among the migrating water-fowls.

With the song-birds, love-making begins as soon as the hens are here. So far as I have observed, the robin and the blue-bird win their mates by gentle and fond approaches; but certain of the sparrows, notably the little social sparrow or "chippie," appear to carry the case by storm. The same proceeding may be observed among the English sparrows, now fairly established on our soil. Two or three males beset a female and a regular scuffle ensues. The poor bird is pulled and jostled and cajoled amid what appears to be the

greatest mirth and hilarity of her audacious suitors. Her plumage is plucked and ruffled, the rivals roll over each other and over her, she extricates herself as best she can, and seems to say or scream "no," "no," to every one of them with great emphasis. What finally determines her choice would be hard to say. Our own sparrows are far less noisy and obstreperous, but the same little comedy in a milder form is often enacted among them. When two males have a tilt they rise several feet in the air beak to beak and seek to deal each other blows as they mount. I have seen two male chewinks facing each other and wrathfully impelled upward in the same manner, while the female that was the boon of contention between them regarded them unconcernedly from the near bushes.

The bobolink is also a precipitate and impetuous wooer. It is a trial of speed, as if the female were to say, "Catch me and I am yours," and she scurries away with all her might and main, often with three or four dusky knights in hot pursuit. When she takes to cover in the grass there is generally a squabble "down among the tickle-tops," or under the buttercups, and "Wintersable" or "Conquedel" is the winner.

In marked contrast to this violent love-making are the social and festive re-unions of the goldfinches about mating time. All the birds of a neighborhood gather in a tree-top, and the trial apparently becomes one of voice and song. The contest is a most friendly and happy one; all is harmony and gayety. The females chirrup and twitter and utter their confiding "*paisley*," "*paisley*," while the more gayly dressed males squeak

and warble in the most delightful strain. The matches are apparently all made and published during these gatherings; everybody is in a happy frame of mind; there is no jealousy, and no rivalry but to see who shall be gayest.

It often happens among the birds that the male has a rival after the nuptials have

graceful sallies, they pursue and circumvent each other. First one hops a few feet, then the other, each one standing erect in true military style while his fellow passes him and describes the segment of an ellipse about him, both uttering the while a fine complacent warble in a high but suppressed key. Are they lovers or enemies? the beholder won-



PASSENGER PIGEONS.

been celebrated and the work of house-keeping fairly begun. Every season a pair of phoebe-birds have built their nest on an elbow in the spouting beneath the eaves of my house. The past spring a belated male made desperate efforts to supplant the lawful mate and gain possession of the unfinished nest. There was a battle fought about the premises every hour in the day for at least a week. The antagonists would frequently grapple and fall to the ground and keep their hold like two dogs. On one such occasion I came near covering them with my hat. I believe the intruder was finally worsted and withdrew from the place. One noticeable feature of the affair was the apparent utter indifference of the female, who went on with her nest-building as if all was peace and harmony. There can be little doubt that she would have applauded and accepted the other bird had he finally been the victor.

One of the most graceful of warriors is the robin. I know few prettier sights than two males challenging and curvetting about each other upon the grass in early spring. Their attentions to each other are so courteous and restrained. In alternate curves and

downs, until they make a spring and are beak to beak in the twinkling of an eye, and perhaps mount a few feet into the air, but rarely actually delivering blows upon each other. Every thrust is parried, every movement met. They follow each other with dignified composure about the fields or lawn, into trees and upon the ground, with plumage slightly spread, breasts glowing, their lisping, shrill war-song just audible. It forms on the whole the most civil and high-bred tilt to be witnessed during the season.

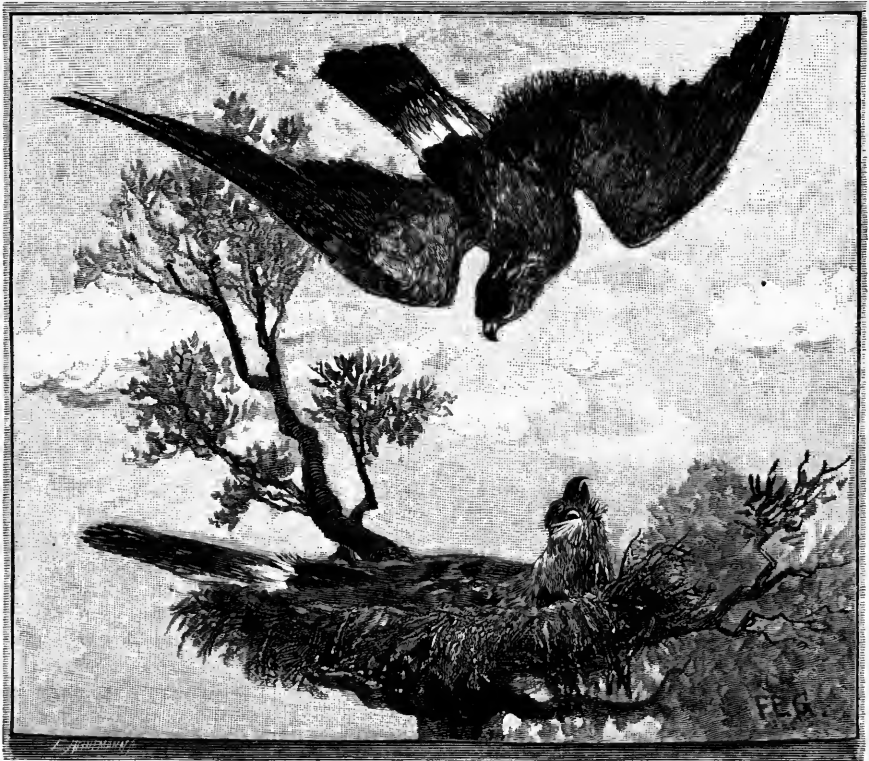
When the cock-robin makes love he is the same considerate, deferential, but insinuating, gallant. The warble he makes use of on that occasion is the same, so far as my ear can tell, as the one he pipes when facing his rival.

A bird I am never tired of recurring to is the bluebird. The past season (1877), the males came about a week in advance of the females. A fine male lingered about my grounds and orchard all that time, apparently waiting the arrival of his mate. He called and warbled every day, as if he felt sure she was within ear-shot, and could be hurried up. Now he warbled half-angrily or upbraidingly, then coaxingly, then cheer-

ily and confidently, the next moment in a plaintive, far-away manner. He would half open his wings, and twinkle them caressingly, as if beckoning his mate to his heart. One morning she had come, but, was shy and reserved. The fond male flew to a knot-hole in an old apple-tree, and coaxed her to his side. I heard a fine confidential warble,—the old, old story. But the female flew to a near tree, and uttered her plaintive, homesick note. The male went and got some dry grass or bark in his beak, and flew again to the hole in the old tree, but the other said “nay,” and flew away in the distance. When he saw her going, or rather heard her distant note, he dropped his stuff, and cried out in a tone that said plainly enough, “Wait a minute. One word, please,” and flew swiftly in pursuit. He won her before long, however, and early in April the pair were established in one of the four or five boxes I had put up for them, but not until they had changed their minds several times. As soon as the first brood had flown, and while they were yet under their parents’ care, they began another nest in one of the other boxes, the

female, as usual, doing all the work, and the male all the complimenting. A source of occasional great distress to the mother-bird was a white cat that sometimes followed me about. She had never been known to catch a bird, but she had a way of watching them that was very embarrassing to the bird. Whenever she appeared, the mother bluebird would set up that pitiful, melodious plaint. One morning the cat was standing by me, when the bird came with her beak loaded with building material, and alighted above me to survey the place, before going into the box. When she saw the cat, she was greatly disturbed, and in her agitation could not keep her hold upon all her material. Straw after straw came eddying down, till not half her original burden remained. After the cat had gone away, the bird’s alarm subsided, till, presently seeing the coast clear, she flew quickly to the box and pitched in her remaining straws with the greatest precipitation, and, without going in to arrange them, flew away in evident relief.

In the cavity of an apple-tree but a few yards off, and much nearer the house than



HAWK ON NEST



CROWS IN WINTER.

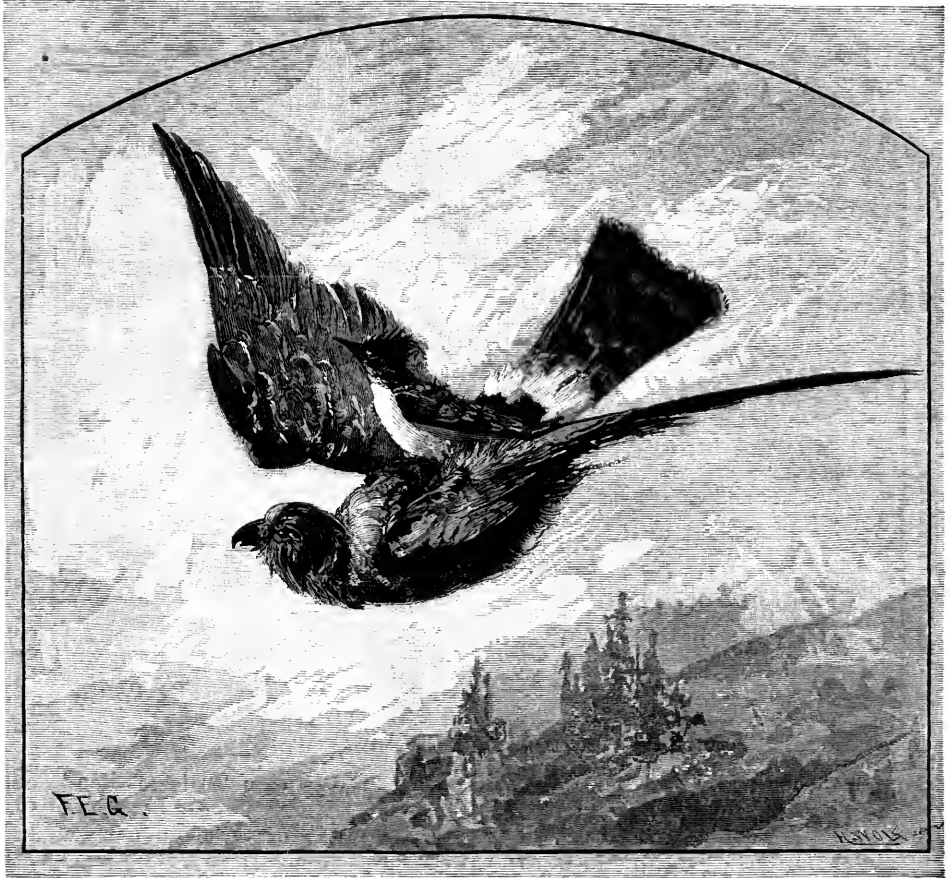
they are wont to build, a pair of high-holes, or golden-shafted woodpeckers, took up their abode. A knot-hole which led to the decayed interior was enlarged, the live wood being cut away as clean as a squirrel would have done it. The inside preparations I could not witness, but day after day, as I passed near, I heard the bird hammering away, evidently beating down obstructions and shaping and enlarging the cavity. The chips were not brought out, but were used rather to floor the interior. The woodpeckers are not nest-builders, but rather nest-carvers.

The time seemed very short before the voices of the young were heard in the heart of the old tree,—at first feebly, but waxing stronger day by day until they could be heard many rods distant. When I put my hand upon the trunk of the tree, they would set up an eager, expectant chattering; but if I climbed up it toward the opening, they

soon detected the unusual sound and would hush quickly, only now and then uttering a warning note. Long before they were fully fledged, they clambered up to the orifice to receive their food. As but one could stand in the opening at a time, there was a good deal of elbowing and struggling for this position. It was a very desirable one aside from the advantages it had when food was served; it looked out upon the great, shining world, into which the young birds seemed never tired of gazing. The fresh air must have been a consideration also, for the interior of a high-hole's dwelling is not sweet. When the parent birds came with food, the young one in the opening did not get it all, but after he had received a portion, either on his own motion or on a hint from the old one, he would give place to the one behind him. Still, one bird evidently outstripped his fellows and in the race of life was two

or three days in advance of them. His voice was loudest and his head oftenest at the window. But I noticed that when he had kept the position too long, the others evidently made it uncomfortable in his rear, and, after "fidgeting" about a while, he

ended, I have no doubt, from the rear,—and launched forth upon his untried wings. They served him well and carried him about fifty yards up-hill the first heat. The second day after, the next in size and spirit left in the same manner; then another, till only one



HAWK AND KING-BIRD.

would be compelled to "back down." But retaliation was then easy, and I fear his mates spent few easy moments at that look-out. They would close their eyes and slide back into the cavity as if the world had suddenly lost all its charms for them.

This bird was, of course, the first to leave the nest. For two days before that event he kept his position in the opening most of the time and sent forth his strong voice incessantly. The old ones abstained from feeding him almost entirely, no doubt to encourage his exit. As I stood looking at him one afternoon and noting his progress, he suddenly reached a resolution,—sec-

remained. The parent birds ceased their visits to him, and for one day he called and called till our ears were tired of the sound. His was the faintest heart of all. Then he had none to encourage him from behind. He left the nest and clung to the outer bowl of the tree, and yelped and piped for an hour longer; then he committed himself to his wings and went his way like the rest.

A young farmer in the western part of the state (E. S. Gilbert, of Canaseraga, N. Y.) who has a sharp, discriminating eye, sends me some interesting notes about a tame high-hole he once had.

"Did you ever notice," says he, "that

the high-hole never eats anything that he cannot pick up with his tongue? At least this was the case with a young one I took from the nest and tamed. He could thrust out his tongue two or three inches, and it was amusing to see his efforts to eat currants from the hand. He would run out his tongue and try to stick it to the currant; failing in that, he would bend his tongue around it like a hook and try to raise it by a sudden jerk. But he never succeeded, the round fruit would roll and slip away every time. He never seemed to think of taking it in his beak. His tongue was in constant use to find out the nature of everything he saw; a nail-hole in a board or any similar hole was carefully explored. If he was held near the face he would soon be attracted by the eye and thrust his tongue into it. In this way he gained the respect of a number of half-grown cats that were around the house. I wished to make them familiar to each other, so there would be less danger of their killing him. So I would take them both on my knee, when the bird would soon notice the kitten's eyes, and leveling his bill as carefully as a marksman levels his rifle, he would remain so a minute when he would dart his tongue into the cat's eye. This was held by the cats to be very mysterious: being struck in the eye by something invisible to them. They soon acquired such a terror of him that they would avoid him and run away whenever they saw his bill turned in their direction. He never would swallow a grasshopper even when it was placed in his throat; he would shake himself until he had thrown it out of his mouth. His 'best hold' was ants. He never was surprised at anything, and never was afraid of anything. He would drive the turkey gobbler and the rooster. He would advance upon them holding one wing up as high as possible, as if to strike with it, and shuffle along the ground toward them, scolding all the while in a harsh voice. I feared at first that they might kill him, but I soon found that he was able to take care of himself. I would turn over stones and dig into ant-hills for him, and he would lick up the ants so fast that a stream of them seemed going into his mouth unceasingly. I kept him till late in the fall, when he disappeared, probably going south, and I never saw him again."

Mr. Gilbert also sends me some interesting observations about the cuckoo. He says a large gooseberry-bush standing in the border of an old hedge-row, in the

midst of open fields, and not far from his house, was occupied by a pair of cuckoos for two seasons in succession, and, after an interval of a year, for two seasons more. This gave him a good chance to observe them. He says the mother-bird lays a single egg, and sits upon it a number of days before laying the second, so that he has seen one young bird nearly grown, a second just hatched, and a whole egg all in the nest at once. "So far as I have seen, this is the settled practice,—the young leaving the nest one at a time to the number of six or eight. The young have quite the look of the young of the dove in many respects. When nearly grown they are covered with long blue pin-feathers as long as darning-needles, without a bit of plumage on them. They part on the back and hang down on each side by their own weight. With its curious feathers and misshapen body the young bird is anything but handsome. They never open their mouths when approached, as many young birds do, but sit perfectly still, hardly moving when touched." He also notes the unnatural indifference of the mother-bird when her nest and young are approached. She makes no sound, but sits quietly on a near branch in apparent perfect unconcern.

These observations, together with the fact that the egg of the cuckoo is occasionally found in the nests of other birds, raise the inquiry whether our bird is slowly relapsing into the habit of the European species, which always foists its egg upon other birds; or whether, on the other hand, it be not mending its manners in this respect. It has but little to unlearn or forget in the one case, but great progress to make in the other. How far is its rudimentary nest—a mere platform of coarse twigs and dry stalks of weeds—from the deep, compact, finely woven and finely modeled nest of the goldfinch or king-bird, and what a gulf between its indifference toward its young and their solicitude! Its irregular manner of laying also seems better suited to a parasite like our cow-bird, or the European cuckoo, than to a regular nest-builder.

My correspondent, like most sharp-eyed persons, sees plenty of interesting things as he goes about his work. He one day saw a white swallow, which is of rare occurrence. He saw a bird, a sparrow he thinks, fly against the side of a horse and fill his beak with hair from the loosened coat of the animal. He saw a shrike pursue a chickadee when the latter escaped by taking

refuge in a small hole in a tree. One day in early spring he saw two hen-hawks that were circling and screaming high in air, approach each other, extend a claw and clasping them together, fall toward the earth flapping and struggling as if they were tied together; on nearing the ground they separated and soared aloft again. He supposed that it was not a passage of war but of love, and that the hawks were toying fondly with each other.

Mr. Gilbert relates a curious circumstance of finding a humming-bird in the upper part of a barn with its bill stuck fast in a crack of one of the large timbers, dead, of course, with wings extended, and as dry as a chip. The bird seems to have died as it had lived, on the wing, and its last act was indeed a ghastly parody of its living career. Fancy this nimble, flashing sprite, whose life was passed probing the honeyed depths of flowers, at last thrusting its bill into a crack in a dry timber in a hay-loft, and, with spread wings, ending its existence.

When the air is damp and heavy, swallows frequently hawk for insects about cattle and moving herds in the field. Mr. Gilbert describes how they attended him one foggy day, as he was mowing in the meadow with a mowing-machine. It had been foggy for two days, and the swallows were very hungry, and the insects stupid and inert. When the sound of his machine was heard, the swallows appeared and attended him like a brood of hungry chickens. He says there was a continual rush of purple wings over the "cut-bar," and just where it was causing the grass to tremble and fall. Without his assistance, the swallows would doubtless have gone hungry yet another day.

Of the hen-hawk, my sharp-eyed farmer has observed that both male and female take part in incubation. "I was rather surprised," he says, "on one occasion, to see how quickly they change places on the nest. The nest was in a tall beech, and the leaves were not yet fully out. I could see the head and neck of the hawk over the edge of the nest, when I saw the other hawk coming down through the air at full speed. I expected he would alight near by, but instead of that he struck directly upon the nest, his mate getting out of the way barely in time to avoid being hit; it seemed almost as if he had knocked her off the nest. I hardly see how they can make such a rush on the nest without danger to the eggs."

The king-bird will worry the hawk as a

whiffet dog will worry a bear. It is by his persistence and audacity, not by any injury he is capable of dealing his great antagonist. The king-bird seldom more than dogs the hawk, keeping above and between his wings, and making a great ado; but my correspondent says he once "saw a king-bird riding on a hawk's back. The hawk flew as fast as possible, and the king-bird sat upon his shoulders in triumph until they had passed out of sight,"—tweaking his feathers, no doubt, and threatening to scalp him the next moment.

Little dramas, or tragedies, or comedies, little characteristic scenes are always being enacted in the lives of the birds, if our eyes are sharp enough to see them. They all have ways and traits of their own. One day in May, walking in the woods, I came upon the nest of a whip-poor-will, or rather its eggs, for it builds no nest,—two elliptical whitish spotted eggs lying upon the dry leaves. My foot was within a yard of the mother-bird before she flew. I wondered what there was curious or characteristic in the ways of the bird, so I came to the place many times and had a look. It was always a task to the eye to separate the bird from her surroundings though I stood within a few feet of her, and knew exactly where to look. One had to bear on with his eye, as it were, and refuse to be baffled. The sticks and leaves, and bits of black or dark-brown bark, were all exactly copied in the bird's plumage. And then she did sit so close, and simulate so well a shapeless decaying piece of wood or bark! Twice I brought a companion, and guiding his eye to the spot, noted how difficult it was for him to make out there, in full view upon the dry leaves, any semblance to a bird. When the bird returned after being disturbed, she would alight within a few inches of her eggs, and then, after a moment's pause, hobble awkwardly upon them.

After the young had appeared all the wit of the bird came into play. I was on hand the next day, I think. The mother-bird sprang up when I was within a pace of her, and in doing so fanned the leaves with her wings till they sprang up too; as the leaves started the young started, and, being of the same color, to tell which was the leaf and which the bird was a trying task to any eye. I came the next day, when the same tactics were repeated. Once a leaf fell upon one of the young birds and nearly hid it. The young are covered with a reddish down, like a young partridge, and soon follow their mother about. When disturbed, they gave

but one leap, then settled down, perfectly motionless and stupid, with eyes closed. The parent bird, on these occasions, made frantic efforts to decoy me away from her young. She would fly a few paces and fall upon her breast, and a spasm, like that of death, would run through her tremulous outstretched wings and prostrate body. She kept a sharp eye out the meanwhile to see if the ruse took, and if it did not, she was quickly cured, and moving about in some other point, tried to draw your attention as before. When followed she always alighted upon the ground, dropping down in a sudden peculiar way. The second or third day both old and young had disappeared.

The whip-poor-will walks as awkwardly as a swallow, which is as awkward as a man in a bag, and yet she manages to lead her young about the woods. The latter, I think, move by leaps and sudden spurts, their protective coloring shielding them most effectively. Wilson once came upon the old and young in the woods, and, though they were at his very feet, was so baffled by the latter that he was about to give up the search, much disappointed, when he perceived something "like a slight moldiness among the withered leaves, and, on stooping down, discovered it to be a young whip-poor-will, seemingly asleep." Wilson's description of the young is very accurate, as its downy covering does look precisely like a "slight moldiness." Returning a few moments afterward to the spot to get a pencil he had forgotten, he could find neither old nor young.

It takes an eye to see a partridge in the woods, motionless upon the leaves; this sense needs to be as sharp as that of smell in hounds and pointers, and yet I know an unkempt youth that seldom fails to see the bird and shoot it before it takes wing. I think he sees it as soon as it sees him, and before it suspects itself seen. What a training to the eye is hunting! to pick out the game from its surroundings, the grouse from the leaves, the gray squirrel from the mossy oak limb it hugs so closely, the red fox from the ruddy or brown or gray field, the rabbit from the stubble, or the white hare from the snow, requires the best powers of this sense. A woodchuck motionless in the fields or upon a rock, looks very much like a large stone or boulder, yet a sharp eye knows the difference at a glance, a quarter of a mile away.

A man has a sharper eye than a dog, or a fox, or than any of the wild creatures, but not so sharp an ear or nose. But in the

birds he finds his match. How quickly the old turkey discovers the hawk, a mere speck against the sky, and how quickly the hawk discovers you if you happen to be secreted in the bushes, or behind the fence near which he alights.

I find I see almost without effort, nearly every bird within sight in the field or wood I pass through (a flit of the wing, a flit of the tail are enough, though the flickering leaves do all conspire to hide them), and that with like ease the birds see me, though, unquestionably, the chances are immensely in their favor. The eye sees what it has the means of seeing, truly. You must have the bird in your heart, before you can find it in the bush. The eye must have purpose and aim. No one ever yet found the walking fern, who did not have the walking fern in his mind.

Nevertheless, the habit of observation is the habit of clear and decisive gazing; not by a first casual glance, but by a steady deliberate aim of the eye are the rare and characteristic things discovered. You must look intently and hold your eye firmly to the spot, to see more than do the rank and file of mankind. The sharp-shooter picks out his man and knows him with fatal certainty from a stump, or a rock, or a cap on a pole. The phrenologists do well to locate not only form, color, weight, etc., in the region of the eye, but a faculty which they call individuality—that which separates, discriminates, and sees in every object its essential character. This is just as necessary to the naturalist as to the artist or the poet. The sharp eye notes specific points and differences,—it seizes upon and preserves the individuality of the thing.

Persons frequently describe to me some bird they have seen or heard and ask me to name it, but in most cases the bird might be any one of a dozen, or else it is totally unlike any bird found in this continent. They have either seen falsely or else vaguely. Not so the farm youth who wrote me one winter day that he had seen a single pair of strange birds, which he describes as follows: "They were about the size of the 'chippie,' the tops of their heads were red, and the breast of the male was of the same color, while that of the female was much lighter; their rumps were also faintly tinged with red. If I have described them so that you would know them, please write me their names." There can be little doubt but the young observer had seen a pair of red-polls,—a bird related to the goldfinch, and that occa-

sionally comes down to us in the winter from the far north. Another time, the same youth wrote that he had seen a strange bird, the color of a sparrow, that alighted on fences and buildings as well as upon the ground and that walked. This last fact showed the youth's discriminating eye and settled the case. I knew it to be a species of lark, and from the time, size, color, etc., the tit-lark. But how many persons would have observed that the bird walked instead of hopped?

Some friends of mine who lived in the country tried to describe to me a bird that built a nest in a tree within a few feet of the house. As it was a brown bird, I should have taken it for a wood-thrush, had not the nest been described as so thin and loose that from beneath, the eggs could be distinctly seen. The most pronounced feature in the description was the barred appearance of the under side of the bird's tail. I was quite at sea, until one day, when we were driving out, a cuckoo flew across the road in front of us, when my friends exclaimed, "There is our bird!" I had never known a cuckoo to build near a house, and I had never noted the appearance the tail presents when viewed from beneath; but if the bird had been described in its most obvious features, as slender, with a long tail, cinnamon brown above and white beneath, with a curved bill, any one who knew the bird would have recognized the portrait.

We think we have looked at a thing sharply until we are asked for its specific features. I thought I knew exactly the form of the leaf of the tulip-tree, until one day a lady asked me to draw the outlines of one. A good observer is quick to take a hint and to follow it up. Most of the facts of nature, especially in the life of the birds and animals, are well screened. We do not see the play because we do not look intently enough. The other day I was sitting with a friend upon a high rock in the woods, near a small stream, when we saw a water-snake swimming across a pool toward the opposite bank. Any eye would have noted it, perhaps nothing more. A little closer and sharper gaze revealed the fact that the snake bore something in its mouth, which, as we went down to investigate, proved to be a small cat-fish, three or four inches long. The snake had captured it in the pool, and, like any other fisherman, wanted to get its prey to dry land, although it itself lived mostly in the water. Here,

we said, is being enacted a little tragedy, that would have escaped any but sharp eyes. The snake, which was itself small, had the fish by the throat, the hold of vantage among all creatures, and clung to it with great tenacity. The snake knew that its best tactics was to get upon dry land as soon as possible. It could not swallow its victim alive, and it could not strangle it in the water. For a while it tried to kill its game by holding it up out of the water, but the fish grew heavy, and every few moments its struggles brought down the snake's head. This would not do. Compressing the fish's throat would not shut off its breath under such circumstances, so the wily serpent tried to get ashore with it, and after several attempts succeeded in effecting a landing on a flat rock. But the fish died hard. Cat-fish do not give up the ghost in a hurry. Its throat was becoming congested, but the snake's distended jaws must have ached. It was like a petrified gape. Then the spectators became very curious and close in their scrutiny, and the snake determined to withdraw from the public gaze and finish the business in hand to its own notions. But, when gently but firmly remonstrated with by my friend with his walking-stick, it dropped the fish and retreated in high dudgeon beneath a stone in the bed of the creek. The fish, with a swollen and angry throat, went its way also.

Birds, I say, have wonderfully keen eyes. Throw a fresh bone or a piece of meat upon the snow in winter, and see how soon the crows will discover it and be on hand. If it be near the house or barn, the crow that first discovers it will alight near it, to make sure he is not deceived; then he will go away, and soon return with a companion. The two alight a few yards from the bone, and after some delay, during which the vicinity is sharply scrutinized, one of the crows advances boldly to within a few feet of the coveted prize. Here he pauses, and if no trick is discovered, and the meat be indeed meat, he seizes it and makes off.

One midwinter I cleared away the snow under an apple-tree near the house and scattered some corn there. I had not seen a blue-jay for weeks, yet that very day they found my corn, and after that they came daily and partook of it, holding the kernels under their feet upon the limbs of the trees and pecking them vigorously.

Of course the woodpecker and his kind have sharp eyes, still I was surprised to see how quickly Downy found out some bones

that were placed in a convenient place under the shed to be pounded up for the hens. In going out to the barn I often disturbed him making a meal off the bits of meat that still adhered to them.

"Look intently enough at anything," said a poet to me one day, "and you will see something that would otherwise escape you." I thought of the remark as I sat on a stump in an opening of the woods one spring day. I saw a small hawk approaching; he flew to a tall tulip-tree and alighted on a large limb near the top. He eyed me and I eyed him. Then the bird disclosed a trait that was new to me; he hopped along the limb to a small cavity near the trunk, when he thrust in his head and pulled out some small object and fell to eating it. After he had partaken of it for some minutes he put the remainder back in his larder and flew away. I had seen something like feathers eddying slowly down as the hawk ate, and on approaching the spot found the feathers of a sparrow here and there clinging to the bushes beneath the tree. The hawk then—commonly called the chicken hawk—is as provident as a mouse or squirrel, and lays by a store against a time of need, but I should not have discovered the fact had I not held my eye to him.

An observer of the birds is attracted by any unusual sound or commotion among them. In May or June, when other birds are most vocal, the jay is a silent bird; he goes sneaking about the orchards and the groves as silent as a pickpocket; he is robbing birds'-nests and he is very anxious that nothing should be said about it, but in the fall none so quick and loud to cry "Thief, thief" as he. One December morning a troop of them discovered a little screech-owl secreted in the hollow trunk of an old apple-tree near my house. How they found the owl out is a mystery, since it never ventures forth in the light of day; but they did, and proclaimed the fact with great emphasis. I suspect the bluebirds first told them, for these birds are constantly peeping into holes and crannies, both spring and fall. Some unsuspect-

ing bird has entered the cavity prospecting for a place for next year's nest, or else looking out a likely place to pass a cold night, when it has rushed out with important news. A boy who should unwittingly venture into a bear's den when Bruin was at home could not be more astonished and alarmed than a bluebird would be on finding itself in the cavity of a decayed tree with an owl. At any rate the bluebirds joined the jays in calling the attention of all whom it might concern to the fact that a culprit of some sort was hiding from the light of day in the old apple-tree. I heard the notes of warning and alarm and approached to within eye-shot. The bluebirds were cautious and hovered about uttering their peculiar twittering calls; but the jays were bolder and took turns looking in at the cavity, and deriding the poor shrinking owl. A jay would alight in the entrance of the hole and flirt and peer and attitudinize, and then fly away crying "Thief, thief, thief," at the top of his voice.

I climbed up and peered into the opening, and could just descry the owl clinging to the inside of the tree. I reached in and took him out, giving little heed to the threatening snapping of his beak. He was as red as a fox and as yellow-eyed as a cat. He made no effort to escape, but planted his claws in my forefinger and clung there with a gripe that soon grew uncomfortable. I placed him in the loft of an out-house in hopes of getting better acquainted with him. By day he was a very willing prisoner, scarcely moving at all, even when approached and touched with the hand, but looking out upon the world with half-closed, sleepy eyes. But at night what a change; how alert, how wild, how active! He was like another bird; he darted about with wide, fearful eyes, and regarded me like a cornered cat. I opened the window, and swiftly, but as silent as a shadow, he glided out into the congenial darkness, and perhaps, ere this, has revenged himself upon the sleeping jay or bluebird that first betrayed his hiding-place.

OUR TAVERN.

IT was about noon of a very fair July day, when my wife and myself arrived at the little town where we were to take the stage up into the mountains. We were off for a two weeks' vacation and our destination was a country tavern on the stage-road, not far from the point where the road crosses the ridge of the mountain-range, and about sixteen miles from the town.

We had heard of this tavern from a friend of ours, who had spent a summer there. The surrounding country was lovely, and the house was kept by a farmer, who was a good soul, and tried to make his guests happy. These were generally passing farmers and wagoners, or stage-passengers, stopping for a meal, but occasionally a person from the cities, like our friend, came to spend a few weeks in the mountains.

So hither we came, for an out-of-the-world place like this was just what we wanted. When I took our places at the stage-office, I inquired for David Dutton, the farmer tavern-keeper before mentioned, but the agent did not know of him.

"However," said he, "the driver knows everybody on the road, and he'll set you down at the house."

So, off we started, having paid for our tickets on the basis that we were to ride about sixteen miles. We had seats on top, and the trip, although slow,—for the road wound uphill steadily,—was a delightful one. Our way lay, for the greater part of the time, through the woods, but now and then we came to a farm, and a turn in the road often gave us lovely views of the foothills and the valleys behind us.

But the driver did not know where Dutton's tavern was. This we found out after we had started. It might have been wiser to have settled this matter before starting, but I was not at all sure that it would have been so. We were going to this tavern, and did not wish to go anywhere else. If people did not know where it was, it would be well for us to go and look for it. We knew the road that it was on, and the locality in which it was to be found.

Still, it was somewhat strange that a stage-driver, passing along the road every weekday,—one day one way, and the next the other way,—should not know the whereabouts of a public-house like Dutton's.

"If I remember rightly," I said, "the

stage used to stop there for the passengers to take supper."

"Well, then, it aint on this side o' the ridge," said the driver; "we stop for supper, about a quarter of a mile on the other side, at Pete Lowry's. Perhaps Dutton used to keep that place. Was it called the 'Ridge House'?"

I did not remember the name of the house, but I knew very well that it was not on the other side of the ridge.

"Then," said the driver, "I'm sure I don't know where it is. But I've only been on the road about a year, and your man may 'a' moved away afore I come. But there aint no tavern this side the ridge, arter ye leave Delhi, and, that's nowhere's nigh the ridge."

There were a couple of farmers who were sitting by the driver, and who had listened with considerable interest to this conversation. Presently, one of them turned around to me and said:

"Is it Dave Dutton ye're askin' about?"

"Yes," I replied, "that's his name."

"Well, I think he's dead," said he.

At this, I began to feel uneasy, and I could see that my wife shared my trouble.

Then the other farmer spoke up.

"I don't believe he's dead, Hiram," said he to his companion. "I heered of him this spring. He's got a sheep-farm on the other side o' the mountain, and he's a livin' there. That's what I heered, at any rate. But he don't live on this road any more," he continued, turning to us. "He used to keep tavern on this road, and the stages did used to stop fur supper—or else dinner, I don't jist recollect which. But he don't keep tavern on this road no more."

"Of course not," said his companion, "if he's a livin' over the mountain. But I b'lieve he's dead."

I asked the other farmer if he knew how long it had been since Dutton had left this part of the country.

"I don't know fur certain," he said, "but I know he was keeping tavern here two year' ago, this fall, fur I come along here, myself, and stopped there to git supper—or dinner, I don't jist ree-collect which."

It had been three years since our friend had boarded at Dutton's house. There was no doubt that the man was not living at his old place now. My wife and I now agreed

that it was very foolish in us to come so far without making more particular inquiries. But we had had an idea that a man who had a place like Dutton's tavern would live there always.

"What are ye goin' to do?" asked the driver, very much interested, for it was not every day that he had passengers who had lost their destination. "Ye might go on to Lowry's. He takes boarders sometimes."

But Lowry's did not attract us. An ordinary country-tavern, where stage-passengers took supper, was not what we came so far to find.

"Do you know where this house o' Dutton's is?" said the driver, to the man who had once taken either dinner or supper there.

"Oh yes! I'd know the house well enough, if I saw it. It's the fust house this side o' Lowry's."

"With a big pole in front of it?" asked the driver.

"Yes, there was a sign-pole in front of it."

"An' a long porch?"

"Yes."

"Oh! well!" said the driver, settling himself in his seat. "I know all about that house. That's an empty house. I didn't think you meant that house. There's nobody lives there. An' yit, now I come to remember, I have seen people about, too. I tell ye what ye better do. Since ye're so set on staying on this side the ridge, ye better let me set ye down at Dan Carson's place. That's jist about quarter of a mile from where Dutton used to live. Dan's wife can tell ye all about the Duttons, an' about everybody else, too, in this part o' the country, and if there aint nobody livin' at the old tavern, ye can stay all night at Carson's, and I'll stop an' take you back, to-morrow, when I come along."

We agreed to this plan, for there was nothing better to be done, and, late in the afternoon, we were set down with our small trunk—for we were traveling under light weight—at Dan Carson's door. The stage was rather behind time, and the driver whipped up and left us to settle our own affairs. He called back, however, that he would keep a good lookout for us to-morrow.

Mrs. Carson soon made her appearance, and, very naturally, was somewhat surprised to see visitors with their baggage standing on her little porch. She was a plain, coarsely dressed woman, with an apron full of chips and kindling wood, and a fine mind for detail, as we soon discovered.

"Jist so," said she, putting down the chips, and inviting us to seats on a bench. "Dave Dutton's folks is all moved away. Dave has a good farm on the other side o' the mountain, an' it never did pay him to keep that tavern, 'specially as he didn't sell liquor. When he went away, his son Al come there to live with his wife, an' the old man left a good deal o' furniter and things fur him, but Al's wife aint satisfied here, and, though they've been here, off an' on, the house is shet up most o' the time. It's fur sale an' to rent, both, ef anybody wants it. I'm sorry about you, too, fur it was a nice tavern, when Dave kept it."

We admitted that we were also very sorry, and the kind-hearted woman showed a great deal of sympathy.

"You might stay here, but we haint got no fit room where you two could sleep."

At this, my wife and I looked very blank.

"But you could go up to the house and stay, jist as well as not," Mrs. Carson continued. "There's plenty o' things there, an' I keep the key. For the matter o' that, ye might take the house for as long as ye want to stay; Dave'd be glad enough to rent it; and, if the lady knows how to keep house, it wouldn't be no trouble at all, jist for you two. We could let ye have all the victuals ye'd want, cheap, and there's plenty o' wood there, cut, and everything handy."

We looked at each other. We agreed. Here was a chance for a rare good time. It might be better, perhaps, than anything we had expected.

The bargain was struck. Mrs. Carson, who seemed vested with all the necessary powers of attorney, appeared to be perfectly satisfied with our trustworthiness, and when I paid on the spot the small sum she thought proper for two weeks' rent, she evidently considered she had done a very good thing for Dave Dutton and herself.

"I'll jist put some bread, an' eggs, an' coffee, an' pork, an' things in a basket, an' I'll have 'em took up fur ye, with yer trunk, an' I'll go with ye an' take some milk. Here, Danny!" she cried, and directly her husband, a long, thin, sun-burnt, sandy-headed man, appeared, and to him she told, in a few words, our story, and ordered him to hitch up the cart and be ready to take our trunk and the basket up to Dutton's old house.

When all was ready, we walked up the hill, followed by Danny and the cart. We found the house a large, low, old-fashioned farm-house, standing near the road with a

long piazza in front, and a magnificent view of mountain-tops in the rear. Within, the lower rooms were large and low, with quite a good deal of furniture in them. There was no earthly reason why we should not be perfectly jolly and comfortable here. The more we saw, the more delighted we were at the odd experience we were about to have. Mrs. Carson busied herself in getting things in order for our supper and general accommodation. She made Danny carry our trunk to a bedroom in the second story, and then set him to work building a fire in a great fire-place, with a crane for the kettle.

When she had done all she could, it was nearly dark, and after lighting a couple of candles, she left us, to go home and get supper for her own family.

As she and Danny were about to depart in the cart, she ran back to ask us if we would like to borrow a dog.

"There aint nuthin to be afeard of," she said; "for nobody hardly ever takes the trouble to lock the doors in these parts, but bein' city folks, I thought ye might feel better ef ye had a dog."

We thanked her, but declined the dog. Indeed, my wife remarked that she would be much more afraid of a strange dog than of robbers.

After supper, which we enjoyed as much as any meal we ever ate in our lives, we each took a candle, and after arranging our bedroom for the night, we explored the old house. There were lots of curious things everywhere,—things that were apparently so "old timey," as my wife remarked, that David Dutton did not care to take them with him to his new farm, and so left them for his son, who probably cared for them even less than his father did. There was a garret extending over the whole house, and filled with old spinning-wheels, and strings of onions, and all sorts of antiquated bric-à-brac, which was so fascinating to me that I could scarcely tear myself away from it; but my wife, who was dreadfully afraid that I would set the whole place on fire, at length prevailed on me to come down.

We slept soundly that night, in what was probably the best bedroom of the house, and awoke with a feeling that we were about to enter on a period of some uncommon kind of jollity, which we found to be true when we went down to get breakfast. I made the fire, my wife made the coffee, and Mrs. Carson came with cream and some fresh eggs. The good woman was in high spirits. She was evidently pleased at the

idea of having neighbors, temporary though they were, and it had probably been a long time since she had had such a chance of selling milk, eggs and sundries. It was almost the same as opening a country store. We bought groceries and everything of her.

We had a glorious time that day. We were just starting out for a mountain stroll when our stage-driver came along on his down trip.

"Hello!" he called out. "Want to go back this morning?"

"Not a bit of it," I cried. "We wont go back for a couple of weeks. We've settled here for the present."

The man smiled. He didn't seem to understand it exactly, but he was evidently glad to see us so well satisfied. If he had had time to stop and have the matter explained to him, he would probably have been better satisfied; but as it was, he waved his whip to us and drove on. He was a good fellow.

We strolled all day, having locked up the house and taken our lunch with us; and when we came back, it seemed really like coming home. Mrs. Carson, with whom we had left the key, had brought the milk and was making the fire. This woman was too kind. We determined to try and repay her in some way. After a splendid supper we went to bed happy.

The next day was a repetition of this one, but the day after it rained. So we determined to enjoy the old tavern, and we rummaged about everywhere. I visited the garret again, and we went to the old barn, with its mows half full of hay, and had rare times climbing about there. We were delighted that it happened to rain. In a woodshed, near the house, I saw a big square board with letters on it. I examined the board and found it was a sign,—a hanging sign,—and on it was painted in letters that were yet quite plain:

"FARMERS'
AND
MECHANICS'
HOTEL."

I called to my wife and told her that I had found the old tavern sign. She came to look at it and I pulled it out.

"Soldiers and sailors!" she exclaimed; "that's funny."

I looked over on her side of the sign, and, sure enough, there was the inscription:

"SOLDIERS'
AND
SAILORS'
HOUSE."

"They must have bought this comprehensive sign in some town," I said. "Such a name would never have been chosen for a country tavern like this. But I wish they hadn't taken it down. The house would look more like what it ought to be with its sign hanging before it."

"Well, then," said my wife, "let's put it up."

I agreed instantly to this proposition, and we went to look for a ladder. We found one in the wagon-house, and carried it out to the sign-post in front of the house. It was raining, gently, during these performances, but we had on our old clothes, and were so much interested in our work that we did not care for a little rain. I carried the sign to the post, and then, at the imminent risk of breaking my neck, I hung it on its appropriate hooks on the transverse beam of the sign-post. Now our tavern was really what it pretended to be. We gazed on the sign with admiration and content.

"Do you think we had better keep it up all the time?" I asked of my wife.

"Certainly," said she. "It's a part of the house. The place isn't complete without it."

"But suppose some one should come along and want to be entertained?"

"But no one will. And if people do come, I'll take care of the soldiers and sailors, if you will attend to the farmers and mechanics."

I consented to this, and we went in-doors to prepare dinner.

The next day was clear again, and we were in the woods all day, and so were late about supper. We were just sitting down to the table when we heard a footstep on the front porch. Instantly the same thought came into each of our minds.

"I do believe," said my wife, "that's somebody who has mistaken this for a tavern. I wonder whether it's a soldier or a farmer or a sailor; but you had better go and see."

I went to see, prompted to move quickly by the new-comer pounding his cane on the bare floor of the hall. I found him standing just inside of the front door. He was a small man, with long hair and beard, and dressed in a suit of clothes of a remarkable color,—something of the hue of faded snuff. He had a big stick, and carried a large flat valise in one hand.

He bowed to me very politely.

"Can I stop here to-night?" he asked, taking off his hat, as my wife put her head out of the kitchen-door.

"Why,—no, sir," I said. "This is not a tavern."

"Not a tavern!" he exclaimed. "I don't understand that. You have a sign out."

"That is true," I said; "but that is only for fun, so to speak. We are here temporarily, and we put up that sign just to please ourselves."

"That is pretty poor fun for me," said the man. "I am tired enough, and more hungry than tired. Couldn't you let me have a little supper at any rate?"

"Are you a soldier, a sailor, a farmer, or a mechanic?" asked my wife, advancing toward us.

"Really, madam," said the man, very politely, but evidently somewhat surprised. "I am not—you have not mentioned my calling."

"Then we are not bound to entertain you, you know," said she. "If you noticed our sign, you saw that this house was only for soldiers, sailors, farmers and mechanics."

"I am sorry," said the man, and he looked sorry.

My wife glanced at me. I nodded.

"You are welcome to some supper," she said, "no matter what particular business you carry on. Come in! We eat in the kitchen because it is more convenient, and because it is so much more cheerful than the dining-room. There is a pump out there, and here is a towel, if you would like to wash your hands."

As the man went out the back door I complimented my wife. She was really an admirable hostess.

The individual in faded snuff-color was certainly hungry, and he seemed to enjoy his supper. During the meal he gave us some account of himself. He was an artist and had traveled, mostly on foot it would appear, over a great part of the country. He had in his valise some very pretty little colored sketches of scenes in Mexico and California, which he showed us after supper. Why he carried these pictures—which were done on stiff paper—about with him I do not know. He said he did not care to sell them, as he might use them for studies for larger pictures some day. His valise, which he opened wide on the table, seemed to be filled with papers, drawings, and matters of that kind. I suppose he preferred to wear his clothes, instead of carrying them about in his valise.

After sitting for about half an hour after supper, he rose, with an uncertain sort of smile, and said he supposed he must be

moving on,—asking, at the same time, how far it was to the tavern over the ridge.

"Just wait one moment, if you please," said my wife. And she beckoned me out of the room.

"Don't you think," said she, "that we could keep him all night. There's no moon, and it would be a fearful dark walk, I know, to the other side of the mountain. There is a room upstairs that I can fix for him in ten minutes, and I know he's honest."

"How do you know it?" I asked.

"Well, first because he didn't lie when I asked him what he was; and, second, because he wears such curious-colored clothes. No criminal would ever wear such clothes. He could never pass unnoticed anywhere; and being probably the only person in the world who looked that way, he could always be detected."

"You are doubtless correct," I replied. "Let us keep him."

When we told the good man that he could stay all night, he was extremely obliged to us, and went to bed quite early. After we had fastened the house and had gone to our room, my wife said to me,

"Where is your pistol?"

I produced it.

"Well," said she, "I think you ought to have it where you can get at it."

"Why so?" I asked. "You generally want me to keep it out of sight and reach."

"Yes; but when there is a strange man in the house we ought to take extra precautions."

"But this man you say is honest," I replied. "If he committed a crime he could not escape,—his appearance is so peculiar."

"But that wouldn't do us any good, if we were both murdered," said my wife, pulling a chair up to my side of the bed, and laying the pistol carefully thereon, with the muzzle toward the bed.

We were not murdered, and we had a very pleasant breakfast with the artist, who told us more anecdotes of his life in Mexico and other places. When, after breakfast, he shut up his valise, preparatory to starting away, we felt really sorry. When he was ready to go, he asked for his bill.

"Oh! There is no bill," I exclaimed. "We have no idea of charging you anything. We don't really keep a hotel, as I told you."

"If I had known that," said he, looking very grave, "I would not have staid. There is no reason why you should give me

food and lodgings, and I would not, and did not, ask it. I am able to pay for such things, and I wish to do so."

We argued with him for some time, speaking of the habits of country people and so on, but he would not be convinced. He had asked for accommodation expecting to pay for it, and would not be content until he had done so.

"Well," said my wife, "we are not keeping this house for profit, and you can't force us to make anything out of you. If you will be satisfied to pay us just what it cost us to entertain you, I suppose we shall have to let you do that. Take a seat for a minute, and I will make out your bill."

So the artist and I sat down and talked of various matters, while my wife got out her traveling stationery-box, and sat down to the dining-table to make out the bill. After a long, long time, as it appeared to me, I said:

"My dear, if the amount of that bill is at all proportioned to the length of time it takes to make it out, I think our friend here will wish he had never said anything about it."

"It's nearly done," said she, without raising her head, and, in about ten or fifteen minutes more, she rose and presented the bill to our guest. As I noticed that he seemed somewhat surprised at it, I asked him to let me look over it with him.

The bill, of which I have a copy, read as follows:

July 12th, 187—

ARTIST,

To the S. and S. Hotel and F. and M. House.

To $\frac{1}{2}$ one supper, July 11th, which
supper consisted of:

$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. coffee, at 35cts.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cts.
" sugar, " 14 "	1 "
$\frac{1}{4}$ qt. milk, " 6 "	1 "
$\frac{1}{2}$ loaf bread " 6 "	3 "
$\frac{1}{2}$ lb. butter " 25 "	3 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
$\frac{1}{2}$ " bacon " 25 "	12 $\frac{1}{2}$ "
$\frac{1}{4}$ pk. potatoes at 60 cts. per bush.	$\frac{1}{8}$ "
$\frac{1}{2}$ pt. hominy at 6 cts.	3 "

27 $\frac{1}{8}$

$\frac{1}{2}$ of total.09 $\frac{1}{8}$ cts.

To $\frac{1}{2}$ one breakfast, July 12th
(same as above, with exception
of eggs instead of bacon,
and with hominy omitted),

24 $\frac{1}{8}$

$\frac{1}{2}$ total.08 $\frac{1}{8}$ "

To rent of one room and furniture, for
one night, in furnished house of fifteen
rooms at \$6.00 per week for whole
house.05 $\frac{3}{4}$ "

Amount due. 22 $\frac{1}{4}$ "

The worthy artist burst out laughing when he read this bill, and so did I.

"You needn't laugh," said my wife, reddening a little. "That is exactly what your entertainment cost, and we do not intend to take a cent more. We get things here, in such small quantities that I can tell quite easily what a meal costs us, and I have calculated that bill very carefully."

"So I should think, madam," said the artist, "but it is not quite right. You have charged nothing for your trouble and services."

"No," said my wife, "for I took no additional trouble to get your meals. What I did, I should have done if you had not come. To be sure I did spend a few minutes preparing your room. I will charge you seven twenty-fourths of a cent for that, thus making your bill twenty-three cents—even money."

"I cannot gainsay reasoning like yours, madam," he said, and he took a quarter from a very fat old pocket-book, and handed it to her. She gravely gave him two cents change, and then taking the bill, receipted it, and handed it back to him.

We were sorry to part with our guest, for he was evidently a good fellow. I walked with him a little way up the road, and got him to let me copy his bill in my memorandum book. The original, he said, he would always keep.

A day or two after the artist's departure, we were standing on the front piazza. We had had a late breakfast—consequent upon a long tramp the day before—and had come out to see what sort of a day it was likely to be. We had hardly made up our minds on the subject when the morning stage came up at full speed and stopped at our gate.

"Hello!" cried the driver. He was not our driver. He was a tall man in high boots, and had a great reputation as a manager of horses,—so Danny Carson told me afterward. There were two drivers on the line, and each of them made one trip a day, going up one day in the afternoon, and down the next day in the morning.

I went out to see what this driver wanted.

"Cant you give my passengers breakfast?" he asked.

"Why no!" I exclaimed, looking at the stage loaded inside and out. "This isn't a tavern. We couldn't get breakfast for a stage-load of people."

"What have you got a sign up fur, then?" roared the driver, getting red in the face.

"That's so," cried two or three men from the top of the stage. "If it aint a tavern, what's that sign doin' there?"

I saw I must do something. I stepped up close to the stage and looked in and up.

"Are there any sailors in this stage?" I said. There was no response. "Any soldiers? Any farmers or mechanics?"

Here I trembled, but fortunately no one answered.

"Then," said I, "you have no right to ask to be accommodated; for, as you may see from the sign, our house is only for soldiers, sailors, farmers and mechanics."

"And besides," cried my wife from the piazza, "we haven't anything to give you for breakfast."

The people in and on the stage grumbled a good deal at this, and looked as if they were both disappointed and hungry, while the driver ripped out an oath, which, had he thrown it across a creek would soon have made a good-sized mill-pond.

He gathered up his reins and turned a sinister look on me.

"I'll be even with you, yit," he cried as he dashed off.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Carson came up and told us that the stage had stopped there and that she had managed to give the passengers some coffee, bread and butter and ham and eggs, though they had had to wait their turns for cups and plates. It appeared that the driver had quarreled with the Lowry people that morning because the breakfast was behindhand and he was kept waiting. So he told his passengers that there was another tavern, a few miles down the road, and that he would take them there to breakfast.

"He's an awful ugly man, that he is," said Mrs. Carson, "an' he'd better 'a' stayed at Lowry's, fur he had to wait a good sight longer, after all, as it turned out. But he's dreadful mad at you, an' says he'll bring ye farmers, an' soldiers, and sailors an' mechanics, if that's what ye want. I 'spect he'll do his best to git a load of them particular people an' drop 'em at yer door. I'd take down that sign, ef I was you. Not that me an' Danny minds, fur we're glad to git a stage to feed, an' ef you've any single man that wants lodgin' we've fixed up a room and kin keep him overnight."

Notwithstanding this warning my wife and I decided not to take in our sign. We were not to be frightened by a stage-driver. The next day our own driver passed us on the road as he was going down.

"So ye're pertickler about the people ye take in, are ye?" said he smiling. "That's all right, but ye made Bill awful mad."

It was quite late on a Monday afternoon that Bill stopped at our house again. He did not call out this time. He simply drew up, and a man with a big black valise clambered down from the top of the stage. Then Bill called out to me as I came down to the gate, looking rather angry, I suppose:

"I was agoin' to git ye a whole stage-load, to stay all night, but that one'll do ye, I reckon. Ha, ha!" And off he went, probably fearing that I would throw his passenger up on the top of the stage again.

The new-comer entered the gate. He was a dark man, with black hair and black whiskers and mustache, and black eyes. He wore clothes that had been black but which were now toned down by a good deal of dust, and, as I have said, he carried a black valise.

"Why did you stop here?" said I, rather inhospitably. "Don't you know that we do not accommodate——"

"Yes, I know," he said, walking up on the piazza and setting down his valise, "that you only take soldiers, sailors, farmers and mechanics at this house. I have been told all about it, and if I had not thoroughly understood the matter I should not have thought of such a thing as stopping here. If you will sit down for a few moments I will explain." Saying this he took a seat on a bench by the door, but my wife and I continued to stand.

"I am," he continued, "a soldier, a sailor, a farmer and a mechanic. Do not doubt my word; I will prove it to you in two minutes. When but seventeen years of age, circumstances compelled me to take charge of a farm in New Hampshire, and I kept up that farm until I was twenty-five. During this time I built several barns, wagon-houses and edifices of the sort on my place, and becoming expert in this branch of mechanical art, I was much sought after by the neighboring farmers, who employed me to do similar work for them. In time I found this new business so profitable that I gave up farming altogether. But certain unfortunate speculations threw me on my back, and finally, having gone from bad to worse, I found myself in Boston, where, in sheer desperation, I went on board a coasting vessel as landsman. I

remained on this vessel for nearly a year, but it did not suit me. I was often sick and did not like the work. I left the vessel at one of the Southern ports, and it was not long after she sailed that, finding myself utterly without means, I enlisted as a soldier. I remained in the army for some years, and was finally honorably discharged. So you see that what I said was true. I belong to each and all of these businesses and professions. And now that I have satisfied you on this point let me show you a book for which I have the agency in this county." He stooped down, opened his valise and took out a good-sized volume. "This book," said he, "is the 'Flora and Fauna of Carthage County,' it is written by one of the first scientific men of the country, and gives you a description, with an authentic wood-cut, of each of the plants and animals of the county—indigenous or naturalized. Owing to peculiar advantages enjoyed by our firm, we are enabled to put this book at the very low price of three dollars and seventy-five cents. It is sold by subscription only, and should be on the center-table in every parlor in this county. If you will glance over this book, sir, you will find it as interesting as a novel, and as useful as an encyclopedia——"

"I don't want the book," I said, "and I don't care to look at it."

"But if you were to look at it you would want it, I'm sure."

"That's a good reason for not looking at it, then," I answered. "If you came to get us to subscribe for that book we need not take up any more of your time, for we shall not subscribe."

"Oh, I did not come for that alone," he said. "I shall stay here to-night and start out in the morning to work up the neighborhood. If you would like this book—and I'm sure you have only to look at it to do that—you can deduct the amount of my bill from the subscription price, and——"

"What did you say you charged for this book?" asked my wife, stepping forward and picking up the volume.

"Three seventy-five is the subscription price, ma'am, but that book is not for sale. That is merely a sample. If you put your name down on my list you will be served with your book in two weeks. As I told your husband it will come very cheap to you, because you can deduct what you charge me for supper, lodging and breakfast."

"Indeed!" said my wife, and then she

remarked that she must go in the house and get supper.

"When will supper be ready?" the man asked, as she passed him.

At first she did not answer him, but then she called back:

"In about half an hour."

"Good," said the man; "but I wish it was ready now. And now, sir, if you would just glance over this book, while we are waiting for supper——"

I cut him very short and went out into the road. I walked up and down in front of the house, in a bad humor. I could not bear to think of my wife getting supper for this fellow, who was striding about on the piazza, as if he was very hungry and very impatient. Just as I returned to the house, the bell rang from within.

"Joyful sound!" said the man, and in he marched. I followed close behind him. On one end of the table, in the kitchen, supper was set for one person, and, as the man entered, my wife motioned him to the table. The supper looked like a remarkably good one. A cup of coffee smoked by the side of the plate; there was ham and eggs and a small omelette; there were fried potatoes, some fresh radishes, a plate of hot biscuit, and some preserves. The man's eyes sparkled.

"I am sorry," said he, "that I am to eat alone, for I hoped to have your good company; but, if this plan suits you, it suits me," and he drew up a chair.

"Stop!" said my wife, advancing between him and the table. "You are not to eat that. This is a sample supper. If you order a supper like it, one will be served to you in two weeks."

At this, I burst into a roar of laughter; my wife stood pale and determined, and the man drew back, looking first at one of us, and then at the other.

"Am I to understand——?" he said.

"Yes," I interrupted, "you are. There is nothing more to be said on this subject. You may go now. You came here to annoy us, knowing that we did not entertain travelers, and now you see what you have made by it," and I opened the door.

The man evidently thought that a reply was not necessary, and he walked out without a word. Taking up his valise, which he had put in the hall, he asked if there was any public-house near by.

"No," I said; "but there is a farm-house a short distance down the road, where they will be glad to have you." And down the road he went to Mrs. Carson's. I am sorry

to say that he sold her a "Flora and Fauna," before he went to bed that night.

We were much amused at the termination of this affair, and I became, if possible, a still greater admirer of my wife's talents for management. But we both agreed that it would not do to keep up the sign any longer. We could not tell when the irate driver might not pounce down upon us with a customer.

"But I hate to take it down," said my wife; "it looks so much like a surrender."

"Do not trouble yourself," said I. "I have an idea."

The next morning, I went down to Danny Carson's little shop,—he was a wheelwright as well as a farmer,—and I got from him two pots of paint—one black and one white—and some brushes. I took down our sign, and painted out the old lettering, and, instead of it, I painted, in bold and somewhat regular characters, new names for our tavern. On one side of the sign I painted:

"SOAP-MAKER'S
AND
BOOK-BINDER'S
HOTEL."

And on the other side:

"UPHOLSTERERS'
AND
DENTISTS'
HOUSE."

"Now then," I said, "I don't believe any of those people will be traveling along the road while we are here, or, at any rate, they won't want to stop."

We admired this sign very much, and sat on the piazza, that afternoon, to see how it would strike Bill, as he passed by. It seemed to strike him pretty hard, for he gazed with all his eyes at one side of it, as he approached, and then, as he passed it, he actually pulled up to read the other side.

"All right!" he called out, as he drove off. "All right! All right!"

My wife didn't like the way he said "all right." It seemed to her, she said, as if he intended to do something which would be all right for him, but not at all so for us. I saw she was nervous about it, for that evening she began to ask me questions about the traveling propensities of soap-makers, upholsterers, and dentists.

"Do not think anything more about that, my dear," I said. "I will take the sign down in the morning. We are here to enjoy ourselves, and not to be worried."

"And yet," said she, "it would worry me to think that that driver frightened us into

taking down the sign. I tell you what I wish you would do. Paint out those names and let me make a sign. Then I promise you I will not be worried."

The next day, therefore, I took down the sign and painted out my inscriptions. It was a good deal of trouble, for my letters were fresh, but it was a rainy day, and I had plenty of time and succeeded tolerably well. Then I gave my wife the black-paint pot and the freedom of the sign.

I went down to the creek to try a little fishing in wet weather, and when I returned the new sign was done. On one side it read:

FLIES'
AND
WASPS'
HOTEL.

On the other:

HUNDRED-LEGGERS'
AND
RED-ANTS'
HOUSE.

"You see," said my wife, "if any individuals mentioned thereon apply for accommodation, we can say we are full."

This sign hung triumphantly for several days, when one morning, just as we had finished breakfast, we were surprised to hear the stage stop at the door, and before we could go out to see who had arrived, into the room came our own stage-driver, as we used to call him. He had actually left his team to come and see us.

"I just thought I'd stop an' tell ye," said he, "that ef ye don't look out, Bill 'll get ye inter trouble. He's bound to git the best o' ye, an' I heared this mornin',

at Lowry's, that he's agoin' to bring the county clerk up here to-morrow, to see about yer license fur keepin' a hotel. He says ye keep changin' yer signs, but that don't differ to him, for he kin prove ye've kept travelers overnight, an' ef ye haven't got no license he'll make the county clerk come down on ye heavy, I'm sure o' that, fur I know Bill. An' so, I thought I'd stop an' tell ye."

I thanked him, and admitted that this was a rather serious view of the case. My wife pondered a moment. Then said she:

"I don't see why we should stay here any longer. It's going to rain again, and our vacation is up to-morrow, any way. Could you wait a little while, while we packed up?" she said to the driver.

"Oh yes!" he replied. "I kin wait, as well as not. I've only got one passenger, an' he's on top, a-holdin' the horses. He aint in any hurry, I know, an' I'm ahead o' time."

In less than twenty minutes we had packed our trunk, locked up the house, and were in the stage, and as we drove away, we cast a last admiring look at my wife's sign, slowly swinging in the wind. I would much like to know if it is swinging there yet. I feel certain there has been no lack of custom.

We stopped at Mrs. Carson's, paid her what we owed her, and engaged her to go up to the tavern and put things in order. She was very sorry we were going, but hoped we would come back again some other summer. We said that it was quite possible that we might do so; but that, next time, we did not think we would try to have a tavern of our own.

BEREFT.

Love, I call you; can you hear?
Call you, want you, need you, dear;
Is this high-heaped mound my kiss,
And my answer only this?

Is the silence as intense
To your freed and perfect sense
As to mine—and is the tide
Just as dark, and wild, and wide?

Can there never come a sign
From your rescued soul to mine?
So importunate my need,
Must I idly, vainly plead?

Is there no unguarded place
You might seek and let your face,
Warmed by Heaven's resplendent light,
Flash an instant on my sight?

Nay! forbear; I veil my eyes;
That transcendent, first surprise
Is Death's guerdon. I must wait
Though the hour be far and late.

Could your soul, transfigured, bide
For an instant at my side?
Could my sinfulness endure
You beside me white and pure?

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE scenery of Cummington, Mass., is more impressive from its breadth and elevation than from any feature of singular sublimity. The earth here is heaved up in broad-shouldered hills, separated by narrow glens and leafy ravines. On the slopes of these great swells, almost mountain-like in height,—for some are two thousand feet above the sea,—are thrifty farms, with occasional breadths of barren soil, spongy mead, wild copse, and piles of out-cropping rock. Frequent springs of pure water issue from the hills and the borders of venerable groves. On the highest lands the forests have still their primitive wildness. The streams are swift and shallow over their rocky channels, with here and there deep pools under the dark shadows, where the trout hides when the heats of summer shrivel the veins that feed the sylvan springs of the hills above.

From the porch of the Cummington mansion, where the poet Bryant was born, one looks over a wide landscape some eight miles across, which embraces all the features that are peculiar to that section of Massachusetts, except the thickly wooded highlands to the north-west. The center of the view is hollowed to a deep and narrow valley, where flows a branch of the Westfield River, and on the eastern rim are the pleasant slopes of Plainfield. Spring lags on these high grounds, and autumn here puts on imperial splendors; for the trees, among which the sugar-maple predominates, are of a kind to glow royally under the effects of frost. In summer, the landscape is sumptuous with verdure, but in winter its aspect is usually severe and dreary, though sometimes it has a magnificent desolation.

In the neighborhood of the house are objects which have lent their influence to the poet's song, and which will always be associated with his name. Just beyond a meadow to the south is the grove which inspired his noble lines, "Inscription for an Entrance to a Wood,"

"Stranger, if thou hast learned a truth which
needs

No school of long experience, that the world
Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
To tire thee of it, enter this wild wood
And view the haunts of Nature."

Under the tall maples here grows the
"Yellow Violet," whose early advent he

welcomed in verses of classic simplicity. Further down the hill-side, where the soil is damp with hidden springs, flourishes in season the "Fringed Gentian," whose sweet lesson he interpreted in his maturer years. In the rear of the homestead, only a few rods remote, is "The Rivulet," the scene of his childish delight and his boyish dreams.

"This little rill that from the springs
Of yonder grove its current brings,
Plays on the slope awhile, and then
Goes prattling into groves again,
Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new."

Taking the road northward one comes, after a pleasant walk of fifteen minutes, to the bleak hill where beneath brambles and weeds are hidden "The Two Graves" of the old couple described with such touching fidelity in his poem. Truly,

"'Tis a neighborhood that knows no strife."

Going a little further on that romantic path, one gets amid cooler and wilder solitudes of forest and rock and impetuous stream, where "Thanatopsis" might have been meditated, and where more than once has sparkled the royal jewelry portrayed in "A Winter Piece." Here among the Highlands is Deer Hill, and in the distance northward rises the Williamstown range where, highest of all,

"Stands Greylock silent in the summer sky."

Retracing our steps to the house and going southward, we pass the neat school-house lately built for the children in the neighborhood; and then further on the old burial-place where sleep the parents of the poet. Turning to the left, we go down into the valley of East Cummington village, on whose outskirts, where the Agawam, a branch of the Westfield River, makes a curve in a lovely nook, is the fire-proof library which Mr. Bryant presented to his native town. Taking the nearest road up the hill on our return we soon come to the site of the old church, of which not a vestige remains, where the family attended in the poet's youth, and to fields familiar to his boyish sports and toils. There is hardly a spot here but is suggestive of something significant in the lives and characters of the generation that has passed away. Human nature was as full of foibles

and self-assertion a century ago as now, and the "cloth" was not always held in reverence. The first Congregational minister settled in Cummington was the Rev. James Briggs. He was in time the happy owner of a few sheep, which he highly valued, and in whose welfare he was supposed to have quite as much solicitude as was consistent with a man whose treasures did not belong to this fleeting world. Now a neighbor of the parson, for some reason, had a hard grudge against him, and was impatient to gratify it. The opportunity finally came. One evening he appeared at the parsonage and in a manner betraying the liveliest concern, informed Mr. Briggs that one of his most valuable sheep was very sick down in a field near the highway. The anxious clergyman sped to the place described with breathless haste, and lo! there in the corner of a fence, dead drunk, was a favorite parishioner,—a sick sheep indeed. The neighbor doubtless had his revenge.

The homestead property at Cummington, with additions making an estate of more than four hundred acres, came into the possession of Mr. Bryant some years ago. The work of renovating and enlarging the old house was finished in 1864, and here, ever since, Mr. Bryant and family have spent the months of August and September. Orchards, and groves of larch and birch have been planted on the farm, roads built, and a system of improvements inaugurated that has vastly enhanced the value of the property.

William Cullen was born Nov. 3, 1794. With his earliest years was shown a passionate love of nature, which has marked his whole life, and which is such a conspicuous feature of his poetry. He tells us how his infant feet were drawn to the little rivulet, near his father's door, and as they grew stronger he began to ramble over the hills and amid the wild woods about his home. It is likely that the boy made verses before he was suspected of such a thing, for it was as natural for him to put his heart into numbers as for the birds to sing. The first account, however, that we have of his poetic gift is of a paraphrase of the first chapter of the Book of Job, in his tenth year. This work his grandfather hired him to do, and paid him ninepence when it was finished. Not long after this he wrote a poem on an eclipse of the sun, and another on the death of a cousin. About this time his verses began to find their way into the "*Hampshire Gazette*," and so were well circulated in the neighborhood. His father, Dr. Peter

Bryant, a gentleman of very fine mind and culture, was quick to detect and encourage his son's gift, and began early to cherish high hope of his future career. Dr. Bryant himself was a good writer of Hudibrastic verse, and the poetic tendency in the family can be traced back for several generations. It is plain that his influence over his son was every way wholesome, and that his training was given with the most judicious discrimination. Fortunate was the son in the genial influences of home at the very budding of his genius, and happy the noble parent in having so apt and rare a pupil!

Before he was fourteen years old the young poet produced the "*Embargo*," a satirical political poem, which was published in 1810. A second edition was called for, which contained several additional poems, among them "*The Spanish Revolution*." As the "*Monthly Anthology*," a critical journal of Boston, had expressed disbelief in the alleged youth of the writer, a certificate to the fact was appended in consequence to this edition.

At the age of fourteen young Bryant began the study of Latin with the Rev. Dr. Thomas Snell, of Brookfield, and the next year took up Greek with such ardor under the direction of the Rev. Moses Hallock, of Plainfield, that in two months he had read the entire New Testament in the original. At sixteen he entered Williams College as a sophomore, but left at the close of his second term with an honorable dismissal, intending to enter the junior class at Yale at the beginning of the next collegiate year, and to finish his course at that institution. He was fully prepared for the junior class when the time arrived for application at Yale, but the straitened circumstances of his father compelled him to forego his warmly cherished intention. He continued, however, to pursue his studies with the same conscientious devotion as if he were under the eye of a professor, with all the stimulus of the recitation room.

The impression of his boyhood left on his brothers, Arthur and John H. Bryant, who are still living, is yet pleasantly vivid. His return home during his vacations was always hailed with joy by the family. He was loved and admired by all, and his society gave new animation to the household. He delighted his younger brothers by his lively and playful spirit, frolicking with them and tossing them in his arms, as if gifted with unusual strength, and he astonished them by his fervid declamation



THE BRYANT HOMESTEAD AT CUMMINGTON, MASS.

of his "Indian War Song," translations of "Edipus Tyrannus," and other vigorous poems. They were proud of their brother, who seemed to them so learned and strong, and whose conduct they tried to imitate. This was at a time when his intellectual powers were fast ripening, and when his consciousness of life, as the poet sees and experiences it, was becoming more and more quickening and profound. This period in his career has a peculiar interest, and this young man, with his fresh spirit and hopes, so cordial and sprightly in the household, so docile to parental guidance, so studious and mastering his books with such ease, so deep in communion with nature,

already moved with the solemn impulses that were soon to find a voice in his "Thanatopsis," and withal so pure and simple, and apparently so unconscious of the scope and rare quality of his powers, presents a picture which we love to contemplate as the frontispiece of a life which has gone on with such stately beauty to its place among men.

Mr. Bryant pursued his legal studies for two years with Judge Samuel Howe of Worthington, and finished them with the Hon. William Baylies of Bridgewater. He was admitted to the bar at Plymouth, Mass., in 1815, and was then twenty-one years old. For a year he practiced his profession at

Plainfield, near his birthplace, where he wrote "Lines to a Water-fowl." The lesson of trust in the divine goodness has no such perfect expression in literature as in this

Barrington, Mass., where he remained nine years. Berkshire County is famous for its picturesque beauty, and the scenery around Barrington embraces some of its chief at-

tractions. In many a curve, and here and there under the shade of overhanging trees, the Housatonic flows through the fair meadows of a wide valley, bordered by abrupt ridges, densely wooded, and full of pleasant farms. Monument Mountain and Green River, celebrated in our poet's song, are in the neighborhood. To the south-west are the noble heights of the Taconic range, the most elevated



poem. In both form and substance it is faultless. Like the other productions of its author, its conception was natural. One evening he saw a wild-duck flying across a sky of marvelous beauty, and a picture of the divine providence was revealed to him. Southey's poem "Ebb-tide" suggested the form of the stanza, and his genius wrought the elevated and tranquilizing verses, which were published in the "North American Review," soon after the appearance of his "Thanatopsis" in the same periodical, though the latter production was not printed till perhaps five years after it was composed. That such a majestic strain—a chant of such grand sweep and power—could be the work of a stripling, has always been a marvel in our literature. His withholding it so long from the press accords with the strong character of the singer.

In 1817, Mr. Bryant removed to Great



THE RIVULET, CUMMINGTON.

summits of the state, among whose glens are the famous Bash-bish Falls. A pleasant drive south through Sheffield takes one to the lovely lakes of Salisbury, Conn. All around the village are charming nooks of grove, and glen, and stream. With all these places, in the course of time, the poet became familiar.

There are a few elderly people yet living who remember Mr. Bryant, during his residence in Barrington, as a reserved, studious

man of the strictest honor, who shunned society and worked hard at his profession, and whose recreation consisted in long walks in the woods and fields, from which he often brought armfuls of flowers to analyze, for he was an excellent botanist. He continued here his literary labors, but did not allow them to hinder his professional career, which was successful, and which promised to become very eminent. Several of the poems which he wrote in Barrington appeared in the "United States Gazette," published in Boston, and he also contributed "Green River," "A Walk at Sunset," "To the West Wind," to R. H. Dana's "Idle Man." It was here that he composed "The Ages,"—one of his longest and most notable poems, which was delivered in 1821 before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, on Commencement week. This was the eventful year of his history, as it saw his marriage with Miss Fanny Fairchild—a union that, beginning under happy auspices, realized the beauty of its promise.

Yielding to encouraging representations, and particularly to the wishes of his friend, Henry D. Sedgwick, Esq., in 1825 Mr. Bryant removed to New York. His intention of pursuing a literary career was carried into

effect by accepting the associate editorship of the "New York Review," a periodical of high rank, which, in the course of a year, however, was merged into "The United States Review and Literary Gazette." In these monthlies Mr. Bryant published some of his most popular poems, such as "The Death of the Flowers" and "The African Chief," and also many admirable reviews. Among his contributors were R. H. Dana, Robert C. Sands and Fitz-Green Halleck.

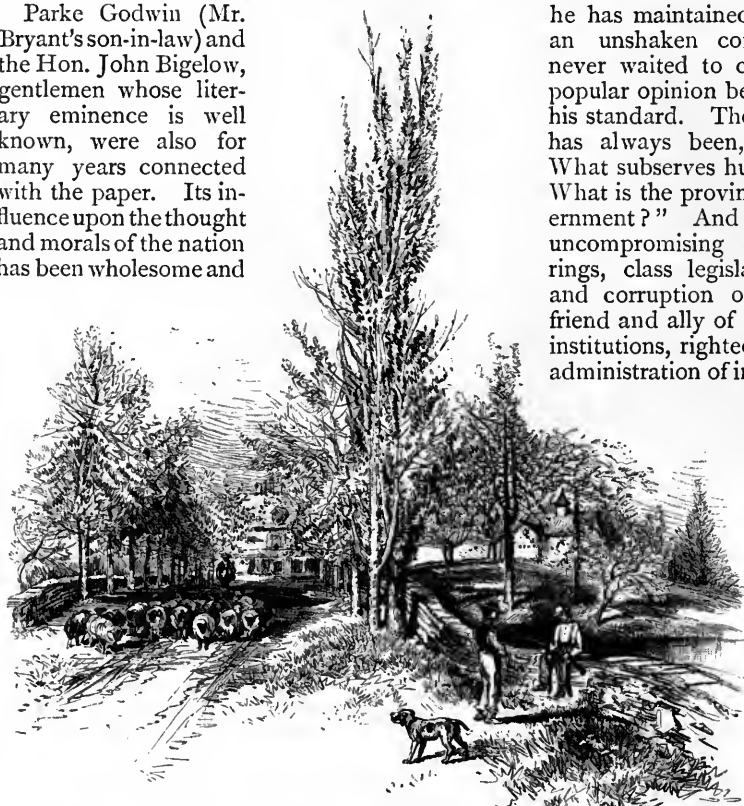
Mr. Bryant began to write for the "New York Evening Post" the year following his arrival in New York, and in 1827 became one of its editors. This newspaper was founded by William Coleman in 1801, and after the death of this able writer Mr. Bryant became its editor-in-chief,—a position which he has sustained to this day. There was first associated with him William Leggett, who continued this relation till 1836, and who was a man of remarkable force and courageous spirit.

"The words of fire that from his pen
Were flung upon the fervid page,—
Still move, still shake the hearts of men,
Amid a cold and coward age."



THE HOMESTEAD LIBRARY.

Parke Godwin (Mr. Bryant's son-in-law) and the Hon. John Bigelow, gentlemen whose literary eminence is well known, were also for many years connected with the paper. Its influence upon the thought and morals of the nation has been wholesome and



APPROACH TO THE HOMESTEAD: THE OLD POPLAR.

helpful to a remarkable degree. It has been a model of good taste, correct English, pure principles, and an intelligent and independent treatment of the great topics of public interest. During Mr. Bryant's editorial career of more than fifty years, have been waged the most important political conflicts in the history of the Republic, and in these he has manfully participated. On questions of national policy concerning the old United States Bank, the war with Mexico, the admission of slavery into the territories and its abolition, the tariff, the Ashburton treaty, the war of the rebellion, amnesty, the Alabama claims, the San Domingo muddle, civil service, resumption of specie payments, and other subjects of vital importance, his utterances have been prompt, unequivocal, and just; and

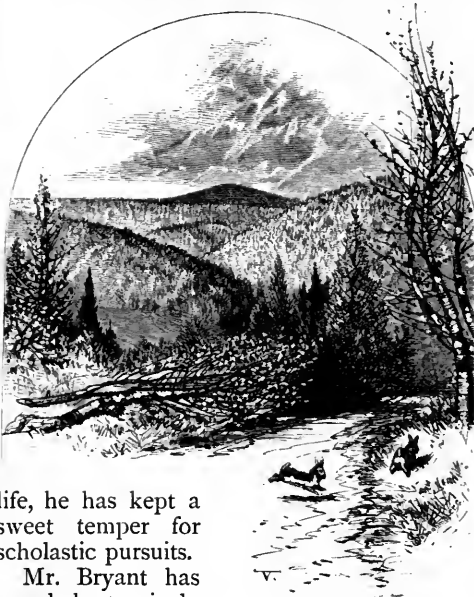
he has maintained his principles with an unshaken constancy. He has never waited to catch the breath of popular opinion before flinging abroad his standard. The question with him has always been, "What is right? What subserves human interests best? What is the province and duty of government?" And so he has been the uncompromising enemy of political rings, class legislation, and jobbery, and corruption of all sorts, and the friend and ally of humane and liberal institutions, righteous reform, and the administration of impartial justice. In-

deed, there is no species of political iniquity that he has not vigorously assailed, and no doctrines of permanent advantage to the commonwealth that he has not judiciously advocated and set firmer in the minds and hearts of men. He is a statesman of the best type and, as has been said by a distinguished senator, "he is a teacher of statesmen." He

has asked nothing of his country but the privilege to serve her interests. Not even his bitterest political opponents have ever accused him of a desire for public office. It is one of the marvels of his great career that, amid the engrossing labors and cares of editorial



SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE BRYANT ESTATE, CUMMINGTON.



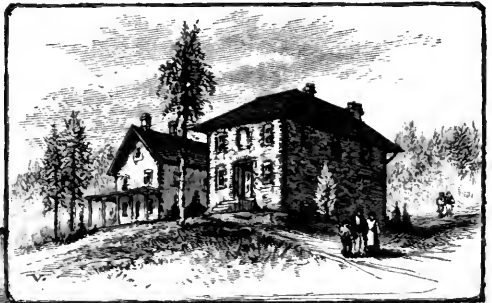
VIEW OF GREYLOCK.

life, he has kept a sweet temper for scholastic pursuits.

Mr. Bryant has traveled extensively in this country and abroad. His first visit to Europe was made in 1834. In 1852 his journey was extended to Egypt and Palestine. He has also traveled in the West Indies, and in his later years in Mexico. With many of the countries and literatures of continental Europe he is familiar by protracted visits and studious observation, having been no less than six times abroad. During his visits to Great Britain he was cordially received by many distinguished men of letters, but he was perhaps on the most intimate terms with Wordsworth and Rogers. His days at Ambleside are still remembered with pleasure. He always found Wordsworth amiable, glad to walk and talk, and not disagreeably egotistic. Mr. Bryant received particular attentions from the poet Rogers, with whom he frequently dined and breakfasted. Among the many interesting reminiscences of his intercourse with the English poets there is an anecdote of Rogers which is too character-

istic to withhold. On a visit to London in 1849 Rogers said to him, "Our poets seem to be losing their minds. Campbell's son was in a mad-house, and if the father had been put there in the last years of his life, it would have been the proper place for him. Bowles became weak-minded, and as for Southey, you know what happened to him. Moore was here the other day, and I asked, 'Moore, how long have you been in town?' 'Three or four days,' he replied. 'What, three or four days and not let me know it?' 'I beg pardon,' said he, putting his hand to his forehead, 'I believe I came to town this morning.' As to Wordsworth, a gentleman who saw him lately said to me, 'You would not find Wordsworth much changed; he talks rationally.'" The letters of Mr. Bryant written during his travels are graceful and valuable compositions, showing his enjoyment of natural scenery, his accurate studies of society and governments, and his interest in all that concerns human welfare.

In 1845 he purchased the Roslyn estate, a beautiful piece of property lying along Hempstead Harbor, Long Island, within easy distance of New York, yet far enough



CUMMINGTON LIBRARY, FOUNDED BY MR. BRYANT.

remote for the seclusion that is so grateful to the scholar. It is said that the name which Mr. Bryant gave to the village was suggested by the fact recorded in the town annals, that the British marched out of Hempstead to the tune of "Roslyn Castle." The

frame of the Roslyn mansion is at least one hundred years old, but the building has been repaired and enlarged with admirable



GRAVE OF MR. BRYANT'S FATHER, CUMMINGTON.

taste and judgment, so that while it has every needed convenience for a country residence, it is a harmonious feature of the scenery. It is happily located, being sheltered by wooded hills on the north and commanding beautiful views of the ample grounds of the premises, the bay and its lovely shores. In the poet's hands the place has been improved and embellished till it has very many attractions, but nothing is overdone. In the grounds around the house are a great variety of fruits and flowers that thrive in that genial climate. In the hollow of the spacious lawn below the mansion is a pretty lake fed by living springs which issue from its upper bank, and shaded on its opposite embankment by a thicket of evergreens, trees festooned with creepers, and flowering shrubs. Amid a cluster of these stands an old mill, that is turned by the stream from the lake, which adds cheerful music to its generous service. On the brow of the slope a little way from the garden, stand the immemorial pear-trees which are so gracefully mentioned in the poem "Among the Trees,"

"That with spring time burst
Into such breadth of bloom."

It is the poet's custom when the fruit is ripe to give the children of the neighborhood a festival beneath their branches, where they can feast and play to their hearts' content. Here a swing is erected for their amusement, and the sports and pleasures are enjoyed by the host, whose heart never grows old.

Going up the hill above the house, one

wanders in the lanes and pastures among the maples, and apple-trees, and evergreens which Mr. Bryant has planted, and from the different points of the uplands looks off on a prospect diversified by pleasant cottages, gardens, fruitful fields and the wide sweep of the waters of the bay and sound. Among the notable trees that enhance the interest of the place, besides the pears already mentioned, is a gigantic black walnut whose age is estimated at 150 years, and whose girth is twenty-eight feet. Though showing signs of advanced life the tree gives its annual harvest of nuts. Only a little way from this, close together, are a notable maple and a willow, while a grand old oak spreads its arms over the bank near the lake by the house.

In 1872 Mr. Bryant presented to the town, in which he has lived so long, "Roslyn Hall," a building particularly designed for uses of a public character, such as lectures, concerts, church festivals, and social gatherings requiring special accommodations.

Some of Mr. Bryant's most important studies and literary work have been done at his home in Roslyn, where he spends the months of May, June, July, October and November, and usually a portion of April. While he has a good many books in his New York residence and also in his house in Cummington, the larger part of his collection is kept in his library at Roslyn. This selection has evidently been made with great care, and embraces those works for which he has the most use and which cover the fields of his favorite studies. Here

are found the best editions of the ancient classics, standard works in German, French, Spanish, Italian, the old English writers, and the prominent modern productions in literature, and economic and theological science. Mr. Bryant has always been interested in art, and is the owner of considerable that is illustrative of this branch of culture.

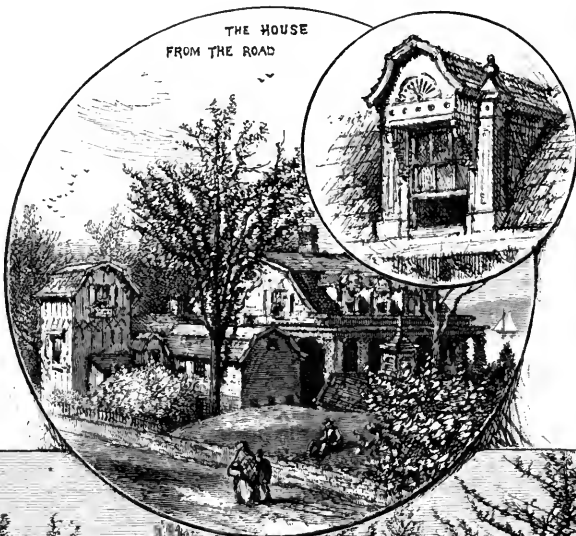
Though the brevity of this paper forbids any such thing as a critical notice of Mr. Bryant's poetical works, or even the mention of many of them, it would lack an essential element of sober portraiture if it failed to direct attention to the chief characteristics of his genius. As a poet, he holds a place peculiarly and unquestionably his own. His individuality is powerful, and as admirable as powerful in all that constitutes true greatness. The basis of his intellectual character is marked by a massive solidity; but, with his masculine vigor, his firm, tough, sinewy mental fiber, there is all the sprightliness, gracefulness, and sweetness that are generally supposed, in the case of poets, to be gifts of natures cast in a less heroic mold. He is a great artist, as well as a true seer. For, while his glance pierces to the soul of things, he knows how to give the proper form to his vision in the symbols of human

speech. His felicitous language, his rhythmic grace, the compression and suggestiveness of his thought, his tenderness, the breadth of his range, the fidelity of his portraiture, the dignity and symmetry of his creations, only go to show the extraordinary qualities of the man, the vitality of his contact with nature, and the great life that he lives in himself. Back of his work is his strong, rich, masterful personality; and his eye is clear, and his hand sure, and his voice firm, while his soul is on fire. The fact that his poems do not wear out, that they have a permanent freshness which is always welcome, is the evidence that they are alive with a divine passion. As Emerson says: "He is original because he is sincere,—a true painter of the face of this country and of the sentiment of his own people. It is his proper praise that he first, and he only, made known to mankind our northern landscape,—its summer splendor, its autumn russet, its winter lights and glooms. * * * So, there is no feature of day or night in the country which does not, to a contemplative mind, recall the name of Bryant." In his verse, Nature is reflected with her subtle spirit, her largeness, and delicacy, and simplicity, and mystery. There is conveyed, even in his briefest



VIEW OF HEMPSTEAD HARBOR FROM THE HILL EAST OF MR. BRYANT'S HOUSE AT ROSLYN, L. I.

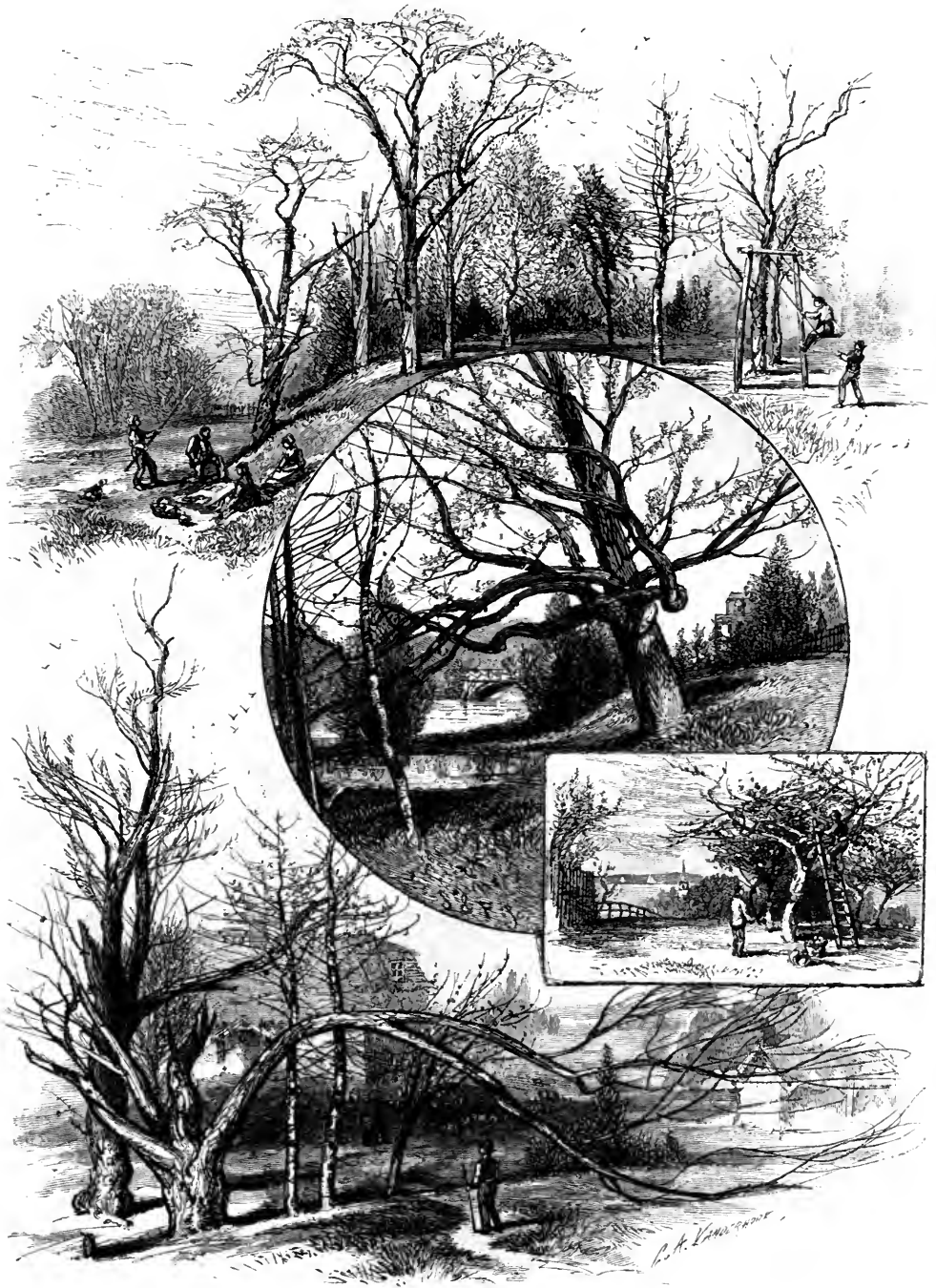
poems, an impression of fullness, which is the characteristic of only singular names in literature. This also is peculiar to the appearance of the man, who, though of slight build and medium height, gives one the feeling of a great presence. While his original poems are not voluminous, for he has written no epic or drama, they are comprehensive in their scope and rich in subjects of the deepest interest to the reflective.



SCENES AT "CEDARMERE," MR. BRYANT'S HOME AT ROSLYN, L. I.

mind. He not only never wearies, but refreshes, inspires, consoles, for as a priest of Nature, he imparts what Nature gives to the deepest recognition. Take such poems as the "Summer Wind," "The Death of the

Flowers," "A Summer Ramble," "The Evening Wind," "The Prairies," "The Fountain," "The Forest Hymn," and one has the expression of his best experience in communion with the world without him. And where life is touched sincerely by the contemplation of life, what has more suggestive strains than "The Battle Field," "The Night Journey of a River," "Thanatopsis," "The Future Life," "The Return of Youth," "June," "The Planting of the Apple-Tree," "The Song of the Sower," and "The Flood of Years." The spirit of Liberty voicing the best hopes and aspirations of humanity on earth has no nobler



AMONG THE TREES AT CEDARMERE.

prophecy than in such chants as "The Antiquity of Freedom," "The Winds," "Italy," "Not Yet," "Our Country's Call," and "The Death of Slavery." In the whole range of his writings there is no line or word that appeals to an unworthy feeling—



VIEW OF CEDARMERE.

not a suggestion that is impure. Not very much blank verse has been produced in this century that is equal to his.

Milton himself has written considerable that is not so good, and not a great quantity that is better when measured by the severest tests. Between the two men in their poetical cast and political predilections an interesting parallel might be drawn.

It cannot be doubted that the character of the man has much to do with the sterling value of his writings. To us Bryant has always seemed great in the simplicity of his manhood. It is this aspect of him, as much as his place in literature, that affords such

an instructive example to this generation. Certainly, among those who appreciate exalted qualities and who are

familiar with the careers of our public men, there is but one opinion of Bryant's character. His reputation is absolutely untarnished. But his virtue is not a negative one. He has felt the pressure of powerful parties, has walked amid the very whirlwinds of political controversy and strife, and never sacrificed a principle, nor been unfaithful to his convictions. Testimony from a long array of names of the highest distinction in the republic is unanimous as to his integrity, his courage, his devotion to his country, his sincere and unsullied life. What Holmes says is simply the condensation of the tributes that his contemporaries have uttered:

"How shall we thank him that, in evil days,
He faltered never—nor for blame, nor praise,
Nor hire, nor party, shamed his earlier lays?
But as his boyhood was of manliest hue,
So to his youth his manly years were true,
All dyed in royal purple, through and through."

In a similar strain of reverent gratitude sings Lowell:

"And shall we praise? God's praise was his before,
And on our futile laurels he looks down,
Himself, our bravest crown!"

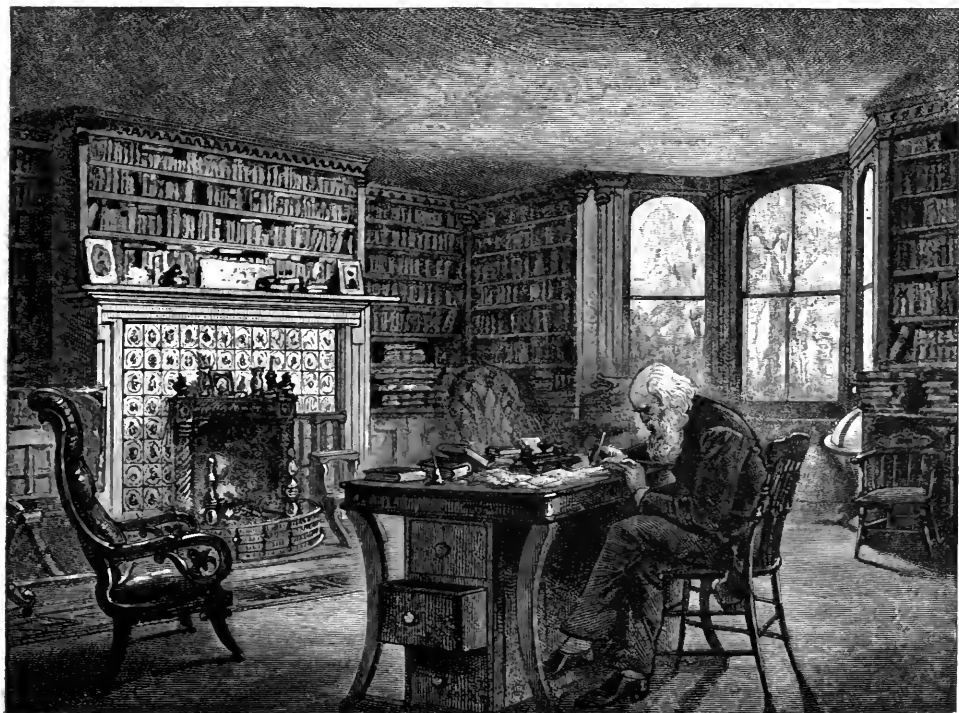
But he is the possessor of something more than a stern morality. To his Roman virtue he adds the devout and affectionate spirit of an humble follower of Christ. His poetry shows his serious, reverent, religious nature, and his hymns particularly (only a few of which are known yet to the public) glow with Christian trust and aspiration. But only those who know him intimately are aware of the depth and sweetness of his Christian character, which has seemed continually ripening through his long journey. He stands now "At the Gate,"

"Without the fear or the longing to depart."

It is easy to believe that one in whom the currents of life run with the sympathies and purposes that animate him would serve kindly in all his relations. The demands upon his time are manifold and onerous, and yet he is always ready to deny himself for the promotion of a deserving cause. The citizens of New York are familiar with his various services. A little incident of last

summer illustrates well his deference to the voice of duty, even when none could criticize a refusal to respond. Going to church with his family one fine Sunday morning, at Cummington, where a good congregation assembled, no clergyman appeared. It seemed hardly proper that the people who came to worship should separate without any religious service whatever, and it was suggested to Mr. Bryant that he was the proper one to lead their devotions. He modestly accepted the invitation, went into the pulpit, read the Scriptures and offered the Lord's Prayer, in which the congregation joined.

Little need be said in evidence of his intellectual activity; his industry keeps pace with his longevity. It is notable that some of his severest work has been done in his old age. It was in his seventy-first year that he began the translation of the "Iliad." This was finished, December, 1869, when the "Odyssey" was immediately taken up and completed, December, 1871. The whole translation of Homer was accomplished, at such intervals as he could command, during the space of six years. His average daily work was forty lines, but sometimes, on days of unusual poetic fervor, eighty lines were achieved. The fire, the move-



LIBRARY AT CEDARMERE.

ment, the simplicity of the old Greek bard is preserved in pure, idiomatic English; and whatever the critics may finally conclude as to the merit of the work, we unhesitatingly give it the preference over all other efforts to reproduce the original in our Anglo-Saxon. The achievement at his time of life is an extraordinary one in the history of literature, and if he had done nothing else in these late days, this would insure a brilliant fame. But he has done a great deal more. Besides giving proper attention to the "Evening Post," editing "Picturesque America," revising a large collection of choice poetry, and doing careful work in the supervision of the "Popular History of the United States," he has constantly pursued his literary studies and produced original poems which are not surpassed by any in his prime. "The Flood of Years," written in his eighty-second year, has all the grace, the strength, the statuesque beauty, the sublime movement that make verse immortal.

To this day Mr. Bryant's memory shows no signs of infirmity. He could repeat now, if required, the greater part of all his poems, and his familiarity with the exact language of authors is amazing. The companion of his walks finds nothing more delightful than his apt quotations, his pithy and instructive observations on politics, literature, and religion. He has a rich fund of anecdote illustrative of persons and places, but he is entirely free from egotism. Something of

names. He is quick to recognize and applaud merit. There is nothing in his manner that one associates with the querulousness of old age; indeed, his manner is simplicity itself. And yet, with all his ease and artlessness, his presence is exceedingly impressive. He seems, no doubt, cold and reserved to strangers; but there is a rare tenderness under his austere and kingly look, which is all the sweeter from the strength of soul that keeps it.

Mr. Bryant's support of the various utilities that promote the well-being of the masses, such as improved tenement-houses, good drainage, proper water supply for cities, and public parks, is well known. His usual good judgment in benefactions for the public good is seen in his gifts of the Cumming-ton Library, Roslyn Hall, and three or four miles of solid road, which he has caused to be built at his own expense along the mountain-sides of his native town. During the last decade of his life, he has come into closer contact with his fellow-men than formerly. His visits to the public schools and colleges attest his personal interest in the work of education. During the past year, he has spoken several times on the subject of temperance,—a virtue which he has practiced all his days.

A full account of Mr. Bryant's relations with the institutions of literature and art in New York would make an article by itself. He was one of the founders of the Century

Club, and is now its president. With the Historical Society he has long been identified. He assisted in the establishment of the Metropolitan Museum. The Academy of Design has always reckoned him among its influential friends, and when its new building was finished, he delivered the address at its inauguration. On occasions when the culture of the metropolis is to be represented, he is selected by general consent as its appropriate



THE HALL, PRESENTED TO ROSLYN BY MR. BRYANT.

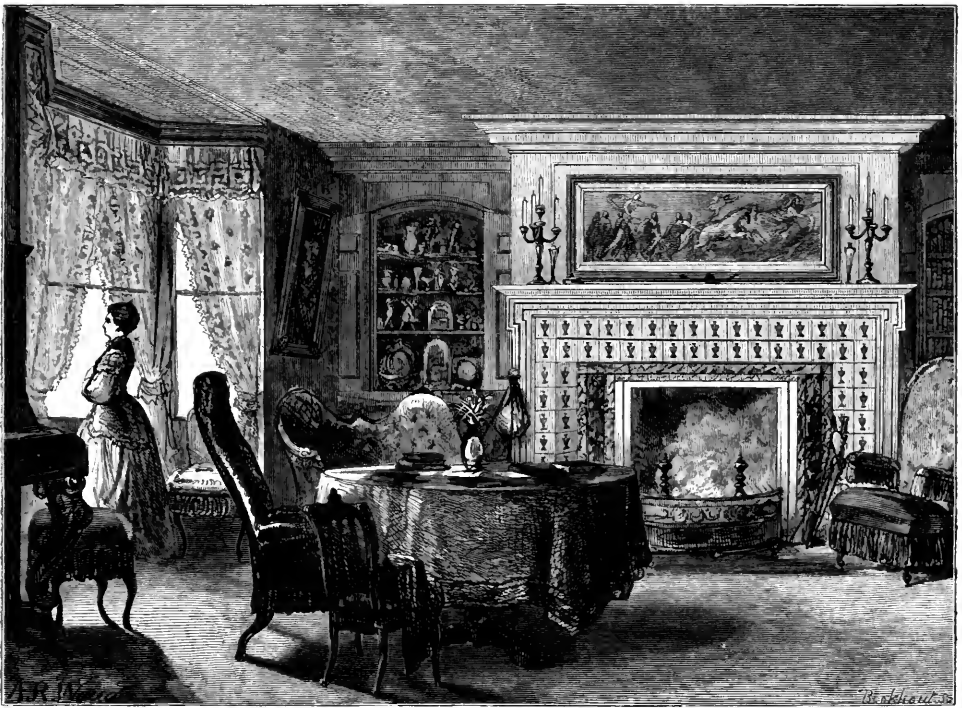
this would be agreeable to those who are interested in all phases of his experience and life. No one ever detects in his conversation any jealousy of distinguished

oracle. He was chosen to pronounce the memorial tributes to Cole, Cooper, Irving, Verplanck, and Halleck, when these eminent Americans passed away. When, as a step

preparatory to his nomination for president, it was deemed advisable to present Mr. Lincoln under impressive auspices in New York. Mr. Bryant was asked to preside at the meeting as its most illustrious citizen. At the unveiling of the statues of Scott, Shakspeare, and Goethe, he was selected to pronounce the words for the occasions. The legislature of the state of New York never received an American with the honors which a few years ago it gave to him. The Century Club celebrated his seventieth birthday by a festival, memorable, not only in the annals of the society but in the extraordi-

tier, Holmes, Tuckerman, Bayard Taylor, Stoddard, Boker and others, in strains of lofty admiration. Longfellow, Pierpont, Halleck, Willis and Verplanck sent letters of friendly greeting.

In 1866, a great sorrow fell upon the poet. After a beautiful companionship of forty-five years, Mrs. Bryant was removed from his side. She had that genuine feminine sympathy, and that intelligence, unselfishness, and unfailing sweetness of disposition which peculiarly fitted her for her position as the wife of such a man. Her piety was of that deep, even, undemonstra-



THE PARLOR AT CEDARMERE.

nary character of those who participated in it.

A prominent feature of the occasion was the presentation to Mr. Bryant of a portfolio of some forty studies by the artist members of the club, among whom were Huntington, Church, Durand, Gignoux, Launt Thompson, Kensett, Rogers, McEntee, Gifford, Eastman Johnson, and Bierstadt. Bancroft, the historian, delivered the congratulatory address; Emerson, Dr. Osgood, R. H. Dana, Jr., and Evarts joined in salutations in terms of glowing portraiture. Poetical tributes came from Lowell, Whit-

tive kind that casts a cheerful luster over life and home, that is such a sure resource in the day of trial, and whose influence is so sacred and persuasive. One of Mr. Bryant's most exquisite poems, "The Future Life," was inspired by her. Mr. Rogers, the poet, used to say that he could never read that poem without tears. After her long and dangerous illness in Italy, in 1858, Mrs. Bryant's convalescence was welcomed by another admirable composition, "The Life that Is":

"Twice wert thou given me; once in thy fair prime,
Fresh from the fields of youth, when first we met,



VIEW FROM THE FRONT DOOR, CEDARMERE.

And all the blossoms of that hopeful time
Clustered and glowed where'er thy steps were set.

"And now, in thy ripe autumn, once again
Given back to fervent prayers and yearnings
strong,
From the drear realm of sickness and of pain
When we had watched, and feared, and trembled
long."

But this renewed companionship was not very long to be protracted. The separation was grievous, but he gave way to no childish sorrow. More intense labor than ever was the chief sign of the acuteness of his sufferings. Life since then has been lived more with things unseen. His accomplished daughter, Julia, since her mother's death, has had charge of the household.

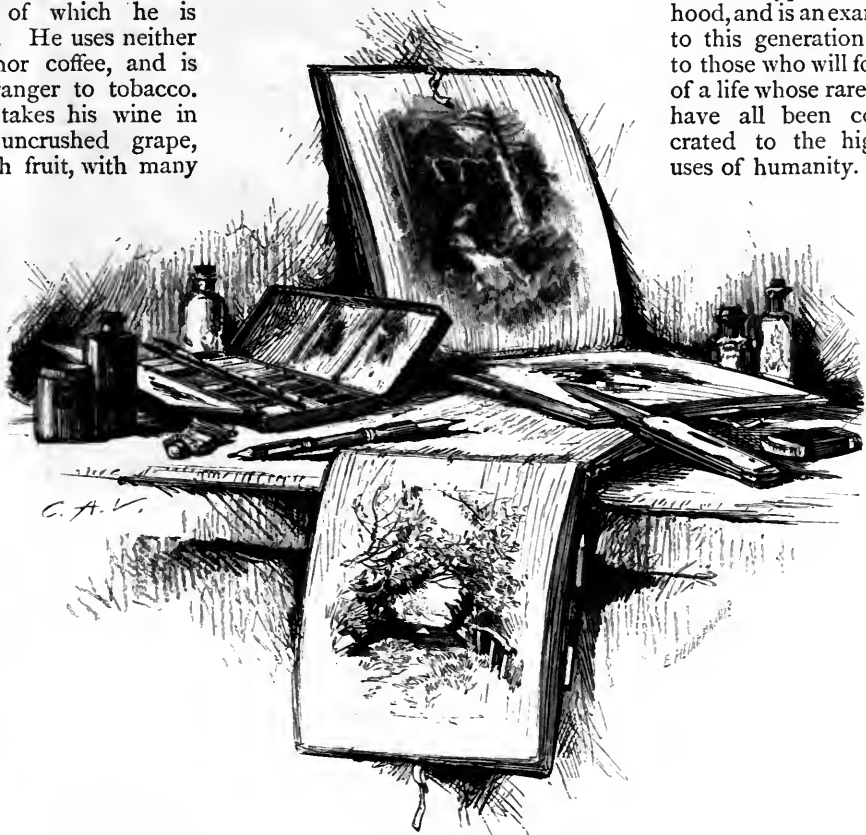
Mr. Bryant's vigorous longevity has but few parallels among distinguished intellectual men. It is due partly to an inherited

endurance of constitution, and partly to the most rigid observance of hygienic rules. His grandfather, at the age of eighty-five, could mount a horse with the agility of a young man, and is said to have ridden out to visit patients only two weeks before his death. His father, at the age of fifty-two, fell a prey to consumption, induced, no doubt, by exposure and overwork as a physician in a section of country that made the practice of his profession so severe a tax upon all his energies. A tendency to pulmonary disease, however, was peculiar to the family, and a gifted sister of the poet fell a victim to it at an early age. In his early manhood, Mr. Bryant himself showed symptoms of the malady sufficiently marked to cause considerable solicitude among his friends, few of whom thought that his life would be a long one. Any little reckless-

ness of living would probably have resulted fatally fifty years ago, while by simple inconsiderateness he would, doubtless, have passed away before middle life. But by the strictest temperance, regular exercise, and the most careful observance of the laws of health, under the divine blessing, he has attained his great age of almost eighty-four, with a vigor of body and mind excellently preserved. It is remarkable for a person of his organization that, since the age of fifteen, he has never suffered from headache. He does his intellectual tasks in the morning, and never writes or studies at night. It is his custom to retire, ordinarily, soon after nine o'clock, and he rises usually at five. Before breakfast, he takes regularly his gymnastic exercise with the dumb-bells and club. He loves the bath. His food is simple and nutritious. He eats sparingly of flesh and fish, while his diet is largely of oat-meal, hominy, milk, and fruits in their season, of which he is fond. He uses neither tea nor coffee, and is a stranger to tobacco. He takes his wine in the uncrushed grape, which fruit, with many

other varieties, he successfully cultivates. His passion for trees and flowers is well known, and his home on Long Island gives abundant evidence of his taste in this particular. Mr. Bryant has been fortunate in having for the overseers of his property in the country men of such intelligence and probity. Mr. Dawes, a brother of the senator of that name from Massachusetts, has charge of the Cummington farm, and Mr. George B. Cline has superintended the place at Roslyn for many years with approved taste and conscientious devotion.

It is granted to but few to stand as Bryant does on the summit of a long life made so beautiful by virtue and so endeared to men by noble service and exalted genius. He is a grand figure in the history of our country. The wisest and best of the land revere and honor him. He illustrates the most admirable type of manhood, and is an example to this generation and to those who will follow of a life whose rare gifts have all been consecrated to the highest uses of humanity.



FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



"HE THREW HIMSELF DOWN IN THE GRASS UNDER THE SHELTERING BRANCHES."

PRELUDE.

WHEN, in the year 1000, Leif, the son of Red Erik, launched his dragon-shaped galley upon the broad Atlantic and adverse winds and currents drove him toward the shores of inhospitable Vineland, did he know, that stout-hearted Norseman, that he was preludeing a far-resounding world-drama, the opening act of which was five centuries distant, and the closing scenes of which will extend, perchance, to the very boundary of time and eternity? It may be a daring hypothesis, but as I read in the Sagas the brief and sad history of that ill-fated col-

ony, I seem to discover there, as it were, in bolder lines, the intellectual and moral prototypes of the Norsemen who flock, at this day, from the land of the Vikings to the ever newly discovered shores of the fabulous Vineland.

As I stood of late under the rotunda of Castle Garden and saw the blue-eyed and flaxen-haired throng pressing through the gate which was to admit them to the intenser miseries and joys of a more complex civilization,—as I endeavored to read the deep heart-histories of those strongly modeled countenances, whose primitive openness and

comparative barbarism rendered them the more easily legible, my thought paced swiftly over the tombs of the dead centuries, and Leif Erikson and Thorfinn Karlsefne with their storm-hardened bands emerged from the cloud-land of the past.

How manifold are the motives which have driven these restless wanderers away from the hearths at which their race had struck root, and from the homes which gave their childhood shelter! Methinks I see behind the suppressed ardor of yonder youthful face the eager soul of an Erik, aglow with visions of stirring adventure and yearning for worlds to conquer. He too, perchance, left behind him in the old home a father whose achievements had kindled the slumbering strength of his spirit, and whom in the last moment an ill omen convinced that his life-work was near its close.* And that middle-aged man at his side with the ox-like brow, the rudely drawn lips, the stolid immobility of vision—what adverse winds and currents sent him adrift upon a world the charms of which he has not the eye to discover? He, perhaps, like the too incurious Bjarne, will, before many years, return home to tell the narrow-brained friends of the government a welcome tale of bleak shores, sterile soil and barbarous customs, and his report will be published far and wide over the land with a loud flourish of trumpets to frighten the faint-hearted, to calm the restless, and quell the hopes of the hopeful.

Down in the throng which is surging at my feet, now receding and now again pressing on with the sound and motion of the on-coming flood-tide, I catch a glimpse of a bright maidenly face; it is a face of the purest Northland mold, in which native strength is tempered as by the softest veil of womanly grace and tenderness. She, like the high-spirited Freydis, the daughter of Red Erik, may be destined to stand foremost in the daily battle of pioneer life, shaming by her own fervid faith some timid doubter, and girding with an adamant armor of courage the heart which, though perhaps with a fainter rhythm, is to beat in unison with her own. And may there not have been, too, among Karlsefne's followers some large-hearted idealist whom the unrelieved sameness of human life in the old land

and the inflexibility of its time-hardened institutions had restrained and saddened in his endeavors to fashion his destiny into conformity with some fervid, long-cherished vision of the soul? If so, history has disdained to name him; for the Saga is blind to the grandeur of a silent life, while the louder deeds of the sword resound far through the ages. But whether his prototype exist or not, I read the record of a spirited struggle against an iron-handed fate in the features of yonder black-coated man with that grave serenity of bearing and with that delicate tissue of wrinkles about his keen blue eyes and upon his dome-shaped forehead. Sorrows and disappointments, thronging the slow-paced years, have day by day worn thinner the cable which bound him to the land of his birth, until at length it was broken.

The noise subsides; the hum of a thousand commingled voices which rises to me from below is softened; a sallow-faced little man springs up on an inverted barrel and reads in a loud grating voice, first in English, then in German, French and Norwegian (with the most atrocious accent, by the way) a brief document, giving timely counsel and warning to the immigrants. In the chance groupings of the multitude as it is abruptly arrested in its onward course, I detect many a fleeting effect of color, and in the momentary juxtaposition of types from widely removed climes, I catch glimpses of historical and psychological truths which ingenious sociologists have failed to fathom.

A Norseman feels a just pride in the conviction that his nation, although its historic grandeur has long been a thing of the past, has always been pre-eminent for those solid family and home virtues which tradition has made a kind of prerogative of the Germanic races. His life, hedged in on all sides by a bulwark of strong ancestral beliefs and well-established customs and prejudices, offers no loop-hole for the larger vices to enter; and the smaller ones, which are recognized powers under all conditions of society, serve but to add a stronger spice to social intercourse and are apparently as essential to human progress and happiness as virtue itself. In Norway, at least, the social ideal is respectability, which means the aggregate unit of all the national foibles, strongly seasoned by a kind of aggressive ignorance of the world at large and a due admixture of declamatory, provincial patriotism. A society composed of elements like these has a long memory for past

* Erik the Red had promised his son to accompany him on his voyage, but as he rode to the ship his horse stumbled, and as he fell to the earth he exclaimed: "There are no more lands for me to discover!"

offenses; it is quick to condemn, slow to investigate, and incapable of forgiving. And what is society but an enlargement of the individual type? I have often wondered whether it is the duty of blood vengeance, as imposed by the Asa faith,—the sacred obligation to claim retribution for past insults,—which has been unconsciously transmitted through the long centuries from father to son and has left its indelible traces in the Norseman's laws as in his character.

Political pessimists have, with some show of plausibility, defined the difference between a monarchy and a republic, as the difference between the tyranny of one master and the tyranny of many. Norway, to be sure, has a monarch, who is, however, only in the Greek sense of the word, a *tyrannos*, while public opinion, ever blindly and clamorously active, exalts mediocrity and banishes genius, because the former is conventionally attired and blandly conservative, while the latter is too apt to appear in some outlandish garb, intellectually as well as physically, and as experience shows, is not proof against novel heresies which may threaten to disturb the comfortable indolence of church and state.

These and similar reflections were suggested to me by the sight of a man who was sitting on the floor, not many steps removed from me, resting his chin in his palm and sending a blank stare out into the empty space. Judging by his looks, he could hardly be past thirty. His face was strikingly handsome, and of so pure a Norse type that it affected me like a sudden rush of warm air laden with the fragrance of Norse pines and wild flowers. The Northland memories were roused within me, and I became possessed with an ardent desire to read for once unerringly the deep soul-mysteries which had written their slow but ineffaceable record upon the sensitive surface of this countenance. These delicate features, once so quickly responsive to each passing mood from within, so readily moved into sympathetic concord with men and things, are, as it were, glazed over with some stony substance, hindering that finely graduated play of expression of which a countenance like this must be capable. Now some painful remembrance seems to be struggling to the surface; better, at all events, than that dead stupor, which paralyzes the energies of the mind, and, offering no resistance to the wildest resolves, is even more dangerous than active despair.

That there was the shadow of a tragedy

upon this life, it required no keenness of vision to discover, and as one, seeing the shadow of a cloud upon some fair landscape, raises his eyes to behold the cloud itself, so I turned from my sad-faced traveler, and, with the divine prerogative of the novelist, lifting the veil which hid his past, traced the slow intertwining of small events, of which he was the unconscious and helpless result.

I have singled out this one from the countless tragedies which daily enter through the gate of Castle Garden, like little sub-intrigues into the grand drama of our national life, not because it is any more frequent than a hundred others, but because it presents a fresh field of observation, as far as I know, as yet untrodden by poet or novelist.

CHAPTER I.

HOME-LIFE.

THE Right Reverend Bishop Falconberg was a man of a truly apostolic appearance, a fact which, as his enemies asserted, constituted his sole claim to the elevated position he at present occupied. He possessed, moreover, in an eminent degree, that peculiarly clerical accomplishment of uttering pious platitudes with a pompousness of voice and manner which, with an uncritical congregation, readily passed for inspiration.

The late King Bernadotte of blessed memory, who fortunately understood only a few words of Norwegian, but had a Frenchman's liking for handsome men, had made him knight and afterward commander of several orders, and the bishop had, during that monarch's reign, grown fat and prosperous in the perpetual sunshine of royal favor. In return, he had worshiped and served his benefactor with an unquestioning devotion which loyal citizens called touching. It was whispered, however, among demagogues and political malcontents, that the high-spirited king at times demanded a slight sacrifice of conscience from his most devoted servants, and that the bishop had occasionally been obliged to resort to his subtlest logic in order to reconcile his clerical office with that of a royal favorite. Like all men whose rapid rise is without any visible foundation of merit, Mr. Falconberg had his enviers, who were not always scrupulous in the choice of the epithets which they attached to his reverend name.

During the reign of King Oskar, Mr. Falconberg's greatness had already become a

well-established official fact, and the voices of opposition were silenced. When the bishop thundered from the pulpit against Catholic heresies, which had long been dead, and the great Antichrist, who resided at a safe distance in Rome, people flocked to hear him, and marveled at his pious fearlessness and the lofty flights of his rhetoric. The official press then began to make wondrous discoveries concerning the Falconbergs of by-gone centuries, and it was proved beyond a doubt, that the bishop was not a *homo novus*, but had come legitimately to his present eminence by the long transmission of ancestral genius. Some obscure chronicle revealed the fact that the family had emigrated from Denmark to Norway in the fifteenth century, which would hardly have been deemed worthy of record if the Falconbergs had not, even previous to that time, been foremost among the historic families of the united kingdoms. Again, it was proved that a certain Halfdan Falconberg had been among the first to abjure Catholicism and accept the Evangelical faith at the command of the court, and that a later descendant who, by a wealthy marriage and skillful management (which is the polite phrase for extortion), had accumulated a considerable fortune, had advanced a loan of twenty thousand crowns in silver to King Christian the Fourth, who, as is well known, suffered from a chronic want of coin.

The other Falconbergs of the present century (for his Reverence was by no means the sole heir to his illustrious name) were men whose chief merit consisted in their being relatives to one of the first prelates of the kingdom,—a merit which that prelate was ever most willing to recognize. They were men whose neutrality of character, easy manners and unimpeachable loyalty made them available for almost any lucrative position which chance or royal favor might provide; and the bishop who vaguely felt that he owed them compensation for having received more than his due share of the family fund of genius, had at last the satisfaction of seeing them all comfortably nestled as eminent office-holders under the sheltering wings of the government. I say all, but there was one exception. The bishop's youngest brother, Marcus Falconberg, who had inherited none of the family virtues except its tendency to corpulence, had been guilty of that most grievous of all offenses, a misalliance, and had been compelled to hide his shame in some obscure settlement on the other side of the Atlantic.

He had, with some difficulty taken the degree of *candidatus theologiae* before leaving Norway, and was now the pastor of a Norwegian congregation in one of the Western states.

The Right Reverend Bishop—to complete his portrait—was a man of a very convivial nature, bland, polished in his manners, condescending and yet dignified, a little loud of speech perhaps, if contradicted, and with that self-confidence and easy assumption of superiority which are so readily pardoned in a man whom chance and fortune have favored. This was at all events the official side of his character which the world knew and admired. In the bosom of his family he was, perhaps, less amiable, somewhat exacting at times, if not tyrannical, absolute in his judgments, intolerant of dissent, impatient of faults in others, and indulgent toward himself. He ruled his household with an iron hand, extending his jealous supervision even to the most trivial details of expenditure; and that external garb of piety which his position compelled him to wear covered a multitude of petty foibles, greatly at variance with that large-lined statuesque grandeur which he was wont to display, when, arrayed in his official pomp, he thundered forth his philippics against human vice and folly. In spite of all this, I must do the bishop the justice to add that he was not a hypocrite; he had himself not the faintest suspicion that he was insincere or even inconsistent. If he reasoned at all concerning his character and discovered some traces of the old Adam in it, he easily consoled himself with the reflection that even St. Paul, not to speak of Dr. Luther had made similar discoveries, and both were nevertheless, by all posterity, accounted great and holy men. The world, too, and the king had indorsed him, and he was satisfied to abide by their judgment. If men's lives had to be stainless, what then was the good of the redemption?

These, however, were not the doctrines which Mr. Falconberg preached to his children and to humanity at large. And still, is it to be wondered at, that his oldest son, Einar Finsson Falconberg, as he grew up to youth and manhood, soon became aware of the discrepancy between his father's theology and his private practices, and began to draw his inferences concerning the validity of this theology accordingly? During his early years he had suffered keenly from his parent's tyrannical supervision and excessive zeal for his welfare and improvement.

The bishop, probably with the best intention in the world, poured into his mind an unceasing stream of the most miscellaneous learning, using him, whether consciously or not, as a touchstone whereby to test the virtue of every new educational system that happened to come to his notice. He started with the proposition that human nature was essentially a compound of the vilest things, which must at all risks be eradicated, so as to leave that perfect blank upon which an unerring hand might inscribe the precepts of piety, wisdom and virtue. And, agreeably to this theory, he spent hours daily in tormenting the boy, resisting his most innocent wishes for the mere purpose of "breaking his will." Fortunately, he saw whither this system was tending before he had occasion to test its utmost effects, and dreading to become an object of his son's hatred, he suddenly wheeled round, and accepted the philosophy of some German metaphysician who after the manner of Rousseau taught that human nature was essentially good, and that evil found its way into the infantine mind only through the force of example. This theory, of course, required a total isolation from all vicious influences, and might have proved more satisfactory in its results, if the boy's mother had not foolishly interfered and by her distrust, her disobedience and her tearful appeals brought the whole beautiful system into confusion. She, like the irrational creature that she was, felt her heart swelling with pity toward this over-educated little fragment of humanity, for whose existence she held herself in part responsible, and it was owing to her perseverance and meek, mild-mannered obstinacy that the father, at last, when Einar was in his fifteenth year, threw all his systems overboard and determined that henceforth he would refrain from all forcible interference and be content to keep a watchful eye over the son's spiritual and intellectual progress. It was very hard, however, to carry this laudable resolution into effect; whatever ardor there may yet have been in the bishop's nature, which had not become congealed in the chilly heights of his official eminence, had flowed out freely toward this eldest born son; all the long-gathering currents of his being, the intricate motives of selfishness and generosity, which went to make up his complex existence, had all served to nourish one strong but silent conviction, as the invisibly intertwining veins of water slowly gather in the breast of the earth into a warm and silent pool. He

firmly believed that this bright-eyed and quick-witted boy, upon whose forehead Nature seemed to have put its stamp of nobility from the very cradle, had received in even a fuller measure than himself that genius which the family had guarded as its peculiar treasure, and that he was destined to occupy the same position in the next generation as his father had in this, looming up easily, by virtue of intellectual largeness, above the herd of men. Thus the bishop's name would be secured an honorable place among the historical dignitaries of the land, in times to come.

When Einar Falconberg at the age of eighteen entered the University, he was by common consent declared to be the handsomest man of his year. A few years of comparative freedom had enabled him to recover from the physical effects of his educational sufferings, which indeed seemed to have left no trace behind them, except an unconquerable antipathy to church-going. But this peculiarity hardly distinguished him from hundreds of his fellow-students, who understood by the church but the aggregate number of stone and wooden edifices in which men consented to be bored once a week for the good of their souls, and to whom religion was a mysterious something, outside and beyond their own sphere, mercifully provided by the Creator for subtle-minded metaphysicians (whose analytical destructiveness might otherwise prove dangerous to society) to test their skill upon, and for quarrelsome theologians to wrangle over.

Einar's nature was of that trustful, generous and open-hearted kind which readily invites to familiarity. The amiable *abandon* of his manners, tempered by innate good breeding, was as far removed from rudeness and aggressive forwardness as it was from shrinking humility or diffidence. To a handsome and talented young man, born in the very topmost stratum of society, the world puts on its gayest and most radiant aspect, and he sees no reason why he should not open his hand to receive its bounty and treat it with a similar liberality in return. Everybody liked Einar, and he was himself incapable of harboring any lasting resentment against anybody. He had his preferences, of course, and was not without a certain aristocratic fastidiousness in the choice of his more intimate friends; but if chance threw him into contact with any one whose manner jarred upon his nerves, he was not the man to yield to a hasty impres-

sion, but rather laughed inwardly at his genteel prejudices and let his abundant good humor flow without stint toward all. Of course people told him almost daily both directly and by implication that he was handsome, and he could hardly himself see the youthful brightness and faultless modeling of his features reflected in the mirror, without silently owning that he found no ground for dissent. There was, however, nothing especially striking in these features, unless indeed their soft radiance, harmony of form and absolutely perfect proportions were rare enough to challenge attention. You saw at once that it was a countenance capable of expressing the most delicate shades of emotion,—as changeful and sensitive as a still water-surface, which shivers into ripples at the touch of the least perceptible air-current. It is only in the north, I think, where all extremes of creation meet, that nature fashions these wondrously delicate organisms, these alpine flowers among men, in whose being the life of a brief but passionate summer ebbs and flows with fitful pulsations. It was this flower-like stainlessness, this pure northern grace and innate nobility which found their expression in the soft curves of Einar's lips, in the frank appeal of his blue eyes and in the fearless simplicity of his whole bearing. It was not the fearlessness bred by ardent faith or strength of purpose, but rather by absence of suspicion and unconsciousness of wrong,—a mere child-like acceptance of life as it was,—an unquestioning confidence in oneself and in everybody who comes within the sphere of one's being. A man of such a temper is equally irresistible to men and women; Nature has singled him out for her favorite from the very cradle, and the world is apt to accept his own estimate of himself, and to treat him with the indulgence which he unconsciously claims and practices toward himself and others.

It was very natural that Bishop Falconberg should feel an agreeable stirring of joy and pride whenever his eyes dwelt upon this promising son. After his admission to the University, he suddenly changed his conduct toward him, allowing him the most unlimited freedom, courting him by incessant praise and only grumbling occasionally at his expensive habits whenever an exorbitant demand was made on his treasury. He listened with untiring interest to Einar's accounts of his experiences in that gay young student-world which was daily unfold-

ing its varied pleasures to his eager eye. The bishop had himself been a student and had himself had similar experiences. Hitherto he and his son, although living under the same roof, had really been as remote from each other as wandering stars, whose spheres once in a thousand years graze or mutually intersect each other. Now they were drawn together for the first time by a real community of feeling, and the first thrill of delight at the touch of two souls which, with all their differences, could not disown a mutual sense of kinship, was even strong enough to banish, for the time, the dreary memories of the past. For that tyrannical father is probably a rare phenomenon who would not readily exchange the uneasy isolation of guardianship for the closer human fellowship which only a tacit admission of equality and a less uncritical devotion can foster.

Thus, at all events, ran Mr. Falconberg's reflections, as his son stood before him in the dawn of his young manhood,—a life detached from his own, and still, by strong, hidden ties mysteriously united to it. They were very admirable reflections, as every one will admit, and during the first years of Einar's college life they bade fair to establish the most delightful relation between him and his father. But when the young man had finished his preliminary course and had sustained with honor his *examen philosophicum*, the bishop's imperious temper suddenly burst out in a tempest of wrath which swept the sunny reminiscences of their recent summer life into a hopeless distance. It had always been a tacit understanding between them, the father claimed, that Einar should study theology and devote himself to the church. It was with this in view that Mr. Falconberg had wasted his hard-earned money on him, and, by the heavens, whether he would or no, he should obey. Einar, on the contrary, asserted that he had never in his life, tacitly or openly, cherished any such intentions, and he even freely confessed the deeply rooted repugnance he felt against the profession in which his father had reaped his fame and his honors. This was, of course, more than the old man could be expected to tolerate; he threatened to disinherit his son, to disown him, to deprive him of his name, and God knows what not, provided he did not retract his hasty words and unconditionally surrender. The son, however, was nothing daunted by threats, and in the end the bishop had to accept a compromise, pro-

posed by himself, according to which Einar should take up the study of theology, but postpone his decision as to choice of profession until a maturer knowledge should have dispelled his foolish prejudice. Thus a respite was gained, and seeming peace was established; but, like a storm whose unspent energy still lingers, with threatening gloom and sullen mutterings, at the horizon's rim, the father's dissatisfaction continued to vent itself in caustic remarks and ill-natured criticisms, which were the more exasperating because they were never sufficiently definite to be met by open contradiction. Their sunny companionship in the memories of a common youth was a thing of the past, and was never to be restored.

It was not strange that these altered conditions should act unfavorably upon a creature so seemingly made for sunshine and so sensitive to external influences as Einar Falconberg. He could no longer work with that breezy stimulation of purpose which lies in having a definite end for one's exertions. It is true he had never been inclined to severe application, but he had had a vague sense of the responsibility attaching to his position as a member of a great family, and had not therefore absolutely shunned scholarly toil. He was abundantly supplied with those intellectual antennæ which absorb culture and even the solid substance of learning by a mere fleeting contact; and somehow he had always managed to do himself credit whenever the time came to test his attainments. But now his evil destiny had compelled him to occupy himself with the very thing for which he had from his earliest years conceived a strong repugnance; and Einar shrank from any thing unpleasant, as the tongue or any other sensitive object would shrink from contact with cold iron. He had always abhorred anything like dissimulation and had never thought of claiming any credit for his own uncompromising honesty; he would have liked to believe that all the world was sincere, because sincerity was the very essence of his own character; and in spite of frequent paternal admonitions he could not bring himself to feign an interest which he did not feel in the long-winded recitals of theological feuds and the half-rationalistic, half-pietistic exegesis of doctrine which dry, unimaginative professors—mere musty, shriveled-up parchments of humanity—daily inflicted upon his unwilling ears. The consequence was that his attendance upon lectures became less frequent with every

passing month, and in order to dispel the importunate reflections regarding his future which his equivocal position urged upon him, he threw himself passionately into the whirl of social life, laughed with the gay, looked solemn and apprehensive among grave-minded philistines, courteous and a little flippant among the ladies, and felt a transient flush of joy at the easy triumph of his brilliancy and his personal attractions. But his mind was fast losing that serene equipoise, that fresh spontaneity of feeling which had made him appear among the throngs of youth like a newly revealed beautiful being. It is inherent in such a temperament that it readily takes the color of its surroundings, and when this susceptibility to impressions becomes conscious, it is but one step removed from insincerity. Einar soon felt this, but with his clerical future staring him in the face, did not care sufficiently for his own fate to mind whither he was drifting.

The years passed swiftly, and the unrecorded changes, wrought by the slow hand of time, became at last perceptible enough to give even a less sensitive mind than his cause for alarm. His cheap social triumphs began to pall upon his sense, and his mind was constantly agitated by restless moods and an ever-growing dissatisfaction with the world and his own attitude toward it. An all-conquering bitterness rose in some hitherto unconscious substratum of his soul; no transient pleasure could counteract it, and no self-soothing sophism banish it. His expenditures had long been largely in excess of his monthly allowance, and, as he had early made the discovery that his name was realizable in coin, he had had no scruples in permitting his debts to grow beyond hope of immediate redemption. He had hitherto succeeded in keeping his creditors at bay by liberal promises, but now they were becoming intolerably importunate, and Einar, seeing no escape from his dismal dilemma, felt his own spirits falling in proportion as the pressure of external annoyances increased. He knew that it would be impossible to go on concealing from his father what perhaps he had a right to know, but he had put off the evil day of revelation in the vague hope that some hitherto unthought-of remedy might unexpectedly present itself. His last experience of the old man's temper had left a strong aftertaste of bitterness, and it was hardly strange that he should exercise his ingenuity to the utmost to avoid a second encounter.

It was in the twilight hours one evening in the early spring that Einar sat in his room, deeply plunged in one of those moods—so common to sanguine men—of impatient regret, interrupted now and then by fervid resolutions to abandon his old folly, provided his good fortune would only help him out of his present quandary. The bishop had just started on his annual journey of supervision through the diocese, and the temporary suspension of the fear which had for months past been haunting the son's mind, afforded his thoughts the needed leisure to concentrate all their energy upon the solution of the problem which life persisted in thrusting into his face. Then there was a sharp knock at the door, and Halfdan Bryn, a young man celebrated in the student world for his good voice and his loose habits, entered breathlessly and threw himself, panting, into an easy-chair. He informed Einar, in a narrative broken by frequent gasps and impressive imprecations, that an old Jewish usurer of ill repute in the city had bought up all claims against Falconberg at a large discount, and meant to have him arrested, in case he could not satisfy him by immediate payment.

It is needless to dwell on details. The next day the usurer presented his claim and repeated the threat of imprisonment; for imprisonment for debt, although deemed highly disgraceful, was then no uncommon thing in Norway. Einar succeeded in procuring a day's respite, during which he vainly sought aid among his own and his father's friends. The debt amounted to about six hundred dollars,—a very paltry sum, to be sure, but still in Norway, large enough to cause a man considerable discomfiture. Agitated beyond control by visions of coming ruin, he was fast drifting into that reckless, irresponsible state, in which each fresh shock of pain only renders the moral sense more torpid, and at last paralyzes it. There was no time for deliberation, and in the last moment he caught at the only plank of safety which his dazed eye could discern. He wrote his father's name to a check for the required amount, had it presented at the bank and discharged his debt. He was convinced that the public scandal of imprisonment would make a final rupture inevitable, while, if, on the bishop's return, he confessed the whole affair to him, there was every reason to believe that he would, in the end, condone the offense, and himself make the first approach to a reconciliation. But in an evil hour the bishop was induced to

show an unwonted liberality toward an indigent relative whom he had visited, and telegraphed to his bank for money. The bank replied that his account was already overdrawn, whereupon the prelate, much in wrath, demanded, also by telegraph, that no effort should be spared to apprehend the criminal who had dared to forge his name.

Einar learned that the police were at his heels just in time to take a hurried farewell of his mother, who wept over him, and gave him a letter to his American uncle, but could do nothing to hinder his flight. In the disguise of a peasant, he boarded the English steamer, which departed that very evening for Hull; and two weeks later he found himself plunged headlong into a new and bewilderingly strange world, with all the fair hopes of his life blotted out behind him, and only the regret, the bitterness, and the heart-ache surviving.

CHAPTER II.

A NORSE SETTLEMENT.

It was more than a month after the day when I saw Einar Falconberg sitting in that hopeless attitude of dull benumbed grief under the rotunda of Castle Garden. He had spent the intervening time in aimless roamings from city to city striving vainly to find a clew that might guide him through this tangled labyrinth of life. It was a sunless path he had trodden and nocturnal fancies thronged his mind. Had then this hasty deed, wrenched, as it were, from his soul in a moment of frenzy, left the stamp of ineffaceable ignominy upon his forehead? He had gone in quest of work, first in New York, then in Chicago and St. Louis, but pitying glances at his white hands and delicate skin or even dark frowns of suspicion had met him wherever he came. "Pray, in what fairy tale were you born, sir?" a bright-eyed little Chicago woman had said to him. "You look for all the world like a disguised prince. If we could afford to entertain a perpetual joke in the shape of a coachman, we should be happy to engage you. But I regret to say that we can't."

The thought that he was forced to bear this manner of address from a stranger had stung him to the quick. His heart went forward with a great yearning toward the land of his birth, but the memory of his crime rose like a great black wall between him and it, keeping it forever inaccessible to his returning footsteps. The solitude in the midst of the crowd was to him deeper than

that of the primeval desert. It beat upon his sense like a positive obtrusive force, and at other times seemed to inclose him like a cold translucent veil, transmitting sounds and objects only with blurred outlines and depriving them of both shape and meaning. I can imagine that a dainty bird, suddenly transported from his airy companionship into a colony of beavers, would look with a sad puzzled frown upon the doings of these busy water-workers, which must appear so utterly unintelligible to him, and still in his little heart feel a profound contempt for their sordid utilitarian habits. Einar's attitude toward the busy land to which a hostile fate had driven him was hardly less anomalous. At times, as he walked through the streets and wondered at the bewildering aspect life was assuming to him, a sudden dread would vibrate through his frame like the shadow of some great calamity, vaguely seen from afar. His reason seemed to be wandering beyond his reach, leaving him in utter darkness. He then thought of the letter to his uncle and determined as his last refuge to seek him.

It was on an afternoon, early in June, that he saw from the distance the little Norwegian settlement, put down in the official postal guide as Pine Ridge, but known to the settlers of Viking descent as Hardanger. He had walked in two days nearly fifty miles from the nearest railroad line, and was nearly overcome with heat and exhaustion. Then the sight of a little red-painted house with white gables, perched on a neighboring hill-top broke through his torpid sense; he paused abruptly, shaded his brow with his hands, and a sudden rush of tears blinded his eyes. It was the first remembrance of the dear, far-off home he had met in this great unintelligible land. He threw himself down in the grass under the sheltering branches of a huge, low-limbed pine, and there, hidden away from the pitiless world, gave free course to his tears. And like a heart-sick wandering child to whom the near threshold of home gives the first sense of safety, he fell fast asleep and dreamed that he was again a boy in school and that his teacher scolded him because he did not know his lesson. When he awoke the sun stood already low over the western ridge of hills, and the sound of cattle-bells fell pleasantly upon his ears from the near meadows. He started up, seized his valise, and looked once more at the red-painted house on the hill-top. It seemed to him that he had

never had so sweet a sleep since he came to America. The former lethargy, in which the thought moved numbly as if clogged by the touch of clammy cobwebs, was swept away, and he felt with gratitude something of his old joy in life reviving. From the neighboring glen, through which a stream, swollen by recent rains, plunged with continuous brawl, came the well-remembered, long-drawn notes of the Norse cattle-call, and a flaxen-haired maid came yodeling down the slope, followed by a long procession of black, brown and white cows. In the bottom of the valley glittered a bright, narrow lake, which wound itself northward between grassy meadow-slopes interrupted here and there by broad tracts of uncleared forest. How could this beautiful bit of Norway have been transplanted into the heart of this mammoth-boned, huge-veined continent? It was very puzzling, but nevertheless wondrously delightful.

As Einar turned his face toward the settlement which seemed to be climbing laboriously up the western hill-side, he began to discover many features which soon convinced him that he was not in Norway. The town looked singularly like a large crab or cuttle-fish with an easily definable center and numerous irregular arms stretching upward, downward and sideward in all imaginable directions. Around the square there were, perhaps, half a dozen solid stone houses and three or four plain white-spired churches, and from this starting-point large and small streets of various length sparsely lined with diminutive houses of a nondescript architecture, straggled away at their own sweet will and with a truly democratic diversity of purpose.

As Einar Falconberg was ascending the slope from the lake and the strange town with its unseen inhabitants became less of a fantastic abstraction and more of a momentous reality to him, he began to feel a growing disinclination to throw himself like a culprit on his uncle's mercy and perhaps expose himself once more to harsh condemnation, contumely and disgrace. Was there any presumption in believing that his past sufferings had amply atoned for his guilt, and was it not probable that Providence (for he had come to believe vaguely in an all-governing will) had given him this chance in order that he might rebuild his fair name and perhaps in time attain a new and hitherto undreamt-of happiness? To a man of his sanguine temper happiness was naturally the last and highest aim of

human endeavor, the idea of usefulness was as yet foreign to his thought. The utilitarian philosophy which the moralists of this century have revived has not yet penetrated to that secluded corner of the world where fate placed his cradle, and if it had, it would have passed over his head without mingling with the deeper springs of his being. He was, like the majority of his race, by nature an idealist.

When Einar had reached the remote end of Main street, where an improvised rail-fence marks the boundary between the town of Hardanger and the adjoining farms, he had, perhaps, for the first time in his life discharged the difficult duty of forming a resolution, unaided by the pressure of inevitable circumstances. He would not make himself known to his uncle, and to avoid recognition would assume his middle name, Finsson, abandoning forever his claim to membership in the illustrious family of the Falconbergs. He would seek some employment among his countrymen, and do his best to efface the sad record of the years that lay behind him. He breathed out freely as if some heavy weight had been rolled off his breast when the last scruple was silenced and the resolve irrevocably taken.

In an unbroken field, not far from the street, covered with the stumps of felled trees, some fresh, others slowly rotting in the ground, Einar discovered a small, rudely built log house of an unmistakably Norse aspect. Making his way through the deep reddish mud, in which bits of planks floated at irregular distances, he entered a chaotic little garden where blooming auriculas and a solitary rose-bush grew in friendly proximity to youthful cabbage plants and potatoes. In front of the door lay a little heap of newly split kitchen wood, and an ax of a distinctly Norse physiognomy was struck firmly into the end of the block. A long fishing-rod stood leaning against the thatch of the roof, and two more rested horizontally upon pegs stuck into the timbers of the wall. Everything was so charmingly primitive, or, as Einar thought, so charmingly Norwegian. He stopped upon an insular plank in the midst of the mud-pool and a joyous smile lit up his countenance as he gazed upon these well-known objects. Through the half-opened door came the sound of the dear familiar tongue which he had hungered so long to hear. He drank in the indifferent words and stood listening with a kind of eager fascination.

"I am afraid you will never amount to much as a farmer, Magnus," said a deep, rudely articulated, bass voice. "You don't seem to get the hang of things, however much one tries to teach you. I can't quite afford to plow for you every year, although, God knows, I am willing enough to help where it seems reasonable."

"Yes, Nils," answered a thin, piping treble. "I can't complain of you, and I never did, so help me, God. No, Nils, you have been a good neighbor to me, and that I have always said to Annie Lisbeth too. 'Annie Lisbeth,' I have said, 'God knows what would become of us, if it were not for Nils Norderud?' But you know, Nils, it was my bad luck that I was born on the water. And, since I came over to this country with my little one, I have often been pretty vexed with my mother (God have mercy on her soul), because she played me that bad trick to bring me into the world on a fishing-schooner, instead of giving me a decent birth like another Christian man. For there I breathed in that devilish fish-smell until I became half a fish myself. You can't teach an otter to dig for angle-worms, like a mole. He hasn't got it in him, and he can't do it. No, God help me! I see I'm pretty badly off, and since this devilish plague got into my bones, I should be quite willing, if it were not for the lass, to sell my whole miserable carcass for a quid of tobacco."

"It has hardly come to that yet, Magnus," answered the bass voice, with a perceptibly gentler intonation. "And anyway, it is no use whining. Send the girl up to my house after dark, and my wife will give her what you may happen to need. Farewell, and a speedy recovery."

Einar advanced cautiously toward the door and knocked. He was met by a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a large, grave, good-natured face, surmounted by a thick crop of light, towy hair.

"Is this the settlement of Hardanger?" asked Einar, in order to say something.

"To be sure it is," answered the man. "Whom do you seek here?"

"I seek work."

The grave man remained silent for some moments, during which his blue eyes dwelt with a critical look upon Einar's countenance.

"Judging by your looks, you seem to be an honest fellow," he said, at last. "Come in. A countryman is always welcome."

He threw the door open, and Einar

entered. The room was small, and filled with the mingled odors of fish and smoke. In a corner was a rude stone hearth, the floor was black with long-accumulated layers of dirt, and the unpaneled timber walls were covered with kitchen implements, old clothes, and fishing apparatus. Upon a bed made of unplanned planks roughly nailed together, lay a little man with a large hooked nose, thin lips, and a pair of small keen black eyes.

"Ah, ah!" said the invalid, raising himself upon his elbows and regarding Einar with vivid interest. "Gentlefolks out walking to-day? Lately from Norway, eh?"

Einar explained that he had left Norway some months ago.

"Take a seat, sir,"* said the long-limbed farmer, who was evidently the one who had been addressed as Norderud. "Any news from the old country?"

"I have not seen a Norwegian paper since I left home," answered Einar, seating himself upon a solid wooden block near the door.

"What is your name?"

"Einar Finnson."

"A man of study?"

"Yes, I have been at the university."

"I am afraid that wont help you much here. What we need here is strong arms to break up the untilled land. Your hands seem rather delicate for that kind of work. Look at Magnus there;"—here Norderud pointed to the man in the bed;—"he too has studied in his way—navigation I think he calls it. He is a regular water-rat. And you see what he has come to."

Einar glanced at the invalid and owned that if his condition was the result of study his own outlook was not a cheerful one. Magnus heaved a long sigh, as if in recognition of the melancholy allusion, and seemed profoundly conscious of his own impressiveness as an example of what needless learning could lead to.

Norderud again lapsed into silence, pulled out his knife and began to whittle in a slow, meditative manner upon the knots of a hickory stick which he held in his hand.

"And how about the Storthing?"† he broke out at last, sending again that same searching look into Einar's face. "I suppose they are talking a great deal and doing

nothing as usual, except voting money out of the peasants' pockets."

Einar replied modestly that he had never taken a very hearty interest in politics, and that he knew very little about the doings of the Storthing.

"What!" exclaimed the farmer gruffly.

"Take no interest in politics? What then do the young men in Norway take an interest in? Dancing-parties and theaters and all that sort of nonsense, I suppose; the country might probably go to the devil for all they would care."

The young man began to feel very uncomfortable. Norderud was, evidently, in spite of his Norse origin, hopelessly utilitarian in his views of life, and there would be no way of getting on with him. He was conscious of having produced an unfavorable impression,—an experience which, his late wanderings notwithstanding, could never lose its sting of painful novelty to him. The obtuse sense of this peasant was evidently impervious to those charms of youth and personal beauty upon which he had hitherto based his hopes of happiness and success. It was therefore with a feeling akin to resentment that he arose, and extending his hand to the sick man, whom in spite of his silence he divined to be the host, bade him good-bye, and in his usual hearty way expressed the hope of his speedy recovery.

"Ah, yes, yes," answered Magnus plaintively, "you are a fine young man. I see it by his face, Nils, that he is a fine young man. And"—again addressing Einar—"you must not judge the dog by his skin either; Nils has a way of showing his teeth and growling, when he don't mean to bite at all. For there aint a man in the town who is safer to come to in trouble than Nils Norderud, and if you want help, young man, you had better go to him, for with no one else will you be surer to find it."

"Now stay your foolish tongue, Magnus," broke in Norderud in a voice which was evidently intended to be fiercer than it was.

They shook hands once more and Einar and Norderud left the house together. It must have rained heavily in Hardanger during the forenoon; for wherever the Main street took a momentary rest from its steep climb, the water stood in large, shallow pools, reflecting bits of blue sky with its accessories of cloud and sunlight. There was no pretense of a sidewalk, and the soft sod which covered the edge of the road yielded to the foot and sucked it down so that it

* I have rendered the Norwegian "far," with "sir," as the English "father" would give an erroneous impression.

† Parliament.

sometimes required much vigorous pulling on Einar's part to enable him to keep pace with his long-legged companion. Norderud walked on with large strides, and seemed for a time equally unconscious both of the mud and Einar's presence. His dress was of a rough, dark-blue cloth, closely resembling the Norwegian *wadmal*, of a semi-modern cut, quite innocent of style, and devoid of all the picturesque details which characterize the national costumes of Norway. On his head he wore a round felt hat and about his neck a vivid silk handkerchief, the ends of which were tucked into the bosom of his dark single-breasted waistcoat. He stooped heavily, carried his head a little on one side, as if he were trying to grasp some puzzling thought, and habitually had his hands plunged deeply into his pockets. There was a look of grave solidity about his whole figure, a placid strength and self-confidence, naturally fostered by the isolation of pioneer life and an early independence of thought. His face was deeply furrowed by wrinkles, among which the two obliquely converging ones, separating the region of the cheek from that of mouth and chin, were the most prominent. Like most men who are themselves lacking in the social graces, he had a deep-rooted contempt for gentility of manners and external polish, and was perhaps inclined to judge them *a priori* as a sorry device to conceal internal worthlessness, or, as the conventional substitute for the solid qualities of mind and heart. A rugged pine which feels in its trunk the accumulated strength of centuries looks probably from its stormy height with a similar contempt upon the dainty white-stemmed birches and the slim-fingered willows which find shelter under its crown.

Gratitude was not the uppermost emotion in Einar's mind, as, trudging wearily in

Norderud's footsteps, he beheld the primitive aspect of the town which he had chosen for his future home. He was rather conscious of a rising irritation at the discourtesy with which the farmer treated him, and was just devising some method by which without offending him he might rid himself of his oppressive companionship, when Norderud suddenly turned round and again measured him with his critical gaze.

"You look tired," he said. "Come, let me carry your bag."

"No, I thank you, it is quite unnecessary."

He was quite prepared to yield to further urging, but to his surprise Norderud dropped the question and again marched on. He heartily repented of his politeness. After half an hour's walk they stopped at the western extremity of the town in front of a stately buff-colored house with a comfortable, spacious look and surrounded by a broad piazza. The green shutters were thrown open in the first story, and Einar saw some blonde, curious women's faces gazing at him through the uncurtained windows.

"I shall have to bid you good-bye here, sir," said he. "Perhaps you could tell me where I can find a hotel?"

"Where do you intend to go?"

"Somewhere where I can find lodgings for the night."

"That you can find with me if you have nothing better."

Einar hesitated for a moment, then entered through an open gate a short avenue of young trees leading up to Norderud's mansion. He was dimly aware that he was closing—irrevocably closing—a chapter in his life's history, and that a new, greater and more momentous one was opening. Hence his hesitation. The simple act of entering a hospitably inviting house seemed full of meaning.

(To be continued.)

CATCH.

SWEET is my girl when she is looking down,
 And lovely,—looking up;
 Now when I see a willful, pet grimace
 Along her mobile eyebrows run a race,
 But on her lips a smile belie the frown,
 I think, while full of her rare grace I sup,
 Sweet is my girl when she is looking down,
 And lovely,—looking up!

OFF SCARBOROUGH.

SEPTEMBER, 1779.

I.

"HAVE a care!" the bailiffs cried
 From their cockle-shell that lay
 Off the frigate's yellow side,
 Tossing on Scarborough Bay,
 While the forty sail it convoyed on a bowline stretched away;
 "Take your chicks beneath your wings,
 And your claws and feathers spread,
 Ere the hawk upon them springs—
 Ere around Flamborough Head
 Swoops Paul Jones, the Yankee falcon, with his beak and talons red."

II.

How we laughed!—my mate and I—
 On the "Bon Homme Richard's" deck,—
 As we saw that convoy fly
 Like a snow squall, till each fleck
 Melted in the twilight shadows of the coast line, speck by speck;
 And scuffling back to shore
 The Scarborough bailiffs sped
 As the "Richard," with a roar
 Of her cannon round the Head,
 Crossed her royal yards and signaled to her consort: "Chase ahead!"

III.

But the Devil seize Landais
 In that consort ship of France!
 For the shabby, lubber way
 That he worked the "Alliance"
 In the offing,—nor a broadside fired save to our mischance!—
 When tumbling to the van,
 With his battle lanterns set,
 Rose the burly Englishman
 'Gainst our hull as black as jet—
 Rode the yellow-sided "Serapis," and all alone we met!

IV.

All alone—though far at sea
 Hung his consort, rounding to;
 All alone—though on our lee,
 Fought our "Pallas" stanch and true!
 For the first broadside around us both a smoky circle drew:
 And, like champions in a ring,
 There was cleared a little space—
 Scarce a cable's length to swing—
 Ere we grappled in embrace,
 All the world shut out around us and we only face to face!

V.

Then awoke all hell below!
 From that broadside, doubly curst,
 For our long eighteens in row
 Leaped the first discharge, and burst!
 And on deck our men came pouring, fearing their own guns the worst
 And as dumb we lay, till through
 Smoke and flame and bitter cry,
 Hailed the "Serapis": "Have you
 Struck your colors?" Our reply,
 "We have not yet begun to fight!" went shouting to the sky!

VI.

Roux of Brest, old fisher, lay
 Like a herring gasping here;
 Bunker of Nantucket Bay
 Blown from out the port, dropped sheer
 Half a cable's length to leeward; yet we faintly raised a cheer
 As, with his own right hand,
 Our Commodore made fast
 The foeman's head-gear, and
 The "Richard's" mizzen-mast,
 And in that death-lock clinging held us there from first to last!

VII.

Yet the foeman, gun on gun,
 Through the "Richard" tore a road—
 With his gunners' rammers run
 Through our ports at every load:—
 Till clear the blue beyond us through our yawning timbers showed,
 Yet with entrails torn we clung
 Like the Spartan to our fox,
 And on deck no coward tongue
 Wailed the enemy's hard knocks
 Nor that all below us trembled, like a wreck upon the rocks.

VIII.

Then a thought rose in my brain—
 As through Channel mists the sun—
 From our tops a fire like rain
 Drove below decks every one
 Of the enemy's ship's company to hide or work a gun,
 And that Thought took shape as I
 On the "Richard's" yard lay out,
 That a man might do and die,
 If the doing brought about
 Freedom for his home and country, and his messmates' cheering shout!

IX.

Then I crept out in the dark
 Till I hung above the hatch
 Of the "Serapis"—a mark
 For her marksmen!—with a match
 And a hand-grenade, but lingered just a moment more to snatch

One last look at sea and sky!
 At the light-house on the hill!
 At the harvest moon on high!
 And our pine flag fluttering still:
 Then turned and down her yawning throat I launched that devil's pill!

X.

Then—a blank was all between
 As the flames around me spun!
 Had I fired the magazine?
 Was the victory lost or won?
 Nor knew I till the fight was o'er but half my work was done:
 For I lay among the dead,
 In the cockpit of our foe,
 With a roar above my head—
 Till a trampling to and fro,
 And a lantern showed my mate's face! and I knew what now you know!

GLIMPSES OF NEW ENGLAND FARM LIFE.

POETS have sung the delights of the farmer's life in strains so enchanting that one might wonder why all the world has not forsaken every other pursuit and betaken itself to the tilling of the soil. But the farmer himself, in the unshaded hay-field, or plodding in the clayey furrow at the tail of his plow, with a free-holder's right sticking to each boot, or bending, with aching back, between the corn-rows, or breasting the winter storms in the performance of imperative duties, looks at his life from a different point of view. To him this life appears as full of toil and care and evil chances as that of any other toiler. And true it is, the life of an ordinary farmer is hard, with too little to soften it—too much of work, too little of play. But as true is what the poet sang so long ago: "Thrice happy are the husbandmen if they could but see their blessings;" for they have independence, more than any others who by the sweat of the brow earn their bread, and the pure air of heaven to breathe, and the blessed privilege of daily communion with nature.

It is not easy for the farmer to see any beauty in his enemies,—the meadows full of daisies, with which he is forever fighting, or by which he has been ignominiously conquered; the encroaching ranks of golden-rods along the borders of his fields, and the bristling bayonets of those Canadian invaders, the thistles. How few farmers, or other people for that matter, see in the

climbing blushes of the dawning day, or the gorgeous painting of its close, or in the perfect day itself, anything but the foretelling of fair or foul weather; or notice the ways of any untamed bird or beast, except that the crows come to pull the corn, the hawks to catch the chickens, and the foxes to steal the lambs and turkeys! However, the farmer generally does feel a thrill of pleasure when, in the hazy softness of a February or March day, he hears the caw of the first carrion-seeking, hungry crow. "The heart of winter is broke." In April when the fields begin to show a suspicion of coming green and give forth an odor of spring, and the dingy snow-banks along the fences are daily dwindling, he welcomes the carol of the first bluebird, and is glad to hear the robin utter his restless note from the boughs of the old apple-tree; and the clear voice of the new-come meadow-lark strikes him as not altogether unmusical; and when he hears the plaintive cry of the grass-plover he is sure spring has come, and then thinks of the small birds no more till the first blasts of returning winter sweep over the bare trees and frozen fields, when, all at once, he becomes aware that the troubadours are gone. He sees that the brave little chickadee remains faithful to his post, and feels that his cheery note enlivens a little the dreariness of winter, as does the reedy piping of the nut-hatch and the voice of the dowry, fuller of life than of music, and the discordant note

of the blue jay, who, clad in a bit of summer sky, loudly proclaims his presence; but the singers are gone and he misses them.

Winter is fairly upon us at last, though by such gradual approaches has it come, that we are hardly aware of its presence, for its white seal is not yet set upon the earth. Till then we have a feeling that the fall is not over. The mud of the highways is turned to stone, the bare gray trees and dun fields have no semblance of life in them, and the dull, cold sky, and the black-green pines and hemlocks look colder than snow. The Thanksgiving turkey has been disposed of, and the young folks begin to count the days to Christmas. The old house has been "banked" for weeks, making the cellar a rayless dungeon, from which cider and winter apples are now brought forth to help while away the long evenings. At no time of the day is the fire's warmth unwelcome. But no snow has come except in brief flurries; and the cattle are out on the meadows in the day-time, cropping the withered aftermath, and the sheep are yet in the pastures or straying in the bordering woods.

But now comes an afternoon with a breathless chill in it,—“a hard, dull bitterness of cold;” when the gray sky settles down upon the earth, covering, first, the blue, far-away mountains with a gray pall, then the nearer somber hills with a veil through which their rough outlines show but dimly, and are quite hidden when the coming snow-fall makes phantoms of the sturdy trees in the woods hard by. Then roofs and roads and fence-tops and grassless ground begin slowly to whiten, and boughs and twigs are traced with a faint white outline against a gray background, and the dull yellow of the fields grows paler under the falling snow, and a flock of snow-birds drifts across the fading landscape, like larger snow-flakes. The night-fall comes early, and going out on the back stoop, you find yourself on a little island in a great sea of misty whiteness, out of which looms dimly the dusky barn, with its freight of live stock, grain and hay, the only ship within hail.

Aroused next morning by the stamping feet of the first risers, who have gone forth to explore, we find that a new world seems to have drifted to us, while we were lying fast anchored to the old chimney. Roofs are heaped and fences coped and trees are whiter than in May with bloom, with the universal snow. The great farm-wagon, standing half-hub deep in it, looks as out of

place as if at sea. The dazed fowls peer wonderingly from the poultry-house, or, adventuring short trips therefrom, stop bewildered midway in their journey. Presently the gray objects, rising out of the strange white expanse, take on more familiar shapes, and we recognize the barn, the orchard (though it has an unsubstantial look, as if the first wind might blow it away, or an hour's warm sunshine melt it), the well-known trees, the neighbors' houses, the faint lines of the fences tracing the boundaries of fields and farms, the woods, and beyond them, the unchanged outlines of wooded hills and the far-away mountains, but with a new ruggedness in their sides and with new clearings, till now unknown, showing forth in white patches on their slopes. We may take our time, for we shall have long months in which to get acquainted with this changed world.

The first day of snow is a busy one. If the snow-fall is great, there are paths to be shoveled to the out-buildings, and wagons to be housed, and sleighs to be got out and made ready, and many little jobs, put off from time to time, to be attended to. Perhaps there are young cattle, homeless and unfed in the out-lot, lowing piteously, to be brought to winter quarters, and sheep to be brought home from their pasture. Happy are the boys if to them is allotted this task, for the sheep are sure to have sought the shelter of the woods, and, in the woods, what strange sights may not be seen! With trousers tied at ankle, they trudge across the white fields, pathless and untracked, save where old Dobbin, scorning barn-yard and shelter, with whitened back and icicled sides, paws away the snow down to the withered grass, which he crops with as great apparent relish as if it was the herbage of June.

Across meadow and pasture, to the woodland, the youngsters go, and take the old wood-road, now only a winding streak of white through the gray of tree-trunks and out-cropping rocks, its autumnal border of asters, golden-rods and ferns all laid down to sleep beneath the snow. Here Reynard's track crosses it, he having gone forth hare or partridge hunting, and so lately passed, that the human nose can almost catch the scent of his footsteps—what an ecstatic song the old hound would sing over it! Here is the trail of the gray squirrel, where he scampered from tree to tree,—one pair of little tracks and one pair of larger ones, as if two two-legged animals had made them;

and here is a maze of larger foot-prints, where the hare's broad pads have made their faint impress on the snow. Jays scream overhead and chickadees flit from tree to tree along the road-side. Now, almost at their feet, a ruffed grouse breaks forth from his snowy covering in a little whirlwind of his own making, and goes off with a startling whir and clatter through the snow-laden branches, a dusky meteor. From a near branch in the twilight of a thicket, a great horned owl flies away, noiseless as a ghost. With so much to interest them, the boys almost forget their errand, till they come upon the faint trail of the sheep. Slowly working this out, they at last find the flock wandering aimlessly about, nibbling such twigs and withered leaves as are within their reach. Their sojourn in the woods, brief as it has been, has given them back something of the original wildness of their race. They mistrust man of evil designs against them when they meet him in the woods, and run from the sheep-call, "ca-day! ca-day!" which would bring them in an eager throng about the caller, in the open fields. But civilization has made them dependent, as it has their masters, and they flee homeward for safety, and the boys follow them out through the snowy arches of the woods to the pasture, and so home to the snug quarters where they are to pass the dead months.

The first foddering is bestowed in the racks, and all the woolly crew fall to with a will and a busy snapping of many jaws. And so, at nine in the morning, and at three in the afternoon, are they to be fed till the pastures are green again in May.

Happier they than the hardy "native" sheep of their owner's grandfather, which had no shelter but the lee of the stack that they were fed from in the bleak meadow, pelted by cruel winds and sometimes so snowed in that they had to be released from their imprisonment by dint of much shoveling. This old-time foddering, which was the fare of all the stock but the horses and working oxen, though sadly lacking in comfort for feeder and fed, was very picturesque: the farmer, in blue-mixed smock-frock of homespun woolen, pitching down the great forkfuls from the stack; the kine and sheep crowding and jostling for the first place on the leeward side, or chasing wisps of wind-tossed hay down wind; then the farmer distributing the fodder in little piles, followed by all the herd, each thinking (as who does not?) that what he has not is better than what he has; the strong making might

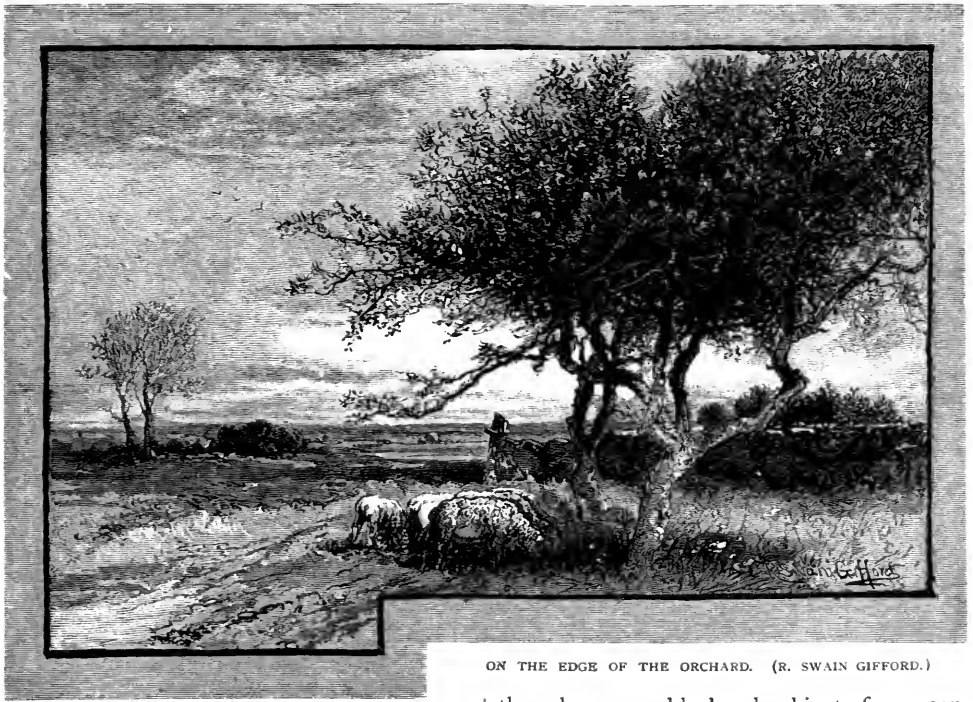
right; the poor underling, content to snatch the scant mouthfuls, overrun by the stronger brethren;—all in a busy throng about the rail pen from which rises the dun truncated cone of the stack, their only harbor in the wide, white sea. A path, to be freshly broken after every wind or snow-fall, leads to the water-holes, chopped out every morning in the brook, some furlongs off, whither they wend their way in lazy lines as the day grows older. But no one need mourn the passing away of this old custom; for the later, warm stables, sheds, and barn-yards, with their contented and well-sheltered inmates, are comfortable as well as picturesque.

A pleasant thing to look upon is an old gray barn with its clustering sheds, straw-stacks and well-fenced yards; in this, the cattle taking their day's outing from the stable; in that, the sheep feeding from their racks or chewing the cud of contentment, or making frequent trips to the water-trough in the corner.

Inside, is the broad "barn floor," with grain scaffolds above it, and, on one side, a great "bay" filled with hay, on the other, the stable for the cows, and, over this, a "mow." In the mysterious heights above, whose dusty gloom is pierced by bolts of sunshine, are dimly seen the cobwebbed rafters and the deserted nests of the swallows.

On this floor, in winter days, the threshers' flails are beating out the rye, with measured throb. Chanticleer and Partlet and all their folk come to the wide-open southern doors to pick the scattered kernels, and the cattle "toss their white horns" in their stanchions and look with wonder in their soft eyes on this unaccountable pounding of straw. Then, when the "cave" (as the long pile of unwinnowed grain on one side the floor is called) has become so large as to narrow too much the threshing-room, the fanning-mill is brought from its corner, and amid clatter and clouds of dust the grain is "cleaned up" and carried away to the granary. Here, too, in the early morning, comes the farmer or his man, to fodder the cows by lantern-light, and to milk the "winter cow" whose meager foamless "mess" alone now furnishes the household all the milk it has.

The early chores done, breakfast comes when Goodman and Goodwife,—as Gervase Markham delights to style the farmer and his wife,—their children and hired folk, all gather about the long table in the big kitchen, and doughty trencher men and



ON THE EDGE OF THE ORCHARD. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)

women, prove themselves every one. The fried pork, or sausages, or beefsteak,—let us hope not fried,—or cold roast beef, left from yesterday's dinner, the potatoes, the wheaten and "rye-n'-injun" bread, the johnny-cake or buckwheat-cakes, the apple-sauce, the milk and the butter, colored with October's gold, and likely enough the sugar, are all home-grown; nothing "boughten" but the tea or coffee, and the pepper and salt.

After breakfast, the children, with books and dinner-pails and "shining morning faces" set out for school; but not "creeping unwillingly," for there will be plenty of fun there at "recess" and nooning, with sleds and snow-balling and no end of out-door winter games.

The sheep are fed and then some work of the day begins. Perhaps it is threshing, or drawing wood home or to the market from the "wood-lot," where a man is chopping "by the cord." He is, likely enough, a light-hearted "Canuck" fresh from his Canadian home, as yet unyankeeified and unspoiled; garrulous with his droll French-English; as ready as another to laugh at his own mistakes; picturesque in his peaked woolen cap and coarse, oddly fashioned dress of homespun gray with red-sashed waist and moccasined feet.

A skilful wielder of the ax is he, and

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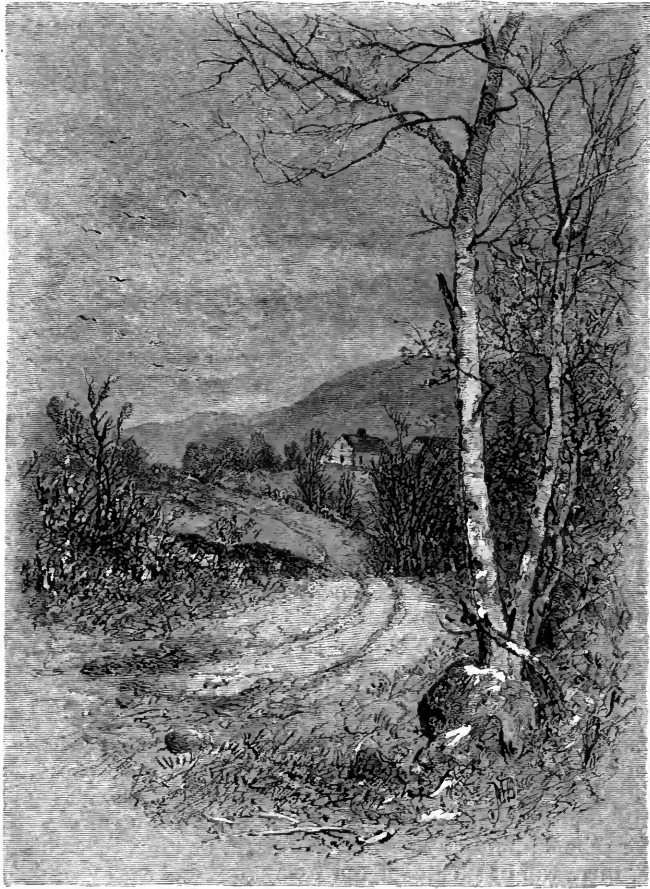
though a passably loyal subject of a queen, with no whit of reverence for these ancient monarchs of the forest which he hews down relentlessly, regardless of their groans as they topple to their fall. He has brought an acre or more of the woods' white floor face to face with the steel-blue winter sky, and all over the little waste are piled in cords and half cords the bodies of the slain kings, about whose vacant mossed and lichened thrones are heaped their crowns in ignominious piles. He has a fire, more for company than for warmth, whereat he often lights his short, blackened clay pipe and sits by while he eats his half-frozen dinner, while the smoke fills the woods about with a blue haze and a pungent fragrance.

Here, now, comes the farmer, mounted on his stout sled with its long wood-rack, driving his steaming horses, which he blankets while he makes his load. He exchanges with the chopper badly fashioned sentences of very bad French for rattling volleys of no better English, upbraiding him, perhaps, for piling his wood with bark down, or for an intermixture of crooked and knotty sticks,—devices well known to professional choppers for making piles measure large,—a charge which the Canadian repels with loud protestations of honesty and frantic gestures, or pretends not to understand. His sled

laden, the farmer leaves the regicide to his slaughter and wends his creaking way homeward, along the gray pillared arcade of the narrow, winding wood-road, whose brushy border scrapes and clatters against the jagged load as it passes. This and the

above the thin snow, he fares homeward, or to the well-beaten highway, and by it to the market in the village or at the railroad.

He is apt to tarry long at the village store, under the plausible pretext of getting thoroughly warm, and likely enough gossips

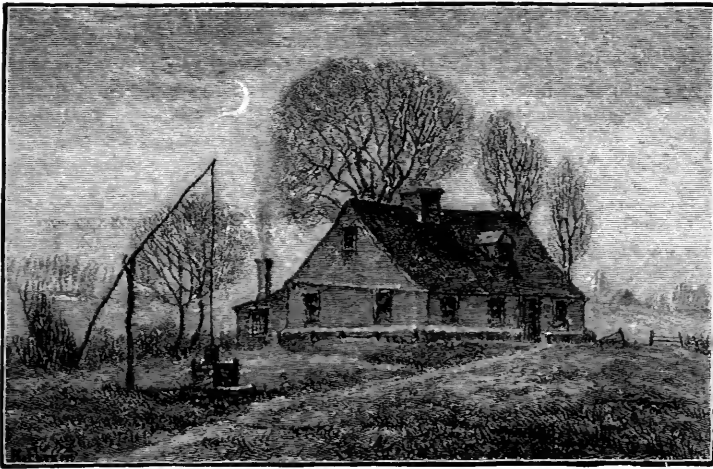


A GLIMPSE OF NOVEMBER. (JERVIS MCENTEE.)

muffled tread of the horses and the creaking of the runners in the snow, the fainter-growing ax-strokes, and now and then the booming downfall of a great tree, are the few sounds that break the winter stillness of the woods. The partridge looks down on him from its safe perch in the thick-branched hemlock. A hare bounds across the road before him, as white and silent as the snow beneath its feet. An unseen fox steals away with noiseless footsteps. Driving out of the sheltering woods into the wind-swept fields, here through deep-drifted hollows, there over ridges blown so nearly bare that the bleached grass rustles

with neighbors, or cheapens the storekeeper's wares till "chore-time" draws nigh.

Loads of logs are drawn to the saw-mill, a quaint old structure, whose mossy beams have spanned its swift race-way for half a century or more. The green ooze of the leaky flume turns the icicles to spikes of emerald, and the caves beneath the log dam have crystal portals of fantastic shapes. Heaps of logs and piles of boards and slabs environ it on the landward side, and a pleasant odor of freshly cut pine pervades the neighborhood. Its interior is as comfortless in winter as a hill-top, "Cold as a saw-mill" being a New England prov-



OLD HOUSE, BANKED FOR THE WINTER. (HENRY FARRER.)

winters never fail to produce most bountifully. Simpler tools are used here than are employed by the great ice companies of the cities. The same cross-cut saw that cuts the logs with a man at each handle, is used here by one man (one handle being taken out), for cutting the ice, which is then drawn out of the water with ordinary ice-tongs and carried home, a regal freight of a dozen or more great

erb; and it is often said of one who leaves outer doors open in cold weather, "Guess he was brought up in a saw-mill, where there wa'n't no doors." It is a poor lounging place now for our farmer, but the dusty grist-mill, hard by, offers greater attractions. May be he has brought a grist a-top of his logs, and has good excuse to toast his shins by the miller's glowing stove, while he waits the grinding.

On the mill-pond, alder-fringed and overhung by lithe-limbed birches, the farmers gather their ice crop, one that New England

blocks of crystal at a load.

The hay for market is hauled in bulk to the large stationary presses on the line of the railroad, or pressed into bales by portable presses set up at barns or stacks, and the bales then drawn to the point of delivery. This is the work of fall, winter or spring, as the case may be.

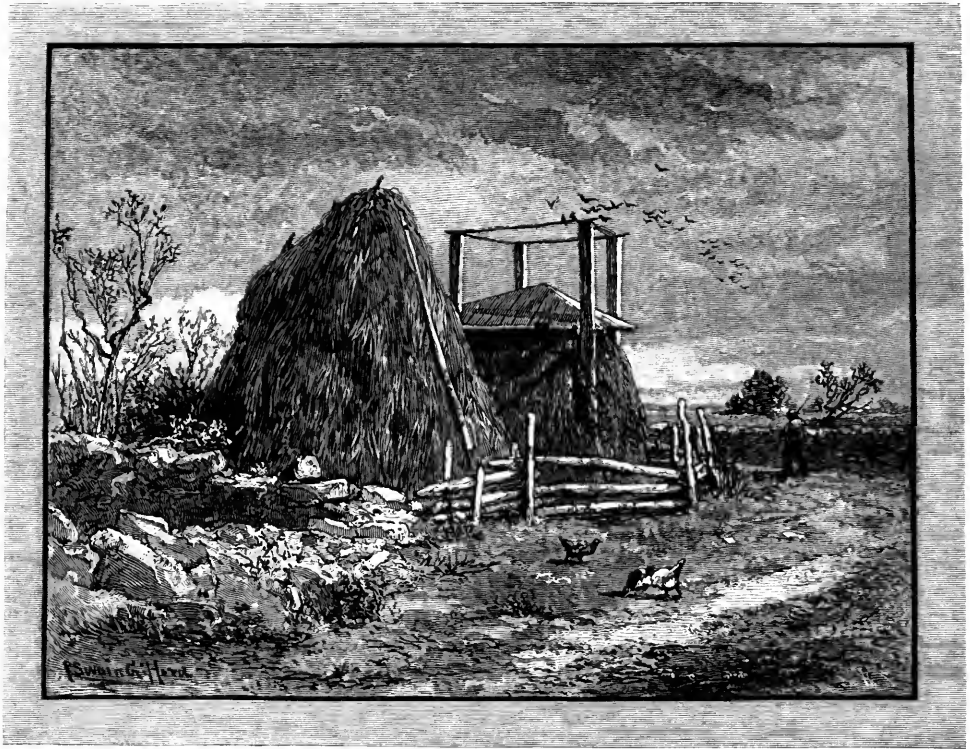
The laborious pastime of breaking colts is now in order and the younger ones are broken to the halter, the older to harness, often in the shafts of a primitive sleigh commonly known as a "jumper," each thill



THE SOWER. (WINSLOW HOMER.)

and runner of which is formed of one tough sapling cut half-way through, with a wide notch at the point where runner becomes thill. The boys may take a pull at the long halter of the stubborn youngster, but a

The bustling hired girl clears the table and washes the dishes with tremendous clatter, gives the kitchen its last sweeping for the day, and then, if she has not dough to knead for the morrow's baking, makes



HAY BARRACKS. (R. SWAIN GIFFORD.)

stronger hand than theirs must give the two-year-old or three-year-old initiatory lessons in his life of labor.

On Saturdays, when there is no school, the boys sometimes have a jolly time, breaking a pair of steer calves. A miniature yoke couples the stubby-horned, pot-bellied little cattle together, and the boys' sled is their light burden. A runaway of the baby oxen is not unlikely to occur, but only adds to the fun of the affair.

In such pursuits the day passes till foddering time comes, when the sheep-racks are cleared of "orts" which are thrown outside the yard for Dobbin to glean from, and the sheep foddered afresh from the mow. The cows are stabled and fed. The clamor of the pigs ceases as their troughs are filled with swill. The horses are cared for, the night's wood carried in, and then with supper, begins the long winter evening.

herself tidy and settles herself comfortably to her sewing. The goodwife knits or sews while she chats with her maid or listens to the items her goodman reads from the local paper; the youngsters puzzle with knitted brows over the sums of to-morrow's "rithmetic" lesson; the hired man munches apples and smokes his pipe while he toasts his stocking feet at the great cook-stove, beneath which Tray and Tubby snore and purr in peaceful unison.

Though every farm-house now has its sitting-room and parlor, and most a dining-room, the kitchen continues to be a favorite with farming folk,—a liking probably inherited from our grandfathers. In many of their houses this was the only large room, in which the family lived, and where all meals were taken, guests entertained, and merry-makings held. At one end was the great fire-place wherein back-log and fore-stick

burned, sending forth warmth and light, intense and bright over the broad hearth, but growing feebler toward the dim corners where Jack Frost lurked and grotesque shadows leaped and danced on the wall. On the crane, suspended by hook or trammel, hung the big samp-kettle, bubbling and seething. The open dresser shone with polished pewter mug and trencher. Old-fashioned, splint-bottomed chairs, rude but comfortable, sent their long shadows across the floor.

The tall clock measured the moments with deliberate tick. The big wheel and little, the one for wool, the other for flax; the poles overhead, with their garniture of winter crooknecks and festoons of dried apples; the long-barreled flint-lock that had borne its part in Indian fight, at Bennington, and in many a wolf and bear hunt, hanging with powder-horn and bullet-pouch against the chimney,—all these made up a homely interior, far more picturesque than

any to be found in modern farm-houses. Those who remember old-time cookery aver that in these degenerate days there are no Johnny-cakes so sweet as those our grandmothers baked on a board on the hearth, no roast meats so juicy as those which slowly turned on spits before the open fire nor any brown bread or baked beans to compare with those which the old brick ovens and bake-kettles gave forth.

In those old kitchens that have partly withstood the march of improvement, the great fire-place has fallen into disuse. Oftener it has been torn down, chimney, oven and all, to make room, now deemed better than its company, and its place supplied by the more convenient cook-stove. The wood-work is painted, the smoke-stained whitewash is covered by figured wall-paper; andirons, crane, pot-hook and trammel have gone for old iron; the place of the open dresser is usurped by a prim, close cupboard; big and little wheel, relics





THE SHEEP-SHEARING. (WALTER SHIRLAW.)

of an almost lost and forgotten handicraft, have long since been banished to the garret. There, too, has gone the ancient clock, and a short, dapper time-piece, on whose lower half is a landscape of startling colors, hurries the hours away with swift, loud tick.

Everything has undergone some change; even the old gun has had its flint-lock altered to percussion.

Of all the rooms in our farm-house, the kitchen chamber is probably the least changed. Its veined and blistered white-washed ceiling, low sloping at the sides, still bumps unwary heads. The great trunk that held grandmother's bedding when she and grandfather, newly wedded, moved into this, then, wild country, and the sailor great-uncle's sea-chest, occupy their old corners. The little fire-place is unchanged and on the chimney above it hang, as of

old, bundles and bags of boneset, catnip, sage, summer savory, elder-root, slippery elm and no end of roots and herbs for sick men's tea and well men's seasoning. There are the same low beds with patch-work covers and by their side the small squares of rag carpet,—little oases for naked feet in the chill desert of the bare floor; and the light comes in through the same little dormer-windows through which it came seventy years ago. To this dormitory the hired man betakes himself when his last pipe is smoked and soon, in nasal trumpet-blasts, announces his arrival in the Land of Nod, to which by nine o'clock or so all the household have followed.

Where do the birds, who brave with us the rigors of the New England winter, pass the chill nights, and where find harbor from the pitiless storms? They are about the house,

wood-pile, out-buildings and orchards all the clear cold days,—downy, nut-hatch and chickadee,—searching every nook and cranny of the rough-barked locust and weather-beaten board and post, for their scanty fare; and blue jay, busy with the frozen apples or the droppings of the granary. But when a roaring, raving storm comes down from the north they vanish. When we face it to the barn to fodder the stock, we do not find them sheltered there; nor at the morning foddering, climbing to the dusky mow, do we disturb them as toward spring or in its early days we do such poor song-birds, sparrows and robins, as have been fooled by a few warm days into a too early coming to find themselves suddenly encompassed by such bitter weather as they fled from, months ago. Doubtless the windless thickets of the woods and the snug hollows of old trees are the shelter of our little winter friends in such inclement seasons.

One night in the week, it may be, the young folks all pack off in the big sleigh to the singing-school in the town-house, where they and some scores of others combine to murder psalmody and break the heart of their instructor.

At these gatherings are flirtations and heart-burnings as well as at the "donation

turning and confusion they have made with their romping games.

So winter drags its hoary length through dreary months, with silent snow-fall, fierce storm and dazzling sunshine. Mows dwindle and stacks disappear, leaving only the empty pens to mark their place, and cisterns fail, making the hauling of snow for melting an added task to the boys' duties. Buck-saw and ax are each day making shorter the long pile of cord-wood and greater the pile of stove-wood.

The traditional "January thaw" comes and sets all the brooks a-roaring and makes lakes of the flat meadows, while the south wind blows with a spring-like softness and sighs itself asleep. The sky clears and the north wind awakes and outroars the brooks till it locks them fast again and turns the flooded meadows to glittering ice-fields whereon the boys have jolly skating bouts in the moonlit evenings.

Many another snow-fall comes, perhaps, but every day the sunshine waxes warmer, and the snow melts slowly off the roofs and becomes "countersunk" about tree-trunks and mullein-stalks. The tips of weather-beaten grass appear above it and the great drifts grow dingy. It becomes pleasant to linger for a while in shirt sleeves on the



CRADLING. (L. C. TIFFANY.)

parties," which occur once or twice in the winter, when with kindly meant unkindness the poor minister's house is taken possession of by old and young, whose gifts too often but poorly compensate for the up-

sunny side of the barn, listening to the steady drip of the icicled eaves and the cackling of hens, and watching the cattle lazily scratching themselves and chewing their cuds in the genial warmth.

The first crow comes, and now, if never again in all the year, his harsh voice has a pleasant sound. Roads grow "slumpy" and then so nearly bare that people begin

along the fences; in the woods it still lies deep, but coarse-grained and watery.

The blood of the maples is stirred, and in sugar-making regions the tapping of the



PUMPKINS AMONG THE CORN. (WINSLOW HOMER.)

to ponder whether they shall go forth on runners or wheels.

Some early lambs enter upon their short life, and knock-kneed calves begin to make the old barn echo with their bawling and the clatter of their clumsy gambols. The gray woods take on the purple tinge of swelling buds. The brooks resume their merry music. The song-sparrows come, the bluebird's carol is heard, the first robin ventures to come exploring, and high overhead the wild geese are winging their northward way. Though Jack Frost strives every night to regain his sway and often for whole days maintains a foothold, his fortunes slowly wane and spring comes coyly but surely on.

Her footsteps waken the woodchuck from his long sleep, and he comes to his door to look about him, with eyes unaccustomed to the sunlit day. In the plashy snow of the woods, the raccoon's track shows that he has wandered from den or hollow tree. Southern slopes, then broad fields, grow bare, till all the snow is gone from them but the soiled drifts in the hollows, and

trees is begun. A warm day following a freezing night sets all the spouts a-dripping merrily into the bright tin "tubs," and once or twice a day the oxen and sled go winding through the woods, hauling a cask to which the sap is brought from the trees with buckets and neck-yoke, and then taken to the sugar-house. This is set, if possible, at the foot of some hill-side or knoll, on which the sled may be driven so that its burden overtops the great holders standing beside the boiling-pans within. Into these holders the sap is discharged, through a pipe. Now the boiling begins, and the thin sap thickens to rich sirup as it seethes and bubbles in its slow course from the first pan to the last, while the woods about are filled with the sweet odor of its steam.

Following up this scent, and the sounds of merry chatter, one may come upon a blithe "sugar party" of young folks, gathered in and about the sugar-house. In this earliest picnic of the season, the sole refreshment is hot sugar poured on clean snow, where it cools to a gummy consistency known as "waxed" sugar. The duty

of the rustic gallant is to whittle a little maple paddle (which is held to be the proper implement for sugar eating) for his mistress, and to keep her allotted portion of the snow-bank well supplied with the amber-hued sweet.

In earlier days, the sap, caught in rough, wooden troughs, was boiled in a potash-kettle, suspended by a log-chain from the smaller end of a goodly sized tree trimmed of its branches and balanced across a stump. A few rudely piled stones formed the fire-place, whose chimney was the wide air, and every veering puff of wind would encloud the red-shirted sugar-maker in the smoke of his fire and the steam of his kettle. Kettle, fire-place, and ponderous crane had no roofing but the overbranching trees, and the sky above them; the only shelter of the sugar-makers from rain and "sugar snows," was a little shanty as rude as an Indian wigwam in construction and furniture.

The woodpecker sounds his rattling drum-call; the partridge beats his muffled roll; flocks of blackbirds gurgle a liquid song, and the hylas tunes his shrill pipe, while advancing spring keeps step to their music, more and more pervading all nature with her soft, mysterious presence.

In the woods, the snow has shrunk to the cold shelter of the ledges, and the arbutus begins to blossom half unseen among its dull green and russet leaves, and liverwort flowers dot the sunny slopes with tufts of white, and pink, and blue.

Sap-flow and sugar-making slacken, so that a neighbor finds time to visit another at his sugar-works, and asks, "Have you heard the frogs?" Only one "run" of sap after the frogs peep, is the traditional rule. So the frogs having peeped, the last run comes, and sugar-making ends.

A wholesome fragrance is wafted to you on the damp wind, like and yet unlike the earth-smell which precedes a shower—the subtle blending of the exhalations of sodden leaves and quickened earth, with the faint perfume of the shad trees, shining white with blossoms, as if snow-laden in the purple woods, and the willow catkins that gleam in swamps and along the brimming streams. It is a purely spring-like odor.

The fields of winter wheat and rye, if the snow has kindly covered them through the bitter weather, take on a fresher green, and the southern slopes of pasture-lands and the swales show tinges of it.

The sower is pacing the fall-plowed ground to and fro with measured tread,

scattering the seed as he goes, and, after him, team and harrow scratch the mold. In favored places, the plows are going, first streaking, then broadly patching, the somber fields with the rich hue of freshly turned sward. Then early potatoes are planted, gardens made, corn-ground made ready, and houses unbanked, letting daylight into cellars once more.

All day long the lamentations of bereaved cows are heard. "Settings" of milk begin to crowd the dairy, and churning, that plague of the boy, becomes his constant alternate dread and suffering.

As pastures grow green, the sheep are "tagged" and released from their long confinement in shed and yard. With loud rejoicings, they go rushing along the lane to the pasture, eager for the first nibble of the unforgotten herbage. Not many days later the cows are turned out, and the lush feed turns their pale butter to gold.

Young lambs now claim the farmer's care. Each day he must visit the flock to see if some unnatural mother must not be forced to give suck to her forlorn yearling, or if some, half dead with the cold of night or storm, need not be brought to the kitchen fire to be warmed to life. When a "lamb-killer" comes, as the cold storms are called which sometimes occur in May, his arms are likely enough to be filled with them before he has made the round of the pasture. Often an orphaned or disowned lamb is brought up by hand, and the "cosset" becomes the pet of the children and the pest of the household. If Madame Reynard takes a fancy to spring lamb for the provision of her household, she makes sad havoc. Her depredations must be stopped some way, either by removing the flock to a safer pasture, or, if her burrow can be found, by digging out and destroying her young, leaving her with no family to provide for, or by ending with her own life her freebooting career. To compass her taking off, the farmer repairs with his gun, in the gray of the morning, to the wood-side, from which he enters the field and, hiding behind a stump to leeward of her customary line of approach, awaits her coming. As, on evil deeds intent, she steals cautiously from the cover of the woods, her faded, ragged, whitey-yellow fur is in sorry contrast with the beauty of her dress, when days were cold and cares were light. The farmer imitates the squeak of a mouse. The sound, though slight, catches her ear at once, and she draws nearer and nearer the stump from which it

proceeds, stopping frequently to listen, with cocked head, till, when within short range she is cut down by a heavy charge.

In his first days, the merino lamb is one of the homeliest of young things, pink-nosed, lean, wrinkled and lop-eared, and stumbling about in uncertain fashion on its clumsy, sprawling legs. But a month or six weeks of life give him prettiness enough to make amends for the ugliness of his early infancy. There is no prettier sight to be seen on the farm than a party of them at play, toward the close of the day, running in a crowd at the top of their speed from one knoll to another, then frisking a moment in graceful gambols, and then scampering back again, while the staid matrons of the flock look on in apparent wonder at their antic sport.

When the ditches are dark green with young marsh marigolds, "good for greens," it is a pleasant outing on a warm day, for goodwife and children to go picking "cow-slips," as they are sure to call them.

A thousand banished birds have come to their own again. The creak and twitter of the well-beloved swallows echo through the half-empty barn. Robins and phebes have built their nests; the advance guard of bobolinks are rollicking in the meadows where the meadow-lark pertly walks, his conspicuous yellows and black breast belying his long-drawn "can't-see me." Orioles flash among the elm branches where they are weaving their pensile nests. The purple linnet showers his song from the tree-top, and far and clear from the upland pasture comes the wailing cry of the plover. Chickadee has gone to make his summer home in woods whose purple gray is sprinkled now with golden green, and where bath-flowers are blooming and tender shoots are pushing up through the matted leaves of last year.

The hickory has given the sign for corn-planting, for its leaves are as large as a squirrel's ear (some say, a squirrel's foot). This important labor having been performed, the grotesque scare-crow is set at his post, or glittering tins or twine festooned from stake to stake, do duty in his stead.

Now there comes a little lull in work betwixt planting and hoeing during which boys and hired men assert their right, established by ancient usage, to take a day to go a-fishing. Those whose country is blessed with such streams of liquid crystal steal with careful steps along some trout-brook whose braided current washes mossy root-woven banks, in old woods, gurgling over pebbly

beds and plashing down lichenized rocks into pools where the wary trout lurks under the foam bells, or slips through alder copses into meadows where it winds almost hidden by the rank grass that overhangs its narrow course.

Our rustic angler uses no nice skill in playing or landing his fish, but having him well hooked, jerks him forth by main strength of arm, and clumsy pole and line, with a force that sends him, whether he be perch or bull-pout, or by lucky chance, pike-perch or bass, in a curving flight high overhead, and walloping with a resounding thud on the grass far behind his captor.

Perhaps all hands go to the nearest seining ground, and, buying a haul, stand an eager group on the sandy beach, joking feebly while they nervously wait and watch the rippling curve of floats as the net comes sweeping slowly in, bringing, may be, for their half dollar, only a few worthless clams and sunfish, or, if fortune favors, may be a floundering crowd of big fish, which, strung on a tough twig, they carry home rejoicing.

The housewife's fowls are conspicuous objects now about the farm-house,—the anxious, fussy hens, full of solicitude for their broods, some, well grown, straying widely from the coop in adventurous explorations, or in awkward pursuit of insects; some, little balls of down, keeping near the home threshold and mindful of the maternal call, while Chanticleer saunters proudly among his wives and children with no care but to keep an eye out for those swooping pirates, the hawks. The ducks waddle away in Indian file to the pond which they share with the geese; and the turkeys, silliest of fowls, wander far and wide, an easy prey to fox or hawk.

Night and morning a persuasive call, "Boss! boss! boss!" invites the calves—those soft-eyed, sleek-coated, beautiful idiots—to the feeding stanchion in the corner of their paddock, where they receive their rations of "skim" milk and then solace themselves with each other's ears for the lost maternal udders.

In the placid faces of their mothers, as they come swinging homeward from the pasture, there is no sign of bereavement, nor of its lightest recollection. Happy beasts whose pangs of sorrow kindly nature so quickly heals!

In the last of the blossom-freighted days of May, is one that each year grows dearer to us. There is scarcely a grave-yard among our hills but has its little flag, guarding, in

sun and shower, the grave of some soldier. Hither come farmers and villagers with evergreens and flowers, no one so thoughtless that he does not bring a spray of plum-blossoms or cluster of lilacs, no child so poor, that it does not bear bunches of violets and dandelions, while the mothers rob the cherished home plants of their bloom, and girls bring all the flowers of the wood.

Far more touching than the long processions that with music and flags and floral chariot wind through the great cemeteries of our cities, are the simple rites of the small scattered groups of country folks who come to deck with humble flowers the resting-place of the soldier, who was neighbor or brother or comrade. While the garlands yet are fresh and fragrant on the graves, spring blossoms into the perfect days of June.

He who now braves the onslaughts of the bloodthirsty mosquito in the leafy fastnesses of the June woods, will see, not so many birds as he may expect to, judging from the throngs in fields and orchards, but many of those he does see will be unknown to him if he has not the lore of the ornithologist and a sharp eye and ear to boot. However, he will meet old acquaintances, his little friends the chickadees and the nut-hatches, the commoner woodpeckers and the yellow-bellied, perhaps. The jays will scold him and the crows make a pother overhead if he chances in the neighborhood of their nests, and, likely enough, he will see fluttering and skulking before him a brown something,—is it beast or bird?—and some nimble balls of brown and yellow down disappearing under the green leaves of this year or the dead ones of last, at his very feet, which, after the first moment of surprise, he knows are a hen-partridge and her young. Tracing an unmistakable half-harsh note to a tree-top he sees the red-hot glow of a scarlet tanager and knows that his dull-green mate is not far off.

Led by the sound of ax-strokes, falling quicker and not so strongly as those of the wood-chopper, he breasts the tangle of broad-leaved hobble bush and the clustered bloom of cornels and comes upon a man busy with ax and spade peeling the hemlock logs cut last winter; some shining in the "chopping" in the whiteness of their fresh nakedness, their ancient vestments set up against them to dry; others still clad in the furrowed bark, drilled by the beaks of a thousand woodpeckers and scratched by the claws of numberless generations of squirrels. It is one of Nature's mysteries that

these prostrate trunks should feel the thrill of her renewed life and their sap flow again for a little while through the severed ducts. If the hand that now strips them were the same that hewed them down, one might believe the blood of these dead trees started afresh at the touch of their murderer.

During the "breathing spell" which comes between the finishing of spring's and the beginning of summer's work on the farm, the path-master warns out the farmers to the performance of the farce termed by stretch of courtesy, road-mending, which is played regularly twice a year, when all hands turn out with teams, plows, scrapers and wagons, spades, shovels and hoes and make good roads bad and bad roads worse. It is fortunate for those who travel much upon the highways that these road-menders do so little, playing at work for a short time, then stopping, leaning on plow handle or spade to hold grave consultation concerning the ways of doing some part of their task, or gathering about the water-jug in the shade of a way-side tree, and spending an unconscionable time in quenching their thirst and lighting their pipes and joking or discussing some matter of neighborhood gossip.

But the young corn is showing in rows of green across the dark mold that the time for the first hoeing has come. The long-suffering boy bestrides old Dobbin and guides him between the rows while he drags back and forth the plow or cultivator, held, most likely, by one too apt to blame the boy for every misstep of the horse which crushes beyond resurrection a hill of corn. It is my opinion that to this first odious compulsory equitation entailed upon the boys of my generation is due the falling into disuse of equestrianism in New England. Who, that had ever ridden a horse at snail's pace among the corn-rows in the lazy days of early summer when he *knew* he ought to be catching the fish or hunting the birds' nests he was dreaming of, instead of being a clothes-pin to the thin blanket on Dobbin's sharp back and the mark of the sharper tongue of the plow-holder, would ever again of his own free will mount a horse? I can speak for one. Happily this particular boy-torture has gone out of fashion and in the tillage of hoed crops as in hay-making the horse is guided by the man who cultivates or rakes. After this trio, man, boy and horse, come the hoers cutting away at the everlasting and ever present weeds, and stirring and mellowing the soil of the corn or potato hills.

It is likely enough to happen about these days, that a farmer, having set about the building of a barn and the carpenter having got the frame ready for setting up, invites his neighbors to a "raising," one of the few "bees" remaining of those so common and frequent in the earlier days of inter-dependence. The young and able-bodied are promptly on hand, and vie with one another in deeds of strength and daring, while the old men, exempt from the warfare of life, sit apart on a pile of rafters or sleepers, anon giving sage advice, recounting their youthful exploits, and contrasting the past with the present; seldom, albeit, to the great honor of modern times or men. The labor ended, cakes, pies, cheese and cider are served, and these comfortably disposed of, the jolly company disperse.

One kind of "bee," as these gatherings for mutual help are called, which has only lately gone out with the oxen, who were the chief actors in it, was the "drawing bee." A farmer, having cause to change the site of a barn or other structure, would, with the carpenter's help, usually in early spring but sometimes in the fall, get runners under his building. These were long timbers of something more than the building's length, cut with an upward slope at the forward end. Having properly braced the inside of his barn, to withstand the rack of transportation, all his oxen-owing neighbors were bidden to his aid. The yokes of oxen were hitched in two "strings," one to each runner, and, all being ready, were started off at the word of command, amid a clamor of "whoahush!" "whoahaw!" and "gee!" addressed to the Bucks, Broads, Stars, Brindles and Brights, who were the motive power, the creaking of the racked frame and the shrill shouts of the boys, without whose presence nothing of such moment ever is, if it ever could be, done.

The barn being safely set in its new place, the bee ended in feasting and jollification. Now that oxen have become so scarce, it would need the mustering of a whole county to provide the necessary force. In the old times, there were also "logging bees," and others, which have fallen into disuse.

After hoeing, the deluge—for the sheep; for they must be washed preparatory to shearing, which important event in theirs and farm life now draws near. In some pool of a stream, or sheltered cove of a pond or lake, where the water is hip-deep, or under the outpouring stream from a tapped mill-flume, or the farmer's own pond made

for this especial purpose, they suffer this cleansing.

Huddled in a pen, they are taken by the catcher as called for and carried to the washers, and passing from their hands, stagger, water-logged and woe-begone up the bank to rejoin their dripping comrades, and doubtless pass the hours while their fleeces are drying in mutual condolence over man's inhumanity to sheep.

Within a fortnight or so after this comes the shearing. The farmer engages the service of as many as he needs of his neighbors and their sons as are skillful shearers. The barn floor and its overhanging scaffolds are carefully swept. The skies are watched for the day and night preceding the first day of shearing, lest a sudden shower should wet the sheep, which, if so threatened, must be got to the shelter of the barn. If this forethought has not been needed in the early morning of the great day, all the available force is mustered, such farm-hands as can be spared from the milking, the boys roused from their morning nap, and some helpful, timely coming shearers, to get the sheep home from the pastures. Then the sun salutes with his first rays as they encompass the sheep on the dry knoll where they have slept, and call and drive them homeward across the pasture and through the lane to the barn-yard.

Who shall tell the waywardness of sheep! How they will come to one when not called nor wanted, but will flee from the caller when wanted as if he were a ravaging wolf: how they will peer suspiciously at the gap or gate-way through which they should go, as if on the thither side were lurking dire perils, or how they will utterly ignore it and race past it at headlong speed, unheeding the shaking of salt-dish and the most persuasive "cadaay," and how surely they will discover the smallest break in a fence through which they should not go, and go scrambling through it, or over a wall, pell-mell, like a charging squadron of horse, as, if not possessed with the devil himself, possessed, at least, with the fear that he, or something more terrible than he, to ovine imagination, will surely take the hindmost. But the patience with which they endure shearing is a virtue which covers many of their sins. Seldom struggling much, though they are held continually in unnatural positions, on the side with the neck under the shearer's knee, or on the rump with the neck bent over his knee or pilloried between his legs. Surely the sheep was

made to be shorn. Fancy any other domestic animal undergoing the process. What comes of pig-shearing is proverbial.

From the barn, so silent since foddering ended, issues now a medley of sounds,—the loud bleating of the ewes, in tones as various as human voices and the higher pitched lamentations of the lambs, bewailing their short separation, the castanet-like click of the shears, loud jests and merry laughter, the outcry of the alarmed swallows, cleaving the upper darkness of the ridge, where within feather-lined mud walls their treasures lie.

Ranged along the floor, each in his allotted place, are the three, four, or half dozen or more shearers, bending each over his sheep, which, under his skillful hand, shrinks rapidly from umber plumpness to creamy-white thinness, undergoing a change so great, that, when released, she goes leaping forth into the yard, her own lamb hardly knows her. At his table, with a great reel of twine at his elbow, is the tyer, making each fleece into a compact bundle. At the stable-door is the alert catcher, ready with an unshorn sheep as each shorn one is let go; and these, with a boy to pick up scattered locks, constitute the working force.

Neighbors drop in to lounge an hour away in the jolly company, to take a pull at the cider pitcher, or engage shearers for their own shearing. The wool-buyer makes his rounds, and the boys come to see the shearing, to get in everybody's way, and beg cuts of sheep-twine. The farm-house affords its best for the shearing dinner, which has long been an honored festival in New England.

But the cheap wool-growing of the great West has well-nigh put an end to this industry here. Flocks have become few and small, and herds of Alderneys or short-horns feed where formerly great flocks of merinos nibbled the clover. Shepherds have turned dairymen. Those who practice the shearers' craft year by year become scarcer, and the day seems not far off when this once great event of our year will live only in the memory of old men.

The silvery green of the rye-fields, and the darker green of the winter wheat, and the purple bloom of the herds' grass, grow billowy under the soft winds of July with waves that bear presage of harvesting and hay-making.

In fields red and white with clover and daisy, the strawberries have ripened, and have drawn a flavor, the essence of wildness, from the free clouds that shadowed

them, from the songs of the bobolinks and meadow-larks that hovered over them, from bumble-bee and skimming swallow, from the near presence of the nightly prowling fox,—a flavor that no garden fruit possesses. To pick these is not so much a labor as a pastime for the women and children who go out to gather them under such blue skies and amid such bloom of clover, daisy, and buttercup, and sung to so cheerily by the jolly bobolink.

About the Fourth of July haying begins. The rank growth about the barns is hand-mowed, and the mowing-machine is trundled out from its rusting idleness, and, being tinkered into readiness, goes jingling and clattering afield, where, having fairly got at its work, it gnaws down with untiring tooth its eight or ten acres a day. The incessant unmodulated "chirr" of this modern innovator has almost banished the ancient music of the whetted scythe, a sound that for centuries had been as much a part of hay-making as the fragrance of the new-mown hay. But its musical voice cannot save it. The old scythe must go, and we cannot deny that the noisy usurper is a blessing to us all in lightening labor, and, not least among us, to the boy, for whom I cherish a kindly feeling, and for any softening of whose lot I am thankful.

In the days before mowing-machines, hordes of Canadian French swarmed over the borders to work in haying, in crews of two or three, jiggling southward in their rude carts, drawn by tough, shaggy little ponies. They were doughty workmen in the field and at the table; merry-hearted and honest fellows, too; for, when they departed, they seldom took, beside their wages, more than a farming tool or two, or the sheets from their beds, doubtless as mementos of their sojourn in the States. But the Batistes, and Antoinnes, and innumerable Joes and Pierres bide on their own arpents now all the summer through and come to us no more. If we miss them, with their baggy trowsers and gay sashes, the shuffle of their moccasined feet and their sonorous songs that had always a touch of pathos in them, we do not mourn for them.

As the cut grass dries under the down-right beams of the summer sun and becomes ready for the raking, the windrows (always "winrows," here) lengthen along the shaven sward as the horse-rake goes back and forth across the meadow, and the workmen following with forks soon dot the fields with cocks, if the hay is to wait to-morrow's

drawing, or with less careful tumbles if it goes to barn or stack to-day.

Now the wagon comes surmounted by its rattling "hay-riggin'," with the legs of the pitcher and the unfortunate who "mows away" and "rakes after," dangling over its side, and the man who loads, the captain, pilot and stevedore of this craft, standing forward driving his horses, for the oxen and cart, too slow for these hurrying times, have lumbered into the past. The stalwart pitcher upheaves the great forkfuls, skillfully bestowed by the loader, till they have grown into a load which moves off with ponderous stateliness across the meadow to the stack or barn. Seen from astern as it sways and heaves along its way, one might fancy it an enormous elephant with a Yankee mahout on its back.

In the middle of the long afternoon is luncheon-time, when all hands gather in the shade of tree or stack or barn and fortify themselves with gingerbread and cheese. Showers interrupt, foreshadowed by pearly mountains of "thunder-heads" that uplift themselves above the more material mountains of earth which are soon veiled with the blue-black film of the coming rain, when there is bustle in the hay-field, rapid making of cocks that are no sooner made than blown over by the rain-gust, and drivers shouting to their teams hurrying to shelter with their loads. And days arrive when from morning till night the rain comes steadily down, stopping all out-door work. Then some go a-fishing or to lounge in the village store, or perhaps all gather in the barn to chat and joke and doze away the dull hours on the fragrant hay. Some harvesting intervenes and the cradles swing in the fields of rye and wheat with graceful sweep and musical ring. The binders follow and soon the yellow shocks are ranked along the field whence they go duly to the barn.

When the night-hawk circles through the evening sky, now uttering his harsh note, anon plunging downward with a sound like the twanging of the bass strings of some great instrument, and the August piper begins his shrill monotonous concert, and the long shadows crawl eastward across the meadows where the rusty-breasted robins are hopping in quest of supper, the toil-worn farmer looks forth upon his shaven sward with its shapely stacks all ridged and penned, and upon the yellow stubble of his shorn grain-fields and is glad that the fret and labor of haying and harvesting are over.

Soon the nights have a threat of frost in

their increasing chilliness; birds have done singing and there is the mournfulness of speedy departure in their short, business-like notes. The foam of the buckwheat fields, upborne on stems of crimson and gold, is flecked with pale green and brown kernels, inviting the cradler. The blonde tresses of the corn are grown dark; the yellow kernels begin to show through the parted husks and the cutting of this most beautiful of grains begins. The small forest of maize becomes an Indian village whose wigwams are corn-shocks, in whose streets lie yellow pumpkins with their dark vines trailing among the pigeon-grass and weeds. The pumpkin, New England's well-beloved and the golden crown of her Thanksgiving feast, might be her symbolic plant as Old England's rose and Scotland's thistle are theirs. How the adventurous vine, rough, prickly and somewhat coarse, even in its flowers, wanders forth from its parent hill, through bordering wilderness of after math and over Rocky Mountains of walls, overcoming all and bearing golden fruit afar off, yet always holding on to the old home, Yankee-like, and drawing its sap and life therefrom!

Whether or not the frost has come to blacken the leaves of the pumpkins, squashes and cucumbers, and hasten the ripening of the foliage, the trees are taking on the autumnal colors. The ash shows the first grape-bloom of its later purple, the butter-nut is blotched with yellow and the leaves of the hickory are turning to gold; and though the greenness of the oaks and some of the sugar-maples and elms still endures, the sumacs along the walls and the water-maples and pepperidges in the lowlands are red with the consuming fires of autumn. The yellow flame of the golden-rods has burned out and the paler lamps of the asters are lighted along the fences and wood-sides.

The apples are growing too heavy to hold longer to the parent branch and, with no warning but the click of intercepting leaves, tumble perhaps, on the head of some unprofitable dreamer even in practical New England. They are ready for gathering, and the Greenings, Northern-spies, Spitzenbergs, Russets, Pomeroyes and Tallman-sweets, and all whose virtues or pretensions have gained them a name, are plucked with the care befitting their honored rank and stored for winter use or market, while their plebeian kindred, the "common" or "natural" apples are unceremoniously beaten with poles or shaken from their scraggy, untrimmed boughs and tumbled into the box

of the farm-wagon to go lumbering off to the cider-mill. This, after its ten or eleven months of musty emptiness and idleness, has now awakened to a short season of bustle, of grinding and pressing and fullness of casks and heaped bins and the fragrance thereof. Wagons are unloading their freight of apples and empty barrels, and departing with full casks after the driver has tested the flavor and strength of the earliest made cider. And now at the cellar hatch-way of the farm-house, the boy and the new-come cider-barrel may be found in conjuncture with a rye straw for the connecting link.

The traveling thresher begins to make the round of the farms and establishes his machine on the barn floor, whence it belches forth, with resounding din, clouds of dust in which are seen dimly the forms of the workmen and the laboring horses climbing an unstable hill whose top they never reach. Out of the dust-cloud grows a stack of yellow straw alongside the gray barn, which it almost rivals in height and breadth when the threshing is ended.

About apple-picking time, and for a month or two after, "apple cuts," or "paring bees" used to be frequent, when all the young folks of a neighborhood were invited, never slighting the skilled parer with his machine. After some bushels of apples were peeled, quartered, cored and strung for drying, the kitchen was cleared of its rubbish of cores and skins, and after a feast of "nut-cakes," pumpkin pies and cider, the plays began to the tunes of "Come, Philander, let's be marchin'," "The needle's eye that doth supply the thread that runs so true," and "We're marchin' onwards towards Quebec where the drums are loudly beaten," or the fiddle or "Lisha's" song of "Tol-liddle, tol-liddle, tol-lo-day, do-day-hum, do-day-hum, tolli-day" set all feet to jigging "Twin Sisters," or "French four." These jolly gatherings, though by many years outliving the old-fashioned husking bee, have at last fallen into disuse and their hearty New England flavor is poorly supplied by the insipid sociables and abominable surprise parties that are now in vogue.

The husking bees, in which girls took a part, when a red ear was a coveted treasure, are remembered only by the old; but the rollicking parties of men that gathered to husk in the fields by moonlight, or firelight, or by lantern-light in the barns, that rang again with their songs and noisy mirth, held a notable place in our farm life till within a decade or two of years. But they,

too, have passed away, and husking has grown to be a humdrum, work-day labor, though not an unpleasant one, whether the spikes of gold are unsheathed in the field in the hazy warmth of an October day, or in the barn, when the fall rain is pattering on the roof and making brown puddles in the barnyard. In these days the cows are apt to come late to the milking, for the cow-boy loiters by the way to fill his pocket with hickory-nuts, or crack a hatful of butternuts on the big stone, which, with some small ones for hammers, seem always to be set under every butternut-tree.

The turkeys wander far and wide, grass-hopper-hunting over the meadows, whereon the gossamer lies so thick that the afternoon sun casts a shimmering sunglade across them, and go nutting along the edge of the woods, where the slender fingers of the beeches are dropping their light burden of golden leaves and brown mast.

Long, straggling columns of crows are moving southward by leisurely aerial marches, and at night and morning the clamor of their noisy encampments disturbs the woods. Most of the summer birds have gone. A few robins, hopping silently among the tangle of wild grape-vines, and flocks of yellow-birds, clad now in sober garments and uttering melancholy notes as they glean the seeds of the frost-bitten hemp, are almost the only ones left. There are no songs of birds now, nor any flowers, but here and there in the pastures an untimely blooming dandelion; and in the almost leafless woods the pink blossoms of herb-robert and the pale yellow flowers of the witch-hazel.

The last potato is dug and stored, the buckwheat drawn and threshed, the last pumpkin housed, and the cattle have begun to receive their daily allowance of corn-fodder. People begin to feel a pride in the increasing cold, and compare weather notes and speculate and prophesy concerning the coming of winter. The old farm-house is made ready for winter. Its foundations are again re-enforced with banking, its outside windows and storm-doors are set on their long guard of the winter weather, and all the sons and daughters of the old house have gathered from far and near to hold the New England (now the national) feast of Thanksgiving, and have dispersed. The last wedge of wild geese has cloven the cold sky. There is a wintry roar in the wind-swept hills, and as the first snow-flakes and the last sere leaves come eddying down together our year of farm life ends.

THE PURITAN'S GUEST.

I.

THE house stood back from the old Bay Road
That wound through Sudbury town;
Before it a brawling streamlet flowed;
Behind it the woods shut down.

Dwelt there the Puritan, good John Guye,
With the daughters God had given,—
Three beautiful maidens fair and shy,
Whose mother was in heaven.

And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.

And horsemen, riding along that way,
Drank at the household spring,
And asked of the maids the time o' day,
Or brought them news of the King.

It seemed like a glimpse of heaven to see,
In sun and storm the same,
These three fair maidens at windows three
To the riders who went and came.

It seemed like an hour in heaven to sit,
When the winter wind blew hoarse,
And watch these diligent maidens knit,
And hear John Guye's discourse.

If love was lighted, ah, who may say!—
It was centuries ago;—
And maids were the same in the olden day
That they are now, I trow.

And who shall wonder, or who condemn—
For their life had scanty zest—
If dangerous fancies came to them,
As the men rode east and west?

Guye ruled his house by the olden law,
And he knew the heart of a maid;
And, watching with godly care, he saw
What made his soul afraid!

For smiles shone up from the saucy lips
That drank at the household spring,
And kisses were tossed from finger-tips
With the tidings of the King.

And the eyes that should have flamed with fire,
And spurned these gallant arts,
Grew soft and sad with a strange desire,
Over tender and troubled hearts.



"FOR SMILES SHONE UP FROM THE SAUCY LIPS."

"Ah God!" groaned the Puritan, good John Guye,
 "That such a woe can be!—
 That their mother should be in heaven, and I
 Should be left with daughters three!"

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
 And one was queenly Prue;
 And one was Hope with the golden hair;
 And the eyes of all were blue.)

II.

From the bitter sea it had blown all day,
 And the night came hurrying down;
 And snow from a sky all cold and gray
 Was whitening Sudbury town.

The chimney roared like an angry beast,
 With eyes and tongues of fire,
 And the crazy windows facing east
 Shook in the tempest's ire.

The sleety snow fell heavy and fast;
 It beat on the roof like rain;
 And the forest hurtled beneath the blast
 Of the dreadful hurricane!

The autumn leaves that had flown all day,
 In wild and scurrying flocks,
 Were pelted down by the hail, and lay
 Huddled among the rocks.

"'Tis a fearful storm!" said good John Guye,
As he looked at his daughters three;
"And the riders abroad to-night must die;
And many such there be!"

Their cheeks grew pale in the ruddy blaze
With what their ears had heard,
And they looked in the fire with grieved amaze;
But they could not speak a word.

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.)

'Twas an owl flew hooting out of the trees,
In a lull of the tempest's wrath;
And caught mid-air by the crafty breeze,
He wrestled for his path.

He wrestled long, but he strove in vain
With the fierce and blinding gloom;
He was shot like a bolt through the window-pane,
And a great gust filled the room.

They sprang to their feet in sharp affright,
But still no word they said,
As they stopped the window from the night;
And the great white bird lay dead!

"'Tis a fearful storm!" said good John Guye;
"Heaven help all those abroad!
For the men who ride, and the birds that fly,
Let us kneel and pray to God!"

But while they knelt, and the hoary saint
Groaned with the stress of prayer,
They heard from a wanderer, far and faint,
A shriek of wild despair.

"Thank God!" said the Puritan, rising straight;
"Thank God, my daughters three,
That the answer of heaven does not wait,
And my guest has come to me!"

He flung to the wall the oaken door;
He passed it with a bound;
And plunging into the darkness frore,
He listened along the ground.

Prone on the path he found his guest;
His hair was streaming wild;
Guye lifted him to his mighty breast
As he had been a child.

The maidens three peered into the storm;
It smote their brows like death;
They saw their father's stalwart form;
They heard his struggling breath.

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.)

They laid the stranger before the flame.
They nursed him till he stirred,—
Till he opened his eyes, and spoke a name!—
'Twas a woman's name they heard!

They nursed him long with tender care,
The while he moaned and wept;
He wakened anon to breathe a prayer,
And anon he sank and slept.

The ghostly shade of a man he seemed;
His teeth were white as milk;
And the long white curls on his forehead gleamed
Like skeins of tangled silk.

His eyes peered out with an eerie stare,—
They were wondrous deep and large,—
And they looked like mountain tarns aglare
Beneath their beetling marge!

He rose straight up from his lowly bed;
He looked at the maidens three;
"I have lost my wits, you see," he said;
"I have lost my wits," said he.

Each maid bowed low as he gazed at her,
In the sweet, old-fashioned way;
For they guessed that he was a minister
From the Massachusetts Bay.

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.)

He looked above and he looked around;
With fear their bosoms beat;
He looked till the lifeless bird he found,
And he lifted it by its feet.

He lifted it in his tender hands;
He nursed it on his breast;
"Oh God!" he groaned, "in what strange lands
Does my own dear birdling rest!"

He sang to the bird a thin, old tune;
It quavered like a rill
That, leaping the leafy steps of June,
Goes purling at its will.

He smoothed the feathers upon its neck
With his fingers pale and fine:
"She was white as thee, thou snowy wreck,
But her fate is worse than thine!"

And then he wept like a silly child,
And the maidens wept around;
For they doubted his wits had wandered wild
And his heart had a cruel wound.

"Prythee tell thy tale"—the voice was Guye's—
"If thou hast tale to tell;"
The Puritan brushed his blinded eyes,
And the maidens hearkened well.

They leaned to list to the tale accursed;
He leaned to their eyes, and said:
"I think, 'twas a little hair at first,—
A hair from her lover's head!

"It came in a gift of mignonette,
And many a dainty bloom
Of briar and pink and violet,
Whose perfume filled her room.

"She nourished it under the nightly dew,
She fed it from her soul;
And it grew and grew, until she knew
That a viper was in the bowl!

"She nourished it through the evening hours;
She watched it day by day;
She nourished it till the withered flowers
Were culled and thrown away.

"She cherished it with a tender smile;
She touched it without fear;
And I marveled much that a thing so vile
Should be to her so dear.

"Oh Hester, Hester! my daughter sweet!
The viper will work you harm!"
But she trod my warning beneath her feet,
And courted the awful charm.

"Oh father, father! I may not scorn
A creature that love hath made;
For never was life so sweetly born,
And I cannot be afraid.

"Oh, look at its glittering eyes!' she said;
'They shine on me like stars!
And look at its dapples, so green and red,
And the sidelong, golden bars!

“‘Was ever a creature brave as this
By mortal maiden found?’
The serpent raised his head with a hiss,
And merrily swam around!

“She laughed so loud, so long she laughed,
That I could nought but groan;
For I knew my child was going daft
With the charm about her thrown.



“SHE NOURISHED IT THROUGH THE EVENING HOURS.”

“The bowl was strait for the noisome thing,
And it lengthened more and more,
Till it leaped, and lay in a mottled ring
Upon her chamber floor!

"All wonderful hues the rainbow knows
Gleamed forth from its scaly skin,
And up from the center its crest arose,
And the tongue shot out and in!

"The moon was shining: I could not sleep:
I clomb the silent stairs:
I sought her door in the midnight deep,
And I caught her unawares!

"Fair as a lily she lay at rest
In a flood of the ghostly sheen;
Fair as twin lilies her virgin breast,
And the serpent lay between!"

Each maid rose shivering like a reed;
They stopped their ears with dread:
"Oh sir, thou has lost thy wits, indeed!—
Thou has lost thy wits!" they said.

(And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.)

He smote them down with a look of woe!
"I shouted and shrieked amain!
It startled back like a bended bow,
And slid from the counterpane!

"'Oh Hester, Hester! how dare you lie
With the thing upon your breast!'
And I waited to hear what mad reply
Should break from the serpent's nest!

"'Oh father dear! why come you here?'—
She did not start or scream;
'The moon shines bright this time o' the year;
I was dreaming a pleasant dream.'

"I answered her not; I turned around;
I staggered to my bed;
And there I sank in a fearful swoond,
And lay as I were dead.

"But daily ever the monster grew,
And lengthened hour by hour,
And lazily gloated as if it knew
It held her in its power!

"It quivered in every golden flake,
And grew in such degree,
That it seemed the snake which the moonbeams make,
Crawling across the sea.

"A silken fillet, a cord, a rope,
A Monster, a Thing of Doom,
It sucked the air of its life and hope,
And crowded the tainted room.

"The midnight hour came round again;
The clock ticked like a bell;
And I heard through all my burning brain
The sound of a deed of hell!

"It wreathed its coils around her frame;
It lifted her in the air;
And I heard the dragon as it came
Slow creeping down the stair!

"It touched the latch, the door swung back;
It leaped the creaking sill;
My head was split by a thunder-crack,
And then the world was still!

"I could not move, I could not cry,
But I knew my child was gone;
Like a stone in the ground I seemed to lie,
While the clock ticked on and on!

Out into the night they fled away—
Out from the gaping door—
And the morning came with another day,
But she came nevermore!

"But I saw it once! It reared its crest
Where the sunset clouds were piled;
And I swear to Christ I will travel west
Till I kiss once more my child!"

III.

The owl dropped out of his fainting hold,
His head fell back aghast;
"Ah God!" shrieked the maidens, "thy tale is told,
And we fear thy soul hath passed."

Guye lifted him in his arms amain;
He bore him to his bed;
And the dear Lord eased him of his pain;
In the midnight he was dead!

The storm grew weary along its path,
The room was still and warm;
But a storm arose of fiercer wrath
Within each maiden's form.

It burst in bitterest tears and sighs;
It shook them with its grief;
They could not look in their father's eyes;
They could not find relief.

They left the dead in the flickering gloom
They sought their chamber door;
And they fearfully scanned the wintry room
For the form their fancies bore.

They looked full long but did not find
That monstrous form of Sin;
(Yet a viper may lodge in a maiden's mind)
And then they looked within.

All doubtful shapes in hiding there
They killed in God's pure sight,
And they swept their penitent souls with prayer
That wild December night.

And when they woke on the morrow morn,
They worshiped—kneeling low—
And their souls were sweet as the day new-born,
And white as the drifted snow!

And one was Patience, so tall and fair;
And one was queenly Prue;
And one was Hope with the golden hair;
And the eyes of all were blue.



LONGSTAFF'S MARRIAGE.

FORTY years ago that traditional and anecdotal liberty of young American women, which is notoriously the envy of their foreign sisters, was not so firmly established as at the present hour; yet it was sufficiently recognized to make it no scandal that so pretty a girl as Diana Belfield should start for the grand tour of Europe under no more imposing protection than that of her cousin and intimate friend, Miss Agatha Gosling. She had, from the European point of view, beauty enough to make her enterprise perilous—the beauty foreshadowed in her name, which might have been given her in prevision of her tall, light figure, her nobly poised head, weighted with a coronal of auburn braids, her frank quick glance and her rapid gliding step. She used often to walk about with a big dog who had the habit of bounding at her side and tossing his head against her outstretched hand; and she had, moreover, a trick of carrying her long parasol always folded, for she was not afraid of the sunshine, across her shoulder, in the fashion of a soldier's musket on a march. Thus equipped, she looked wonderfully like that charming antique statue of the goddess of the chase which we encounter in various replicas in half the museums of the world. You half expected to see a sandal-shod foot peep out beneath her fluttering robe. It was with this tread of the wakeful huntress that she stepped upon the old sailing-vessel which was to bear her to the lands she had dreamed of. Behind her, with a great many shawls and satchels, came her little kinswoman, with quite another *dé-marche*. Agatha Gosling was not a beauty but she was the most judicious and most devoted of companions. These two persons had come together on the death of Diana's mother and the taking possession by the young lady of her patrimony. The first use she made of her inheritance was to divide it with Agatha, who had not a penny of her own; the next was to purchase a letter of credit upon a European banker. The cousins had contracted a classical friendship,—they had determined to be sufficient to each other, like the Ladies of Llangollen. Only, though their friendship was exclusive, their Llangollen was to be comprehensive. They would tread the pavements of historic cities and stand in

the colored light-shafts of Gothic cathedrals, wander on tinkling mules through mountain-gorges and sit among dark-eyed peasants by southern seas. It may seem singular that a beautiful girl with a pretty fortune should have been left to seek the supreme satisfaction of life in friendship tempered by sight-seeing; but Diana herself considered this pastime no beggarly alternative. Though she never told it herself, her biographer may do so; she had had, in vulgar parlance, a hundred offers. To say that she had declined them is to say too little; she had really scorned them. They had come from honorable and amiable men, and it was not her suitors in themselves that she disrelished; it was simply the idea of marrying. She found it insupportable: a fact which completes her analogy with the mythic divinity to whom I have likened her. She was passionately single, fiercely virginal; and in the straight-glancing gray eye which provoked men to admire, there was a certain silvery ray which forbade them to hope. The fabled Diana took a fancy to a beautiful shepherd, but the real one had not yet found, sleeping or waking, her Endymion.

Thanks to this defensive eyebeam, the dangerous side of our heroine's enterprise was slow to define itself; thanks, too, to the exquisite decency of her companion. Agatha Gosling had an almost Quakerish purity and dignity; a bristling dragon could not have been a better safeguard than this glossy, gray-breasted dove. Money, too, is a protection, and Diana had enough to purchase privacy. She traveled extensively, and saw all the churches and pictures, the castles and cottages included in the list which had been drawn up by the two friends in evening talks, at home, between two wax candles. In the evening they used to read aloud to each other from "Corinne" and "Childe Harold," and they kept a diary in common, at which they "collaborated," like French playwrights, and which was studded with quotations from the authors I have mentioned. This lasted a year, at the end of which they found themselves a trifle weary. A snug posting-carriage was a delightful habitation, but looking at miles of pictures was very fatiguing to the back. Buying souvenirs and trinkets under foreign arcades was a most absorbing occupation;

but inns were dreadfully apt to be draughty, and bottles of hot water, for application to the feet, had a disagreeable way of growing lukewarm. For these and other reasons our heroines determined to take a winter's rest, and for this purpose they betook themselves to the charming town of Nice, which was then but in the infancy of its fame. It was simply one of the hundred hamlets of the Riviera,—a place where the blue waves broke on an almost empty strand, and the olive-trees sprouted at the doors of the inns. In those days Nice was Italian, and the "Promenade des Anglais" existed only in an embryonic form. Exist, however, it did, practically, and British invalids, in moderate numbers, might have been seen taking the January sunshine beneath London umbrellas, before the many-twinkling sea. Our young Americans quietly took their place in this harmless society. They drove along the coast, through the strange, dark, huddled fishing-villages, and they rode on donkeys among the bosky hills. They painted in water-colors and hired a piano; they subscribed to the circulating library and took lessons in the language of Silvio Pellico from an old lady with very fine eyes, who wore an enormous brooch of cracked malachite, and gave herself out as the widow of a Roman exile.

They used to go and sit by the sea, each provided with a volume from the circulating library; but they never did much with their books. The sunshine made the page too dazzling, and the people who strolled up and down before them were more entertaining than the ladies and gentlemen in the novels. They looked at them constantly from under their umbrellas; they learned to know them all by sight. Many of their fellow-visitors were invalids,—mild, slow-moving consumptives. But that women enjoy the exercise of pity, I should have said that these pale promenaders were a saddening spectacle. In several of them, however, our friends took a personal interest; they watched them from day to day; they noticed their changing color; they had their ideas about who was getting better and who was getting worse. They did little, however, in the way of making acquaintances,—partly because consumptive people are no great talkers, and partly because this was also Diana's disposition. She said to her friend that they had not come to Europe to pay morning-calls; they had left their best bonnets and card-cases behind them. At the bottom of her reserve was the apprehension

that she should be "admired;" which was not fatuity, but simply an inference based upon uncomfortable experience. She had seen in Europe, for the first time, certain horrid men,—polished adventurers, with offensive looks and mercenary thoughts; and she had a wholesome fear that one of these gentlemen might approach her through some accidental breach in her reserve. Agatha Gosling, who had neither in reminiscence nor in prospect the same reasons for being on the defensive, would have been glad to extend the circle of her intimacy, and would even have consented to put on a best bonnet for the purpose. But she had to content herself with an occasional murmur of small talk, on a bench before the sea, with two or three English ladies of the botanizing class; jovial little spinsters who wore stout boots, gauntlets, and "uglies," and in pursuit of wayside flowers scrambled into places where the first-mentioned articles were uncompromisingly visible. For the rest, Agatha contented herself with spinning suppositions about the people she never spoke to. She framed a great deal of hypothetical gossip, invented theories and explanations,—generally of the most charitable quality. Her companion took no part in these harmless devisings, except to listen to them with an indolent smile. She seldom honored her fellow-mortals with finding apologies for them, and if they wished her to read their history, they must write it out in the largest letters.

There was one person at Nice upon whose biography, if it had been laid before her in this fashion, she probably would have bestowed a certain amount of attention. Agatha had noticed the gentleman first; or Agatha, at least, had first spoken of him. He was young and he looked interesting; Agatha had indulged in a good deal of wondering as to whether or no he belonged to the invalid category. She preferred to believe that one of his lungs was "affected"; it certainly made him more interesting. He used to stroll about by himself and sit for a long time in the sun, with a book peeping out of his pocket. This book he never opened; he was always staring at the sea. I say always, but my phrase demands an immediate modification; he looked at the sea whenever he was not looking at Diana Belfield. He was tall and fair, slight; and, as Agatha Gosling said, aristocratic-looking. He dressed with a certain careless elegance, which Agatha deemed picturesque; she declared one day that he reminded her of a

love-sick prince. She learned eventually from one of the botanizing spinsters that he was not a prince, that he was simply an English gentleman, Mr. Reginald Longstaff. There remained the possibility that he was love-sick; but this point could not be so easily settled. Agatha's informant had assured her, however, that if they were not princes, the Longstuffs, who came from a part of the country in which she had visited, and owned great estates there, had a pedigree which many princes might envy. It was one of the oldest and the best of English names; they were one of the innumerable untitled country families who held their heads as high as the highest. This poor Mr. Longstaff was a beautiful specimen of a young English gentleman; he looked so gentle, yet so brave; so modest, yet so cultivated! The ladies spoke of him habitually as "poor" Mr. Longstaff, for they now took for granted there was something the matter with him. At last Agatha Gosling discovered what it was, and made a solemn proclamation of the same. The matter with poor Mr. Longstaff was simply that he was in love with Diana! It was certainly natural to suppose he was in love with some one, and, as Agatha said, it could not possibly be with herself. Mr. Longstaff was pale, with crumpled locks; he never spoke to any one; he was evidently preoccupied, and this mild, candid face was a sufficient proof that the weight on his heart was not a bad conscience. What could it be, then, but an unrequited passion? It was, however, equally pertinent to inquire why Mr. Longstaff took no steps to bring about a requital.

"Why in the world does he not ask to be introduced to you?" Agatha Gosling demanded of her companion.

Diana replied, quite without eagerness, that it was plainly because he had nothing to say to her, and she declared with a trifle more emphasis that she was incapable of furnishing him a topic of conversation. She added that she thought they had gossiped enough about the poor man, and that if by any chance he should have the bad taste to speak to them, she should certainly go away and leave him alone with Miss Gosling. It is true, however, that at an earlier period, she had let fall the remark that he was quite the most "distinguished" person at Nice; and afterward, though she was never the first to allude to him, she had more than once let her companion pursue the theme for some time without reminding her of its futility. The one

person to whom Mr. Longstaff was observed to speak was an elderly man of foreign aspect who approached him occasionally in the most deferential manner, and whom Agatha Gosling supposed to be his servant. This individual was apparently an Italian; he had an obsequious attitude, a pair of grizzled whiskers, an insinuating smile. He seemed to come to Mr. Longstaff for orders; presently he went away to execute them, and Agatha noticed that on retiring, he always managed to pass in front of her companion, on whom he fixed his respectful but penetrating gaze. "He knows the secret," she always said, with gentle jocoseness; "he knows what is the matter with his master and he wants to see whether he approves of you. Old servants never want their masters to marry, and I think this worthy man is rather afraid of you. At any rate, the way he stares at you tells the whole story."

"Every one stares at me!" said Diana, wearily. "A cat may look at a king."

As the weeks went by, Agatha Gosling quite made up her mind that it *was* Mr. Longstaff's lungs. The poor young man's invalid character was now most apparent; he could hardly hold up his head or drag one foot after the other; his servant was always near him to give him an arm or to hand him an extra overcoat. No one, indeed, knew, with certainty, that he was consumptive; but Agatha agreed with the lady who had given the information about his pedigree, that this fact was in itself extremely suspicious; for, as the little Englishwoman forcibly remarked, unless he were ill, why should he make such a mystery of it? Consumption declaring itself in a young man of family and fortune was particularly sad; such people had often diplomatic reasons for pretending to enjoy excellent health. It kept the legacy-hunters and the hungry next-of-kin from worrying them to death. Agatha observed that this poor gentleman's last hours seemed likely to be only too lonely. She felt very much like offering to nurse him; for, being no relation, he could not accuse her of mercenary motives. From time to time he got up from the bench where he habitually sat, and strolled slowly past the two friends. Every time that he came near them, Agatha had a singular feeling,—a conviction that now he was really going to speak to them, in tones of the most solemn courtesy. She could not fancy him speaking otherwise. He began, at a distance, by fixing his grave, soft eyes on Diana, and, as

he advanced, you would have said that he was coming straight up to her with some tremulous compliment. But as he drew nearer, his intentness seemed to falter; he strolled more slowly, he looked away at the sea, and he passed in front of her without having the courage to let his eyes rest upon her. Then he passed back again in the same fashion, sank down upon his bench, fatigued apparently by his aimless stroll, and fell into a melancholy reverie. To enumerate these small incidents in his deportment is to give it a melodramatic cast which it was far from possessing; something in his manner saved it from the shadow of impertinence, and it may be affirmed that not a single idler on the sunny shore suspected his speechless "attentions."

"I wonder why it doesn't annoy us more that he should look at us so much," said Agatha Gosling, one day.

"That who should look at us?" asked Diana, not at all affectedly.

Agatha fixed her eyes for a moment on her friend, and then said gently:

"Mr. Longstaff. Now, don't say 'Who is Mr. Longstaff?'" she added.

"I have got to learn, really," said Diana, "that the person you appear to mean, does look at us. I have never caught him in the act."

"That is because whenever you turn your eyes toward him he looks away. He is afraid to meet them. But I see him."

These words were exchanged one day as the two friends sat as usual before the twinkling sea; and, beyond them, as usual, lounged Reginald Longstaff. Diana bent her head faintly forward and glanced toward him. He was looking full at her and their eyes met, apparently for the first time. Diana dropped her own upon her book again, and then, after a silence of some moments, "It does annoy me," she said. Presently she added that she would go home and write a letter, and, though she had never taken a step in Europe without having Agatha by her side, Miss Gosling now allowed her to depart unattended. "You wont mind going alone?" Agatha had asked. "It is but three minutes, you know."

Diana replied that she preferred to go alone, and she moved away, with her parasol over her shoulder.

Agatha Gosling had a particular reason for this rupture of their maidenly custom. She felt a strong conviction that if she were left alone, Mr. Longstaff would come and

speak to her and say something very important, and she deferred to this conviction without the sense of doing anything immodest. There was something solemn about it; it was a sort of presentiment; but it did not frighten her; it only made her feel very kind and appreciative. It is true that when at the end of ten minutes (they had seemed rather long), she saw him rise from his seat and slowly come toward her, she was conscious of a certain trepidation. Mr. Longstaff drew near; at last, he was close to her; he stopped and stood looking at her. She had averted her head, so as not to appear to expect him; but now she looked round again, and he very gravely lifted his hat.

"May I take the liberty of sitting down?" he asked.

Agatha bowed in silence, and, to make room for him, moved a blue shawl of Diana's, which was lying on the bench; he slowly sank into the place and then said very gently:

"I have ventured to speak to you, because I have something particular to say." His voice trembled and he was extremely pale. His eyes, which Agatha thought very handsome, had a remarkable expression.

"I am afraid you are ill," she said, with great kindness. "I have often noticed you and pitied you."

"I thought you did, a little," the young man answered. "That is why I made up my mind to speak to you."

"You are getting worse," said Agatha, softly.

"Yes, I am getting worse; I am dying. I am perfectly conscious of it; I have no illusions. I am weaker every day; I shall last but a few weeks." This was said very simply; sadly but not lugubriously.

But Agatha felt almost awe-stricken; there stirred in her heart a delicate sense of sisterhood with this beautiful young man who sat there and talked thus submissively of death.

"Can nothing be done?" she said.

He shook his head and smiled a little. "Nothing but to try and get what pleasure I can from this little remnant of life."

Though he smiled she felt that he was very serious; that he was, indeed, deeply agitated, and trying to master his emotion.

"I am afraid you get very little pleasure," Agatha rejoined. "You seem entirely alone."

"I am entirely alone. I have no family,—no near relations. I am absolutely alone."

Agatha rested her eyes on him compassionately, and then—

"You ought to have spoken to us," she said.

He sat looking at her; he had taken off his hat; he was slowly passing his hand over his forehead. "You see I do—at last!"

"You wanted to before?"

"Very often."

"I thought so!" said Agatha, with a candor which was in itself a dignity.

"But I couldn't," said Mr. Longstaff. "I never saw you alone."

Before she knew it Agatha was blushing a little; for, to the ear, simply, his words implied that it was to her only he would appeal for the pleasure he had coveted. But the next instant she had become conscious that what he meant was simply that he admired her companion so much that he was afraid of her, and that, daring to speak to herself, he thought her a much smaller and less interesting personage. Her blush immediately faded; for there was no resentment to keep the color in her cheek; and there was no resentment still when she perceived that, though her neighbor was looking straight at her, with his inspired, expanded eyes, he was thinking too much of Diana to have noticed this little play of confusion.

"Yes, it's very true," she said. "It is the first time my friend has left me."

"She is very beautiful," said Mr. Longstaff.

"Very beautiful,—and as good as she is beautiful."

"Yes, yes," he rejoined, solemnly. "I am sure of that. I *know* it!"

"I know it even better than you," said Agatha, smiling a little.

"Then you will have all the more patience with what I want to say to you. It is very strange; it will make you think, at first, that I am perhaps out of my mind. But I am not; I am thoroughly reasonable. You will see." Then he paused a moment; his voice had begun to tremble again.

"I know what you are going to say," said Agatha, very gently. "You are in love with my friend."

Mr. Longstaff gave her a look of devoted gratitude; he lifted up the edge of the blue shawl, which he had often seen Diana wear, and pressed it to his lips.

"I am extremely grateful!" he exclaimed. "You don't think me crazy, then?"

"If you are crazy, there have been a great many madmen!" said Agatha.

"Of course there have been a great many. I have said that to myself, and it has helped me. They have gained nothing but the

pleasure of their love, and I therefore, in gaining nothing and having nothing, am not worse off than the rest. But they had more than I, didn't they? You see I have had absolutely nothing,—not even a glance," he went on. "I have never even seen her look at me. I have not only never spoken to her, but I have never been near enough to speak to her. This is all I have ever had,—to lay my hand on something she has worn! and yet for the past month I have thought of her night and day. Sitting over there, a hundred rods away, simply because she was sitting in this place, in the same sunshine, looking out on the same sea: that was happiness enough for me. I am dying, but for the last five weeks that has kept me alive. It was for that I got up every day and came out here; but for that, I should have staid at home and never have got up again. I have never sought to be presented to her, because I didn't wish to trouble her for nothing. It seemed to me it would be an impertinence to tell her of my admiration. I have nothing to offer her,—I am but the shadow of a living man, and if I were to say to her, 'Madam, I love you,' she could only answer, 'Well, sir, what then?' Nothing—nothing! To speak to her of what I felt seemed only to open the lid of a grave in her face. It was more delicate not to do that; so I kept my distance and said nothing. Even this, as I say, has been a happiness, but it has been a happiness that has tired me out. This is the last of it. I must give up and make an end!" And he stopped, panting a little and apparently exhausted with his eloquence.

Agatha had always heard of love at first sight; she had read of it in poems and romances, but she had never been so near to it as this. It seemed to her most beautiful, and she believed in it devoutly. It made Mr. Longstaff brilliantly interesting; it cast a glory over the details of his face and person, and the pleading inflections of his voice. The little English ladies had been right; he was certainly a perfect gentleman. She could trust him.

"Perhaps if you stay at home awhile you will get better," she said, soothingly.

Her tone seemed to him such an indication that she accepted the propriety and naturalness of his passion that he put out his hand and for an instant laid it on her own.

"I knew you were reasonable—I knew I could talk to you. But I shall not get well. All the great doctors say so, and I believe them. If the passionate desire to

get well for a particular purpose could work a miracle and cure a mortal disease, I should have seen the miracle two months ago. To get well and have a right to speak to your friend—that was my passionate desire. But I am worse than ever; I am very weak and I shall not be able to come out any more. It seemed to me to-day that I should never see you again, and yet I wanted so much to be able to tell you this! It made me very unhappy. What a wonderful chance it is that she went away! I must be grateful; if heaven doesn't grant my great prayers it grants my small ones. I beg you to render me this service. Tell her what I have told you. Not now—not till I am gone. Don't trouble her with it while I am in life. Please promise me that. But when I am dead it will seem less importunate, because then you can speak of me in the past. It will be like a story. My servant will come and tell you. Then say to her—'You were his last thought, and it was his last wish that you should know it.'” He slowly got up and put out his hand; his servant, who had been standing at a distance, came forward with obsequious solemnity, as if it were part of his duty to adapt his deportment to the tone of his master's conversation. Agatha Gosling took the young man's hand and he stood and looked at her a moment longer. She too had risen to her feet; she was much impressed.

“You won't tell her until *after*——?” he said pleadingly. She shook her head. “And then you will tell her, faithfully?” She nodded, he pressed her hand, and then, having raised his hat, he took his servant's arm and slowly moved away.

Agatha kept her word; she said nothing to Diana about her interview. The young Americans came out and sat upon the shore the next day, and the next, and the next, and Agatha watched intently for Mr. Longstaff's re-appearance. But she watched in vain; day after day he was absent, and his absence confirmed his sad prediction. She thought all this a wonderful thing to happen to a woman, and as she glanced askance at her beautiful companion, she was almost irritated at seeing her sit there so careless and serene, while a poor young man was dying, as one might say, of love for her. At moments she wondered whether, in spite of her promise, it was not her Christian duty to tell Diana his story and give her the chance to go to him. But it occurred to Agatha, who knew very well that her companion had a certain stately pride in which

she herself was lacking, that even if she were told of his condition Diana might decline to do anything; and this she felt to be a most painful contingency. Besides, she had promised, and she always kept her promises. But her thoughts were constantly with Mr. Longstaff, and the romance of the affair. This made her melancholy and she talked much less than usual. Suddenly she was aroused from a reverie by hearing Diana express a careless curiosity as to what had become of the solitary young man who used to sit on the neighboring bench and do them the honor to stare at them.

For almost the first time in her life, Agatha Gosling deliberately dissembled.

“He has either gone away, or he has taken to his bed. I believe he is dying alone, in some wretched mercenary lodging.”

“I prefer to believe something more cheerful,” said Diana. “I believe he is gone to Paris and is eating a beautiful dinner at the *Trois Frères Provençaux*.”

Agatha for a moment said nothing; and then—

“I don't think you care what becomes of him,” she ventured to observe.

“My dear child, why should I care?” Diana demanded.

And Agatha Gosling was forced to admit that there really was no particular reason. But the event contradicted her. Three days afterward she took a long drive with her friend, from which they returned only as dusk was closing in. As they descended from the carriage at the door of their lodging she observed a figure standing in the street, slightly apart, which even in the early darkness had an air of familiarity. A second glance assured her that Mr. Longstaff's servant was hovering there in the hope of catching her attention. She immediately determined to give him a liberal measure of it. Diana left the vehicle and passed into the house, while the coachman fortunately asked for orders for the morrow. Agatha briefly gave such as were necessary, and then, before going in, turned to the hovering figure. It approached on tiptoe, hat in hand, and shaking its head very sadly. The old man wore an air of animated affliction which indicated that Mr. Longstaff was a generous master, and he proceeded to address Miss Gosling in that macaronic French which is usually at the command of Italian domestics who have seen the world.

“I stole away from my dear gentleman's bedside on purpose to have ten words with

you. The old woman at the fruit-stall opposite told me that you had gone to drive, so I waited; but it seemed to me a thousand years till you returned!"

"But you have not left your master alone?" said Agatha.

"He has two Sisters of Charity—heaven reward them! They watch with him night and day. He is very low, *pauvre cher homme!*" And the old man looked at his interlocutress with that clear, human, sympathetic glance with which Italians of all classes bridge over the social gulf. Agatha felt that he knew his master's secret, and that she might discuss it with him freely.

"Is he dying?" she asked.

"That's the question, dear lady! He is very low. The doctors have given him up; but the doctors don't know his malady. They have felt his dear body all over, they have sounded his lungs, and looked at his tongue and counted his pulse; they know what he eats and drinks—it's soon told! But they haven't seen his *mind*, dear lady. I have; and so far I'm a better doctor than they. I know his secret—I know that he loves the beautiful girl above!" and the old man pointed to the upper windows of the house.

"Has your master taken you into his confidence?" Agatha demanded.

He hesitated a moment; then shaking his head a little and laying his hand on his heart—

"Ah, dear lady," he said, "the point is whether I have taken him into mine. I have not, I confess; he is too far gone. But I have determined to be his doctor and to try a remedy the others have never thought of. Will you help me?"

"If I can," said Agatha. "What is your remedy?"

The old man pointed to the upper windows of the house again.

"Your lovely friend! Bring her to his bedside."

"If he is dying," said Agatha, "how would that help him?"

"He's dying for want of it. That's my idea at least, and I think it's worth trying. If a young man loves a beautiful woman, and, having never so much as touched the tip of her glove, falls into a mortal illness and wastes away, it requires no great wit to see that his illness doesn't come from his having indulged himself too grossly. It comes rather from the opposite cause! If he sinks when she's away, perhaps he'll come up when she's there. At any rate, that's my theory; and any theory is good

that will save a dying man. Let the Diana come and stand a moment by his bed, and lay her hand upon his. We shall see what happens. If he gets well, it's worth while; if he doesn't, there is no harm done. A young lady risks nothing in going to see a poor gentleman who lies in a stupor between two holy women."

Agatha was much impressed with this picturesque reasoning, but she answered that it was quite impossible that her beautiful friend should go upon this pious errand without a special invitation from Mr. Longstaff. Even should he beg Diana to come to him Agatha was by no means sure her companion would go; but it was very certain she would not take such an extraordinary step at the mere suggestion of a servant.

"But you, dear lady, have the happiness not to be a servant," the old man rejoined. "Let the suggestion be yours."

"From me it could come with no force, for what am I supposed to know about your poor master?"

"You have not told the Diana what he told you the other day?"

Agatha answered this question by another question.

"Did he tell you what he had told me?"

The old man tapped his forehead an instant and smiled.

"A good servant, you know, dear lady, needs never to be told things! If you have not repeated my master's words to your beautiful friend, I beg you most earnestly to do so. I am afraid she is rather cold."

Agatha glanced a moment at the upper windows and then she gave a silent nod. She wondered greatly to find herself discussing Diana's character with this aged menial; but the situation was so strange and romantic that one's old landmarks of propriety were quite obliterated, and it seemed natural that a *valet de chambre* should be as frank and familiar as a servant in an old-fashioned comedy.

"If it is necessary that my dear master shall send for the young lady," Mr. Longstaff's domestic resumed, "I think I can promise you that he will. Let me urge you, meanwhile, to talk to her! If she is cold, melt her down. Prepare her to find him very interesting. If you could see him, poor gentleman, lying there as still and handsome as if he were his own monument in a *campo santo*, I think he would interest you."

This seemed to Agatha a very touching image, but she came to a sense that her interview with Mr. Longstaff's representa-

tive, now unduly prolonged, was assuming a nocturnal character. She abruptly brought it to a close, after having assured her interlocutor that she would reflect upon what he had told her, and she rejoined her companion in the deepest agitation. Late that evening her agitation broke out. She went into Diana's room, where she found this young lady standing white-robed before her mirror, with her auburn tresses rippling down to her knees; and then, taking her two hands, she told the story of the young Englishman's passion, told of his coming to talk to her that day that Diana had left her alone on the bench by the sea, and of his venerable valet having, a couple of hours before, sought speech of her on the same subject. Diana listened, at first with a rosy flush, and then with a cold, an almost cruel, frown.

"Take pity upon him," said Agatha Gosling,—*"take pity upon him and go and see him."*

"I don't understand," said her companion, "and it seems to me very disagreeable. What is Mr. Longstaff to me?" But before they separated, Agatha had persuaded her to say that if a message really should come from the young man's death-bed, she would not refuse him the light of her presence.

The message really came, brought of course by the invalid's zealous chamberlain. He re-appeared on the morrow, announcing that his master very humbly begged for the honor of ten minutes' conversation with the two ladies. They consented to follow him, and he led the way to Mr. Longstaff's apartments. Diana still wore her cloudy brow, but it made her look terribly handsome. Under the old man's guidance they passed through a low green door in a yellow wall, across a tangled garden full of orange-trees and winter roses, and into a white-wainscoted saloon, where they were presently left alone before a great classic, Empire clock, perched upon a frigid southern chimney-place. They waited, however, but a few moments; the door of an adjoining room opened and the Sisters of Charity, in white-winged hoods and with their hands thrust into the loose sleeves of the opposite arm, came forth and stood with downcast eyes on either side of the threshold. Then the old servant appeared between them and beckoned to the two young girls to advance. The latter complied with a certain hesitation, and he led them into the chamber of the dying man. Here, pointing to the bed, he silently left them and withdrew; not closing, however, the door of communication of the saloon,

where he took up his station with the Sisters of Charity.

Diana and her companion stood together in the middle of the darker room, waiting for an invitation to approach their summoner. He lay in his bed, propped up on pillows, with his arms outside the counterpane. For a moment he simply gazed at them; he was as white as the sheet that covered him, and he certainly looked like a dying man. But he had the strength to bend forward and to speak in a soft, distinct voice.

"Would you be so kind," said Mr. Longstaff, "as to come nearer?"

Agatha Gosling gently pushed her friend forward, but she followed her to the bedside. Diana stood there, her frown had melted away; and the young man sank back upon his pillows and looked at her. A faint color came into his face, and he clasped his two hands together on his breast. For some moments he simply gazed at the beautiful girl before him. It was an awkward situation for her, and Agatha expected her at any moment to turn away in disgust. But, slowly, her look of proud compulsion, of mechanical compliance, was exchanged for something more patient and pitying. The young Englishman's face expressed a kind of spiritual ecstasy which, it was impossible not to feel, gave a peculiar sanctity to the occasion.

"It was very generous of you to come," he said at last. "I hardly ventured to hope you would. I suppose you know—I suppose your friend, who listened to me so kindly, has told you."

"Yes, she knows," murmured Agatha—"she knows."

"I did not intend you should know until after my death," he went on; "but,"—and he paused a moment and shook his clasped hands together,—*"I couldn't wait! And when I felt that I couldn't wait, a new idea, a new desire, came into my mind."* He was silent again for an instant, still looking with worshipful entreaty at Diana. The color in his face deepened. "It is something that you may do for me. You will think it a most extraordinary request; but, in my position, a man grows bold. Dear lady, will you marry me?"

"Oh, dear!" cried Agatha Gosling, just audibly. Her companion said nothing. Her attitude seemed to say that in this remarkable situation, one thing was no more surprising than another. But she paid Mr. Longstaff's proposal the respect of slowly seating herself in a chair which had been

placed near his bed; here she rested in maidenly majesty, with her eyes fixed on the ground.

"It will help me to die happy, since die I must!" the young man continued. "It will enable me to do something for you—the only thing I can do. I have property,—lands, houses, a great many beautiful things,—things I have loved, and am very sorry to be leaving behind me. Lying here helpless and hopeless through so many days, the thought has come to me of what a bliss it would be to know that they would rest in your hands. If you were my wife, they would rest there safely. You might be spared much annoyance; and it is not only that. It is a fancy I have beyond that. It would be the feeling of it! I am fond of life. I don't want to die; but since I must die, it would be a happiness to have got just this out of life—this joining of our hands before a priest. You could go away then. For you it would make no change—it would be no burden. But I should have a few hours in which to lie and think of my happiness."

There was something in the young man's tone so simple and sincere, so tender and urgent, that Agatha Gosling was touched to tears. She turned away to hide them, and went on tiptoe to the window, where she wept silently. Diana apparently was not unmoved. She raised her eyes, and let them rest kindly on those of Mr. Longstaff, who continued softly to urge his proposal. "It would be a great charity," he said, "a great condescension; and it can produce no consequence to you that you could regret. It can only give you a larger liberty. You know very little about me, but I have a feeling that, so far as belief goes, you can believe me, and that is all I ask of you. I don't ask you to love me,—that takes time. It is something I cannot pretend to. It is only to consent to the form, the ceremony. I have seen the English clergyman; he says he will perform it. He will tell you, besides, all about me,—that I am an English gentleman, and that the name I offer you is one of the best in the world."

It was strange to hear a dying man lie there and argue his point in this categorical fashion; but now, apparently, his argument was finished. There was a deep silence, and Agatha thought it would be delicate on her own part to retire. She moved quietly into the adjoining room, where the two Sisters of Charity still stood with their hands

in their sleeves, and the old Italian *valet* was taking snuff with a melancholy gesture, like a perplexed diplomatist. Agatha turned her back to these people, and, approaching a window again, stood looking out into the garden upon the orange-trees and the winter roses. It seemed to her that she had been listening to the most beautiful, most romantic, and most eloquent of declarations. How could Diana be insensible to it? She earnestly hoped her companion would consent to the solemn and interesting ceremony proposed by Mr. Longstaff, and though her delicacy had prompted her to withdraw, it permitted her to listen eagerly to what Diana would say. Then (as she heard nothing) it was eclipsed by the desire to go back and whisper, with a sympathetic kiss, a word of counsel. She glanced round again at the Sisters of Charity, who appeared to have perceived that the moment was one of suspense. One of them detached herself, and, as Agatha returned, followed her a few steps into the room. Diana had got up from her chair. She was looking about her uneasily. She grasped at Agatha's hand. Reginald Longstaff lay there with his wasted face and his brilliant eyes, looking at them both. Agatha took her friend's two hands in both her own.

"It is very little to do, dearest," she murmured, "and it will make him very happy."

The young man appeared to have heard her, and he repeated her words in a tone of intense entreaty.

"It is very little to do, dearest."

Diana looked round at him an instant. Then, for an instant, she covered her face with her two hands. Removing them, but holding them still against her cheeks, she looked at her companion with eyes that Agatha always remembered—eyes through which a thin gleam of mockery flashed from the seriousness of her face.

"Suppose, after all, he should get well?" she murmured.

Longstaff heard it; he gave a long, soft moan, and turned away. The Sister immediately approached his bed, on the other side, dropped on her knees and bent over him, while he leaned his head against the great white cape along which her crucifix depended. Diana stood a moment longer, looking at him; then, gathering her shawl together with a great dignity, she slowly walked out of the room. Agatha could do nothing but follow her. The old Italian, holding the door open for them to pass out, made them an exaggerated obeisance.

In the garden Diana paused, with a flush in her cheek, and said,

"If he could die with it, he could die without it!" But beyond the garden gate, in the empty sunny street, she suddenly burst into tears.

Agatha made no reproaches, no comments; but her companion, during the rest of the day, spoke of Mr. Longstaff several times with an almost passionate indignation. She pronounced his conduct indelicate, egotistic, impertinent; she declared that she had found the scene most revolting. Agatha, for the moment, remained silent, but the next day she attempted to suggest something in apology for the poor young man. Then Diana, with great emphasis, begged her to be so good as never to mention his name again; and she added that he had put her completely out of humor with Nice, from which place they would immediately take their departure. This they did without delay; they began to travel again. Agatha heard no more of Reginald Longstaff; the English ladies who had been her original source of information with regard to him had now left Nice; otherwise she would have written to them for news. That is, she would have thought of writing to them; I suspect that, on the whole, she would have denied herself this satisfaction, on the ground of loyalty to her friend. Agatha, at any rate, could only drop a tear, at solitary hours, upon the young man's unanswered prayer and early death. It must be confessed, however, that sometimes, as the weeks elapsed, a certain faint displeasure mingled itself with her sympathy—a wish that, roughly speaking, poor Mr. Longstaff had left them alone. Since that strange interview at his bedside things had not gone well; the charm of their earlier contentment seemed broken. Agatha said to herself that, really, if she were superstitious, she might fancy that Diana's conduct on this occasion had brought them under an evil charm. It was no superstition, certainly, to think that this young lady had lost a certain evenness of temper. She was impatient, absent-minded, indifferent, capricious. She expressed unaccountable opinions and proposed unnatural plans. It is true that disagreeable things were constantly happening to them—things which would have taxed the most unfluffed spirit. Their post-horses broke down, their postilions were impertinent, their luggage went astray, their servants betrayed them. The heavens themselves seemed to join in the conspiracy, and for

days together were dark and ungenerous, treating them only to wailing winds and watery clouds. It was, in a large measure, in the light of after years that Agatha judged this period, but even at the time she felt it to be depressing, uncomfortable, unnatural. Diana apparently shared this feeling, though she never openly avowed it. She took refuge in a kind of haughty silence, and whenever a new *contretemps* came to her knowledge, she simply greeted it with a bitter smile which Agatha always interpreted as an ironical reflection on poor, fantastic, obtrusive Mr. Longstaff, who, through some mysterious action upon the machinery of nature, had turned the tide of their fortunes. At the end of the summer, suddenly, Diana proposed they should go home, in the tone of a person who gives up a hopeless struggle. Agatha assented, and the two ladies returned to America, much to the relief of Miss Gosling, who had an uncomfortable sense that there was something unexpressed and unregulated between them, which gave their conversation a resemblance to a sultry morning. But at home they separated very tenderly, for Agatha had to go and devote herself to her nearer kinsfolk in the country. These good people after her long absence were exacting, so that for two years she saw nothing of her late companion.

She often, however, heard from her, and Diana figured in the town gossip that was occasionally wafted to her rural home. She sometimes figured strangely—as a rattling coquette, who carried on flirtations by the hundred and broke hearts by the dozen. This had not been Diana's former character and Agatha found matter for meditation in the change. But the young lady's own letters said little of her admirers and displayed no trophies. They came very fitfully—sometimes at the rate of a dozen a month and sometimes not at all; but they were usually of a serious and abstract cast and contained the author's opinions upon life, death, religion and immortality. Mistress of her actions and of a pretty fortune, it might have been expected that news would come in trustworthy form of Diana's at last accepting one of her rumored lovers. Such news in fact came, and it was apparently trustworthy, inasmuch as it proceeded from the young lady herself. She wrote to Agatha that she was to be married, and Agatha immediately congratulated her upon her happiness. Then Diana wrote back that though she was to be married she was not at all happy; and she shortly afterward

added that she had broken off her projected union and that her felicity was smaller than ever. Poor Agatha was sorely perplexed and found it a comfort that a month after this her friend should have sent her a peremptory summons to come to her. She immediately obeyed. Arriving, after a long journey, at the dwelling of her young hostess, she saw Diana at the farther end of the drawing-room, with her back turned, looking out of the window. She was evidently watching for Agatha, but Miss Gosling had come in, by accident, through a private entrance which was not visible from the window. She gently approached her friend and then Diana turned. She had her two hands laid upon her cheeks and her eyes were sad; her face and attitude suggested something that Agatha had seen before and kept the memory of. While she kissed her Agatha remembered that it was just so she had stood for that last moment before poor Mr. Longstaff.

"Will you come abroad with me again?" Diana asked. "I am very ill."

"Dearest, what is the matter?" said Agatha.

"I don't know; I believe I am dying. They tell me this place is bad for me; that I must have another climate; that I must move about. Will you take care of me? I shall be very easy to take care of now."

Agatha, for all answer, embraced her afresh, and as soon after this as possible the two friends embarked again for Europe. Miss Gosling had lent herself the more freely to this scheme as her companion's appearance seemed a striking confirmation of her words. Not, indeed, that she looked as if she were dying, but in the two years that had elapsed since their separation she had wasted and faded. She looked more than two years older and the brilliancy of her beauty was dimmed. She was pale and languid, and she moved more slowly than when she seemed a goddess treading the forest leaves. The beautiful statue had grown human and taken on some of the imperfections of humanity. And yet the doctors by no means affirmed that she had a mortal malady, and when one of them was asked by an inquisitive matron why he had recommended this young lady to cross the seas, he replied with a smile that it was a principle in his system to prescribe the remedies that his patients acutely desired.

At present the fair travelers had no misadventures. The broken charm had removed itself; the heavens smiled upon them

and their postilions treated them like princesses. Diana, too, had completely recovered her native placidity; she was the gentlest, the most docile, the most reasonable of women. She was silent and subdued as was natural in an invalid; though in one important particular her demeanor was certainly at variance with the idea of debility. She relished movement much more than rest, and constant change of place became the law of her days. She wished to see all the places that she had not seen before, and all the old ones over again.

"If I am really dying," she said, smiling softly, "I must leave my farewell cards everywhere." So she lived in a great open carriage, leaning back in it and looking, right and left, at everything she passed. On her former journey to Europe she had seen but little of England, and now she would visit the whole of this famous island. So she rolled for weeks through the beautiful English landscape, past meadows and hedge-rows, over the avenues of great estates and under the walls of castles and abbeys. For the English parks and manors, the "Halls" and "Courts," she had an especial admiration, and into the grounds of such as were open to appreciative tourists she made a point of penetrating. Here she stayed her carriage beneath the oaks and beeches, and sat for an hour at a time listening to nightingales and watching browsing deer. She never failed to visit a residence that lay on her road, and as soon as she arrived at a place she inquired punctiliously whether there were any fine country-seats in the neighborhood. In this fashion she spent a whole summer. Through the autumn she continued to wander restlessly; she visited, on the Continent, a hundred watering-places and travelers' resorts. The beginning of the winter found her in Rome, where she confessed to extreme fatigue and determined to seek repose.

"I am weary, weary," she said to her companion. "I didn't know how weary I was. I feel like sinking down in this City of Rest, and resting here forever."

She took a lodging in an old palace, where her chamber was hung with ancient tapestries, and her drawing-room decorated with the arms of a pope. Here, giving way to her fatigue, she ceased to wander. The only thing she did was to go every day to St. Peter's. She went nowhere else. She sat at her window all day with a big book in her lap, which she never read, looking out into a Roman garden at a fountain

plashing into a weedy alcove, and half a dozen nymphs in mottled marble. Sometimes she told her companion that she was happier this way than she had ever been,—in this way, and in going to St. Peter's. In the great church she often spent the whole afternoon. She had a servant behind her, carrying a stool. He placed her stool against a marble pilaster, and she sat there for a long time, looking up into the airy hollow of the dome and over the peopled pavement. She noticed every one who passed her, but Agatha, lingering beside her, felt less at liberty, she hardly knew why, to murmur a sportive commentary on the people about them than she had felt when they sat upon the shore at Nice.

One day Agatha left her and strolled about the church by herself. The ecclesiastical life of Rome had not shrunken to its present smallness, and in one corner or another of St. Peter's, there was always some point of worship. Agatha found entertainment, and was absent for half an hour. When she came back, she found her companion's place deserted, and she sat down on the empty stool to await her re-appearance. Some time elapsed and she wandered away in quest of her. She found her at last, near one of the side-altars; but she was not alone. A gentleman stood before her whom she appeared just to have encountered. Her face was very pale, and its expression led Agatha to look straightway at the stranger. Then she saw he was no stranger; he was Reginald Longstaff! He, too, evidently had been much startled, but he was already recovering himself. He stood very gravely an instant longer; then he silently bowed to the two ladies and turned away.

Agatha felt at first as if she had seen a ghost; but the impression was immediately corrected by the fact that Mr. Longstaff's aspect was very much less ghostly than it had been in life. He looked like a strong man; he held himself upright and had a flush of color. What Agatha saw in Diana's face was not surprise; it was a pale radiance which she waited a moment to give a name to. Diana put out her hand and laid it in her arm, and her touch helped Agatha to know what it was that her face expressed. Then she felt too that this knowledge itself was not a surprise; she seemed to have been waiting for it. She looked at her friend again and Diana was beautiful. Diana blushed and became more beautiful yet. Agatha led her back to her seat near the marble pilaster.

"So you were right," Agatha said presently. "He would, after all, have got well."

Diana would not sit down; she motioned to her servant to bring away the stool, and continued to move toward the door. She said nothing until she stood without, in the great square of the colonnades and fountains. Then she spoke:

"I am right now, but I was wrong then. He got well because I refused him. I gave him a hurt that cured him."

That evening, beneath the Roman lamps, in the great drawing-room of the arms of the pope, a remarkable conversation took place between the two friends. Diana wept and hid her face; but her tears and her shame were gratuitous. Agatha felt, as I have said, that she had already guessed all the unexplained, and it was needless for her companion to tell her that three weeks after she had refused Reginald Longstaff she insanely loved him. It was needless that Diana should confess that his image had never been out of her mind, that she believed he was still among the living, and that she had come back to Europe with a desperate hope of meeting him. It was in this hope that she had wandered from town to town, and noticed all the passers; and it was in this hope that she had lingered in so many English parks. She knew her love was very strange; she could only say it had consumed her. It had all come upon her afterward,—in retrospect, in meditation. Or rather, she supposed, it had been there always since she first saw him, and the revulsion from displeasure to pity, after she left his bedside, had brought it out. And with it came the faith that he had indeed got well, both of his malady and of his own passion. This was her punishment! And then she spoke with a divine simplicity which Agatha, weeping a little too, wished that, if this possibility were a fact, the young man might have heard. "I am so glad he is well and strong. And that he looks so handsome and so good!" And she presently added, "Of course he has got well only to hate me. He wishes never to see me again. Very good. I have had my wish; I have seen him once more. That was what I wanted and I can die content."

It seemed in fact, as if she were going to die. She went no more to St. Peter's, and exposed herself to no more encounters with Mr. Longstaff. She sat at her window and looked out at the mottled dryads and the cypresses, or wandered about her quarter of the palace with a vaguely smiling resig-

nation. Agatha watched her with a sadness that was less submissive. This too was something that she had heard of, that she had read of in poetry and fable, but that she had never supposed she should see;—her companion was dying of love! Agatha pondered many things and resolved upon several. The first of these latter was sending for the doctor. This personage came, and Diana let him look at her through his spectacles, and hold her white wrist. He announced that she was ill, and she smiled and said she knew it; and then he gave her a little phial of gold-colored fluid, which he bade her to drink. He recommended her to remain in Rome, as the climate exactly suited her complaint. Agatha's second desire was to see Mr. Longstaff, who had appealed to her, she reflected, in the day of his own tribulation, and whom she therefore had a right to approach at present. She disbelieved, too, that the passion which led him to take that extraordinary step at Nice was extinct; such passions as that never died. If he had made no further attempt to see Diana it was because he believed that she was still as cold as when she turned away from his death-bed. It must be added, moreover, that Agatha felt a lawful curiosity to learn how from that death-bed he had risen again into blooming manhood.

On this last point, all elucidation left something unexplained. Agatha went to St. Peter's, feeling sure, that sooner or later she should encounter him there. At the end of a week she perceived him, and seeing her, he immediately came and spoke to her. As Diana had said, he was now extremely handsome, and he looked particularly good. He was a blooming, gallant, quiet, young English gentleman. He seemed much embarrassed, but his manner to Agatha expressed the highest consideration.

"You must think me a dreadful impostor," he said, very gravely. "But I *was* dying,—or I believed I was."

"And by what miracle did you recover?"

He was silent a moment, and then he said:

"I suppose it was by the miracle of wounded pride!" Then she noticed that he asked nothing about Diana; and presently she felt that he knew she was thinking of this. "The strangest part of it," he added, "was that when I came back to strength, what had gone before had become as a simple dream. And what happened to me here the other day," he went on, "failed to make it a reality again!"

Agatha looked at him a moment in silence, and saw again that he was handsome and kind; and then dropping a sigh over the wonderful mystery of things, she turned sadly away. That evening, Diana said to her:

"I know that you have seen him!"

Agatha came to her and kissed her.

"And I am nothing to him now?"

"My own dearest—" murmured Agatha.

Diana had drunk the little phial of gold-colored liquid; but after this, she ceased to wander about the palace; she never left her room. The old doctor was with her constantly now, and he continued to say that the air of Rome was very good for her complaint. Agatha watched her in helpless sadness; she saw her fading and sinking, and yet she was unable to comfort her. She tried it once in saying hard things about Mr. Longstaff, in pointing out that he had not been honorable; rising herein to a sublime hypocrisy, for, on that last occasion at St. Peter's, the poor girl had felt a renewed personal admiration,—the quickening of a private flame; she saw nothing but his good looks and his kind manner.

"What did he want—what did he mean, after all?" she ingenuously murmured, leaning over Diana's sofa. "Why should he have been wounded at what you said? It would have been part of the bargain that he should not get well. Did he mean to take an unfair advantage—to make you his wife under false pretenses? When you put your finger on the weak spot, why should he resent it? No, it was not honorable."

Diana smiled sadly; she had no false shame now, and she spoke of this thing as if it concerned another person.

"He would have counted on my forgiving him!" she said. A little while after this, she began to sink more rapidly. Then she called her friend to her, and said simply: "Send for him!" And as Agatha looked perplexed and distressed, she added, "I know he is still in Rome."

Agatha at first was at a loss where to find him, but among the benefits of the papal dispensation, was the fact that the pontifical police could instantly help you to lay your hand upon any sojourner in the Eternal City. Mr. Longstaff had a passport in detention by the government, and this document formed a basis of instruction to the servant whom Agatha sent to investigate the authorities. The servant came back with the news that he had seen the distinguished stranger, who would wait upon the ladies at the hour they had proposed.

When this hour came and Mr. Longstaff was announced, Diana said to her companion that she must remain with her. It was an afternoon in spring; the high windows into the palace garden were open, and the room was filled with great sheaves and stacks of the abundant Roman flowers. Diana sat in a deep arm-chair.

It was certainly a difficult position for Reginald Longstaff. He stopped on the threshold and looked awhile at the woman to whom he had made his extraordinary offer; then, pale and agitated, he advanced rapidly toward her. He was evidently shocked at the state in which he found her; he took her hand, and, bending over it, raised it to his lips. She fixed her eyes on him a little, and she smiled a little.

"It is I who am dying, now," she said. "And now I want to ask something of *you*—to ask what you asked of me."

He stared, and a deep flush of color came into his face; he hesitated for an appreciable moment. Then lowering his head with a movement of assent he kissed her hand again.

"Come back to-morrow," she said; "that is all I ask of you."

He looked at her again for a while in silence; then he abruptly turned and left her. She sent for the English clergyman and told him that she was a dying woman, and that she wanted the marriage service read beside her couch. The clergyman, too, looked at her, marveling; but he consented to humor so tenderly romantic a whim and made an appointment for the afternoon of the morrow. Diana was very tranquil. She sat motionless, with her hands clasped and her eyes closed. Agatha wandered about, arranging and re-arranging the flowers. On the morrow she encountered Mr. Longstaff in one of the outer rooms. he had come before his time. She made this objection to his being admitted; but he answered that he knew he was early and had come with intention; he wished

to spend the intervening hour with his prospective bride. So he went in and sat down by her couch again, and Agatha, leaving them alone, never knew what passed between them. At the end of the hour the clergyman arrived, and read the marriage service to them, pronouncing the nuptial blessing, while Agatha stood by as witness. Mr. Longstaff went through all this with a solemn, inscrutable face, and Agatha, observing him, said to herself that one must at least do him the justice to admit that he was performing punctiliously what honor demanded. When the clergyman had gone he asked Diana when he might see her again.

"Never!" she said, with her strange smile. And she added—"I shall not live long now."

He kissed her face, but he was obliged to leave her. He gave Agatha an anxious look as if he wished to say something to her, but she preferred not to listen to him. After this Diana sank rapidly. The next day Reginald Longstaff came back and insisted upon seeing Agatha.

"Why should she die?" he asked. "I want her to live."

"Have you forgiven her?" said Agatha.

"She saved me!" he cried.

Diana consented to see him once more; there were two doctors in attendance now, and they also had consented. He knelt down beside her bed and asked her to live. But she feebly shook her head.

"It would be wrong of me," she said.

Later, when he came back once more, Agatha told him she was gone. He stood wondering, with tears in his eyes.

"I don't understand," he said. "Did she love me or not?"

"She loved you," said Agatha, "more than she believed you could now love her; and it seemed to her that, when she had had her moment of happiness, to leave you at liberty was the tenderest way she could show it!"

OLD AND YOUNG.

I.

THEY soon grow old who grope for gold
In marts where all is bought and sold;
Who live for self and on some shelf
In darkened vaults hoard up their pelf,
Cankered and crusted o'er with mold.
For them their youth itself is old.

II.

They ne'er grow old who gather gold
Where Spring awakes and flowers unfold;
Where suns arise in joyous skies,
And fill the soul within their eyes.
For them the immortal bards have sung:
For them old age itself is young!

"TO SOUTH AFRICA FOR DIAMONDS!"

"HERE be diamonds" is written in large letters on a certain mission map published in 1750, across the then almost unexplored region now known as the "Diamond Fields." That the missionary's words were true, unnoticed though they remained for over a hundred years, is proven by the rediscovery of diamonds within the last ten years at the spot indicated. It is probable the information came from the Bushmen. These diminutive people, remarkable even now in their decadence, beyond other blacks, for dexterity and extraordinary intelligence (though they have no monuments or records, if we except their rude paintings in caves—nor history, traceable even by tradition), have left behind them stone relics which show indubitably that they possessed the art of boring other stones by aid of the diamond; and their descendants to-day recall the periodical visits of their fathers to the rivers of this district to get diamonds to bore their "weighting stones." Vague rumors, too, of a river far in the interior on whose banks lay diamonds can even now be recalled by the oldest Dutch residents of Cape Town.

During the last forty years preceding the rediscovery, the diamond region now known as such had been in the direct line of travel to the far interior; the Dutch pioneer or *Voor-trekker* and the ubiquitous trader had literally trodden under foot in a half hour untold times the wealth they could hope to win in a life-time,—the very pebbles over which they walked being many of them diamonds; their long trains of wagons passed within stone's throw of the largest diamond mine in the world; they watered their cattle at a shallow lake on whose edge a solitary Dutch farmer had built his house with mud-plastered walls from which diamonds were afterward picked. This same farmer's "*vrouw*," after the exciting chase for diamonds began, produced, for the first diamond-buyer who came along, bottles full of pretty pebbles, and tied up in an old white rag, a handful of quartz crystals, among which were fifteen diamonds. Later revelations showed that the good "*vrouw*" had picked up her diamonds on a certain limited surface of about twenty-three acres, and that, had she known their value, there was nothing to have prevented her collecting quarts of diamonds.

If we are surprised at the apparent blind-

ness which refused to recognize the diamond although thrust into sight, we must remember that gold also lay under men's feet in California, unrecognized and unsearched for, though known to Jesuit and Indian.

But the day of rediscovery came to the neglected region, and now the barren desert holds an eager community devoted to a new industry, which has already yielded to the world a hundred millions' worth of diamonds. In short, the modern supply of this most precious gem comes to-day from these same South African fields. To this far-away spot, not familiar by name even to many, we ask the reader to follow us, if only for a cursory glimpse into its features.

From America to England, thence by steamer to Cape Town in about twenty-five days, stopping, perhaps, at Madeira, Ascension and St. Helena, and from the Cape by stage, or by mule or ox-team, to the north some eight hundred miles,—in all, over ten thousand miles,—such is a skeleton of the trip.

JOURNEY TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

WE launch out of the dull gray of England, and through the wrathful Bay of Biscay, and the fifth day finds our steamer gliding into the peaceful pale blue waters of the Bay of Funchal in Madeira. Here reigns perennial spring. Soft skies; breezes, sweet with the land-fragrance of flowers, fruits, and groves; waters, as clear as the skies, laving the shore; far back, pale and lofty mountains rising from out the semi-tropical verdure,—all combine to form a picture never to be forgotten by the weary sea-farer, lighting as it were, like a bird of passage, for a moment upon the fairy scene. From Madeira, we sail on over the tranquil waters of the South Atlantic, with its uncertain petulant little squalls and showers, to the burning skies and glassy seas of the Equator. Days dawn and wane, one like another, dreamily monotonous. The little world of steamship passengers, living its life beneath the ample awning on deck, finds itself subdued and dismayed by the oppressive heat into silence and languor. But the "line" is passed; the Southern Cross announces another hemisphere, and soon we are anchoring before sun-parched Ascension—a red-brown mass of lava looming up from out the sea. Not a tree, not a blade of grass, grows here. The islanders' only domestic

animal is the turtle, which supplies both fresh meat and eggs. The supernatural stillness, the pens of solid masonry on the water's edge in which hundreds of turtles are herded, and the beautiful beach of pulverized shells, stretching a mile long, are perhaps the most interesting features to the visitor. The English occupy the island for a naval station.

Three weeks and more our vessel's bow has been headed to the south, and we begin to look for the Cape of Good Hope. The air has grown cooler, the sea is thrown into great hills and valleys by sterner winds, when at length the clouded top of Table Mountain rises to view. The mountain grows clearer, and soon, toward evening, we make out the white line of dwelling-houses nestled up at its base. As the sun sets the anchor drops. Night comes quickly, and the myriad tiny lights of Cape Town sparkle out their welcome to us, across the waters of the bay.

CAPE TOWN.

IN the morning the steamer is in its dock; it is but a step to a Hansom cab, and one is whirled along the streets of a well-ordered and handsome city to some one of several good hotels. Portly English, sallow Dutch, yellow and black Ethiopian, picturesque Hindoo and cotton-clad Malay, make up the street population. The city has a population of thirty thousand, with the atmosphere of its former Dutch settlement and occupation still pervading it. Two old forts, dismantled and turf-grown, are mournfully suggestive of the Hollander's lost dominion in the land he so bravely colonized. Into these forts the early pioneer retreated from the hostile blacks, and from their walls at night listened to the roar of prowling lions. Now a lovely city, offspring of their guardianship, rises around them.

Table Mountain looms up in the immediate background—one feels almost inclined to say overhangs the town, now frowningly in dark weather, now protectingly in clear. One always feels its presence, an impression due to the amazing clearness of the air. Outlines and objects, which in other lands appear obscure, here stand out clearly defined until ideas of distance vanish and the great mountain rises almost at one's side. But it is a four hours' climb to its flattened top, and the ascent is not unattended with danger. All goes well in fine weather, but when, without a moment's warning, thin, gauzy vapors come floating in from the sea, town and mountain become shrouded in

clouds, the mist settles down like night upon the mountain-top, and a step this way or that may lead over precipice or into ravine. In such event, the climber may be obliged to remain for days before he can descend. The mountain too is a weather signal, for when a white, fleecy cloud, known as "the Devil's table-cloth," gathers rapidly on its edge, then look out for violent winds, with danger to the shipping in the bay.

Of the routine sight-seeing in Cape Town I need not speak. One can visit the cathedral, senate-house, observatory, hospitals and fortifications, dry-dock, botanical gardens and museum. Such objects can be seen elsewhere.

But we—a young Englishman and myself—were eager for novelty. Our first day on shore saw us mounted on good Cape horses and off at a lively canter over a hard and broad road, leading straight away a ten-mile stretch to Wynberg, a lovely Cape Town suburb. The flat marshes, enlivened by wind-mills and the sea-view, were quickly exchanged for beautiful inland luxuriance. We dipped beneath a continuous tree-arch, now of oak, now of pine. Nestled back under the trees and wrapped around with a luxurious shrub and flower growth, stretched a succession of one-storied thatched villas, hedged about with prickly cactus plant. In a crystal stream, Hottentot women stood scrubbing on flat stones at Cape Town linen. Comfortable English carriages rolled along, looking altogether too modern and civilized to suit us. At Wynberg was a good hotel, where, besides more solid refreshment, were to be had a multitude of southern fruits, and the famed Constantia wine in its own home. Fresh horses bore us eight miles further to Kalk Bay, a little fishing village built on a soft crescent of the ocean's shore. The beach and surf were splendid. Across the bay laid Simon's Town, the English naval station, another ten miles. Following the road as it skirted the sea, we were soon there, tired and hungry. The hills around were fragrant and beautiful with every variety of heather in full bloom. Men-of-war lay at anchor off shore. Returning, a short detour allowed of a visit to the well-known wine-farm of the Van Renens, though it was already dark when we reached Wynberg and resumed our former horses. The groom, as he handed them over, whispered into our ears of a custom the Malays had, in certain lonely spots of our road home, of stretching a rope across just above the level of the horse's

ears, and thus abruptly peeling the rider as he passed under from off his steed and depositing him on the highway, a stunned and easy prey to Malay garroters. As long as the dim light lasted the story made little impression; but as we entered inky

deserts yet remained to be traversed; and only with delay and difficulty could a seat be secured in the huge, lumbering wagon standing in front of the Inland Transport Company's office. In this conveyance, then, we were to travel, night and day.—



VIEW OF THE KIMBERLEY MINE. 250 FEET DEEP, 1000 FEET ACROSS.

black stretches beneath the trees, the darkness and earthy-smelling dampness made the story seem more than probable. At such places we bent over our saddles, and with hands upon revolvers cautiously pushed through. How many stretched ropes, if any, we passed under we shall never know; certain it is that the lights of Cape Town were greeted with a sigh of relief.

JOURNEY UP TO THE MINES.

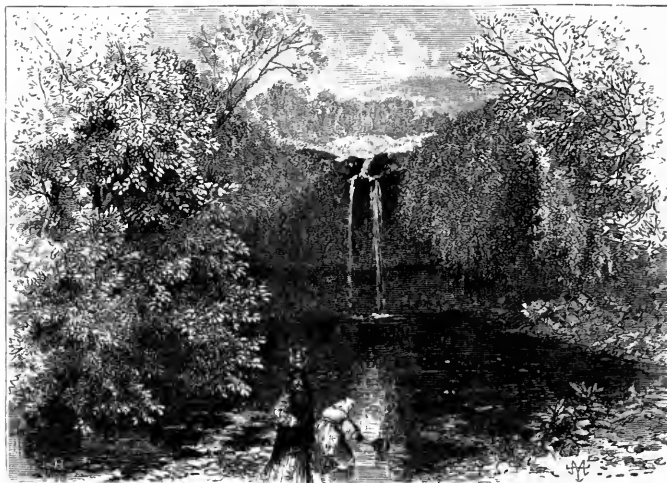
To reach the diamond fields, 750 miles to the north, across the Karroo and Gough

seven days at least,—without stopping except for change of horses. It was long and box-shaped, having five transverse seats with room for three on each—twelve passengers besides the guard and two drivers. A canvas top and side-curtains promised protection against the sun, dust and rain, but suggested little idea of comfort.

From Cape Town to Wellington, a distance of seventy miles.—our big wagon on a platform car,—we go by rail; through the cultivated ten-mile stretch of the "Paarl," across barren wastes, and past Dutch hamlets, sight-

ing here and there a flock of tame ostriches herded like cattle,—a three hours' ride.

And now for the first time our little party of "inlanders," consisting of diamond-buyers, "diggers" or claim-owners, traders,



FALLS AT MADEIRA ON THE WAY TO THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

an elephant-hunter and a doctor, made one another's acquaintance over chops and coffee at the little Wellington hotel. At the door stood our wagon behind eight lithe horses fretting in their rough thong harnesses. To crowd fifteen people into that wagon seemed hopeless when one examined the seats covered with overcoats, rugs, valises, soft hats, canned biscuit, rifles, etc., etc.; but squeeze in we did. It was a wild start, that one,—our eight horses bounding and plunging about, heading first this way, then that, and threatening as they swung around to one side or the other to wind themselves up in inextricable confusion around the coach. But each attempt to wheel about on the part of the leaders was met by a fierce report from a long-lashed whip, whose reach covered, perhaps, fifty feet, and by this means alone was our team kept in a straight course. Reins seemed of no value. The wagon swayed and rocked but kept its balance, and at the end of a mile spurt both horses and drivers were glad to stop and repair damages. This spurt and smash of harness we found was habitual to the Cape horse, which by the way, is a marvel of endurance. Fed at the best on oat-straw, with now and then a sprinkling of "mealie" corn, though far oftener obliged to be content with what he can glean from the barren plain, he performs double and treble the work of his English or American brother.

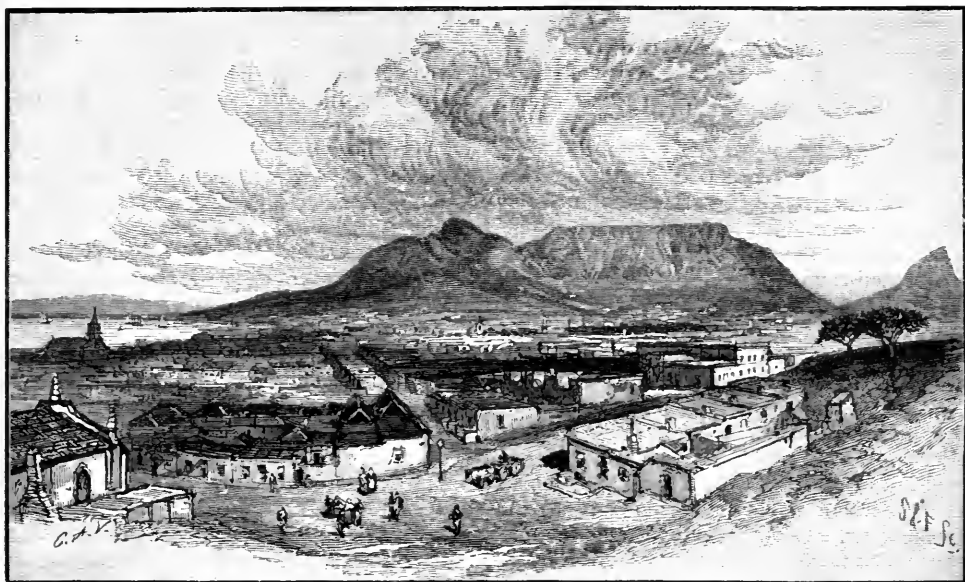
A fresh team and new drivers await the coach at intervals of from thirty to forty miles, while the old one rests until the arrival of the coach from the opposite direction. The guard makes the whole journey. Of the drivers, one, a stalwart negro, simply holds the reins; the other, who may truly be called an experienced "whip," guides his eight horses by aid of the long whip mentioned. This he uses like a fly-rod, stinging and nipping, each horse in the line as he needs it.

Wellington was already far behind. Fertile valleys teeming with fruit were passed and the toilsome ascent of the Drakensberg Mountains through the famous Bain's Kloof was begun. The road, notched into the reft and torn mountain-side, led up and up, in and about, winding around gigantic peaks, along the edge of precipices, skirting deep ravines. From the top of the range stretched a grand panorama of mountain, plain and valley, and in the distance the white line of the ocean. With a farewell to the sea, we were off down the mountain, away to the wastes of the Great Karroo.

Karroos, of which there are many in Southern Africa, unlike the plains of shifting sands of which the Sahara is an example, are rich alluvial beds of soil lacking only the vivifying power of water to render them



KARROO STATION, ON THE WAY TO THE MINES.



CAPE TOWN AND TABLE MOUNTAIN.

waving fields of grass and flower. Each was the bed of a great shallow lake such as Lake Ngami, now fast disappearing, will leave behind it. But whatever they might be with water, they are now desolation itself.

Night and day our coach jogged on with brief stops at the stations, which were often only a little spring or a pool of water and a thatched mud-hut.

Soon we were in the midst of the Karroo, a barren waste stretching into the horizon, boundless, silent, and stifling with heat and dust. The whitened bones of oxen, mules and horses lay scattered along the way-side. Here, too, more than one weary foot-traveler to the mine had died. The hot, simmering air flickers over the surface of the heated plain, causing the most wonderful mirage effects on every hand. Lakes and wooded islands appear in the distance and die away. Mountains rise and sink or change their form. A distant secretary bird looms up to the height of a giraffe.

After the Karroo, came the Gough, in Hottentot meaning "much honey,"—a desert much like the Karroo. Isolated farm-houses belonging to rich Boers were met with, scattered at great intervals along the road. These houses were often large, and built of sun-dried brick, one story in height, and ordered after the most patriarchal and primitive manner. The Boers' flocks, numbered by thousands, wind their way each morning and night to an artificial pond filled by surface-drainage in the rainy sea-

son, and called a "dam." By day they are herded by Hottentots on the plain; by night "kraaled." The dam is their only supply of water, as well as that of the household.

On the fifth day the little town of Beaufort was entered. Tame ostriches were strutting about in the front yards of the houses, representing a system of ostrich farming on a small scale. For here, in place of the family cow or pig, one keeps his family ostrich, a source of no inconsiderable profit. Our sense of observation had now become very much dulled by weariness. The feet of some were greatly swollen, and all were glad of the random snatches of sleep out of the coach while fresh horses were being chased in from the "veld" and "inspanned." The passage of down coaches, sighted like vessels at sea long before we met them, afforded some excitement. Greetings and news of our respective destinations were exchanged. Many of their passengers were returning diggers whose toils seemed to have been magnificently rewarded, judging from the lustrous diamonds in the rough, which they pulled from pockets and pouches to show to us.

Two days more brought us to Hope Town, where the sight of trees again blessed our eyes, and then the rolling flood of the mighty Orange River, which was crossed on a huge pont, the whole team, with stage and passengers, driving on at once. Only a few hours yet remained before reaching the "Fields"; this word meaning for us that part of the diamond-producing region

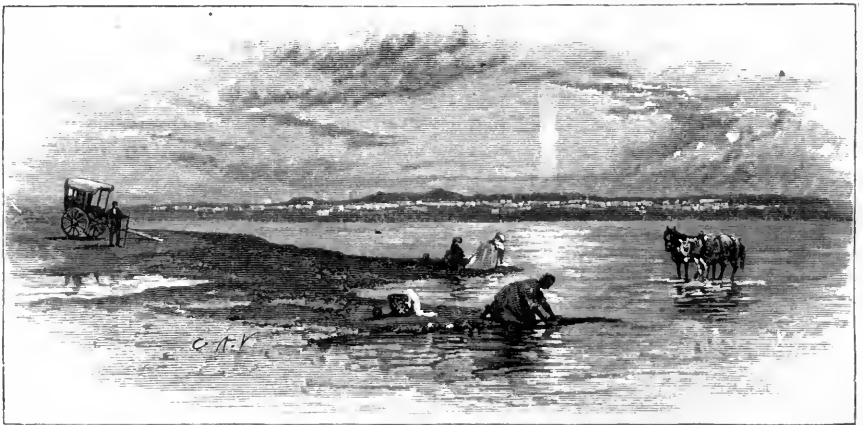
known as the "Dry Diggings," in contradistinction to the "River Diggings," twenty-five miles further. As we gained the summit of a swell of ground, before us stretched the low hill-ranges of soil excavated from the mines of Dutoit's Pan, Bultfontein and Kimberley. Scattered over the plain and densest at the foot of the sand-mounds was built a glistening, white-roofed city. The road soon led along the edge of a shallow lake called a "pan," by the very spot where the Dutoits lived in peace and solitude until the day when the "goed vrouw" displayed her collection of pebbles among which were the fifteen diamonds. We were entering a large town; our passengers were alive with expectancy and interest, one blowing long peals from a dilapidated bugle, and meeting with a hearty response from the innumerable dogs which dashed out to meet us. Crowds of animated people were met at every turn, till at last we drew up in front of the Diamond Fields' office of the Inland Company. The real barrier between the diamond fields and the world, namely, the journey thither, had now been passed. But for this these mines would be overcrowded, worked out, and diamonds worth but a fraction of their present value.

ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE DIAMOND FIELDS SETTLEMENTS.

THAT "Here be diamonds," seems evident enough to the traveler, during his first

"Licensed Dealer in Diamonds," or "Diamond Merchant."

In general, the diamond region is situated in the western angle of territory included by the junction of the Vaal and Orange Rivers. It belonged to the Dutch Republic of the Orange Free State, until forcibly wrested from it by the government of Great Britain. The Dutch have always been the first settlers and colonizers in Southern Africa. It is they who have carried with them civilization from the south to the north. But in every instance their footing has been no sooner well established, gained against the obstacles of savage black, wild beast, and unexplored land, than it has been taken by force from them by the English. Cape Town, founded by them in 1640, and the fertile western district of the Cape Colony, gradually cultivated by their farmers, were taken in 1795. In this western district to-day, the population is almost exclusively Dutch. Here is the Cape Colony Arcadia,—a rich and beautiful land. Far away from the hum of the busy world, content with his weekly Cape Town paper, his literature, his well-studied Bible and his almanac, the Dutch farmer benignly scans his family and his flocks, and lives over again the traditions of his ancestors. Here are the vast farms, the long-stretching acres of orange grove, the tilled soil, teeming with useful fruits; here the sense of peace that, like



DUTOIT'S PAN.

morning's walk along the busy streets, lined on either side with buildings of corrugated iron, wood, and tent cloth. For on every hand, painted in gigantic letters, he reads, "Diamond Buyer," "Diamant Kooper,"

the dream of the lotus-eater, stills the senses; and here the weary world's traveler may revive the memories of Sleepy Hollow. Nature and her conquerors seem well met and well wedded. It was this Dutch farmer's

ancestors who fought their way against the terrors of the unknown interior; and his sons are now repeating the old story, beyond the Orange restlessly to the Zambesi.

The great "Trek," or emigration of Dutch colonists to the north across the broad and deep Orange is the chief episode in their history, and, indeed, in purity of motive and steadiness of execution, theirs will compare favorably with the historical beginnings of any other community. The principal exodus occurred from 1836 to 1840. At that time, giving as a reason the oppressive government of their masters, more than five thousand Dutchmen, with their wives and families, gathered together their flocks, their herds and their horses, packed into huge wagons drawn by twenty oxen their household goods and utensils, and thus, as it were, with their lives and their property in their hand, crossed the Orange and laid the foundation of the two republics of the Orange Free State, and the Transvaal. At this time also, they conquered Natal from the Zulu chief Dingaan, only to be ousted by the English. The two republics flourished. Within their boundaries rose thriving towns and villages. Throughout their domain, law and order were well maintained, and a prosperous and happy people pursued the patriarchal system of agriculture and sheep and cattle farming suitable to their land. Coal, iron, lead, copper and cobalt were found in profusion, and, lastly, gold and diamonds. But the discovery of these two brought about their political ruin, for the English, in the face of their treaties, crossed the Orange and forcibly annexed territory (giving to it the name of Griqualand West), which they had once abandoned and ceded to the Free State. The last act of spoliation has just occurred. A British force marched into Pretoria, the capital of the Transvaal, and hoisting its flag, informed the inhabitants that they were annexed to the British Empire,—this, "peaceably if possible, if not, then by other means." The plea offered to the indignant president, legislature and people was that annexation was "a necessity for the sake of all South Africa," and that the republics were incapable of dealing with the natives. The necessity, it is worth while to notice, arises after the seizure from the Dutch of all their possessions but this very one—another British interest, which a Transvaalian would compare to that evinced by a highwayman for a pocket-book. As for the natives, if the two republics could

originally conquer them, they could quite as easily, after thirty years of prosperous growth, maintain their position.

The modern discovery of diamonds came about in this wise. In 1867 a certain John O'Reilly, trader and hunter, on his way from the interior, reached the junction of the rivers and stopped for the night at the farm of a Dutch farmer named Van Niekerk. The children were playing on the earth floor with some pretty pebbles they had found long before in the river. One of these pebbles attracted O'Reilly's attention. He said, picking it up, "That might be a diamond." Niekerk laughed and said he could have it; it was no diamond; if it was, there were plenty around there. However, O'Reilly was not to be laughed out of his idea, and said that if Niekerk didn't object he would take it down with him to Cape Town and see what it was, and if it proved to be of value he would give him half the proceeds. On the way down, a long journey, he stopped at Colesburg, at the hotel, and showed the pebble, scratching with it a pane of glass. His friends laughingly scratched glass with a gun-flint and threw the pebble out of the window, telling O'Reilly not to make a fool of himself. However, O'Reilly persevered, got it to Dr. Atherstone, near the coast, who announced that it was in truth a diamond of 22½ carats. It was sold for \$3,000. I am glad to say that O'Reilly divided fairly with Niekerk. The latter remembered that he had seen an immense stone in the hands of a Kaffir witch-doctor who used it in his incantations. He found the fetish-man, gave him 500 sheep, horses, and nearly all he possessed, and sold it the same day to an experienced diamond-buyer for \$56,000. This was the famous "Star of South Africa." It weighed 83½ carats in the rough and was found to be a gem quite the rival of any Indian stone in purity and brilliance. After it had been cut it was bought by the Earl of Dudley and it is now known as the "Dudley" diamond. The natives crawled over the ground and found many more, and the excitement grew and became intense. By 1869 parties in ox-wagons had worked their way over the weary plains to the Vaal River. From all parts of the colony and from foreign lands, people swarmed, and soon, like the creation of a dream, a tented city of twelve thousand and more grew at Pniel and Klipdrift, the opposite banks of the stream where diamonds were found plentifully and of excellent quality by sorting over the boulder-drift. Soon



MAP OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN DIAMOND FIELDS.

hundreds of cradles, like those used by the Australian gold-diggers, were rocking on the edge of the stream, supplied with the precious gravel by a large force of diggers, sievers, and carriers. People were thunderstruck at their success. Poor men with a turn of the hand became rich. Hotels, bakeries, breweries, drinking saloons and shops were erected and reaped rewards quite as large as did the diggers. It was a marvelous scene at night when the opposite camps were lit up with the warm glow of lights shining through the tent cloth buildings and the brilliant campfires of their twelve thousand inhabitants glistened across the water, from bank to bank. Far into the night were kept up the shouts and laughter and singing and music, and the crossing and recrossing of the boats. The excited crowds shifted their quarters up and down the river, making new discoveries during 1870 and 1871, over an area of from forty to fifty miles of the stream, and forming many camps such as Gong Gong, Union Kopje, Colesberg Kopje, Delpoit's Hope, Blue Jacket, Forlorn Hope, Waldeks' Plant, Larkin's Flat and Niekerk's Hope.

But the tide of fortune was soon to turn into a less pleasant though more remunera-

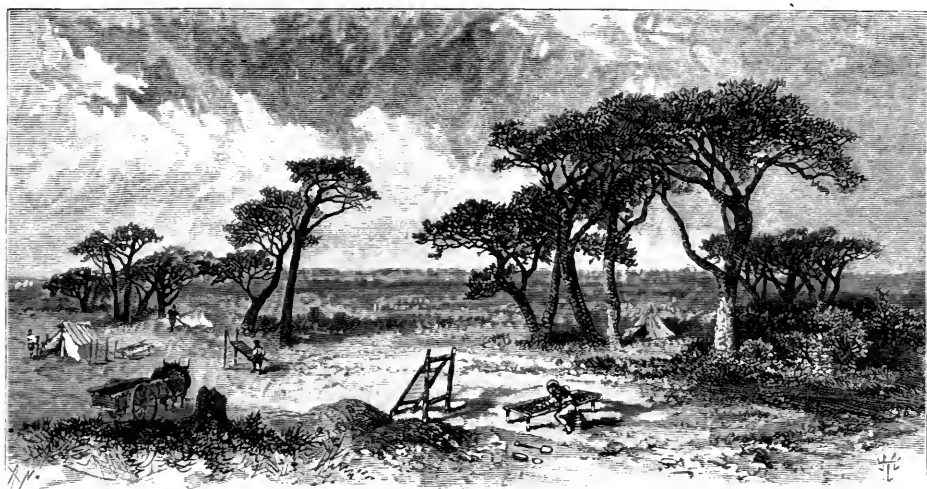
tive locality. In 1871 in the midst of prosperity along the river came news of the discovery of diamonds at Dutoit's Pan, in the open plain twenty miles from the water. And now occurred a remarkable migration *en masse* or "rush" to these new so-called "Dry Diggings," the multitude from the river meeting the throngs crowding in from every other direction until a seething population of forty thousand people had built up a town around what was found to be a limited diamondiferous area of twenty-three acres. Next, the little mine of Bultfontein immediately adjoining was discovered, then Old De Beers, only a mile away, and then came the last (and up to this time final) discovery of New Rush or Kimberley, undoubtedly the site of more natural wealth than any other known spot on the surface of the globe.

Here, then, within a radius of a mile, is the heart and focus of the diamond-producing industry of South Africa,—or, rather, of the world. Each town is built around its own mine. Three, Dutoit's Pan, Bultfontein and Old De Beers, no longer enjoy their palmy days; each still retains, however, a fair population. Practically at the present time all the labor and energy devoted to the search for diamonds is centered in the fourth town, that of Kimberley, which may be said to contain the crystallized result of all the "digging" experience of the diamond fields.

Kimberley has in general a population of from 20,000 to 25,000, which may be roughly divided into 4,000 diggers, 2,000 buyers and sellers of diamonds, 2,000 engaged in other pursuits, such as trades and store-keeping, etc., and from 10,000 to 15,000 blacks occupied as laborers in the mine and servants. The streets are regularly laid out, and, in the business portion,



A RESIDENCE AT KIMBERLEY.



SITE OF THE KIMBERLEY MINE BEFORE THE DISCOVERY OF DIAMONDS THERE IN 1871.

there are creditable buildings of corrugated iron or wood. Among the larger buildings there are five churches, a Jewish synagogue, a club-house, and several fine public halls.

In this quarter, nearly every door is that of a diamond merchant, a "canteen," or drinking saloon, or a well-furnished store. From open doors and windows come sounds of discussion about the sale and purchase of diamonds, the click of billiard-ball or the clink of glasses. The foot-passengers along the sidewalks brush hastily by, with a passing glance at the new cut of the travelers' clothing. Do they think of the time, months or years ago, when they, too, fresh from the outer world and hopeful, joined this same dusty throng? To them there is now no retreat unless successful. Life means nothing to them without fortune. They are all gamblers, but the stakes are the precious treasures of the earth, and Nature herself their opponent.

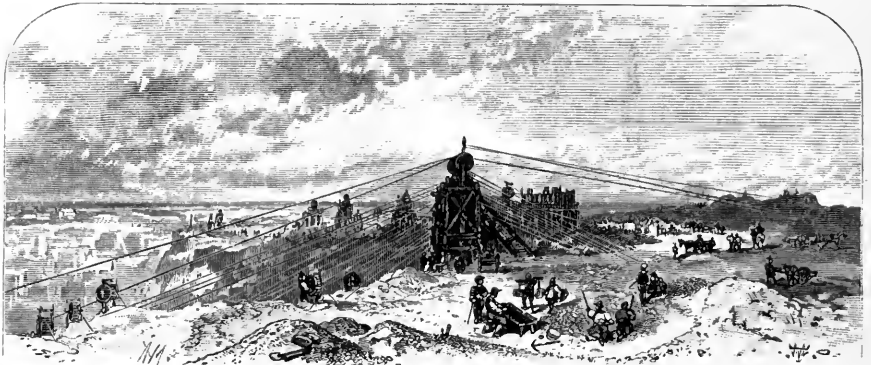
Of many broad streets leading from the business section, one in particular gives evidence of much home comfort. On either side of it is a succession of small fenced-in plots or freeholds, each with pretty house and garden. From open doors may be heard the sounds of pianos. Here fashionable society keeps up the observances of social life, makes calls, goes driving, gives dinners, and now and then a ball. On the outskirts are a vast multitude of tents occupied by the diggers, and still further out the squalid huts of Hottentot and Koranna. Here, too, rest many of the colony ox-wagons,—such as would be called in our West "prairie-schooners,"—still affording

home and shelter to the families who have come in them to seek their fortunes.

All over the surrounding plain, in fact throughout the town, are huge mounds of blue clay carted from the mine to the "compounds" or inclosures of the different searchers for diamonds, already examined and abandoned or else newly forming, and covered over with naked, dusty negroes, lazily swinging a sieve to and fro. Often the digger's wife with grown-up children around her sits at the low "sorting table" scraping over the prepared soil in search of the gems. Oftener the digger himself stands rocking his "washing" machine, if it is a small one, or superintending the varied processes which accompany the workings of the horse-power large machines.

THE MINE.

FROM whatever direction one comes from the surrounding plain, the most prominent sight is the lofty range of sand mounds, rising up from out the center of the town, and overtopping everything. These are composed of earth from the original thirteen surface acres of the Kimberley mine, and thrown up around the edge of the gradually deepening pit, just as the ant on a smaller scale piles up a circular ridge around its hole. By diamond "mine" in Africa, is meant a pipe of several acres superficial area and unknown depth, running straight down through stratified layers of shale. Each pipe, and there are only four, is filled in to the level of the general surface of the plain with sand, tufa, and a diamond-bearing breccia or soft rock. The Kimberley pipe or mine has now been ex-



A SECTION OF "STAGING" ON THE EDGE OF THE KIMBERLEY MINE.

cavated to a depth of about two hundred and fifty feet. Most of the streets of the town converge to it. We walk to the edge of rock which surrounds it, called the "reef," and before and beneath us extends an abyss—a huge oval-shaped cauldron—open full to the skies. Over its edge lies a sheer descent of two hundred and fifty feet; across it, from side to side, a stretch of a thousand feet, or a fifth of a mile. Coming even as one does from the life and stir of the town, the first look into the mine is a fascinating and bewildering one.

Little by little the facts unfold and steal upon the attention. One talks to his neighbor as to a deaf man, for a steady hum or roar fills the air, chiefly made up of human voices and the whir of buckets ascending and descending on their wire ropes. Ten thousand men are working below and around us, in the pit and around its edge. All is in plain sight, for there is no burrowing under ground. Far below, little black pigmy men—so they seem in the distance—are moving about, but not singly or at random, for closer observation shows that they are working in groups, each group upon a certain well-defined square patch of solid earth, at which it is picking and delving, or walking to and fro over it, carrying little buckets of loosened soil. In their midst sits or stands a white overseer, or the master himself.

Spreading over the whole excavation or pit, cauldron, pot or basin, whichever conveys the clearest idea, like a spider's web on a dewy morning, run innumerable little white threads, so they seem as they glisten in the sun. Follow one such thread to our feet, and it will be found to be a shining wire rope, worn white with constant use. And here on the edge or brim, called, as we know, the "reef," we find a scene of life and labor even more animated than below.

All around, but chiefly on two opposite sides, is erected a strong frame-work of timber called the "staging," estimated to have cost \$250,000. It is built in three tiers, like a three-story house, and each tier is floored to afford standing-room for laborers. Firmly set all along each tier of this staging are hundreds of wooden wheels, about four feet in diameter, with a crank on each side, to be turned by four Kaffirs. The iron ropes run from every part of the circumference, but differ greatly in length,—some extending vertically down the reef, some far out into the center of the mine, and others to varying intermediate distances, but each to its own claim. Such a rope is stretched from the bearings of each wheel on the staging to its corresponding claim below, where it is made fast to a post sunk firmly in the ground. Thus, a wheel, a wire rope and a "claim," be it only a sixteenth, are inseparable, and equal in number. On these wire ropes the "blue stuff" is hauled in buckets by aid of the windlass, up out of the mine.

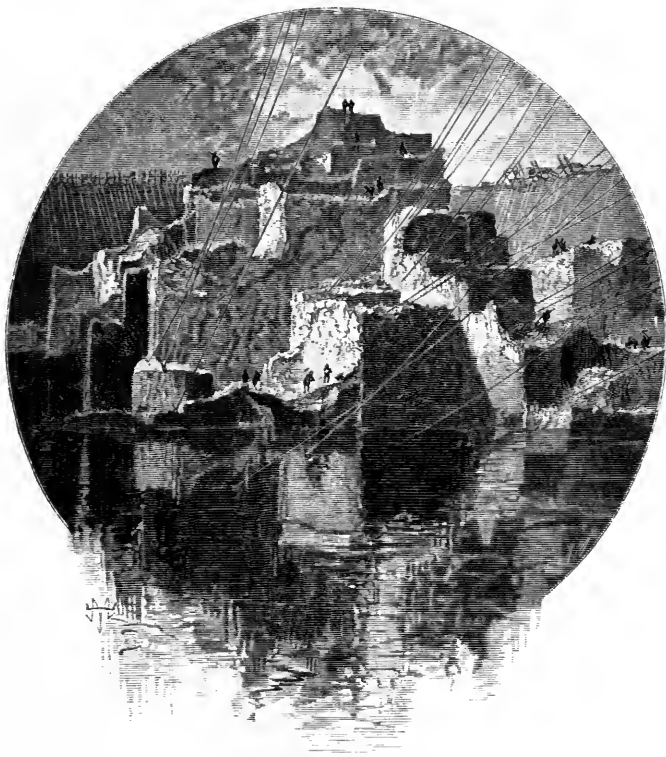
Seven years ago nothing distinguished this spot from any other on the level plain of the semi-desert. A small party of prospectors scratching about in the sand, under a tree, where now is the center of the mine we have just been looking into, found a few small diamonds. Straightway occurred a "rush" to the new mine; each new-comer marked out for himself a "claim," of thirty-one feet square. The boundary lines were then accurately measured by a surveyor, and thus, once established, held good all the way down, though, of course, only imaginary lines. It only remained to each to work steadily, and pay a tax of two dollars and a half per month, to be absolute owner of his claim. The soil proved unexpectedly prolific in diamonds. At first it was a fine, red, alluvial sand, such as covers the whole

country about. When two to four feet of this layer had been carried away, a layer of chalk nodules and chalky clay was reached. These nodules also contained diamonds, but were so excessively difficult to break that the digger, in his haste and excitement, threw them aside; and they lie in forgotten heaps about the mine still unbroken. I have seen a large white diamond embedded in one of these chalk nodules which had been broken by a heavy hammer. Under the chalk layer came a brittle, yellowish, white mass of soft rock; this, too, quite rich in diamonds, and easily workable. But as the basin deepened, it was found to have a regularly defined edge of talcose shale, rising like a cliff all around this, *i. e.*, to the outside no diamonds could be found, and it was, therefore, left undisturbed, receiving the name of the "reef."

When digging was superficial, no one knew where the "reef" was, and of the many claims marked out at first, only those

contents of the mine—*i. e.*, the diamondiferous conglomerate soil, and rock—lie pressed up against the "reef," fitting closely into its every undulation, depression, seam, and crevice.

Work under the intense excitement went on with wonderful rapidity, when one considers that all the soil removed had to be drawn up in rough buckets of ox-hide, which contained hardly two shovelfuls of earth. And soon, at a depth of from fifty to sixty feet, a very solid conglomerate rock was reached, of a gray-blue color, which received the name of "blue stuff." Immediately at sight of this layer, the cry of "hard pan" was raised, and many sold out their claims at a loss, but the "blue stuff," though harder and tougher than any layer before met with, proved also to be very rich in diamonds, and work was pushed on into it with vigor. In no other mine had this hard layer been attempted, though it existed in the same relative position, because



WATER IN THE MINE.

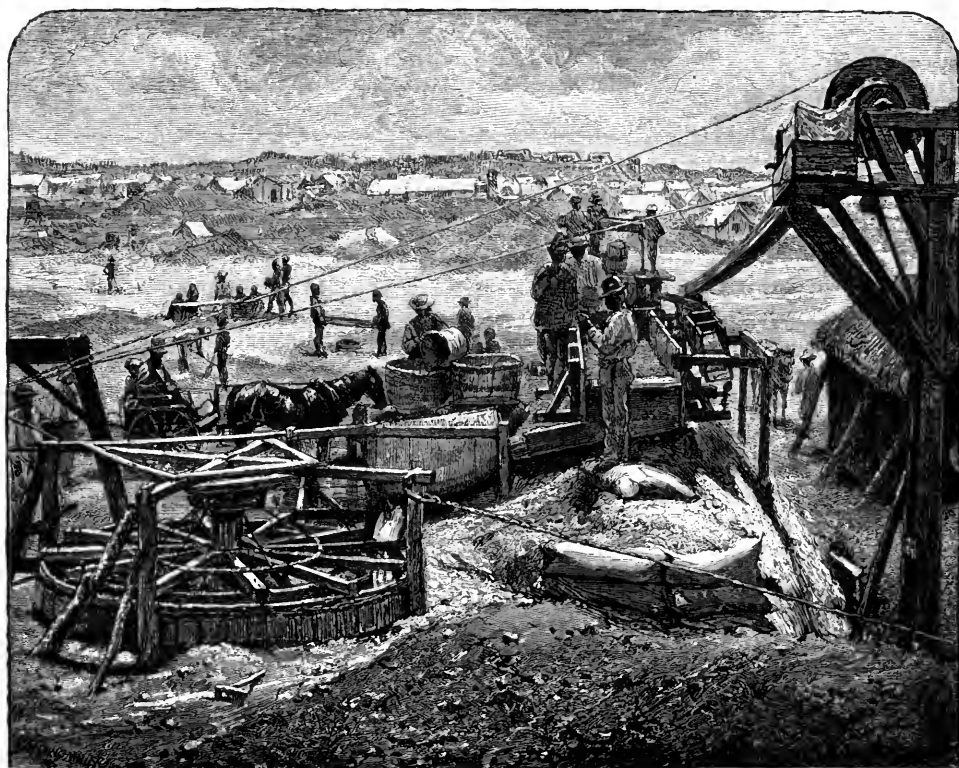
were of value which came within the area thus defined by a natural wall. In short, the diggers found they were working out a pocket or "pipe" of about nine acres. The

either the diggers had not gone so deep, or water had trickled in and filled their claims.

By this time a single "claim," of thirty-one feet square, had become worth from

\$5,000 to \$40,000; \$20,000 was not an unusual price to give. There were over 400 full "claims" left within the circling folds of the "reef." But their numerous sub-

down the face of the reef, taking off as much as ten feet of its surface in order to prevent its falling. Many accidents occur from the slides of rotten reef falling into the claims.



WASHING-MACHINE FOR DIAMONDS.

divisions to halves, quarters, eighths, and even sixteenths, made some 1,600 focuses of labor on the bottom of the mine.

As the mine grew to be a hundred feet and more in depth, two obstacles, at first overcome with ease, became serious and ruinous to many diggers. These were the accumulation of water, which found its way in through the deep strata of the surrounding wall, and the crumbling and falling of the face of the wall or "reef" itself. From one or the other of these causes, nearly every claim in the mine became unworkable for perhaps nearly half of the year.

At one time, the whole mine was threatened with flooding, but after many experiments and failures, the diggers were glad to pay a contractor \$30,000 for three months' pumping with the only steam-engine then at the "Fields." In another illustration, gangs of workmen can be seen engaged in what has become a constant occupation—paring

Most of the large diamonds, *i. e.*, from twenty carats upward, are found during the "picking" down in the mine, owing to the fact that the cement-like "blue stuff" fractures most easily at the spot occupied by a hard pebble like the diamond.

But here a few words as to the nature of the "blue stuff." The character of the diamondiferous ground is identically the same in all of the four neighboring mines. It appears to be a pudding-stone formed in the presence of water. Its general character is that of a soft pulverulent ground mass, composed of a mineral soapy to the touch. In this ground mass are interspersed fragments of shale, round water-worn pebbles of trap, agate and jasper, bronzite and smaragdite, garnet and ilmenite, hyalite and hornstone, calcite and diamonds.

If this rock is dried thoroughly in the sun for several weeks and then wet with water, it falls to pieces into a soft, slimy, muddy

mass, which envelops the varied constituents enumerated,—a fact which is put into practical use in separating out the diamonds, which are scattered with remarkable evenness through the conglomerate; two are never found together or even near at hand.

In the early days the rock was broken by clubs to a fine mass, passed through sieves, the coarse residue put upon impromptu tables and sorted. By this process, diamonds less than a carat in weight were lost. This was the universal practice for three years, until 1874, when the method of separating by means of water was introduced—a step which, next to the original discovery of the diamonds themselves, was the most important event in the life of the Fields. For three years the piles of siftings had accumulated, forming great mounds all over the town, which were known to contain many diamonds, but equally well known to be unremunerative if worked over by the usual dry process. It was a time of considerable commercial depression, and a large crowd of men were out of both capital and work. The washing-machine introduced new life into the whole community. The owners of claims in the mine adopted it, and soon every abandoned pile was beset by crowds of eager workers, who, in some instances, bought the right from owners, and in others appropriated such mounds as they found unclaimed. It was difficult to save the streets from the assiduity of the washers, and many a front yard, laid down deep with dry, sorted soil, now became of new and great value. The washing process flooded the market with very small diamonds which had before escaped, though even now, so rude and incomplete is the method, all diamonds of the size of a pin's head and under are lost.

Diamond digging is expensive. We will take, for example, the average digger, who owns a quarter of a claim and works his own ground. He can take his choice, according to locality, of paying from \$1,000 to \$10,000 for his quarter claim—*i. e.*, $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet by 31 feet. It pays best to buy high-priced ground. His outfit of digging tools, washing-machine, etc., will cost say \$1,000. His gang of twenty Kaffirs will cost him five dollars each per week, or \$100. One overseer besides himself, twenty-five dollars per week. Meat and tobacco for Kaffirs, five dollars per week extra. Then expenses of carting and taxes will

make his total outlay at the least \$200 per week, or over \$10,000 a year, exclusive of his own expenses of living. If one cannot spend \$800 per month, I believe it is of no use to go to Kimberley to dig for diamonds. To offset this expense is, of course, good luck in "finding," and from the very beginning of operations the digger often not only clears expenses, but makes a handsome profit. There is no doubt that diamond digging pays two-thirds of those who engage in it, well. The fortunes made, as a rule, are small and numerous. Rarely has any one cleared \$50,000 from any one claim. Success seems to be very evenly distributed, and chiefly attainable by those who can begin with say from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

The amount of money paid for Kaffir labor alone is enormous. For instance, there are a thousand wheels; allowing five Kaffirs to each, we have 5,000 laborers daily at the mine. These, at \$5 each per week, are paid \$25,000, or \$100,000 per month, or \$1,200,000 per year, and this for 5,000 Kaffirs only. The assessment of the Kimberley mine for the year 1877, simply for the purpose of distribution of rates or taxes, was \$5,151,500, or about \$7,000,000, if we add a third to bring the first amount up to selling prices. It apparently never occurs to the digger to inquire into the unstable nature of the whole Kimberley fabric. Immense sums of money are invested in and around the mine, and owners of town lots, of houses, of public building, and of claims, have settled into the calmest feeling of security. But no fear disturbs the digger of Kimberley. His belief in the immortality of the mine is supreme. But there are influences at work which are crowding the small capitalist from the fields. The increasing depth, crumbling reef, inflowing water are fast multiplying the expenses of working. The great bugbear of the digger is the word "company," but even now small proprietorships are becoming merged in large aggregations of claims, and the next phase of mining operations must undoubtedly be that of several large and competing companies, or perhaps a single one controlling the whole mine. Then the individual romance of diamond-hunting will be over. But there is no danger that the diamond will ever become common. Nature has placed it in lands difficult of access, and it is likely to remain a royal gem, surrounded with the seclusion of royalty.*

(To be continued.)

* A portion of this paper was read at a meeting of the American Geographical Society, March 13, 1877.

OLD ROBIN.

SELL old Robin, do you say? Well, I reckon not to-day!
 I have let you have your way with the land,
 With the meadows and the fallows, draining swamps and filling hollows,
 And you're mighty deep, Dan Alvord! but the sea itself has shallows,
 And there *are* things that you *don't* understand.

You are not so green, of course, as to feed a worn-out horse,
 Out of pity or remorse, very long!
 But as sure as I am master of a shed and bit of pasture,
 Not for all the wealth, I warn you, of a Vanderbilt or Astor,
 Will I do old Robin there such a wrong.

He *is* old and lame, alas! Don't disturb him as you pass!
 Let him lie there on the grass, while he may,
 And enjoy the summer weather, free forever from his tether.
 Sober veteran as you see him, we were young and gay together:
 It was I who rode him first—ah, the day!

I was just a little chap, in first pantaloons and cap,
 And I left my mother's lap, at the door;
 And the reins hung loose and idle, as we let him prance and sidle,—
 For my father walked beside me with his hand upon the bridle:
 Yearling colt and boy of five, hardly more.

See him start and prick his ears! see how knowingly he leers!
 I believe he overhears every word;
 And once more, it may be, fancies that he carries me and prances,
 While my mother from the door-way follows us with happy glances.
 You may laugh, but—well, of course, it's absurd!

Poor old Robin! does he know how I used to cling and crow,
 As I rode him to and fro and around?
 Every day as we grew older, he grew gentler, I grew bolder,
 Till, a hand upon the bridle and a touch upon his shoulder,
 I could vault into my seat at a bound.

Ah, the nag you so disdain, with his scanty tail and mane,
 And that ridge-pole to shed rain, called a back,
 Then was taper-limbed and glossy—so superb a creature was he!
 And he arched his neck, so graceful, and he tossed his tail, so saucy,
 Like a proudly waving plume long and black!

He was light of hoof and fleet, I was supple, firm in seat,
 And no sort of thing with feet, anywhere
 In the country, could come nigh us; scarce the swallows could outfly us;
 But the planet spun beneath us, and the sky went whizzing by us,
 In the hurricane we made of the air.

Then I rode away to school in the mornings fresh and cool;
 Till, one day, beside the pool where he drank,
 Leaning on my handsome trotter, glancing up across the water
 To the judge's terraced orchard, there I saw the judge's daughter,
 In a frame of sunny boughs on the bank.

Looking down on horse and boy, smiling down, so sweet and coy,
 That I thrilled with bashful joy, when she said,—

Voice as sweet as a canary's,—“Would you like to get some cherries?—
You are welcome as the birds are;—there are nice ones on this terrace;
These are white-hearts in the tree overhead.”

Was it Robin more than I, that had pleased her girlish eye
As she saw us prancing by? half, I fear!

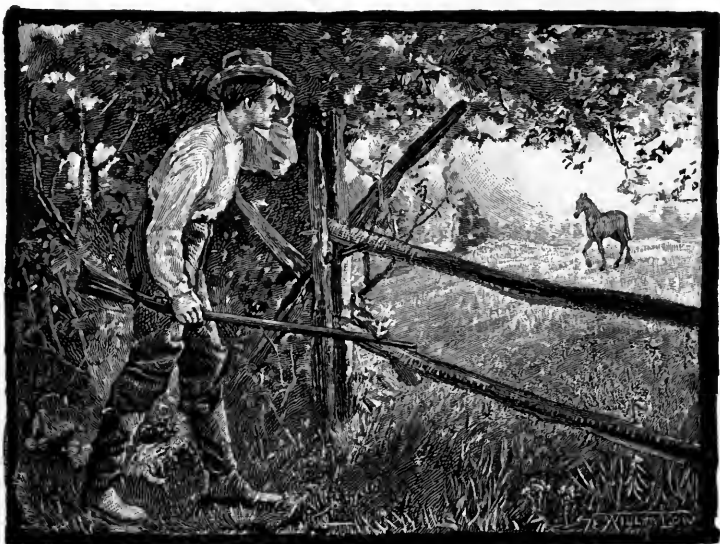


“WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET SOME CHERRIES?”

Off she ran, but not a great way: white-hearts, black-hearts, sweethearts straightway!
Boy and horse were soon familiar with the hospitable gate-way,
And a happy fool was I—for a year.

Lord forgive an only child! All the blessings on me piled
Had but helped to make me wild and perverse.
What is there in honest horses that should lead to vicious courses?
Racing, betting, idling, tipping, wasted soon my best resources:
Small beginnings led to more—and to worse.

Father? happy in his grave! Praying mothers cannot save;—
 Mine? a flatterer and a slave to her son!
 Often Mary urged and pleaded, and the good judge interceded,
 Counseled, blamed, insisted, threatened; tears and threats were all unheeded,
 And I answered him in wrath: it was done!



"NO, I SAID, I WOULD KILL MYSELF INSTEAD."

Vainly Mary sobbed and clung; in a fury out I flung,
 To old Robin's back I sprung, and away!
 No repentance, no compassion; on I plunged in headlong fashion,
 In a night of rain and tempest, with a fierce, despairing passion,—
 Through the blind and raving gusts, mad as they.

Bad to worse was now my game: my poor mother, still the same,
 Tried to shield me, to reclaim—did her best.
 Creditors began to clamor; I could only lie and stammer;
 All we had was pledged for payment, all was sold beneath the hammer,
 My old Robin there, along with the rest.

Laughing, jeering, I stood by, with a devil in my eye
 Watching those who came to buy: what was done
 I had then no power to alter; I looked on and would not falter,
 Till the last man had departed, leading Robin by the halter;
 Then I flew into the loft for my gun.

I would shoot him! no, I said, I would kill myself instead!
 To a lonely wood I fled, on a hill.
 Hating Heaven and all its mercies for my follies and reverses,
 There I plunged in self-abasement, there I burrowed in self-curses;
 But the dying I put off—as men will.

As I wandered back at night, something, far off, caught my sight,
 Dark against the western light, in the lane;
 Coming to the bars to meet me—some illusion sent to cheat me!
 No, 'twas Robin, my own Robin, dancing, whinnying to greet me!
 With a small white billet sewed to his mane.

The small missive I unstrung—on old Robin's neck I hung,
There I cried and there I clung! while I read,
In a hand I knew was Mary's—"One whose kindness never varies
Sends this gift:" no name was written, but a painted bunch of cherries,
On the dainty little note, smiled instead.

There he lies now! lank and lame, stiff of limb and gaunt of frame,
But to her and me the same dear old boy!
Never steed, I think, was fairer! still I see him the proud bearer
Of my pardon and salvation; and he yet shall be a sharer—
As a poor dumb beast may share—in my joy.

It is strange that by the time, I, a man, am in my prime,
He is guilty of the crime of old age!
But no sort of circumvention can deprive him of his pension:
He shall have his rack and pasture, with a little kind attention,
And some years of comfort, yet I'll engage.

By long service and good-will he has earned them, and he still
Has a humble place to fill, as you know.
Now *my* little shavers ride him, sometimes two or three astride him;
Mary watches from the door-way while I lead or walk beside him;—
But his dancing all was done long ago.

See that merry, toddling lass tripping to and fro, to pass
Little handfuls of green grass, which he chews,
And the two small urchins trying to climb up and ride him lying;
And, hard-hearted as you are, Dan,—eh? you don't say! you are crying?
Well, an old horse, after all, has his use!



ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"LATHERS HELD IT SO SHE COULD SEE IT."

CHAPTER XLV.

COMING DARKNESS.

JIM MCGOWAN had followed Nancy closely all the way to town. He kept so far behind that she did not see him, but at every hill-top he could see her. He watched her turn into the cabin of her brother Haz. Then he went to Dixon's corner and took a drink. After firing himself with yet other drinks he sallied out and on his way

to a convenient post of observation he had the luck to meet Mother Tartrum looking about for a bit of news as eagerly as the early bird seeks a worm.

"Mr. McGowan, Mr. McGowan," shrieked the old lady, "what's the news? How do things get on out at Rocky Fork? Are you married yet?"

"No," said Jim.

"That's curious. You brought me some wood two years ago and we talked about Mark Bonamy. He didn't go to Texas after

all. He's tryin' to get to Congress. But they do say he aint very happy with his wife. I don't know what's the matter. I expect she's high tempered. These awful good people are generally highy-tighty at home."

"I'd be high tempered, too, ef I was Bonamy's wife. I'd choke him, blame him."

"Laws, now! You don't say. Do you think he's bad to her?"

"I wish I could get a good chance at him some time with my rifle."

"Oh, my!" And with this Mother Tartrum fell to work with the eagerness of a gold miner who has "struck it rich," or a reporter who scents a "beat." Here was a lead worth the working, for Jim's whisky had made him communicative and he told Mother Tartrum all he knew. When she was sure she had all his information she dropped off like a satisfied leech. She was now eager to tell what she had heard, and above all to tell it where it would make the most sensation, so that she might also have the sensation to talk about. So she went straight to Roxy's aunt, Mrs. Hanks, only scattering morsels of intelligence at two places on her road, as I have seen travelers drop sparks of fire into dry prairie-grass, and pass on, sure that a wide-spread conflagration would go on long after they were out of sight of it.

While Mother Tartrum was marching to the pleasant task of humbling the pride of Mrs. Hanks, Nancy Kirtley, unconscious that she was watched by Jim McGowan, was moving directly on Major Lathers.

"You've been a-foolin' weth me!" she began. Lathers was very bland and persuasive in his replies; but he could not remove from Nancy's mind the awful suspicion that she had been duped. She'd heerd that Mark denied "teetotal" that he had made any promise of departure with her for Texas,—then the promised land of all absconding people. She shook her fist in Lathers's face. "You jest fool weth me onst, and you'll be sorry for it," she cried. As a last resort, Lathers read to her the paper that Mark had written the night before.

"Lemme see that air," said the girl.

"You can't read it," and Lathers drew back.

"I kin tell ef it's his'n. Ef you don't gin it to me now, I'll blow the whole thing all over town in an hour."

Lathers held it so she could see it.

"You're afraid to trust me take holt of it, air you? Never mind; I come to town to git even."

"Oh, take it and look at it," he said.

With a jerk Nancy took it and shoved it into her pocket. In vain Lathers coaxed and threatened. She backed toward the door.

"I'll l'arn folks to fool weth Nance Kirtley, dogged ef I don't," and with a sudden spring she swung the door wide and passed into the open air. "Now, I'm agoin' to have this read, an' ef I find it aint Mark Bonamy's writin', or thet you're foolin' weth me anyways, then I'll take the other way of gittin' even. Where's Bonamy?"

"He's gone out of town this morning; and if you don't give back that paper I'll have you took up and the like."

Lathers spoke from the door of his office, and Nancy, fearing that the sheriff would carry out his threat, started off hurriedly, but with hesitation and indecision. First she walked one way, then another, as though conflicting inclinations perpetually broke her resolutions. Once she had admitted suspicion, suspicion easily pervaded a mind so turbid as hers. Bonamy was probably getting ready to go off without her. That was why he did not see her himself. She did not believe he was out of the town. It was all a ruse, and he would take his wife and run away from Nancy's persecutions. If that were so, she would better go to Roxy herself, and "have it out with her." She would "show them whether they'd play gum games on her." She would find out from Roxy what was the matter, and then she would know how to "git even" with them all. For her expanding and suspicious resentment now included Lathers also as one of the people in a conspiracy to thwart her.

She didn't know, however, whether to follow this impulse to go to Roxy or not. But she was seized with a sudden return of the terror with which the elder Bonamy had inspired her. She had a vague notion that the sheriff was after her. He might put her in jail, and then Mark could go off before she could get out. She must strike her worst blow at once.

Impelled thus by fear and revenge, the prey to conflicting passions that found no check either from her understanding or her will, she hurried toward the Bonamy house, clutching the writing she had captured from the sheriff, who, for his part, was at his wits' end what to do.

Nancy came to the large gate of the Bonamy place, and fell back a moment in awe. Like other people of vulgar minds, she had great reverence for the externals of life, and the long rows of trim poplars back of the gate overawed her rustic mind. To assail the mistress of such a place was appalling.

While she hesitated, Twonnet passed her and went in at the gate.

"I don't want to go in while that girl's thar," she said. So she went down the road a little way, and climbed over the fence into a vineyard. Crouching under the shelter of the vines, now pretty well in leaf, she could watch the house and be out of the way of Lathers or any of his men, if they should come to arrest her.

This arrangement, however, was a very exasperating one to McGowan, who had watched Nancy all the way from the sheriff's office. He was sure of some conference between her and Bonamy, under cover of the vineyard. So he began to look up and down the rows of vines, with his hand on the lock of his gun, searching for Mark with the same keen hunter's gaze that was trained in the search for wild beasts, and looking for him with no more of scruple about killing him than he would have had about shooting a wolf.

Among those to whom Mother Tartrum had spoken briefly of the scandal was Mr. Highbury. She had only told him vaguely that there was something awful about to come out about Mr. Bonamy's private character. She hadn't time to say more; but there would be trouble. She had seen a man from Rocky Fork waiting with a gun. And, having thus piqued Highbury's curiosity, she departed with that air of reserved information so satisfying to the gossip. It chanced that Mr. Highbury met Mr. Whittaker immediately after, and forthwith launched into a strain of moralizing over Mark's fall and the danger of these exciting revivals. The approved and pious way of gossiping is to sweeten scandal with the treacle of homilizing inferences.

Whittaker, from his previous knowledge of Nancy, guessed more of the fact than Highbury could tell him. He was grievously uneasy during Mr. Highbury's somewhat protracted moralities, and at last broke away rather abruptly. He was thinking of the thunderbolt hanging over the head of Roxy. Ought he not to do something to protect her? He could not go himself. Whom could he send? He thought of fat, inane,

little Mrs. Highbury, and almost smiled at the idea of her consoling anybody. He could not send Mrs. Adams, the Miss Moore of other times. She was—well—not a fool; but she was what she was. Mrs. Hanks was Roxy's aunt; but he thought, from the little he knew of her, that she would not do.

But there was Twonnet,—giddy, non-sense-loving, railing Twonnet! With a glow he thought of her. What a fountain of comfort that child had in her! He walked more briskly. He did not know how long this rumor had been afloat, and he might be too late to shield Roxy by the presence of her friend. He found Twonnet coming from the garden, carrying a wooden bowl full of freshly plucked lettuce, and singing gayly:

"Then buy a little toy,
A little toy—a little toy,
From poor Rose of Lucerne!
I've crossed the ocean blue,
From Swiss-land a stranger,
For a brother dear to me,
From Swiss-land a ranger,
Then buy a little toy," etc.

The air was lighter than vanity; the words were nothing; but the gay heart of the girl poured out in the childish song a heart full of joyousness, with all the delicious abandon of a cat-bird's early morning melody. Seeing Whittaker, she colored slightly; but, quickly assuming an entreating air, she held out her bowl of lettuce as though it held wares for sale, turned her head of pretty brown curls on one side, and plaintively, even beseechingly, repeated the refrain:

"Oh! buy a little toy,
From poor Rose of Lucerne!"

There was so much dramatic expression in the action, so much of tenderness in the mercurial eyes and ruddy brown cheeks and soft pleading voice, so much of something in himself that drew him to "the child," as he called her, that he could hardly keep back the tears. For a moment he almost forgot his errand, but the sudden recollection of Roxy's peril sent a counter-current of feeling through him. He put his hands upon the bowl which she held out to him, and said:

"Dear girl, don't. I want to speak to you."

The eagerness of his manner, and the unwonted tenderness of his speech, swept

away the rollicking mood, and gave to Twonnet's face a flush and an air of solemn self-constraint, at strange variance with her previous playfulness.

"Dear Twonnet,"—the kindly form of address came from the complex feelings of the moment,—“some great calamity is about to happen to Roxy.”

Twonnet drew a sigh, and regained something of her composure.

"There are painful rumors about Mark. I can't explain it to you. There is no one else that can help her. You are the wisest woman in town. You are——" Here Mr. Whittaker checked himself. The returning flush in the face of the young woman reminded him that such flattering words were hardly what he wanted to say at that time. He recovered his customary reserve of manner, and added: "Go! Be quick. I'll explain to your mother."

"But what shall I say?"

"Nothing, unless you think best. God help the poor woman!"

Twonnet pulled down the sleeves of her dress, donned her sun-bonnet, and hurried off. She was full of alarm for Roxy; but how many emotions can exist in the soul at once! In her heart of hearts there was a melody made by the words of commendation that Mr. Whittaker had uttered. He had spoken kindly, even tenderly. But as she drew near to Roxy's house, the undercurrent of pleasurable excitement had vanished. The shadow of some great sorrow of Roxy's fell upon her.

When she went in, she found Roxy impassively looking out of the window. The millions upon millions of pigeons were still flying, and she was watching them in the same numb fashion as in the morning. She greeted Twonnet with a silent embrace. Then Twonnet sat down by her with no words. Roxy scanned Twonnet's face. Then she looked out at the pigeons again. They kept coming over the southern hills and flying so steadily to the north in such long and bewildering flocks of countless multitude. The very monotony of the apparition of new myriads when the other myriads had swiftly disappeared, suited Roxy's numb state. She had eaten no dinner. A deadly apprehension of disaster filled her thoughts, and she read a confirmation of her fear in Twonnet's face, and in her silence, but she did not ask anything. She kept on watching for the next great flock of swift-flying birds to come out of the horizon.

CHAPTER XLVI.

ROXY SHAKES THE DUST FROM HER FEET.

"Mr. McGOWAN, what are you hunting for?"

It was the shrill voice of Mother Tartrum. She and Mrs. Hanks on their way to convey bad intelligence to Roxy had come suddenly on Jim who was still looking up and down the rows of the vineyard.

"Fer a crow," said Jim, a little disconcerted. Then he added in soliloquy, "Fer the blackest one I kin find."

"That man," said Mother Tartrum, "ought to be stopped. He's going to shoot Mr. Bonamy. I'm sure of it. He said to me this morning that he'd like to get a shot at him with his rifle."

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Hanks, as they came to the gate. "How awful that would be!" But she could not help reflecting that in case of such an awful result Roxy would get her "thirds" of a very nice property.

Twonnet from the window saw Mother Tartrum and Mrs. Hanks come in at the gate. Roxy was still looking off vacantly at the sky and the pigeons.

"Mrs. Hanks is coming," said Twonnet, gently rousing Roxy by laying her hand on her arm. Roxy shuddered like one reviving from unconsciousness.

When the visitors knocked, Twonnet admitted them and stood by Roxy's chair when they had seated themselves. There was a very awkward pause.

"Miss Lefaire," said Mrs. Hanks, "we should like to see Roxy alone."

But Roxy looked at Twonnet appealingly and took hold of her dress, much as a timid child might have done.

"I think Roxy wants me to stay here," said Twonnet. "We've stood by one another in every trouble, you know."

"As her aunt I suppose I am her next friend," said Mrs. Hanks, testily, "and I have a very confidential communication to make."

"Best friends aren't always born in one's family, Mrs. Hanks, especially when one happens to be born as Roxy was, poorer than her relations." Twonnet made this rasping speech from an instinctive wish to draw to herself the fire of Mrs. Hanks and so to shield the smitten Roxy from that lady's peculiar lecturing abilities.

Mrs. Hanks bridled with anger, but Mother Tartrum's voluble tongue caught the wind first. Turning her sharp gray eyes restlessly from side to side under her spec-

tacles, she came out with a characteristic speech:

"Now Miss Lefauve, we've got something very important to say to Mrs. Bonamy—very important, and an awful secret, too. It refers to Mrs. Bonamy's *private* affairs—to her relations with her husband. And we don't choose to have you hear it. It isn't fit for a young woman to hear. You just go in the other room, wont you?"

"Not till Roxy tells me to. I know what you are going to talk about. It isn't such an awful secret. It's talked about all over town, I suppose."

At this suggestion of publicity, Roxy shuddered again.

"Oh, somebody's been telling it, have they? I suppose you hurried down here to tell it. People are such tattlers nowadays. Even young people aint ashamed to talk about the worst things. Well, Mrs. Hanks, if they know, I suppose we might as well go." Mother Tartrum could not bear that everybody else in town should be talking of the scandal and she be out of the way. She felt that people were infringing her copyright.

Bobo had by this time come into the room and stood behind his mother's chair observing Roxy's face. He had before noticed that Roxy was not pleasantly affected by his mother's presence and he was possessed with the impulse to defend Roxy at all times. He came round in front of his mother's chair and said:

"You'd better be going, Aunt Henrietta."

Mrs. Hanks grew red with indignation, and Bobo drew back for fear of a box on the ears.

"Well, Roxy, if you'd listened to my advice you might have seen better days. But even now you wont talk to me about your affairs. And so your husband's disgraced you. Are you going to put up with it and stay? That's the question. I think you can get a divorce and get your share of the property. I came down to advise you because I have your interests at heart. But I do wish you'd consult more with me. And you might take pains to teach my own child not to be impudent to me. He will call me aunt. Now I think we'd better go back, Mrs. Tartrum."

"Go back, go back," he cried with grief,

'Across the stormy water.

And I'll forgive your Highland chief,—

My daughter, oh, my daughter!"

muttered Bobo, who had committed endless strings of poetry and in whose mind an

echo of memory was easily set agoing by the sound of a word.

"I must say, Roxy," said Mrs. Hanks, with asperity, "that I think troubles are sometimes judgments on people. Some women put up with things, but you wont, I'm sure, and if you should get a divorce you could get a good alimony, and ——"

"No, no!" cried Roxy, getting to her feet. "What do you talk to me that way for?" Then she sat down again, fiery but silent.

"Aunt Henrietta, you'd better go, *right off*."

"Bobo, you're too aggravating for anything," cried Mrs. Hanks. "To be insulted by my own child!"

But she took the advice and departed, while Bobo, whose brain was now seething with confused excitement, swung his arms in triumph and chuckled:

"They're gone over bank, bush and scaur,
'They'll have fleet steeds that follow,'
quothe young Lochinvar."

"Twonnet," said Roxy, "what *is* this thing that is so dreadful? Everybody says it is awful and nobody will tell me what it is."

"I don't know, Roxy. I am like the man in the Bible that ran without a message. I heard that there was some scandal about Mark, and I came right off to you. Mr. Whittaker told me to come. I didn't hear what it was. But I'm glad you didn't hear it from them."

"Has ——" But Roxy hesitated.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Twonnet, tenderly.

"Has Mark gone away for good?"

"I don't know. I didn't know that he had gone at all."

Roxy leaned her head upon a table and lay thus a long time. Twonnet looked out of the window. She saw a figure moving among the vines. Then Nancy Kirtley came stealthily out into the walk and approached the house. Twonnet looked at her for a minute. Then she said:

"Roxy, I do believe there is that same Kirtley girl that we saw a long time ago—the night Haz's baby died."

"Oh, Twonnet!" said Roxy, catching hold of her friend. "She's the one that all this is about. I know now. How *can* I see her? I can't! I hate her!" And she buried her head in her hands.

"You mustn't see her," said Twonnet, shuddering.

"Yes, I must, if it kills me. I must

know the worst of it. Bring her in here. Bobo, go out."

Nancy was in a hurry. Dimly through the rows of vines she had caught sight of Jim McGowan searching every avenue for Mark. She had not recognized him, but was sure that this man with a gun was some emissary of Lathers, bent on arresting her, or of recapturing from her the precious paper with which she hoped to drive Roxy away from her husband. There was, therefore, no time to be lost. She entered without a sign of recognition, and sat herself down boldly—almost fiercely—in front of Roxy. But there was something so awful in the rigid face of this woman, who drew back from her as from a hateful and polluted thing, that Nancy found it hard to begin. She began to feel a stinging sense of her disgrace. She had no circumlocutions at command. Her story was soon told. To the pure and sensitive Roxy it seemed so hideously repulsive, so horrible in the black consequences that it must bring, that—woman-like—she refused to believe it, or, rather, she refused to admit that she believed it, in spite of all the evidence that her own knowledge of Mark's recent behavior furnished in confirmation.

"I don't believe a word you say," she said to Nancy.

"You don't, hey? I knowed you was stuck-up. You stole him from me, and I swore I'd be even. I 'low I'm gittin purty nigh even about this time. Looky heer, heer's a watch-seal that Mark Bonamy gin me when he was a-runnin' fer the legislator in eighteen and forty. That's four year ago, soon after the night he danced all night with me, and gin all the rest the go-by. You don't believe that's his'n? Well, whose Testament's this? He gimme that at Moorfields. That come when he was a preacher. You're a town gal, and you kin read the writin' in that Testament. You see he loved me right along. I'll leave it to you, yourself, which a man would be likely to love most, you or me, now?" And she pushed back her sun-bonnet and showed her beautiful face, fascinating as a leopard's.

Roxy drew away from her with loathing.

"You hateful creature!" she said. "You aren't telling the truth." But she knew that Nancy's story was true.

"Oh yes! you don't like me. I don't wonder at that. I'm goin' to git even weth Mark, I am. Him an' Major Lathers has been a-lettin' on he was agoin' off weth me to Texas. I'll show 'em! Look at that

paper, wont you?" Here she handed the paper to Roxy, who saw these words, in a handwriting she could not mistake:

"Whatever arrangement Major Lathers makes with Nancy Kirtley I will carry out.

"MARK BONAMY."

"That was got up to fool me," proceeded Nancy, by way of exposition. "Now, Mark Bonamy kin do as he pleases. He kin go off weth me, or I'll have him tuck up. An' you'll larn, sis, whether it's safe to fool weth Nance Kirtley's beaux or not. I'll git even weth the whole kit and tuck of you, by thunder! It's a way the Kirtleys has, you know." And her eyes beamed with a ferocious exultation, as she saw a look of hopeless pain overspread the face of her victim.

Then Nancy gathered up from the floor, where Roxy had partly dropped and partly thrown them, her Testament and her watch-seal and the paper taken from Lathers, and departed, keeping a good look-out for sheriffs who might want to take her up.

"Twonnet," said Roxy, when Nancy had gone, "let's get out of this house. It smothers me. I shall die if I stay here. I hate everything here. It seems like a kind of hell!"

She got up and went to her own room. She changed her gown for one that she had worn before her marriage. She gathered up the few little treasures she had yet from her girlhood, and put away everything that had been bought with Mark's money. Then she took her bundle and started out the door. The hired girl came after her to the piazza in amazement, and asked if she would be home to supper. But she shook her head in silence and went on, followed by Bobo and Twonnet.

Her father, who had heard the scandal by this time, met her in the road, not far from the gate. She reached out her hand and took his with a little sob, and the stern old shoe-maker ground his teeth, but said nothing. Hand in hand walked the father and the daughter, followed by Bobo and Twonnet, till they entered the old log house, with its familiar long clock and high mantel-piece and wide fire-place. Mrs. Rachel Adams and Jemima met her with tears; only Roxy neither cried nor spoke. In her own upper room she set down her bundle with a sigh, and then, exhausted, lay down again on her own bed, and lay there, with Twonnet by her, until the day died into dusk and the dusky twilight darkened into night.

CHAPTER XLVII.

A DAY OF JUDGMENT.

MARTHA ANN, the hired girl, was so stunned by the manner of Mrs. Bonamy's departure, that she went to the nearest neighbor's to reconnoiter. Hearing the wildest reports of the scandal, she made up her mind solemnly and conclusively that it wa'n't no kind of a house fer a respectable and decent young woman to stay in. So she went into the field and unburdened herself to the old negro, Bob, who had been with the Bonamys as slave, and then as hireling, all his life. Bob, with true negro non-committalism, didn't know nothin' 'bout dat ah. Fer his paht, he was agoin' to put dem 'arly taters in de groun' ef white folks fell out wid one anudder or ef dey fell in ag'in. 'Peared like as if white folks was allus a-habin a spiteful time. Didn't reckon 'twould hu't his cha'acter to stay awhile in de ole house. Anyways he was a-gwine to stick des eyer 'arly taters into de groun'.

But Martha Ann left. She did not go home that night, but stopped with a second cousin in the village, so that she might have the pleasure of being consulted by the gossips as a high authority on the internal infelicity of the Bonamy household. And she sincerely tried to recall something worth telling, giving her memory a serious strain in the endeavor.

It was while the town was in this white heat of excited curiosity, that Mark Bonamy rode his dripping horse through the streets. Lathers had hailed him, with the purpose of warning him against McGowan's rifle. He spurned the sheriff as he would have spurned an emissary of the devil.

He rode into his own gate with dread. Martha Ann had not felt obliged to close the doors, so that the place had the air of being inhabited yet. He threw the bridle-reins over the hitching-post in front of the house, and alighted. He went across the porch, into the hall, through the sitting-room, into the parlor. The horrible foreboding that he was too late to make the confession he should have made before, gradually deepened now into certainty. He hurried upstairs, hoping that Roxy might be there. There was Roxy's apparel, as she had left it. He opened the drawers—there were all the things he had ever given her. Her dresses hung in the old-fashioned clothes-press. He did not doubt that she had gone. But she had gone—Roxy-like—not meanly, but proudly.

Then, for the first time, he felt what a woman she was. How had he failed in his pride of birth and conceit of smartness, to understand her superiority! He had looked with condescension on a woman who was utterly above him. Here was to be no suit for alimony—not an unnecessary shoe-latchet of his would she carry away. These things strewn about the room said plainly that, having loved her husband and not his possessions, she utterly rejected what was his when she cast him off.

Mark cursed his own folly and wickedness. In that hour of desertion and loneliness, he loved Roxy as he had never loved her before. How would he have died to have undone all this evil! He went to the kitchen to find Martha Ann; but she also had gone. He made no doubt Bob had deserted, too. He was a leper, forsaken by his household.

Returning to the sitting-room, he sat down where Roxy had sat before; he rested his head on the table. It grew dark. Darkness, Solitude, and Remorse are a grim and hateful company.

Bob had come near the house once or twice; but, seeing no one, he had gone to "do his chores." At last, when it was fairly dark, he concluded that, as the master had not come back, he would better shut up the doors. So he went stumbling about the house, looking for a candle. Supposing himself alone in the deserted place, it seemed a little frightful to his superstitious mind, so he cheered himself with soliloquy and the childish humor of his race.

"Bob, it peahs like as ef ev'ybody's clean cl'ar'd out and done lef' dis yeah place to yo'. Hyah! hyah! Yo' house, yo' barn, yo' hosses. Sho, Bob, you's a-gittin too rich fo' a niggah. Dribe roun' in yo' own ca'idge, now, and keep anudder niggah. Be a lawyeh, I reckon, an' 'scuss things afo' de judge. Run fo' Cong'ess nex'. 'Taint ev'y day a ole niggah drops down into a han'some house an'—— Good goramity! Oh! My Lor'! Who's dis heah?"

Bob had run against Mark, who sat still by the table. The old negro soon appreciated the position of things, was profuse in his apologies, declared that what he was saying he didn't mean, was on'y jes' a-fool-in', ye know, sah.

"Bob," said Mark, "what time did Mrs. Bonamy go away?"

"Don' sahtainly know, sah. A pooty good while ago, sah. Done been gone a right smart while, sah. May be a little

longer'n dat, sah. Can't tell, ye know I was out a-plantin' 'arly taters an'——"

"Did Martha Ann go with her?"

"No, sah, not wactly wid her, sah. She come out to me wid a whole lot o' nonsense about goin' off, an' about her cha'acter. An' I tole her, says I——"

"Who's been here to-day?"

"I don't know, sah. I see sev'al, may be mo'n sev'al, ladies a-comin' in. Mis Hanks an' ole Mis Tahtrum, an' a gal in a sun-bonnet I see agoin' out, and Mis Twonnet war heah nigh onto de whole day, an'—— laws, now, dah's dat hoss you rid a-nickerin' out dah. Never mind, honey, I'll come and put ye in de stable direckly."

And the old man, after fumbling around awhile, lit the solar lamp on the table. Then he started to take care of the horse, but seemed to think he'd forgotten something. He came back to the door, and said:

"Peahs like ef you was a-havin' hard trials and much trebelbelations lately. Lean on de Lord, Massa Mark, and he will restrain ye, though the floods overflow ye, an' the waters slosh over yo' head, an'——"

"There, that'll do. Go on, Bob," said Mark.

The old man, after stabling the horse, returned to the house and got some kind of a supper for Mark, which he put upon a tray and set on the table in front of him. Then he retired, leaving Mark again in the society of the black sisters—Night, Loneliness, and Remorse. He left the supper untouched. He wandered about the grounds, and the house. The one uppermost thought in his mind was suicide. It was quite characteristic of him that his remorse should take this intense form. Roxy's character seemed to him so noble, and his own so full of paltry meanness and large wickedness, that, for very shame, and as the only adequate expression of his repentance and affection for her whom he had wronged, he thought he ought to snuff out a life that seemed to have no goodness in its past, and no promise in its future. He had, in times past, forgotten and broken all good resolutions and convictions. He dare not trust himself to do better in the future. But, in fact, Bonamy was in a better state than ever before. For the first time in his life, he dragged his whole character to the bar of judgment. In all his religious experiences, no conviction had ever probed the weakness of his nature to the bottom. The Mark Bonamy looking suicide in the face, was better than the religionist, Bonamy,

with his surface enthusiasm. When Iscariot killed himself, it was because for the first time he knew himself, and realized that the world had no use or place for such as he. There was more hope for him then, had he only known it, than when he sat complacently at the feet of the Master.

It seemed to Mark that only by ending his life could he adequately atone for his fault. The fear of the perdition of popular belief did not deter him. Penal suffering would have been a relief to his conscience. If he could have burned out the remorse, he would have taken any amount of burning. He began gradually to resolve on and then to plan for suicide. Roxy should know at the last that he was not wholly mean, and that in spite of all his evil, he loved her. He would arrange his affairs, bequeath his estate to Roxy, except a sum for the care of Nancy's child, when it should be born. Roxy might reject the estate, if she chose; but, having done what he could to repair his fault, he would flee out of life.

But, even with this decision, the ignoble side of his nature had more to do than he supposed. It is easier for a man who dreads suffering, and mortification and complex difficulties, and the slow agony of moral convalescence, to escape out of life, than to fight one's way to such goodness as lies in reach, and then to live with the consciousness that it is but a half-way goodness after all, very uncertain and untrustworthy, liable to fall down easily and subject one to new mortifications and a Sisyphean toil.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

THE TEMPTER.

HAZ KIRTLEY, the drayman, lived in that part of the town situated on the lower bank next the water. Since the great freshet of 1832, when the Ohio had swept clean over this lower level, it had been abandoned by most of the inhabitants of the well-to-do class. And now the village cows grazed over green commons, where before had been rose gardens and grape arbors. Some of the houses had been removed, but some which were damaged by the water were allowed to remain in a ruined state, tenanted by the families of fishermen and other such folk, and by rats. This part of the village was called Slabtown in familiar speech, and here had lived the Kirtleys in a house but one room of which was finished, when the freshet came and drove the owner to a secure refuge on the high terrace. Hither

came Nancy in a state of vengeful exultation after she had stabbed Roxy Bonamy by the evidences which she was able to produce of Mark's infidelity.

Notwithstanding Nancy availed herself of the shelter of her brother's house without hesitation, a state of cat-and-dog discord had long subsisted between her and the drayman's wife. Mrs. Hezekiah Kirtley was a tall, raw-boned woman, such as the poor-whitey class produces in abundance. She was not fair of countenance. Haz did not marry her for comeliness of face or figure. In fact, Haz could hardly be said to have married her at all; on the contrary she married him. Her charms were resistible, but her persevering determination was not.

Nancy had long enjoyed setting off her own magnificent figure, large, lustrous black eyes, glossy eyebrows, abundant hair, symmetrical features, red, sensuous lips, white teeth and ruddy healthful cheeks, with the hatchet face and hard, repellant eyes of her lank sister-in-law. She could not forbear trying to make her sister-in-law appreciate the contrast. The consequence was a perpetual irritation between them, sure to end in an open quarrel pretty soon after every coming together.

Now that Nancy was disgraced, it could not be expected that Mrs. Haz would be magnanimous. She had been humiliated so long that her present opportunity was golden. She began with innuendoes and ended with downright abuse. Nancy sat on the hearth glowering and growling savage retorts like a fierce beast driven to bay at last, sullen but not despairing. She felt more hopeful when Haz came home to supper with the news of Mrs. Bonamy's desertion of her home and of Bonamy's return. But Haz's wife grew steadily more violent, her words fanned her passion; she called Nancy vile names; taunted her with her folly and the inevitable disappointment and disgrace in store for her, and set the savage creature wild with impotent wrath. She refused to go to bed on the straw pallet in the garret, but sat staring sulkily at the tallow candle. And the hope of success in her schemes sank down within her like the flame of the expiring candle, flickering in its socket. At last, as midnight came on, when the exhausted Mrs. Haz had been sleeping soundly for an hour or two, Nancy rose up from her chair and started out in the darkness taking her way through the town and toward the Bonamy place.

Bonamy had wandered about wildly all

the early part of the night and had at last sat down in the lighted sitting-room, exhausted with the strain of emotion and the fatigue of the day. He was a condemned prisoner. There was no road out of his perplexity but by death. In vain he had beaten against the bars on every side. There was nothing else for him. Then he heard the sound of feet coming up the steps and across the porch and through the hall, and Nancy Kirtley came unceremoniously to the door of the room where he sat. She was not quite the old Nancy. The air of vanity and coquetry was gone. The face, if anything, was more striking than before. Her present passion was a bad one, but it was a serious one. There was an unwonted fire in her eyes, and though it was a fire of desperation, it was at least a sign of some sort of awakening.

"Mark Bonamy, you and Lathers has been a-foolin' weth me," she said defiantly. "All the blame fools is a-laughin' at me now, and callin' me bad names. I haint agoin' to be fooled weth. I come to see whether you'd do the fa'r thing by me."

"What is fair?" said Mark.

"Why, go away weth me, like Major Lathers promised. Your ole woman's gone, and she wont never come back, I 'low. She'll git a divorce. Now, what air you goin' to do fer me?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know? You don't know? They haint on'y jest one thing fer you er me. Let's light out of this ere country. You can't stay here. Roxy Adams has left you. Now why can't you take keer of me and my baby? You know it's yourn, too. What'm I to do? At Rocky Fork they'll all laugh at me—hang 'em! Haz's wife, she's jest about kicked me out. And now you're goin' to throw me overboard. And to-morry I wont have no friend to my name. Everybody'll hate me and sass me. An' I jest wont stan' it—I can't stan' it no longer!" And Nance sat down and cried.

Mark's quick feeling was touched. He knew that Nancy herself had plotted this ruin; but her grief at its unforeseen results was real. He had made up his mind to suicide. Here was a sort of suicide in life that he might commit. He was nothing now to Roxy. Why not deliver this other woman from the shame he had helped to bring upon her. And then, there was the unborn child; it would also have a claim upon him. There was Texas, a wild land in that day, a refuge of bankrupts and fugitive criminals. Among

these people he might come to be a sort of a leader, and make some sort of a future for himself. This Nance was a lawless creature—a splendid savage, full of ferocity. But something of the sentiment of Tennyson's "Locksley Hall" was in him. He would commit moral suicide instead of physical,—release the animal part of his nature from allegiance to what was better; and, since he had failed in civilized life, he might try his desperate luck as a savage. It was a little easier to sink the present Bonamy in the wild elements of the South-western frontier, than to blow out his brains or drown himself.

Moved by the tears of Nancy and by such thoughts as these, he got to his feet, with an impulse to canvass the matter with Nancy. Everything reminded him of Roxy. It was all as the brave, heart-broken woman had left it. After all, she was the real victim. Should he add another to her injuries? The recollection of his first pure love for the enthusiastic girl came back with a rush. It were better to die than to yield again to the seductions of Nancy, even when a sort of false duty seemed to be on that side. He remembered how like a fierce savage Nance had made war on Roxy; and with what terrible result. With one of those quick revulsions to which impulsive natures are subject, he felt all the tide of bitter remorse that he had suffered in the day coming back.

"Nancy, look here!" He confronted her as he spoke. "You set yourself to ruin Roxy. You said you wanted to break her heart. You know you did. She never did you any harm. She never did anybody any harm. She's one of God's angels, and you're the Devil's devil. So am I. God knows I'm not fit for Roxy. But I won't do her

any more harm. I wish to the Lord I'd died before I ever did this. Now, Nancy, I'll provide for you and the child. I'll send you away somewhere, if you want to go. But I swear now, by the Almighty God in heaven, that I never will go a step with you! I am sorry for you, and I'll do whatever you want as to money; but the Devil himself sha'n't make me go off with you. If you want any help, send me word; but I don't want to see you any more."

"I'll have you took up," said Nance, fiercely.

"I don't care. I ought to be in jail."

"I'll have you shot. Blamed ef I won't!"

"You'll have to be quick. I mean to kill myself as soon as I get things fixed up. If your father or brother or Jim McGowan get the first shot, it'll save trouble."

Saying so, Mark walked away upstairs, leaving Nancy to get out as she could. And, indeed, she stood a long time on the porch. She was foiled, and all her venom turned back on herself. She could not go back to Rocky Fork. The world had turned to perdition. The vain, arrogant creature was the butt of everybody now—a despised castaway, whose very beauty was a shame. Even Mark Bonamy called her a devil. She had looked in contempt on all the women of her world; there was not a woman now, in all her world, that did not utterly despise her. Nothing in all this social universe is so utterly thrown away and trodden under foot as a dishonored woman. And even the unthinking Nancy felt this as she walked in the moonlight along the river-bank all the way back toward her brother's house, which the cowed creature dared not enter again that night.

(To be continued.)

MIDSUMMER.

MIDWAY about the circle of the year

There is a single perfect day that lies

Supremely fair, before our careless eyes.

After the spathes of floral bloom appear,

Before is found the first dead leaf and sere,

It comes, precursor of the Autumn skies,

And crown of Spring's endeavor. Till it dies

We do not dream the flawless day is here.

And thus, as on the way of life we speed,

Mindful but of the joys we hope to see,

We never think, "These present hours exceed

All that have been or that shall ever be;"

Yet somewhere on our journey we shall stay

Backward to gaze on our midsummer day.

MERIDIAN.

AN OLD-FASHIONED POEM.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE YALE CLASS OF 1853.

Inque brevi spatio mutantur saecula animantum
Et quasi cursores vitae lampada tradunt.

LUCRETIVS, DE RER. NAT. LIB. II.

WHAT compact old, what spell, these long years after,
Has lured us hither over land and main?
With tender thoughts, not tears,—with smiles, not laughter,—
We meet, we walk the ancient paths again.

At noon the Hamadryad to her lover
From the green forest sent a faithful bee,
Bidding him seek her haunt, and there discover
What rich rewards await on constancy.

But Rhœcus bruised its wings, and from that hour
The nymph was viewless to his longing eyes.
So unto us one brought an aloe-flower,
And said, "Be swift ere this rare blossom dies!"

Our hearts made speed in answer to that token;
The tryst is kept: and now declare ye soon
What posts are gained, what brave oaths kept unbroken—
Made in our morn to be fulfilled ere Noon!

I.

The tryst is kept. How fares it with each one
At this mid hour, when mariners take the sun
And cast their reckoning? when some level height
Is reached by men who set their strength aright,—
Who for a little space the firm plateau
Tread sure and steadfast, yet who needs must know
Full soon begins the inevitable slide
Down westward slopings of the steep divide.

How stands it, comrades, at this noontide fleet,
When for an hour we gather to the meet?
Like huntsmen, rallied by the winding horn
Who seek the shade with trophies lightly borne,
Remembering their deeds of derring-do—
What bows were bent, what arrows speeded true.
All, all have striven, and far apart have strayed:
Fling down! fill up the can! wipe off the blade!
Ring out the song! nor care, in this our mood,
What hollow echo mocks us from the wood!

Or is it with us, haply, as with those
Each man of whom the morn's long combat knows?
All veterans now: the bugle's far recall
From the hot strife has sounded sweet to all.

Welcome the rendezvous beneath the elms,
The truce, the throwing down of swords and helmets!

Life *is* a battle! How these sayings trite
Which school-boys write—and know not what they write—
In after years begin to burn and glow!
What man is here that has not found it so?
Who here is not a soldier of the wars,
Has not his half-healed wound, his early scars,—
Has broken not his sword, or from the field
Borne often naught but honor and his shield?
Ah, ye recruits, with flags and arms unstained,
See by what toil and moil the heights are gained!
Learn of our skirmish lost, our ridges won,
The dust, the thirst beneath the scorching sun;
Then see us closer draw—by fate bereft
Of men we loved—the firm-set column left.

II.

To me the picture that some painter drew
Makes answer for our past. His throng pursue
A siren, one that ever smiles before,
Almost in reach, alluring more and more.
Old, young, with outstretched hand, with eager eye,
Fast follow where her wingèd sandals fly,
While by some witchery unto each she seems
His dearest hope, the spirit of his dreams.
Ah, me! how like those dupes of Pleasure's chase,
Yet how unlike, we left our starting-place!
Is there not something nobler, far more true,
In the Ideal, still before our view,
Upon whose shining course we followed far
While sank and rose the night and morning star?
Ever we saw a bright glance cast behind
Or heard a word of hope borne down the wind,—
As yet we see and hear, and follow still
With faithful hearts and long-enduring will.

In what weird circle has the enchantress led
Our footsteps, so that now again they tread
These walks, and all that on the course befell
Seems to ourselves a shadow and a spell?
Was it the magic of a moment's trance,
A scholar's day-dream? Have we been, perchance,
Like that bewildered king who dipped his face
In water—while a dervish paused to trace
A mystic phrase—and, ere he raised it, lived
A score of seasons, labored, journeyed, wived
In a strange city,—Tunis or Algiers,—
And, after what had seemed so many years,
Came to himself, and found all this had been
During the palace-clock's brief noonday din?

For here the same blithe robins seem to house
In the elm-forest, underneath whose boughs
We, too, were sheltered; nay, we cannot mark
The five-and-twenty rings, beneath the bark,
That tell the growth of some historic tree,
Since we, too, were a part of Arcady.

And in our trance, *negari*, should the bell
 Speak out the hour, *non potest quin*, 'twere well
 The upper or the lower room to seek
 For Tully's Latin, Homer's rhythmic Greek ;—
 Yet were it well? ay, brothers, if, alack,
 For this one day the shadow might go back!
 Ah, no! with doubtful faces each on each
 We look, we speak with altered, graver speech:
 The spell is gone! We know what 'tis to wake
 From an illusive dream, at morning's break,
 That we again are dark-haired, buoyant, young,—
 Scanning, once more, our spring-time mates among,
 The grand hexameter—that anthem free
 Of the pursuing, loud-resounding sea,—
 To wake, anon, and know another day
 Already speeds for one whose hairs are gray,—
 In this swift change to lose a third of life
 Lopped by the stroke of Memory's ruthless knife,
 And feel, though naught go ill, it is a pain
 That youth, lost youth, can never come again!

Were the dream real, or should we idly go
 To yonder halls and strive to make it so,
 There listening to the voices that rehearse,
 Like ours of old, the swift Ionic verse,
 What silvery speech could now for us restore
 The cadence that we thought to hear once more?
 The low, calm utterance of him who first
 Our faltering minds to clearer knowledge nursed,—
 The perfect teacher, who endured our raw
 Harsh bleatings with a pang we never saw;
 Whose bearing was so apt we scarcely knew,
 At first, the wit that lit him through and through,
 Strength's surplusage; nor, after many a day
 Had taught us, rated well the heart that lay
 Beneath his speech, nor guessed how brave a soul
 In that frail body dwelt with fine control:
 Alas, no longer dwells! Time's largest theft
 Was that which learning and the world bereft
 Of this pure scholar,—one who had been great
 In every walk where led by choice or fate,
 Were not his delicate yearnings still repress
 Obeying duty's every-day behest.
 He shrunk from note, yet might have worn at ease
 The garb whose counterfeit a sad world sees
 Round many a dolt who gains, and deems it fame,
 One tenth the honor due to Hadley's name.

Too soon the years, gray Time's relentless breed,
 Have claimed our Pascal. He is theirs indeed;
 Yet three remain of the ancestral mold,
 Abreast, like them who kept the bridge of old:
 The true, large-hearted man so many found
 A helpful guardian, stalwart, sane, and sound;
 And he, by sure selection upward led,
 Whom now we reverence as becomes the Head,—
 The sweet polemic, pointing shafts divine
 With kindly satire,—latest of the line

That dates from godly Pierson. No less dear,
 And more revered with each unruffled year,
 That other Grecian: he who stands aside
 Watching the streams that gather and divide.
 Alcestis' love, the Titan's deathless will,
 We read of in his text, and drank our fill
 At Plato's spring. Now, from his sacred shade,
 Still on the outer world his hand is laid
 In use and counsel. Whom the nation saw
 Most fit for Heaven could best expound Earth's law.

His wise, kind eyes behold—nor are they loth—
 The larger scope, the quarter-century's growth:
 How blooms the Mother with unwrinkled brow
 To whom her wandering sons, returning now,
 Come not alone, but bring their sons to prove
 That children's children have a share of love.
 Through them she proffers us a second chance;
 With their young eyes we see her hands advance
 To crown the sports once banished from her sight;
 With them we see old wrong become the right,
 Tread pleasant halls, a healthy life behold
 Less stinted than the cloister-range of old—
 When the last hour of morning sleep was lost
 And prayer was sanctified by dusk and frost,
 And hungry tutors taught a class unfed
 That a full stomach meant an empty head.
 For them a tenth Muse, Beauty, here and there
 Has touched the landmarks, making all more fair;—
 We knew her not, save in our stolen dreams
 Or stumbling song, but now her likeness gleams
 Through chapel aisles, and in the house where Art
 Has builded for her praise its shrines apart.

Now the new Knowledge, risen like a sun,
 Makes bright for them the hidden ways that none
 Revealed to us; or haply would dethrone
 The gods of old, and rule these hearts alone
 From yonder stronghold. By unnumbered strings
 She draws our sons to her discoverings,—
 Traces the secret paths of force, the heat
 That makes the stout heart give its patient beat,
 Follows the stars through æons far and free
 And shows what forms have been and are to be.

Such things are plain to these we hither brought,
 More strange and varied than ourselves were taught;
 But has the iris of the murmuring shell
 A charm the less because we know full well
 Sweet Nature's trick? Is Music's dying fall
 Less finely blent with strains antiphonal
 Because within a harp's quick vibratings
 We count the tremor of the spirit's wings?
 There is a path by Science yet untrod
 Where with closed eyes we walk to find out God!
 Still, still, the unattained ideal lures,
 The spell evades, the splendor yet endures;

False sang the poet,—there is no good in rest,
And Truth still leads us to a deeper quest.

III.

But Alma Mater, with her mother-eyes
Seeing us graver grown if not more wise,—
She calls us back, dear comrades—ah, how dear,
And dearer than when each to each was near!
Time thickens blood! Enough to know that one
Our classmate was and is, and is her son;—
She looks unto the East, the South, the West,
Asking, "Now who have kept my maxims best?
Who have most nearly held within their grasp
The fluttering robe that each essayed to clasp?"
Can ye not answer, brothers, even as I,
That still in front the vision seems to fly,—
More light and fleet her shining footsteps burn
And speed the most when most she seems to turn?
And some have fallen, fallen from our band
Just as we thought to see them lay the hand
Upon her scarf: we know their precious names,
Their hearts, their work, their sorrows and their fames.
Few gifts the brief years brought them, yet how few
Fell to the living as the lots we drew!
But some, who most were baffled, later found
Capricious Fortune's arms a moment wound
About them; some, who sought her on one side,
Beheld her reach them by a compass wide.

What then is Life? or what Success may be
Who, who can tell? who for another see?
From those, perchance, that closest seem to hold
Her love, her strength, her laurels, or her gold,
In this meridian hour she far has sped
And left them but her phantom mask instead.

A grave, sweet poet in a song has told
Of one, a king, who in his palace old
Hung up a bell; and placed its cord anear
His couch,—that thenceforth, when the court should hear
Its music, all might know the king had rung
With his own hand, and that its silver tongue
Gave out the words of joy he wished to say,
"I have been wholly happy on this day!"
Joy's full perfection never to him came;
Voiceless the bell, year after year the same,
Till, in his death-throes, round the cord his hand
Gathered—and there was mourning in the land.

I pray you, search the wistful past, and tell
Which of you all could ring the happy bell!
The treasure-trove, the gifts we ask of Fate,
Come far apart, come mildewed, come too late.
What says the legend? "All that man desires
Greatly at morn he gains ere day expires;"
But Age craves not the fruits that gladden Youth,—
It sits among its vineyards, full of ruth,

Finding the owner's right to what is best
Of little worth without the seeker's zest.

Yet something has been gained. Not all a waste
The light-winged years have vanished in their haste,
Howbeit their gift was scant of what we thought,
So much we thought not of they slowly wrought!
Not all a waste the insight and the zeal
We gathered here: these surely make for weal;
The current sets for him who swims upbuoyed
By the trained skill, with all his arts employed.
Coy Fortune may disdain our noblest cares,
The good she gives at last comes unawares:—
Long, long in vain,—with patience, worth and love,—
To do her task the enchanted princess strove,
Till in the midnight pitying fairies crept
Unraveling the tangle while she slept.

This, then, the boon our Age of Wisdom brings,—
A knowledge of the real worth of things:
How poor, how good, is wealth; how surely fame
And beauty must return to whence they came,
Yet not for this less beautiful and rare—
It is their evanescence makes them fair
And worth possession. Ours the age still strong
With passions, that demand not curb nor thong;
And ours the age not old enough to set
Youth's joys above their proper worth, nor yet
So young as still to trust its empery more
Than unseen hands which lead to fortune's door.
For most have done the best they could, and all
The reign of law has compassed like a wall;
Something accrued to each, and each has seen
A Power that works for good in life's demesne.
In our own time, to many a masquerade
The hour has come when masks aside were laid:
We've seen the shams die 'out, the poor pretense
Cut off at last by truth's keen instruments,
The ignoble fashion wane and pass away,—
The fine return a second time, to stay,—
The knave, the quack, and all the meaner brood,
Go surely down, by the strong years subdued,
And, in the quarter-century's capping-race,
Strength, talent, honor, take and hold their place.

More glad, you say, the song I might have sung
In the free, careless days when all were young!
Now, long deferred, the sullen stroke of time
Has given a graver key, a deeper chime,
That the late singer of this strain might prove
Himself less keen for honors, more for love,
And in the music of your answer find
The charms that life to further action bind.
The Past is past; survey its course no more;
Henceforth our glasses sweep the further shore.
Five lustra, briefer than those gone, remain,
And then—a white-haired few shall meet again,
Lifting their heads that long have learned to droop,
And hear some sweeter minstrel of our group.

But stay! which one of us, alone, shall dine
At the Last shadowy Banquet of the line?
Who knows? who does not in his heart reply
"It matters not, so that it be not I."

Brothers, the whirl of Time's impatient pinion
Is heard, and, though our lingering feet rebel,
We turn from Youth's revisited dominion,
And what shall after be no tongue can tell.

We saw, like pilgrims round a fountain waiting,
Life's tide rise slowly, then with leap on leap
Even to the brim: there trembling, palpitating,
One moment at the full its waters keep;—

One brief space given our supreme endeavor:
Drink fast, the waters hasten to their fall!
But first a health to each! The moments sever
Our clasping hands; we hear the trumpets call;

The outlines of our faded purpose strengthen;
It looms between us and the drooping sun;
Henceforth behind our path the shadows lengthen
And more than half the pilgrimage is done.

But down the western slope we still shall follow
That haunting Vision once again in sight,—
The glory from its robes shall light the hollow
Where Silence dwells, and make serene the Night.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our "Commune."

It is well for us to recognize and estimate all powers as they arise which are likely—for good or ill—to modify our social and political life. That we have a "proletariat" there can now be no question: a class that has lost its good ambitions, lost its pride of citizenship, lost its sense of political responsibility, lost its industry, lost its hope, and is ready to live on what it can get. The tramps and dead-beats of the country and the city form the lowest layer of the proletariat; but there is a still larger class, hanging about half-way between them and respectability, that are far more dangerous than they. They are men with brains still active, but with hands tied by circumstances, and tied so tightly that they grow desperate and are ready to be led into desperate schemes by the ingenious demagogues who undertake to manage them.

We have had a series of bad years in all matters of business; and people who have always depended upon their daily wage for their daily bread have

experienced great difficulty in feeding and clothing themselves and their dependents. Multitudes have sunk into pauperism, yet there are other multitudes who could not do that. They have been too manly to do that. They have shrunk from that pit of death, and disgust, and horror; but what could they do? They have felt the pinch of helpless poverty, they have seen their children growing up without advantages, they have watched the shrinking wardrobes of their fading wives, and have been powerless to do anything to arrest the downward tendency. Work was not to be had. Business could not be created, and they have felt themselves to be shut off from all legitimate means of bettering themselves and their conditions.

It is not strange, therefore, that when the demagogue comes along, with his oily tongue and his false theories, he finds an audience ready for him—an audience, unhappily, which has nothing to do but to listen—an audience which finds it easy to believe that the provident portions of society are in some way to blame for the adversities and misfortunes.

unes of the poor. The "bloated bond-holder" is made to appear a public enemy, especially the enemy of the poor, when he was, at the beginning, the country's trusting and most efficient friend, and has distributed his bonds among widows and orphans, and banking houses and savings institutions, until they have become the basis of the national currency, the security of the savings of the poor, and the source of life to hundreds of thousands of those who have invested their all in these pledges of the nation's honor. In these bonds are invested the proceeds of millions of days of labor, and the savings of millions of prudent and toiling lives. A hungry, helpless, hopeless man finds it easy to accept Proudhon's and the devil's postulate that "all property is robbery," and when that is done the means for destroying or appropriating it do not need to be seriously discussed.

So, after a while—after suffering, and philosophizing and helplessly struggling and listening to the specious arguments of the demagogues—there is a large mass of men who come to believe that they are oppressed by the rich—that they are poor because others are rich, and that all that the rich possess, over and above that which is necessary to their life and comfort, ought to be distributed. And this is the way "the commune," as we call it, springs into life. The hoodlums of San Francisco, and the tramps and dead-beats of Chicago and New York, just as naturally gravitate toward this belief and theory as mud gravitates to the bottom of a pool. When the king of the hoodlums shakes his halter in the eyes of his crowd, a sympathetic thrill of pleasure agitates the dirty bosom of every dead-beat in the country. It does not matter that communism and agrarianism are impracticable—that society forced to such a basis could not exist—that communism is chaos. The mad impulse to destroy—to enjoy for an hour that which others have earned—takes possession of the mob, and humanity sinks back into the beast from which our modern scientists believe it originally came. Of course there is but one cure for this, and it does not need to be named. Every interest of civil society is its foe, and from time immemorial has been not only its foe but its conqueror. There does not exist on the broad earth to-day an instance of a good practical result to a communistic struggle, in the interest of those who inaugurated it. History will forever repeat itself in this respect, because society can never be forced to a communistic basis and live. The mercantile class, the professional class, and the great overwhelming agricultural class can never be voluntarily or compulsorily communistic, and they settle the question. No movement can be more utterly hopeless, more certain to end in disaster, than a violent communistic movement on property and property-holders in this country.

In San Francisco there is talk about the formation of a new party. So long as this talk means anything, it is well; but those who really mean anything by it will find, we fear, that a new party will not content their followers and friends. There are wrongs enough in politics, there are wrongs enough

in Congress, to furnish the basis of a new party. When a time arrives in our national history in which it is hard to tell which offers the greater menace to popular peace and national prosperity—Congress or the commune—the latter does not need to go far for a new party. And the new party is all right—all right except the halter which threatens its office-holders in case they do not obey the behests of those who elect them. If we need reforms, let them be discussed and submitted to the popular vote. In all legitimate measures of reform, the poor man shall always have the favor and influence of this magazine, but we warn him—if he has any sympathy with "the commune"—that there can be but one end to any violent measures that he may engage in—viz.: his disastrous overthrow.

If all the popular discontent could be directed into political measures, political discussions, etc., well would it be, not only for the country, but for the discontented themselves. Much good might come from the attempt to inaugurate reforms that would ease the burdens of the poor. The thing to be feared is the attempt on the part of existing parties to use the communistic element for their own base purposes. There are indications that this attempt will be made. There has been party legislation in Congress during the past session that indicates the adoption of this infernal policy. When a party begins to manipulate the mob, and to shape its action to the purposes and prejudices of the mob, the mob becomes quite capable of teaching it decency. So let the new party be formed by all means. We would risk ourselves and our interests with it as quickly as we would with the demagogues who have made Congress the curse of the country, and the greatest menace to its future peace and prosperity.

The Death of Bryant.

By reason of his venerable age, his unquestioned genius, his pure and lofty character, his noble achievements in letters, his great influence as a public journalist, and his position as a pioneer in American literature, William Cullen Bryant had become, without a suspicion of the fact in his own modest thought, the principal citizen of the great republic. By all who knew him, and by millions who never saw him, he was held in the most affectionate reverence. When he died, therefore, and was buried from sight, he left a sense of personal loss in all worthy American hearts.

A year ago, an article on Mr. Bryant was begun for this present number of *THE MONTHLY*, with the expectation that it would appear during his lifetime, and that the pictures of his homes would give him pleasure; but events have transformed that record of uncompleted life into an obituary. And now, after the whole American press has spoken its word of the great man, we have but few words of our own to say. He needs no eulogy; but there are certain aspects of his character and history which it would be well for his literary brothers and sisters to ponder.

He never sought notoriety, and was never no-

torious. The genuine fame that came to him came apparently unsought. It grew with his growth and strengthened with his strength, and, at the last, it became a shadow of the man that lengthened momentarily across the earth as his sun descended. Nothing can be purer, nothing more natural, nothing more enduring than his reputation; for it was based in real genius, genuine character and legitimate achievement. He never postured himself before the public; he shrank from all thought of producing a sensation; he had the humblest opinion of himself; and his fame was simply one of the things that he would not help and could not hinder. He was a man of character, a man of business and affairs, and a poet,—or perhaps, he was first of all a poet, and afterward all that made up a complete manhood. These are the aspects of the man which seem most worth talking about.

Mr. Bryant was a poet who could take care of himself, and get a living. He could not only do this, but he could do a wise and manly part in guiding the politics of the country. He could not only manage his own private and family affairs in a prosperous way, but he could discharge his duties as a citizen and a member of society. In his own personal character and history he associated probity with genius, purity with art, and the sweetest Christianity with the highest culture. He has proved to all the younger generation of poets that hysterics are not inspiration, that improvidence is not an unerring sign of genius, that Christian conviction and Christian character are not indications of weakness but are rather a measure of strength, and that a man may be a poet and a poet a man. So much of a certain sort of eccentricity has been associated with the poetic temperament and with poetic pursuits, that, in some minds, the possession of practical gifts and homely virtues is supposed to invalidate all claims to genius. If Mr. Bryant's life had accomplished nothing more than to prove the falsity of this wretched notion, it would have been a fruitful one.

It certainly is to be hoped that the world is outliving the fancy that a man in order to be a great poet must be exceptionally an ass in every other department of life and effort,—that he must be an infidel in the realm of religion, a spendthrift in his habits, an unsafe man with women, a wine-bibber at his table, and a man whose butcher and tailor are sufferers by whatsoever sums they may trust to him. Let us be thankful that Mr. Bryant has made it eminently proper for genius to be respectable and well behaved, and that laziness and improvidence and licentiousness can never quote his example among their excuses. At a time when feeble men with a poetic streak in them running through a worthless nature and character are striving to attract attention, and when irreligion and immorality are determined to assert a respectable place for themselves in the world's regard, the celebration of Mr. Bryant's virtues, even though it be held above his grave, comes like a benign reproof and a sweet benediction to his countrymen.

Mr. Bryant's character was so broadly built, it

was made up of such a wide range of the best material, it was so true and pure, and so mellowed by age and religion, that it was, after all, more admirable and more memorable than anything he ever did. His poetry has already become classic in American literature, but his memory, as it lives in the popular heart, only recognizes his genius as incidental to his nature, and his poetical works as a single feature of his career. He was a great man every way—great in his gifts, great in his religious faith, great in his works, great in his symmetry, great in his practical handling of the things of personal, social and political life, great in his experience of life, great in his wisdom, great in his goodness and sweetness, and great in his modesty and simplicity. We know of no man dying in America who has been worthier than he of public eulogies and public monuments. We know of nothing more creditable to his countrymen than the universal respect that has been paid to his memory.

Greatness in Art.

It is interesting to notice what passes for greatness in art with the average man, not to say the average critic. If we were to ask him to name the half dozen greatest actors this country possesses, he would not omit from his enumeration certain names that by no just rule of judgment can lay claim to greatness. We allude to those actors who have become notorious, or famous, or exceedingly admired, for their power to represent a single character. Now, this power to represent a single character, and only a single character, superlatively well, is a mark of littleness and not of greatness. The man who can only make his mark in a single part, shows that he is not an actor—shows that the part is purposely or accidentally shaped to him, and that it is a harmonious outcome of his individuality. He has simply to act himself to act his part well, and that is not acting at all. As a rule, the men who make the most money in the histrionic art, and pass for the greatest actors with the people, are in no true sense of the word actors at all. The great actor is the man who can play every part, and any part,—who can successfully go out of himself into the impersonation of a wide range of characters. Nature, of course, places limitations upon every man, so that no man can be equally great in all parts; but he certainly is the greatest actor who can be great in the largest number of parts. There are several men and women upon the contemporary stage, enjoying its highest honors and emoluments, who have hardly a valid claim to the name of actors. The "starring system" naturally produces just such artists as these, and we suppose it always will.

Twenty years ago, the American passing through Florence did not consider a visit to that city complete, unless he had had an interview with "the great American sculptor," Hiram Powers; but it seems that Mr. Powers's immortality is to be a very mild and modest one. He has passed away, leaving a delightful personal memory; but it somehow happens that what he has left behind him in imperish-

able stone does not, in the light of these later days, confirm the early opinions of his greatness. He has never made a group. He spent his life on ideal heads, single ideal forms, and portrait busts. His pupil, Conolly, was making groups within five years of the beginning of his study—could not be restrained from making groups. Powers could not have failed to see that his pupil was greater than himself—more dramatic, more inventive, more constructive—every way broader in his power. The elements of true greatness were in the younger man, and were not in the older man.

What we say of these two men will serve to illustrate the truths we would like to present concerning greatness in all plastic and pictorial art. Many of our painters who have great reputations are petty men. They know something of a specialty, can do something creditable in it, and can do absolutely nothing out of it. They have no universality of knowledge or of skill. They can do just one thing, and they continue to do that one thing so long that they take on a mannerism of subject and of treatment, so well learned by the public, at last, that their pictures are their autographs. Unless America can get out of this rut in some way, she cannot make great progress. Our "great painters" are our little painters—are the men who plod along in a narrow path, seeing nothing and attempting nothing in the wide field that opens on all sides of them. They learn to do one thing well, and they emphasize that one thing so firmly, and dogmatize upon it so loudly, that they win credit to themselves for greatness, when their work is the certificate of their littleness and narrowness.

It is in painting and sculpture as it is in all other fields of life and effort—the wider the knowledge and the wider the practice, the better the skill in all the specialties which the knowledge and practice embrace. Titian was one of the greatest portrait painters that ever lived, and he was a much better portrait painter than he would otherwise have been for painting such works as "The Assumption of the Virgin." The great embraces the little. The universal covers all details. Our painters stop in the details, and seem to be content in what they get or suggest, without attempting invention and composition. We wish it could be understood that there is no such thing as greatness in art without invention and composition. There are three great names that come down to us, accompanied each by a mighty charm,—the names of Michael Angelo, Raphael and Leonardo da Vinci,—and while that of Raphael is the best beloved, the first and the last named of the trio constantly assert themselves as the greatest. They were simply inventors and composers of higher merit and a wider range of powers than Raphael.

We know that we live in a day not particularly favorable to the development of great art. Men must paint to sell, and, in order to sell, men must paint for their market. Still, we believe that there is a market for all that our artists can produce, that is truly great. This magazine is buying invention and good composition constantly, and we do not hesitate to say that the two volumes which contain in any year the issues of SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, can show more of both than any single exhibition of our National Academy has been able to show since the magazine began its existence. The pettiness of our art is its curse, and we emphasize this pettiness and call it greatness. What we want is more invention—bringing together into dramatic relation wider ranges and more varied masses of material. We may get cleverness this side of invention and composition, but greatness, never.

This principle runs through all art. Why is it that American poetry has asserted so small a place in the great world of literature? It is simply because it is irredeemably petty. The cutting of cameos may be done by men who are capable of great work, but it is not great work in itself, and no man can establish a claim to greatness upon it. The writing little poems—jobs of an evening, or happy half hours of leisure—can make no man a great poet. Unless a man use this kind of work as study for great inventions and compositions, and actually go on and compass these supreme efforts of the poetic art, he is but a small experimenter. He may enjoy a little notoriety, but he can win no permanent place in art. Shakspere, and Milton, and Dante, and Goethe—the kings of song—were creators. They wrote brief poems of great beauty, but their reputation for greatness rests entirely on their broad poetic inventions, which embraced a great variety of elements. Tennyson, Browning and Swinburne, of the Englishmen now writing, stand above the great mass of English verse-writers, or verse-writers in the English language, because they are more than clever writers of brief poems. They are inventors, composers, creators. They have called into being and endowed with vitality great poetic organisms. We have just looked over a new volume of American verses, which presents hardly a poem to the page. There is not the first sign of invention in it from beginning to end, yet the American press is discussing the place which its author occupies and is to occupy in American letters, as if it really were an important matter.

One of our Japanese visitors at the Centennial, whom we regarded as a sort of interesting heathen, remarked patronizingly that "we must all remember that America is very young." He was right.

THE OLD CABINET.

ON the 29th of last May, Mr. Bryant made the address at the unveiling of the bust of Mazzini, in Central Park. It was his last public utterance,—interesting from this fact, and also because it was characteristic of his methods of thought and of expression. The plan of the address was conventional, even commonplace; the language plain, sober, direct, and pure in style; but toward the end we come upon a touch of imagination like this:

"Kings trembled when they heard that he had suddenly disappeared from London, and breathed more freely when they learned that he was in his grave."

To those who remember the speculations, the forebodings, the "tremblings" of kings and cabinets which followed the announcement of Mazzini's mysterious disappearances, nothing could be more vivid than these words.

A poet may be original who deals with ancient themes, who uses ancient forms and methods, and who "invents" but little. This only is necessary,—what he sees he must see for himself; what he knows he must know of his own knowledge; what he speaks he must speak from his own mind and heart. Originality is the result of experience,—of insight. A poet who writes on unusual themes, or who uses unusual methods, is more apt to be called original than a poet of the same amount of originality who has not the added charm of novelty, either in subject or in expression. There was little of the unusual in the literature of Bryant, and yet he was a poet of such delicate and vigorous expression, of such breadth and originality of thought that, even in his own country, where he has been so long a venerable and venerated figure, it is doubtful whether we are not many years behind a proper estimate of his genius.

In the mere matter of purity and beauty of sound, where among his late contemporaries can we find Bryant's equal? Where can we find such freedom from weakness of language, affectation, mannerism, or involution, or from that over-sweet and cloying quality which curses modern English verse—namely, that which is worst in Tennyson and in Mrs. Browning?

There is a way of arranging words so that the very vowels and consonants have a sickly or a vulgar sound. In Bryant there is nothing of this. Not only has he a bell-like purity of tone,—a melody relying not upon mere rhythm (as in so much of Swinburne), but upon the inner music of the line, the liquid and musical flow of syllables;—not only has his verse refinement and beauty, but it has also a strength of diction which gives dignity to almost every line. In an age of empty, puerile, morbid, and luscious poetry, here was at least one manly voice: not the only one,—not the greatest one,—but a voice true, constant, and of no mean power.

As examples of purity and exquisiteness of sound

(not, however, that they are only these), read again such lines as:

"When beechen buds begin to swell,
And woods the bluebird's warble knew."

"In lawns the murmuring bee is heard,
The wooing ring-dove in the shade."

"The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears."

Read also "To a Waterfowl," "A Day-Dream," "A Scene on the Banks of the Hudson," "The Snow Storm," and the lyric beginning:

"Oh, fairest of the rural maids!
Thy birth was in the forest shades;
Green boughs, and glimpses of the sky,
Were all that met thine infant eye."

It were easy to find in Bryant lines with less of inspiration than of art; lines in which even the art is wanting; whole poems with little "lift" in them,—poems whose better qualities cannot redeem them from the charge of dullness. But it concerns us rather to discover how high he has reached. A poet's rank is not fixed by a system of averages. His position is decided according to his best accomplishment, especially if that accomplishment be evidently a natural outgrowth of his genius, and not a fortunate accident. The world has a right to suspect the worth of a single apparent masterpiece, if it is surrounded on all sides by inferior works which are regarded with equal complacency by their author. In Landon's "Imaginary Conversations," when Porson asks whether a poet is to be judged from the quantity of his bad poetry, or from the quality of his best, Southey replies: "I should certainly say from the latter; because it must be in poetry as in sculpture and painting; he who arrives at a high degree of excellence in these arts will have made more models, more sketches and designs, than he who has reached but a lower."

In Bryant we find lines and stanzas of such temperance, and elegance, and strength,—sometimes of such imagination,—that they have already taken their places as types of thought; they are familiar pieces in the common currency of human expression.

"The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun."

"The desert and illimitable air."

"The groves were God's first temples."

"The melancholy days have come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown
and serc."

"Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
Th' eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers."

"The disembodied spirits of the dead."

"These struggling tides of life that seem
In wayward, aimless course to tend,
Are eddies of the mighty stream
That rolls to its appointed end."

"Oh, mother of a mighty race!"

"O country, marvel of the earth!
O realm to sudden greatness grown!"

"Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful, and just!"

Bryant is often compared with Gray. His stanzas entitled "The Past" will recur to the mind as perhaps the poem by the later writer most resembling the "Elegy" at once in artistic finish, in gravity of theme and language, and in universality of interest. Yet is not "The Past" nobler in both imagination and utterance, and has it not a deeper pathos?

"Thou hast my better years;
Thou hast my earlier friends, the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears—
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unuttered, unrevered;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappeared.

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time,
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished—no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles, radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat."

It is not difficult to find in Bryant passages in which definite, original, and imaginative thoughts are expressed in beautiful and noble words. In "The Ages" the overthrow of the Papal power is described:

"At last the earthquake came—the shock, that hurled
To dust, in many fragments dashed and strown,
The throne, whose roots were in another world,
And whose far-stretching shadow awed our own."

It is said of Leonardo that the flowing of great waters and the smiling of women had made a deep impression upon his mind. Flowing waters, as beautiful in themselves, in their accompaniments, and in their suggestions, and as an image of the life of man, seemed to be always present in the mind of the poet. In "Thanatopsis" we behold

"Rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste.

"Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings."

How perfectly is expressed in one of his earliest poems, "The Rivulet," the ever-living youth and

joyousness of nature,—a phenomenon which, sooner or later, strikes the human mind with the force of a mysterious and pathetic experience:

"Oft to its warbling waters drew
My little feet, when life was new.
And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
As ages after ages glide,
Children their early sports shall try,
And pass to hoary age and die.
But thou unchanged from year to year,
Gayly shall play and glitter here:
Amid young flowers and tender grass
Thy endless infancy shall pass."

In the "Hymn to the North Star," the stanzas are of unequal power; but this is one of them:

"Alike, beneath thine eye,
The deeds of darkness and of light are done;
High toward the starlit sky
Towns blaze, the smoke of battle blots the sun,
The night-storm on a thousand hills is loud,
And the strong wind of day doth mingle sea and cloud."

The following passages are from "A Forest Hymn:"

"That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this great universe.

Lo! all grow old and die—but see again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever-gay and beautiful youth
In all its beautiful forms.

Oh, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie."

Edgar Allan Poe long ago pointed out the beauties of Bryant's verses on "June,"—a piece whose singular fulfillment has made it familiar in the newspapers of late. "Nothing," said Poe, "could be more melodious. The poem has always affected me in a remarkable manner." In all of Bryant's poetry, we doubt whether there are any lines more striking, more imaginative, more touching, than

"Whose part, in all the pomp that fills
The circuit of the summer hills,
Is that his grave is green."

Like the best passages in all poets, it comes upon the mind with suddenness and surprise; perhaps, indeed, it has this element to a greater degree than any other passage in Bryant's poetry. Certainly this is not frequent with him; yet, also, in the reverie of "The Evening Wind" the element of surprise is not wanting—in the last stanza. First, the spirit of the wind is described, in exquisite numbers, as it passes, with its ministrations, from the sea, to where

"Lies the vast inland stretched beyond the sight."

"Go—but the circle of eternal change,
Which is the life of Nature, shall restore,
With sounds and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place of the deep once more;
Sweet odors in the sea-air, sweet and strange,
Shall tell the homesick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream."

The sonnet "To Cole, the Painter, Departing for Europe," is one of the most majestic in diction which has been written so far away from Italy and from England, and it would be hard to find anywhere a more graphic contrast of the landscape of the Old World and the New. It is irregular in form; which, however, may be said of sonnets much greater than this, notably Shelley's "Ozymandias."

But to continue our citations of what seem to us among the poet's noblest expressions—the following stanzas are from the "Hymn of the City":

"Even here do I behold
Thy steps, Almighty! here, amid the crowd,
Through the great city rolled,
With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
Choking the ways that wind
'Mong the proud piles, the work of human kind.

"Thy golden sunshine comes
From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies
And lights their inner homes;
For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
And givest them the stores
Of ocean, and the harvests of its shores.

"Thy Spirit is around,
Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along;
And this eternal sound—
Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
Like the resounding sea,
Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of thee."

The reveries in blank verse which appear so frequently in the chronological procession of Bryant's poems are of varied degrees of interest,—though all are marked by elevation of thought, a pure, simple, and sometimes majestic diction. "Thanatopsis" is perhaps the most eloquent, and the one most abounding with phrases destined to a long life. But somewhere near the middle of the book of the collected poems, the one entitled "The Earth" shows a more real and profound feeling, and the last of the blank verse series (if series it may be called), "The Flood of Years," grasps still more firmly the realities of this life. If it is true that Bryant is a poet whom men read with increasing pleasure as they grow older, then we are inclined to think that "The Flood of Years,"—written when Bryant was more than eighty years old,—is as likely as any of his poems to take permanent hold of the imaginations and the affections of men.

It cannot be claimed for Bryant that he reaches the highest power of the poetic art,—that blending of the understanding and the imagination in the white heat of passion, as in Shakspeare, in Milton, in Wordsworth, in Shelley, in Keats. He had neither the depth nor the sparkle of Emerson; nor the tremendous impulse of Whitman; nor the Shakspearean intensity of Browning at his best; and if we say that at least he avoided the grievous faults of these last-named contemporaries, he had on the other hand, as has been acknowledged above, the Wordsworthian failing of dullness. A great writer has declared that the effect of the higher poetry is excitement; the effect of the inferior is composure. The effect of Bryant's poetry, it must be acknowledged, is much oftener the latter than the former. Yet, does he not reach above such poets as Gray toward,

though not into, companionship, with the great poets whom he sometimes suggests, Wordsworth and Milton? If we place Bryant's best alongside the best of the Poet-laureate, we will be surprised to find how much of Tennyson turns sugary, and palls upon the taste, in the comparison with Bryant's lines of adamant. Longfellow (beside his other proper merits) has, it may be, a more enjoying sense of rhythm, but not a greater sense, if so great, of the melody of the line, apart from (but not independent of) its cadence. Of late years Longfellow has gained, also, much of Bryant's dignity and grave pathos; but he has never reached his strength of thought or of language.

Bryant may be compared to a high and majestic mountain, not towering to lightning-scarred, mysterious and inaccessible heights above the clouds,—but rising, clad with verdure and wreathed with departing mists, serene in the mellow sunlight. We do not feel that the iron has entered into his soul, as it entered into the soul of Dante and other great or lesser bards. Yet it is safe to say that much of what was called coldness in him personally, and much of that which gives the effect of coldness in his poetry was partly the result of diffidence and partly the intense hatred of every kind of sham. One of the most personal and undramatic of poets, he is still impersonal and general in statement*—there is no whining, nothing overstrained. It is this quality of literary honesty that gives force to his more feeling or fiery passages,—to such pieces for instance as "A Lifetime," and "The Poet," and to the sonorous and splendid measures of the patriotic poem, "Not Yet." When this poet says he has seen a thing, has had such and such a feeling, we can take him at his word. He is not echoing the report or the sentiment of another in a stanza like this:

"Well, I have had my turn, have been
Raised from the darkness of the cloud,
And for a glorious moment seen
The brightness of the skirts of God."

When, in the poems of his maturity, he declares the anguish of his heart, we may know that there *was* anguish, and keener doubtless than he has told. It is his intellectual and verbal honesty that imbues this poet of consolation and of hope with such large and solemn pathos.

A palpable incongruity in the imagery of "The Flood of Years" may possibly keep it out of the company of the immortals, yet we could better spare almost any other poem of Bryant's. The figure of moving waters—which was always present in his mind—in this, almost the last of his poems, has its completest expression. Was the poet's diction ever more noble in all the now finished book of his writings? How often have the dearest hopes of the race found such beautiful, serene, and confident expression?

* See page 471 (Appleton's Complete Edition) for a poem of thirty-seven stanzas, one of Bryant's very latest,—entitled "A Lifetime," which is in fact the poet's autobiography.

"So they pass
From stage to stage along the shining course
Of that bright river, broadening like a sea.
As its smooth eddies curl along their way
They bring old friends together; hands are clasped
In joy unspeakable; the mother's arms
Again are folded round the child she loved
And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now.
Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
That overpays them; wounded hearts that bled
Or broke are healed forever. In the room
Of this grief-shadowed present, there shall be
A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
The heart, and never shall a tender tie
Be broken; in whose reign the eternal Change
That waits on growth and action shall proceed
With everlasting Concord hand in hand."

It seems proper to state that the portrait of Bryant which appears as the frontispiece of the magazine has long been in preparation for this place in the present number. The life-size crayon drawing from which Mr. Cole's engraving has been made was done from life by Mr. Wyatt Eaton during the past winter, Mr. Bryant giving the artist repeated sittings for that purpose. As a characteristic incident, it may be mentioned that Mr. Bryant refused the artist's offer to work in his (Mr. Bryant's) own house, and insisted upon climbing the eighty-one steps to Mr. Eaton's studio once or twice a week for several weeks. In making his crayon "study from life" the artist intentionally avoided the use of what may be called the "dramatic" possibilities of the subject, such as were so easily caught in so many photographs, or drawings from photographs, with which the public are familiar. How well he, and the engraver after him, may have succeeded in rendering those features "the great soul's apparent seat," others must now decide.

WE reprint below "Thanatopsis,"—as it originally appeared in "The North American Review," of September, 1817,—for the convenience of those

who may wish to compare the earliest with the latest, most familiar and greatly improved form of the poem. Four rhymed stanzas, of inferior merit, preceded the blank verse, when first printed; but this, according to Mr. Bryant, was owing to a mistake of another:

"YET a few days, and thee,
The all-beholding sun, shall see no more,
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in th' embrace of ocean shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolv'd to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrend'ring up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to th' insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thy eternal resting place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulcher.—The hills,
Rock-ribb'd and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—the floods that move
In majesty,—and the complaining brooks,
That wind among the meads, and make them green,
Are but the solemn declarations all,
Of the great tomb of man.—The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven
Are glowing in the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning—and the Borean desert pierce—
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
That veil Oregon, where he hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.—
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou shalt fall
Unnoticed by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? Thousands more
Will share thy destiny.—The uttering world
Dance to the grave. The busy brood of care
Plod on, and each one chases as before
His favorite phantom.—Yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee!"

HOME AND SOCIETY.

A Rural Art Association.

THE tendency is strong and ever growing, in all parts of our land, to admire and to praise the bustle and glitter of metropolitan prosperity. But the style of village life, and of life in each individual home throughout the whole country at large is, after all, what serves most to characterize, and, if right and true in its type, to dignify our social condition as a people. While parks, boulevards, public edifices, costly private buildings, fountains, statues, halls of art, museums, galleries of paintings and other conspicuous adornments requiring large and widely distributed wealth, may be naturally expected to be gathered with frequency in our large cities, there are still other forms of public ornamentation not so costly and yet, satisfying and refining in their influence, which are capable of general appreciation and adoption in smaller places.

In the light of this fact, it will be of interest to review the history of the oldest, and, for a long time, the only rural art association in the country.

Clinton, Oneida County, New York, the seat of Hamilton College, is beautifully situated in the valley of the Oriskany, a branch of the Mohawk, and bounded on the east and west by high ranges of hills of bold outline, and of gradual ascent. These are covered with patches and belts of forest-land, and with well-tilled farms and prosperous homes.

The kindlings of desire and steps of progress in rural art that have distinguished Clinton during the last twenty-five years, are capable of easy historical analysis. The influence of the writings of A. J. Downing, of Newburgh, New York, first published in 1841, was soon strongly felt by a few leading minds in this place, to whom his ideas of landscape-gardening, and of simple, yet tasteful, rural architect-

ure, were full of awakening suggestions. Up to 1850, Clinton was as plainly built and as plainly kept as almost any village of like size in the land. Its door-yards had no lawns; its houses, which were all copies of each other, were simply parallelopipeds in their structure,—like so many huge dry goods boxes,—varying only in any case in difference of pose upon the ground, according as the wide or narrow end was made to face the street.

But between 1850 and 1860, a great change came over the architectural ideas of many in the place. Many new houses, “with modern conveniences” within and modern attractions without, were erected.

The first positive beginnings of active zeal for public improvements appeared in the latter part of the summer of 1853. Seven gentlemen then met to confer together upon the possibility of improving effectively the style of Hamilton College Campus,—and, with three others, subscribed the sum of nine hundred and fifty dollars for the beautification of the college grounds; the payment was conditioned upon the appropriation of an equal amount by the trustees of the college to the same purpose, and upon the earnest undertaking of the improvements at an early date in the following spring. The trustees accepted cordially the generous offer; and, by the year 1857, had expended the sum of seven thousand dollars or more for the ends described. A plain stone wall, with a well-worn wooden fence surmounting it, running along the whole front of the college campus was removed; a large and previously unimproved field was brought within the bounds of the new order of things; new slopes and grades were prepared on an extensive scale; old buildings were taken down or set back in some distant corner of the grounds; ill-proportioned trees were taken up, many winding walks were constructed, and in a way to be permanent and to be easily kept neat and trim; large numbers of superior trees and shrubs were purchased; hedges were set in abundance; and a before-unadorned college cemetery was included within the range of the grounds improved. The college grounds, front and rear (15—16 acres) have, as the result, been converted from a mere disconnected mass of open “lots” of land, into one harmonious presentation of well-laid-out and well-sustained effects in landscape-gardening.

In the summer of 1855 (August 8), several of the gentlemen mentioned, formed, with a few others, “The Rural Art Association of Clinton.” A member of the Laurel Hill Association of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, when at the house of a friend at Clinton, suggested casually the desirableness of forming a tree-planting association here as in Stockbridge. That association was formed in 1853, and for the mere purpose of external village improvement, holding only business meetings once or twice a year, and for the purpose of voting taxes upon its members, appointing committees, and discussing points of improvement to be desired. The Clinton Rural Art Association was formed in part for like purposes, but chiefly to discuss matters of rural adornment, both theoretically and practically, and at meetings of stated and frequent recurrence.

Three associate elements were combined in its construction,—the practical element of tree-planting, and of promoting general village improvement; the element of social intercourse over a cup of tea; and the element of discussion upon some theme of general interest selected beforehand for the occasion, and with special reference to points of taste in rural ornamentation. The society has been of great benefit to Clinton and its vicinity, and is still in a flourishing condition.

This society, composed usually of about twenty-five members, has enrolled in its constituency, at different times, nearly all of the gentlemen of superior intelligence, of any marked public spirit in the place. Its discussions have taken the wide range of all things useful and ornamental in country life as such, whether within doors or without, as well as any matters pertaining to affairs of general social concern, excepting always politics and theology. Its practical benefits have been very great in stimulating the ideas of its members in respect especially to horticulture, landscape-gardening, and home adornment, and also to various forms in a general way of public and private advancement. Progress in various styles and degrees of personal and public comfort, and in the general beautification of the village, has been for many years past, and still is, “the order of the day.” Hedges of buckthorn, hawthorn, thorn-locust, privet, Tartarean honeysuckle, lilac, arbor-vitæ, and hemlock have been set all over the place. Old fences have been kept in repair, and new ones built have been attractive as well as substantial. The best trees to be found in the neighboring forests have been planted abundantly by the road-sides; numerous door-yards, some of them small, have been enlivened with the choicest trees and shrubs procurable; houses, great and little, and out-buildings have been carefully brightened up anew from time to time with fresh paint. Lawns in door-yards are on the increase. Old fences, when not replaced with others, better in pattern as well as substance, are swept entirely out of view, and that increasingly with the feeling that well-kept grounds are all the handsomer for being uninclosed. Verandas, balconies, porches and bay-windows appear more and more with pleasing frequency throughout the place. The sidewalks of the village, from the center outward in all directions, have been provided increasingly with broad stone pavements at an expense of some thousands of dollars annually. Water-works have been constructed for a fountain in the village park, and for the use, in case of need, of the fire department. That department is, with its fine engine, no mean addition to the resources of our little village, which does not number, including the students in the college and the various schools, male and female, more than two thousand persons. The village park has been graded; the hedge that it once had around it has been removed so as to give it an open, trim aspect; and its entire circumference has been flagged with paving-stones. It is, in a word, the instinctive demand of all minds in the place that nothing shall be left to stand in open view, anywhere, that is not in

good taste at least, and beautiful if it is possible to make it such. There is, as the result, scarcely an unsightly building to be anywhere seen in the village or even in its precincts.

At its first meeting in 1855, a committee of three was appointed to make a thorough survey and report how many trees, and of what kinds, would be needed for the thorough and tasteful planting of the village streets and grounds. They reported that they found 534 trees, all but 64 of them maples, and that 1,412 more were needed in order to complete in any artistic way the results already gained. They recommended the planting of 250 trees at once at the most important points in the village, and that basswood and white ash should be used to supplement any incomplete rows of trees, since, for shape, style of bark, and color of foliage, they would harmonize well with the maple, and at the same time break the monotony of its too exclusive use. They further recommended for general planting, elm, linden (or basswood), the white ash, black walnut, horse-chestnut, maple, white willow, hemlock, and white pine, and that particular trees be devoted to separate streets, as maples to one, elms to another, etc. Since that report, the people have actively co-operated with the association in carrying out its suggestions, and the result has been most excellent.

The society held its meetings fortnightly at the first, but afterward monthly, from 6 to 9.30 P. M. The first half-hour is given to general conversation; at 6.30 o'clock the minutes of the previous meeting are read, and, after the transaction of any general business suggested, the discussion for the evening begins, the subject having been selected by vote at the previous meeting. The member appointed at that time to open the question is allowed twenty minutes for the purpose. Each member, in

succession, is called upon afterward for the expression of his views and allowed ten minutes, and his time may, by special vote, be extended, if desirable. The time for taking tea is at or before 7 o'clock, as is most convenient to the hostess of the occasion, at the end of which the regular business of the association is resumed. Each member contributes five dollars annually for general village improvements. New members are proposed at one meeting, and elected at the next one by ballot, three negative ballots causing the rejection of a candidate.

Many and varied have been the subjects discussed during the twenty-two years of the society's existence, such as the following: The principles of landscape-gardening for private grounds; hedges, and how to set, trim, and grow them; improvement of the village park; methods of lighting and warming country homes; the preservation of marketable fruits in winter; the varieties of apples, pears, and plums best adapted to local culture; diseases of above-named fruit-trees; the best varieties of grapes for local culture; the impurities of wells and springs; the importance of forest-lands; the healthful and refining influences of horticulture; the best evergreens for local adornment, and when to transplant them; what birds are best worth multiplying in the land; the best roses (annual and perennial) for home culture; the most desirable ornamental shrubs; the winter-work of an amateur horticulturist; home diversions in the country for winter evenings; the value of good books and magazines among home influences; the best ways for making and improving lawns; cold graperies, and how to make them profitable; the longevity of the most desirable trees; the protection of out-of-door plants in winter; the agricultural ideas and implements of the ancients.

B. W. D.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

DeVinne's "Invention of Printing."*

INTIMATIONS are not wanting that the art of printing is to reach a high degree of mechanical excellence in America; and nothing of late gives more encouragement than the production of Mr. DeVinne's book on "The Invention of Printing," and the general interest which the book has excited. The book itself is well composed and printed; although we should take exception to some details of style, *e. g.* the head-lines, chapter headings and mottoes, and it is unworthily bound; in its essential features, however, the mechanical execution corresponds with the unostentatious, thorough and

business-like character of the plan and the text. We look upon the production of so scholarly a work by an American printer as good evidence that the art of printing here is not and will not in the near future be governed by commercial considerations alone. An interest in the history of an art is a healthy and vital condition for excellence in the art itself, and Mr. DeVinne's book shows the existence of solid foundations for the development of the art of printing in America.

In his careful and modest preface the author explains that his book grew out of an intended translation of Bernard's "*De l'origine et des débuts de l'imprimerie en Europe*," published in Paris in 1853; and he disclaims the announcement of any original discoveries or speculative theories. It is this negative virtue which renders the work especially agreeable to the conscientious reader. It does not take such a reader long to discover that he is in the hands of a patient, painstaking, judicious writer,

*The Invention of Printing. A Collection of Facts and Opinions descriptive of Early Prints and Playing Cards, the Block-Books of the Fifteenth Century, the Legend of Lourens Janszoon Coster, of Haarlem, and the Work of John Gutenberg and his Associates. Illustrated with Fac-similes of Early Types and Wood-cuts. By Theo. L. DeVinne. Second Edition. New York: Francis Hart and Co. London: Trübner and Company. 1878.

who is not concerned about his own glory, but about the excellence, the fairness of his work, and the accuracy of his statements. The manner in which each part of an intricate subject is perfected before the next is presented, accustoms one to great confidence in an author who understands his plan so well, and is evidently in no hurry to get his work out of the way.

Mr. DeVinne lays the foundation of his treatise properly in a definitive description of the different methods of printing. He then takes up the antique methods of impression and accounts for their failure. He sees clearly, however, that the reason why there was no printing was that no printing was required. In any great invention it is not enough that scientific knowledge and mechanical skill should be present; there must be a need, and a conscious one at that, before the need will be supplied. Hence, when our author enters upon the outskirts of the invention of printing by movable types cast in a mold, and describes the inadequate processes which preceded rather than foreshadowed that invention, he finds it necessary to deal with conditions of society and educative forces, in order to account satisfactorily for the great change which was to come over the world. We wish that he had given these greater prominence, yet he is consistent with his plan in referring to them somewhat incidentally, since he means to discuss the whole subject from a printer's outlook. Very early in the work Mr. DeVinne places the reader in possession of the key to the invention of printing, when, in his third chapter, he elaborates the proposition that the inventor of the type-mold was the inventor of typography, and later he shows clearly that this was the machine about which Gutenberg was so concerned. The skill with which he defends this position is admirable, and by occasional references to it he carries the reader safely across a good many doubtful historical bridges. Nearly half the book is now occupied with a clear and interesting description of the various half typographic, half xylographic processes which preceded the real discovery, and the several claims to priority of invention are taken up successively and judged with authority and reason.

The preliminary discussions necessarily anticipate the more definite conclusions of the last part of the book; but here also the author shows the same fairness and impartiality when dealing with Gutenberg's work and Schoeffer's as when engaged in disposing of the mythical and half mythical claimants. He does not carry the subject much beyond the period of the invention, but treats briefly of the extension of printing in its first years, and of the tools used by the early printers. It seems a pity that so thorough a work should not have been increased enough to take in a fuller account of some of the great printers,—Aldus, Bodoni, Caxton, Didot,—and a reference to those standards of typography which may well be brought emphatically before American printers. The first condition of improvement in printing is a familiarity with the best work which was done when scholars and artists wrought together at the art.

We have intimated that Mr. DeVinne approaches his work from the side of a printer. It is this which gives the result so much value. Theories which look ingenious to the bibliographer are easily and quietly set aside by one able, as this printer is, to apply the practical test of his art. The real difficulties indeed in a clear understanding of the subject cannot be well stated, much less met, except by a reference to printers' usage, and Mr. DeVinne's work is likely to stand as a lucid and orderly presentation of the main lines of the subject. Still, he might have been a very good printer, but unless he had also had the mental furnishing which gives one judicial character, the patience of an investigator, and the orderly system of a scholar, he could not have achieved this success.

The book is well illustrated with designs and fac-similes which materially serve it; and altogether is one of the most satisfactory books of its class which has appeared on either side of the Atlantic.

Palfrey's "Memoir of William Francis Bartlett." *

WHAT is the use, it may be asked, of writing novels and inventing verses while the human race has vitality enough to produce such men as General Bartlett? A Harvard undergraduate who steps into the ranks a mere boy and rises by bravery and merit from private in a militia regiment to brevet major-general in the army, during a four years' war, at the close of which, he is but reaching his twenty-fifth birthday, is a sufficiently striking figure. But when one reads the story of this striding officer, how he never lost presence of mind or ready wisdom of decision in such awful carnage as that of Ball's Bluff and Port Hudson, and how he bore the torture of wounds and the torment of cruel captivity, how he lost a leg crushed by a minie-ball in the Peninsula, how he was wounded in the head, badly wounded in the hand, hurt in his remaining leg, had his wooden leg crushed in the crater at Petersburg, and how, in spite of all, he held the shattered remains of his body to hard and perilous duty, one gains an unwonted faith in human nature, and a higher ideal of manhood. He was never bitter toward his foes, indeed, he was one of the first to appreciate their courage and sincerity, and at the centennial anniversary of the battle of Lexington, made a short speech full of irresistible fire and persuasiveness, urging a conciliatory policy toward the South. He knew how to refuse a large legacy from generous motives,—and when one party wanted him to run for lieutenant-governor, and the dominant party would have given him the governorship, he refused both on some scruple of honor, though the panic had made him poor and thrown him out of business.

Whittier has made Bartlett the subject of one of his finest poems, and Bret Harte sang his requiem in these pages, but when one has read the little volume that reveals the inner and outer life of the man, written poems seem feeble and adjectives grow weak. If any man falls into skepticism about the

* *Memoir of William Francis Bartlett.* By Francis Winthrop Palfrey. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company.

country through manifold temptation of New York Tweeds and South Carolina carpet-baggers, let him read this life and find his faith refreshed. Such a man "makes the earth wholesome."

Parkman's "Frontenac and New France Under Louis XIV." *

MR. PARKMAN'S latest volume is the fifth in a series of historical narratives, of which the four preceding are named on the title-page of this work, comprising a review of the relations of France and England in North America. New France and New England are terms whose historical significance is suggested by the fact that the former has disappeared from common use, while the latter has become so consolidated a name that to American ears it scarcely recalls the older country which gave it origin. New York has hardly a less suggestion of old York. The interest in Mr. Parkman's narratives—in this one, perhaps, most strongly—is of a double character, referring by turns to the national issues at stake and to the personal forces which make the history almost as individual as a novel. The struggle between France and England for supremacy in Europe was repeated under other conditions in America. The same causes were effective on both sides of the Atlantic to bring about the decay of French power and the culmination of English principles; but it is to be observed that on the American arena English principles as represented by English exiles had a positive force, while in Europe the relative strength of the two nations was most affected by the decomposing elements of French civilization. Mr. Parkman has pointed out, in a passage of remarkable perspicacity and terseness of expression, the opposition of the two forces at work in America:

"The English colonies were separate, jealous of the crown and of each other, and incapable as yet of acting in concert. Living by agriculture and trade, they could prosper within limited areas, and had no present need of spreading beyond the Alleghanies. Each of them was an aggregate of persons busied with their own affairs and giving little heed to matters which did not immediately concern them. Their rulers, whether chosen by themselves or appointed in England, could not compel them to become the instruments of enterprise in which the sacrifice was present and the advantage remote. The neglect in which the English court left them, though wholesome in most respects, made them unfit for aggressive action; for they had neither troops, commanders, political union, military organization, nor military habits. In communities so busy and governments so popular, much could not be done, in war, till the people were roused to the necessity of doing it; and that awakening was still far distant. Even New York, the only exposed colony, except Massachusetts and New Hampshire, regarded the war merely as a nuisance to be held at arm's length.

"In Canada, all was different. Living by the fur trade, she needed free range and indefinite space. Her geographical position determined the nature of her pursuits, and her pursuits developed the roving and adventurous character of her people, who, living under a military rule, could be directed at will to

such ends as their rulers saw fit. The grand French scheme of territorial extension was not born at court, but sprang from Canadian soil, and was developed by the chiefs of the colony, who, being on the ground, saw the possibilities and requirements of the situation, and generally had a personal interest in realizing them. The rival colonies had two different laws of growth. The one increased by slow extension, rooting firmly as it spread; the other shot off shoots, with few or no roots, far out into the wilderness. It was the nature of French colonization to seize upon detached strategic points and hold them by the bayonet, forming no agricultural basis, but attracting the Indians by trade and holding them by conversion. A musket, a rosary, and a pack of beaver-skins may serve to represent it, and in fact it consisted of little else.

"Whence came the numerical weakness of New France and the real, though latent, strength of her rivals? Because, it is answered, the French were not an emigrating people! but, at the end of the seventeenth century, this was only half true. The French people were divided into two parts, one eager to emigrate and the other reluctant. The one consisted of the persecuted Huguenots, the other of the favored Catholics. The government chose to construct its colonies, not of those who wished to go, but of those who wished to stay at home. From the hour when the edict of Nantes was revoked, hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen would have hailed as a boon the permission to transport themselves, their families and their property to the New World. The permission was fiercely refused, and the persecuted sect was denied even a refuge in the wilderness. Had it been granted them, the valleys of the West would have swarmed with a laborious and virtuous population, trained in adversity and possessing the essential qualities of self-government. Another France would have grown beyond the Alleghanies, strong with the same kind of strength that made the future greatness of the British colonies. British America was an asylum for the oppressed and the suffering of all creeds and nations, and population poured into her by the force of a natural tendency. France, like England, might have been great in two hemispheres, if she had placed herself in accord with this tendency, instead of opposing it; but despotism was consistent with itself, and a mighty opportunity was forever lost." Pages 394-396.

In this last paragraph especially is indicated the explanation of the historic destiny of America. It was not a question simply of nationalities, nor, strictly speaking, of religious creeds, although this comes nearer the truth, but of liberty and despotism. The despotism of France was declared in its vehement repression of the Huguenots and in its consistent suppression of all tendencies to autonomy in Canada; the real liberty of England, despite the governmental obstruction, disclosed itself in the impetus given to colonization and in the fructifying character of the colonial life, energetic in itself and with an energizing power in the land. The roots of the two tendencies run underground for centuries, but never have the fruits of the divergent growths been seen with such unmistakable clearness as in the resultant American history. In Mr. Parkman's hands, the broad features of this struggle for supremacy and of the policy of the French government in particular are sketched with vigor and simplicity. The petty conflicts between New York and New England on the one side and New France on the other; the apparently fickle conduct of Indian tribes; the intrigues of the French with the Indians; the irregular and erratic raids of savages and frontiersmen; the shifting relations of Indian tribes,—all fall into place in a historic picture which might have been a distorted and confused composition, but is an orderly grouping and well-mastered

*Count Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV. By Francis Parkman, author of "Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "The Discovery of the Great West," and "The Old Régime in Canada." Boston: Little, Brown & Company.

outline, leaving a distinct impression upon the mind of the reader.

Mr. Parkman calls his books a series of historical narratives, and the phrase fully describes the predominant quality of their composition. The history of a country which has no great destiny may yet yield the pleasure and profit of personal achievement and picturesque adventure. The contrasts in the Canadian life at the close of the seventeenth century are such as appeal to the artistic and historic imagination. The reflection of the court of Louis XIV., with the setting of forests and frozen lakes and savage Indians, makes something more than a travesty of European splendor. The men who at Versailles busied themselves with ignoble intrigues, at Quebec held conferences with the Iroquois and threw themselves with passionate ardor into schemes for empire. There was abundance of intrigue still, and the empire often included a business in peltry; but the individual prowess and dazzling versatility found a large field for exercise. It is in the picturing of this strange life that Mr. Parkman displays a special skill. Nowhere does he break loose from clearly defined historic bounds; his art lies in the firmness of touch and transparency with which he sets scenes before the reader. Count Frontenac rises in the midst of all the turmoil, a strongly defined figure, not projected at once to the reader's eye, but suffered surely and steadily to draw his own picture, while the part which the Jesuits play is sketched with fine freedom, yet perfect subordination to historic accuracy. Mr. Parkman's manner throughout is that of an artist who sees things in their just proportion, and of a historian who weighs his facts with unobtrusive and patient impartiality. This and his other books might well be the delight of adventurous youth, and we have been impressed with the rich material which they suggest for an historic drama. There are points where Canadian, Dutch, and New England life touch with such sharpness of outline that it almost seems as if it required only a little dexterity, a faculty for composition, and an eye for color, to evolve a drama which should have at once vital interest, spectacular splendor, and historic significance. The theater of colonial life has hitherto been barren for the lack of just such color and mobility as this genuine French element offers. By itself this is insufficient; but French, Puritan, and Dutch make three remarkable points about which to group action and scene.

Miss Stebbins's "Charlotte Cushman." *

MISS STEBBINS has with good judgment withheld the title of biography from her tribute to Miss Cushman. She intimates more than once that material in the form of Miss Cushman's letters was not forthcoming for her purpose, and it is easy to believe that the sketch here given could not well have been filled out except by introducing more contributions by friends of Miss Cushman than would have been

really necessary to a clear understanding of her character and attainments. We are glad, for our part, that this noble woman has not been preserved for posterity in a formal biography; she appears here as the editor's friend, and in the aspect which the editor furnishes, we have that most welcome surely to the large number of persons in this generation who knew Miss Cushman in a friendly way.

Nor will the public that was merely a spectator of the great actress find much fault with the manner in which their favorite is brought to their knowledge, for Miss Cushman's character and personality always interested people inseparably from her art. Perhaps the same can be affirmed only of one other woman who has been, contemporary with her, an interpreter of art upon the stage, Madame Jenny Lind Goldschmidt. The vulgarity of the management in this country which presented this wonderful singer could not conceal that high religious devotion to her art which was instinctively recognized. Miss Cushman had even higher power over the admiration and affection of the people. She owed nothing to the glamour of a foreign birth; she was a New England girl, bred in Boston public schools. She did not appear in oratorio or as a ballad singer and so attract a large body of people ready to recognize moral worth when definitely allied with religious expression and conventional purity; of Puritan descent, she identified herself with the stage against which traditional Puritanism was still vehement. The conquest which she made therefore of the public respect and affection was more remarkable, and must be referred not to any general change in public sentiment, but to the high character which she bore, and to the absolute fidelity to the highest ideals in her art from which she never wavered.

Miss Stebbins, in a measure, presumes upon an acquaintance with Miss Cushman's personations, and it is fortunate that she does, else we might have been fatigued with the hopeless endeavor to reproduce to the imagination what the eye only can really deliver. The leading parts assumed by Miss Cushman were not many, and each was so marked in its individuality that a very few words only are required to bring up certain scenes to one who has had the good fortune to see them acted. In one of Miss Jewsbury's letters (page 78) is such a graphic reminder when she writes: "Her 'Meg Merrilies,' and that strange silent spring to the middle of the stage, which was her entrance on it, can never be forgotten." Miss Cushman herself understood well the source of her power when, speaking of her childhood, she says she was "full of imagination," and when, afterward, addressing the children of the Cushman school in Boston, built upon the site of her old home, she told them that whatever she had attained, had been by giving herself to her work. These two threads—a large unselfish imagination and an unconquerable earnestness—may be traced all through the web of her life, as shown in this volume. These were the cardinal points of her genius, and if to them be added a warm affection and steadfastness, we have the elements of a character which had no dark recesses to be explored by a biographer.

* Charlotte Cushman: her Letters and Memories of her Life. Edited by her friend, Emma Stebbins. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 1878.

Miss Stebbins seems scarcely aware that she is writing of a woman who was known to most people only as a wonderful actress; it is a friend, whose friendship she is recording, a noble woman whose magnanimous character was as worth modeling in prose as her head with its luminous strength was worth chiseling in marble. We are the gainers by all this, for while Miss Cushman's power as an actress cannot be preserved beyond the generation that saw her upon the stage or at the desk, her worth as a woman and her impressive career will long remain to encourage, to direct, and to admonish.

Pope's "Game-Birds and Water-Fowl."*

WHEN the sportsman turns artist and paints or describes the game he pursues so eagerly, it is reasonable to expect good and spirited work. Who should know a snipe or a duck or the ruffed grouse and be able to reproduce it like the man who has hunted it as game, who has sought to circumvent it and outwit it, who has traveled far and searched long for the sight of it, and who has thus felt, as a mere outsider never can, what manner of being the bird is. Audubon drew the birds with more life and action than Wilson, and he was a natural sportsman which the latter was not, and saw the bird more from the inside.

Mr. Pope evidently enjoys a familiarity with and an insight into his subject such as only a sportsman can have. His birds look gamy and are drawn with great fidelity to nature and to fact. As an artist he may have felt somewhat hampered by this necessity, the necessity of making his pictures strictly ornithological as well as artistic, but as a naturalist and hunter he has delighted in setting his subject before you with the utmost accuracy and distinctness. The work when completed will consist of ten parts of two large colored plates each, each plate showing the male and female of the species represented. The series as thus far done comprises pictures of the green-winged teal (*Querquedula carolinensis*); the black or dusky duck (*Anas obscura*); the mallard duck (*Anas boschas*); the American snipe (*Gallinago Wilsoni*); the American quail (*Ortyx virginianus*); the woodcock (*Philohela minor*); the ruffed grouse (*Bonaso umbellus*); the pinnated grouse or prairie-chicken (*Cupidonia cupido*); the red-headed duck (*Fuligula ferina*); the wood-duck (*Aix sponsa*); the scaup-duck (*Fuligula marila*); and the Spruce or Canada grouse (*Tetrao canadensis*); the California valley quail (*Lophortyx Californica*); the buff-headed duck (*Bucephala alveola*).

The artistic effect is in some instances marred by the way the birds are paired off; the intent to show both sexes is not cunningly enough concealed; the picture is too literal. This is the case with the woodcock; the whole picture is too formal and premeditated as well as slightly inaccurate; the tail of the bird should form the same line with the back

as that of the snipe does. But the difficulty here alluded to is admirably dealt with and overcome in the picture of the mallard duck where the female is emerging from the reeds behind the male and is nearly concealed by him; the whole effect is casual and easy. The same is true of the snipe, where the characteristic action of the female affords the proper foil; we are made to forget that the figures are nearly duplicates, by her striking movement. In the quails again we would not have the birds both seized with the same impulse to turn their heads the same way, though there is enough variety in the attitudes of the young ones. And could not the artist have concealed his birds a little as they are in nature, a slight screen or half screen of grass or grain or weeds, and still revealed enough natural history, while the eye would have felt a keener attraction? Or if the privacy of some of these couples had been obtruded upon by a third specimen, a little withdrawn if need be, the artistic effect would have been heightened.

The treatment is the most bold and striking and less open to the objection of literalness, in the picture of the green-winged teal, and yet full justice is done to the natural history features of the subject. The male has fallen dead upon his back on the edge of the marsh or pond, under the sportsman fire, while his mate, uttering her cry of alarm, has launched into the air and is making her escape. The characteristic markings of both birds are skillfully displayed, and the whole picture is full of spirit and life.

The grouse are also all correctly drawn and are picturesque, but the wood-duck, considering the attractiveness of the subject, is a little disappointing; it looks painty. As this is the only one of our ducks that nests in trees, it would have been well to have shown the bird in this position.

Pictures of the upland plover, the golden-eyed duck or whistler, the California mountain quail, the widgeon, the canvas-back duck, and the brant are yet to follow.

Each plate is accompanied by a large sheet of superbly printed letter-press, giving a brief but admirably told account of the bird portrayed,—the work of one of our brightest and most promising young naturalists, Ernest Ingersoll.

"The Johnson Manor."*

AMERICAN life in the early days of this century offers little to tempt the novelist. Between the Revolution and the naval war, it lacked historical incident; between old-fashioned federalism and the rise of democracy it seems politically dull. Yet, in the relics of the manners of the first period, and in the promise for good and for evil that attended the opening of the second, the field for interesting studies is not quite barren. Such a sketch of contrasts in a period of transformation, not without fortunate choice and skillful delineation, is presented to us in this novel.

* Pope's Upland Game-Birds and Water-Fowl of the United States. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

* The Johnson Manor. By James Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1877.

It was a common superstition before the rebellion—still cherished as an article of faith and cleverly urged by some belated writers—that the Southern system of society was the only one in our country capable of producing gentlemen. Yet wealth, leisure and authority gave elegance to life for the great Dutch land-holders in the early days of New York, and these were enjoyed as became leaders among freemen, not abused to consolidate a caste. We know the fate that, in the course of nature, overtook the slave aristocracy. If the semi-feudal state of the patroons could not live in the democratic air of our day, perhaps its passing away was more to be regretted than desired. The grace and influence it had, and the pressure of modern ideas and ways to which it yielded, are agreeably depicted and intelligently traced in these pages.

The difficulties in adjusting old relations and fashions to the new order of things are ingeniously introduced. To the country in that day, a Tory was a reality. The position of men of talent who attempted to reconcile past zeal in the king's service with reasonable ambition as citizens of the new state gives interest to the conduct and character of Morton. The Indian, too, of that day, was real and familiar,—not as now, a far-off frontier disturber. The massacre of Wyoming was then fresh in impression, and the fortunes and memories of its survivors are wrought vividly into the texture of the story. The sketches of the Indians in all their relations—in the savage, the half-tamed, and the wholly civilized, state—form some of the best-studied and best-told passages of the book. We do not remember to have elsewhere seen the conflict between two natures in one, the reconciliation of opposites, drawn with more point and naturalness than in the meeting between Johnson and Thayendanege.

The merits of this first attempt are certainly such that the author may fairly feel encouraged to resort again to the materials that must be at his command for the production of a second work.

"The Tender Recollections of Irene Macgilllicuddy."*

IN every large society there is one set of people who are resolved to have a good time, no matter what the rest of the world may say. They go on their ways rejoicing and support, with more or less philosophy, the shafts that envy or a legitimate indignation aims at them, comforting themselves with the reflection that the people who pretend to be so very pious are, at any rate, having a very dull life. For their own part, they prefer amusement and slander to stagnation and an undamaged reputation. Such a set has been typified under the name of Irene Macgilllicuddy.

The tender recollections of this young woman appeared last winter in "Blackwood's," and found New York very eager to read a satire upon its own society. The immediate success of the slender thread of narrative which makes up the satire was due chiefly, if not entirely, to the fact that the char-

acters introduced were said to be exact likenesses of several young women of fashion about whom much gossip had been afloat for the past five years. It was a large piece of gossip reduced to writing and modeled into something like a story. For the time being, New York was delighted, especially that large part which knows how to hate and envy people who seem successful and amused. While there was still a hope that each person touched upon could be identified, curiosity was at its height. But the author, who is said to be a Mr. Oliphant, an Englishman resident in New York, while taking a certain number of individuals as his characters, had so mixed their rôles that nothing would exactly apply to any one in particular. This cooled the ardor of Mrs. Grundy at once; it was seen that although the style mimicked with some success the rambling talk which many women use, yet that it became monotonous and more than once slipped into expressions which no lady, however fast, would be at all likely to employ, such as technical expressions taken from the life of a sportsman or a horse-jockey. The brighter people declined to see the wit of the satire, and many others were sufficiently patriotic to feel indignant that people of refinement abroad should gain such an impression of the habits of young ladies in New York society as appeared from the frank confessions of Irene Macgilllicuddy.

It is, indeed, true that the clever author of the satire, whoever he may be, has seemed to think it not worth while to study his subject thoroughly. The mixture of independence and want of independence in the habits of Americans is sure to perplex the sharpest of foreign observers. Irene and her friends are by no means harshly drawn; they might have been much more roughly handled, and yet have been truer to the life. The difficulty is that they are not understood. The author has not really known American women well, and while very likely he may admire them, draws them with a blunt pencil. In his ignorance of the difficulties of the task, he has undertaken to do what Tourguéneff might possibly do as it should be done. But Tourguéneff would have made long preparatory studies before he ventured on so complicated a theme.

The satirist has made a mistake in attributing various phenomena to peculiarities in New York or in American life which are really common to all large centers of civilization; he has also laid undue stress on things which will not bear the weight of investigation. The "rapid" young New York woman is the same as she of Paris and London, unless she surpasses them in knowing better how to be "fast" without being vulgar. He lays stress upon the efficacy of the young married men in securing a success for a *débutante* in society, apparently without understanding that this is a very minor matter, arising necessarily out of the need a young girl feels for the good offices of a young married woman, the wife of the bouquet-sending young man. A matron is needed to pilot the *débutante* to those numberless parties of pleasure which older matrons are glad to shirk, and the young husband, unless he be wanting in good breeding, sees to it that their *protégée* has a

* Macmillan & Co., London. Harper & Brothers, New York.

good time. To magnify this simple matter into a singular feature typical of New York, shows the weakness of the writer's hold on the facts of the society which he has attempted to satirize. Yet if he make mistakes, he is not in bad company; most foreigners who have satirized America failed far more lamentably. For its brief season, the tender recollections of Irene Macgillicuddy amused the world; if it has already forgotten them, it is because they were neither very forcibly recited, nor came very close to the facts of the case. Both the talk and the title-hunting among Irene and her friends would fit the emancipated young society woman of London better than her of New York.

Putnam's "Prometheus."*

WE are inclined to think that the *raison d'être* of Mr. Putnam's poem is to be found on its speculative, or on its ethical, rather than on its poetic, side. It is, substantially, an adaptation of the Promethean legend to the consideration, under the guise of allegory, of the conduct of life, including the incitements and the obstacles to a complete devotion of the individual to the highest purposes. Prometheus, in the poem, represents Moral Insight revolting against the selfish tyranny of Jupiter, or Brute Force, and tempted to give over his devotion to mankind by the influence of Venus, typifying Love; of Asia, or Reverence; and of Apollo, or Imagination. Throughout the volume the problems of the present day are so strongly suggested, and the personages of the poem so slightly idealized that it would not be difficult for the mind to conceive of the dialogues as taking place between scholarly disputants on Boston Common. Prometheus is here less the giant of the old fable than the type of man in the nineteenth century. In the tragedy of Æschylus he is a majestic character whose resolve is innate and final, and who opposes malignant force with force benignant, going down to a magnificent and tragic captivity. We can not conceive of such a heroic figure yielding at last to Jove, as in the other Greek classics,—and as he is supposed to yield in the lost fragment of Æschylus's play. Shelley, who was most sensitive to the moral proprieties of a play, was convinced of the loss of moral force incurred by such a catastrophe, and though his Titan is released at last it is by no weakness of his own. Mr. Putnam's hero, on the contrary, yields with alacrity, for the sake of Asia:

"No tortures force me, nor thy radiant beam,
Nor all that thou canst give of splendid sway;
But loyalty to Asia wins the day;
I'm bound to her, and to her life must yield
Somewhat of thought's far-shining ample field;
Stern duty bids me to the sacrifice
To bend to earth nor sweep the boundless skies,
Ah! it is ever thus; we cannot throw
Into fine action all our purest glow;
We are hedged in by some dark boundary;
And so our highest sinks to lesser high
Somewhat we ever fail to fairly do;
Of what we see of beautiful and true;
Our act is ever lower than our sight."

Throughout the poem he is in a state of Hamlet-like indecision, acting only after much swerving

between Love and Duty, between Reverence and Right, and with much subtle reasoning over each temptation. The value of the book lies in the vigor, consistency and eloquence with which these temptations are embodied,—a value quite apart from its position as poetry, which cannot be considered very high. We miss "the large utterance of the early gods" of Æschylus and Shelley, who have enveloped this theme with such sublime imaginations that, after them, not to be great must seem little more than failure.

Payson's "Doctor Tom."*

THE author of this volume—a story, presumably of New England life—expresses in his preface a laudable desire to "escape unjust blame, and, what is, or ought to be, of not less consequence, * * * steer clear of undeserved praise," and therefore says that his book does not attempt to "describe many lives—little more, indeed, than an episode in one life." The disclaimer were better unwritten, because, 1. if the book does not carry with it its author's purpose, no deprecation can atone for the weakness, which will thus rather be made more evident; and because, 2. the author has succeeded least where he has attempted most and conversely—by no means an unusual experience. At what point is it—can it be at the point where the novelist lapses into partisanship for certain of his characters—that the god of bounds comes in his fatal rounds, and the natural law is reversed, so that where there is most "will" there is least "way"? A conspicuous example of this sort of failure is George Eliot's *Mirah*; minor examples will occur to every reader. The perverse human heart will not accept an author's championship if it be recognized as such. To be touched to fine issues spirits must be finely touched, and herein lies the supreme value of art as a moral force. For his part, Mr. Payson has depicted in this volume two or three minor characters that come very near being excellent types of New England character; but we cannot recognize in Doctor Tom the disinterested and self-sacrificing hero who renounces his betrothed in favor of his brother, but rather a self-conscious, insincere gallant, inclined to sophistry and given to flattering women and Nature. The style is smooth, pedantic, often ungrammatical and rhetorical, and yet with excellent latent story-telling qualities. The dialogue is a fair example of the extreme to which antithesis may be carried. The plot has strength and originality, and a flavor of sensationalism which is a relief from the rigid realism of the day. With practice and editing, Mr. Payson might do good *genre* work. At present, he depicts characteristics rather than character. The book may appropriately be called a study in renunciation; it is ethical rather than moral, the author's treatment of his strictly religious material being of a piece with the ingenious and widespread worsted texts—of which a friend of ours once said that they degraded Art without elevating Religion.

* Prometheus. A Poem. By S. P. Putnam, New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

* Doctor Tom. By Edward Payson. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

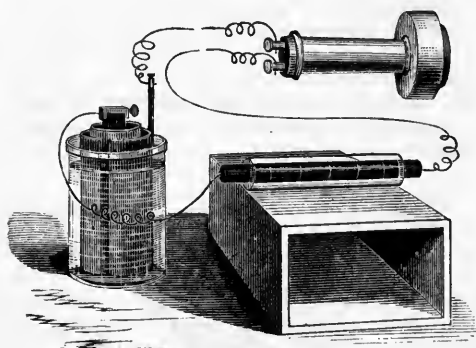


FIG. 1.

Recent Improvements in Telephony.

THE most important advance that has been made in the application of the telephone to business, manufactures and medical science dates from the discovery of the varying electrical resistance of certain bodies when submitted to pressure. One form of telephone is based on this fact and more recent discoveries prove that any mass of metal that is not continuous, like a heap of shot, a coil of chain or charcoal impregnated with iron will produce changes in an electrical current when submitted to pressure. This pressure may be the impact of sonorous waves of all kinds and thus such a mass of metal may become the transmitter of a telephonic circuit.

Figure 1 represents a perspective view of a small wooden box open at one end and resembling the boxes used as resonators for tuning-forks. A convenient size is 10 inches wide, 18 inches long and 7 inches deep. On this is a small glass tube open at both ends and fastened down with sealing-wax. In the tube are a number of pieces of willow charcoal that have been metallized with iron. To prepare this charcoal take sticks (pencils) of charcoal and pack them loosely in an iron box with a loose cover and bring the box slowly to a white heat. This

tends to drive out the water that may be held in the pores of the charcoal and it is replaced by the vapor of iron, so that, when cool, the sticks of charcoal are loaded with iron and have a decided metallic ring. Small pieces of the metallized charcoal are placed in the glass tube and closely pressed together till it is full and a portion of the charcoal projects at either end as shown in the figure. The wires of a telephonic circuit are wound round these projecting ends and the ends of the tube are then closed with sealing-wax. This apparatus, simple as it is, makes a telephonic transmitter of most remarkable sensitiveness. On holding an ordinary magneto-electric telephone to the ear (with a battery in the line) the mere rubbing of the finger on the box, the trace of a pencil or the footsteps of a house-fly walking on or near the box will be heard with perfect distinctness. So sensitive is this instrument that sounds that cannot be heard by the ear become clear in the telephone. A watch placed on the box gives all the sounds of

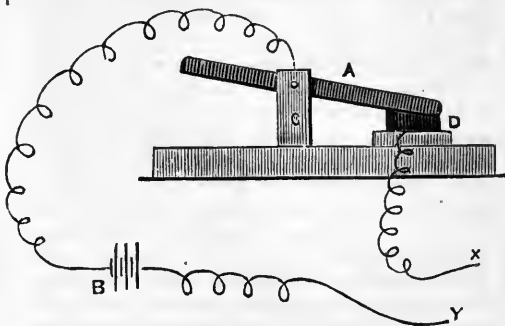


FIG. 2.

its works,—the grinding of the wheels, the sonorous ring of the spring and the minutest tick of the gearing. Words spoken into the box sound with the power of a trumpet in the telephone, and the blowing of the breath resembles the roar of the wind in a forest.

Figure 2 represents another form of transmitter based on the same principles. A is a short piece of a carbon point such as is used in the electric light, mounted by a metallic arm pivoted on the upright, C. There are two of these uprights secured to the wooden plate, one on each side of the stick of carbon. At D is a small block of the metallized charcoal resting on an insulator (sealing wax). X and Y are the two wires of a telephonic line. This apparatus shows the effect of varying pressure on electrical resistance. On lifting the lower end from the mass of charcoal the circuit is broken. On pressing it down on the charcoal the electrical resistance will vary with the pressure, however minute it may be. The pressure exerted by sonorous vibrations, even though they may be caused by the tread of a fly or the pressure of a finger, cause so great changes in the electrical status of the

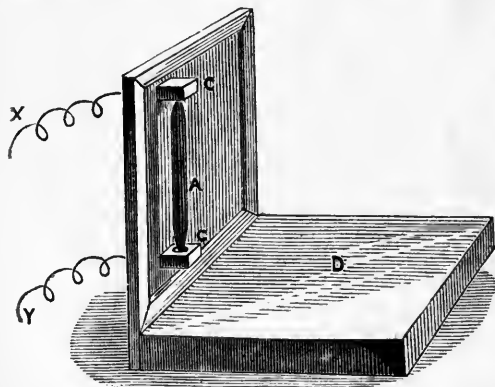


FIG. 3.

line that when the telephone receiver is placed at the ear these minute movements are distinctly heard.

Figure 3 represents a thin pine board about six inches square, placed upright on a suitable support. To this are attached by means of sealing-wax, two pieces of common gas-carbon, C, C. In each piece is hollowed out a shallow cup, and supported be-

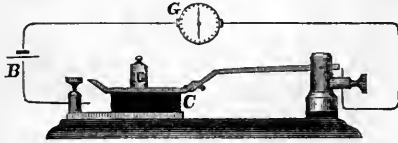


FIG. 4.

tween them is an upright spindle of gas-carbon, A, the pointed ends just touching the cups. This spindle is placed in a telephonic circuit by twisting the wires round the carbon cups as shown in the drawing. Words spoken before this sounding-board, even at a distance of several yards, are distinctly heard in the telephone. These transmitters, rough and crude as they may appear, plainly show that a most important advance has been made in telephony. With instruments of more delicate construction, even more remarkable results may yet be obtained. It must seem strange, and yet it is nevertheless a fact, that if we place two common nails in a telephonic circuit and insulate them from each other, and then place a third nail upon them so as to close the circuit, a capital transmitter is at once made. The sonorous vibrations falling on the nail, will be reproduced in the telephone with startling distinctness.

These appliances are here given because they show the original apparatus employed by Mr. Hughes of London in making his recent discoveries that any unhomogeneous mass of metal will transmit sonorous

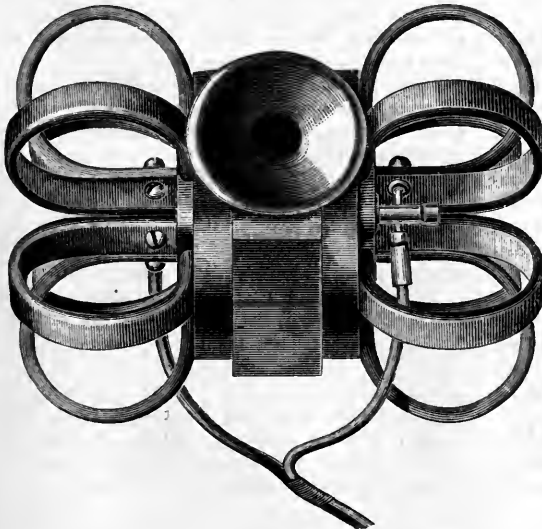


FIG. 6.

vibrations through a telephone, and because also so much is now being said about them in scientific circles abroad.

It would appear, however, that Mr. Edison has anticipated Professor Hughes's discoveries which, as he claims, are merely the experimental stages through which his own transmitter has passed to reach its present form. Figure 4 shows the device which Mr. Edison employed for studying the variations of resistance in carbon and various other sub-

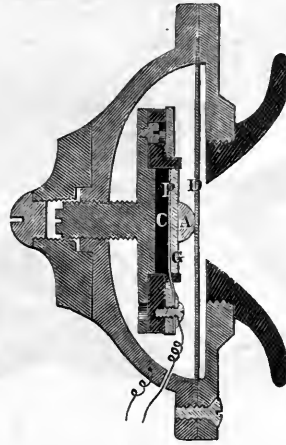


FIG. 5.

stances when subjected to pressure, and which, as will be seen, permits of quantitative determinations. It consists of a small wooden base, with two binding screws serving to put it in the circuit, a cake of the substance to be examined and two or three cells of battery, and a galvanometer by means of which the changes in the current may be read when different weights are placed upon the disk. The form of transmitter shown in Fig. 1 was also used by Mr. Edison over a year ago; but instead of inclosing the separate sections of carbon, of which there were several pieces, in a glass tube, as has been done by Professor Hughes, he merely caused them to press lightly against each other by means of springs.

In his earlier form of transmitter, Mr. Edison employed a vibrating diaphragm for varying the degree of pressure upon the carbon disk, and a short piece of rubber tubing between the two served to dampen its vibrations quickly; but in the present form this has been done away with, although a plate is still used. Its function in this case, however, is to concentrate a greater pressure upon the small surface of the carbon as will appear from the following extract from a recent work on the subject: *

"In the latest form of transmitter which

* The Speaking Telephone, Talking Phonograph, and other Novelties, by G. B. Prescott: N. Y. 1878.

Mr. Edison has introduced, the vibrating diaphragm is done away with altogether, it having been found that much better results are obtained when a rigid plate of metal is substituted in its place. With the old vibrating diaphragm the articulation produced in the receiver is more or less muffled, owing to slight changes which the vibrating disk occasions in the pressure, and which probably results from tardy dampening of the vibrations after having been once started. In the new arrangement, the articulation is so clear and exceedingly well rendered that a whisper even may readily be transmitted and understood. The inflexible plate, of course, merely serves,

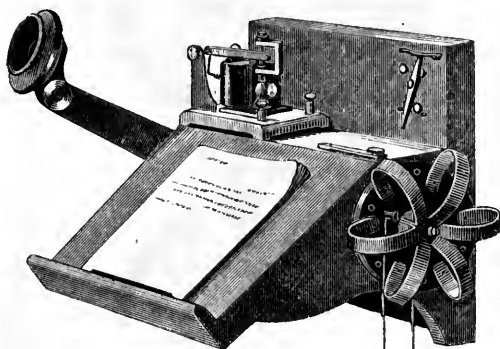


FIG. 7.

in consequence of its comparatively large area, to concentrate a considerable portion of the sonorous waves upon the small carbon disk or button; a much greater degree of pressure for any given effort on the part of the speaker is thus brought to bear on the disk than could be obtained if only its small surface were used."

This form of transmitter is shown in Fig. 5. The prepared carbon, represented at C, is contained in a hard-rubber block open clear through so that one side of the former is made to rest upon the metallic part of the frame which forms one of the connections of the circuit. The opposite side of the carbon is covered with a circular piece of platinum foil, P, with leads to a binding post insulated from the frame and forming the other connection for placing the instrument in circuit. A glass disk, G, upon which is placed a projecting knob, A, of aluminum, is glued to the foil; and the diaphragm, D, connecting with the knob serves when spoken against, to communicate the resulting pressure to the carbon. A substantial metallic frame surrounds the carbon and its connections, and their complete protection against injury, to which they are liable from careless handling, is thereby secured.

Figure 6 represents another form of the telephone as devised by Mr. Phelps, which gives surprisingly good results. It contains two diaphragms, and in

shape somewhat resembles a double crown as shown in the figure. Twelve permanent magnets bent into a circular form, are used in place of the single magnet employed in other magneto telephones. Six of these on each side of the instrument have their like poles joined to one of the cores which carry the helices, and radiate from it in as many different directions. The opposite poles are joined to the periphery of the diaphragm on the corresponding side of the instrument, while the helices are so connected that the currents generated in them when the diaphragms are made to vibrate, mutually strengthen each other and thus contribute to the effectiveness of the apparatus.

Some idea of the performance of these improved instruments will be conveyed by mentioning the results obtained at a recent exhibition of them in the Sunday-school room of Dr. Wells's church, Brooklyn. Mr. Edison's carbon transmitter was used for sending, and Mr. Phelps's crown telephone, just half of that shown in Fig. 6, for receiving. The sound was also re-enforced at the receiving end by the use of a large paper cone, whose smaller extremity was held to the mouthpiece of the instrument. The circuit extended from the residence of Dr. Wells, near the church, to the lecture-room. Speech from the telephone was distinctly heard in all parts of the room by an audience of about three hundred persons; while the singing of a vocal quartette, solo singing, and guitar playing were transmitted with surprising clearness and loudness. It should be observed, moreover, that the performance in this case was very different from the so-called musical telephones, by means of which only the pitch and rhythm of the notes are distinguished, the tone always resembling that of a penny trumpet. In this instance, the quality of the tone, which is the real life of music, was exactly reproduced; this is one of the characteristics of the magneto telephone,—everything is faithfully reproduced. Dr. Wells addressed the audience from his parlors through the telephone, and not only was he clearly understood, but his voice was also instantly recognized.

Figure 7 shows a convenient way of arranging the apparatus for shop, counting-room, and various other purposes. An Edison carbon telephone joined to a projecting arm, so as to be capable of movement in different directions to suit the operator, serves as the transmitter, and the Phelps crown instrument as the receiver, the calls being given by an ordinary telegraph-sounder and a key or switch which is provided for interrupting the circuit.

The discoveries in telephony have already excited the utmost interest, and in various ways will undoubtedly lead to new applications of the instrument. In medical science the carbon form of telephone has already been used in examining the sounds of the lungs and heart with remarkable results. Further progress in the line of these discoveries will be duly recorded in this department as rapidly as may be consistent with accuracy.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



EN ROUTE FOR THE EXPOSITION. 1.—LEAVING THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

Ane Drap o' Rain.

ANE braw day in April
I walkit frae the toun,
An' as I jeed to burnie path
A wee drap tilted doon.

"Cl'uds are fixed for rainin'—"
Sae spak' a winsome lad
An' wi' a bonnie blinkin' e'e,
He happed me in his plaid.

In shoon sax fit standin',
I'd no seen sic a lad—
I thoct it saftly to mysel'
Whiles wearin' o' his plaid.

Ane drap might be hunner,
An' a' on me might rin;
Whiles in his plaid I'll tent it nae
Tho' blasts should blaw me blin'.

Noo that laddie lo'es me,
My heart it is fu' fain,
An' for it a' I thankfu' am
To that ane drap o' rain.

M. W. PREWITT.

My Screen.

IT was a fire-screen,—that is, it was a frame for one,—and it was made of ash. My wife had worked a very pretty square of silk, with flowers and other colored objects upon it, and when it was finished she thought she would use it for a fire-screen, and asked me to have a frame made for it. I ordered the frame of ash, because the cabinet-maker said that that was the fashionable wood at present, and when it came home my wife and I both liked it very much, although we could not help thinking that it ought to be painted. It was well made,—you could see the construction everywhere. One part ran through another part, and the ends were fastened with pegs. It was modeled, so the cabinet-maker informed me, in the regular Eastlake style.

It was a pretty frame, but the wood was of too light a color. It stared out at us from the midst of the other furniture. Of course it might be stained, and so made to harmonize with the rest of our sitting-room; but what would be the good of having it of ash if it were painted over? It might as well be of pine.

However, at my wife's suggestion, I got a couple of Eastlake chairs, also ash, and with these at each side of the fire-place, the screen looked much better. The chairs were very well made, and would last a long time, especially, my wife said, as no one would care to sit down in them. They were, certainly, rather stiff and uncomfortable, but that was owing to the Eastlake pattern, and as we did not need to use them, this was of no importance to us. Our house was furnished very comfortably. We made a point of having easy-chairs for our visitors as well as ourselves, and in fact, everything about our house was easy, warm and bright. We believed that home should be a place of rest, and we bought chairs and sofas and lounges which took you in their arms like a mother, and made you forget the toils of the world.

But we really did not enjoy the screen as much as we expected we should, and as much as we had enjoyed almost everything that we had before bought for our house. Even with the companionship of the chairs, it did not seem to fit into the room. And everything else fitted. I think I may



2.—VIEW IN MID-OCEAN.

honestly say that we were people of taste, and that there were few incongruities in our house-furnishing.

But the two chairs and the screen did not look like anything else we had. They made our cozy sitting-room uncomfortable. We bore it as long as we could, and then we determined to take a bold step. We had always been consistent and thorough; we would be so now. So we had all the furniture of the room removed, excepting the fire-screen and the two chairs, and replaced it with articles of the Eastlake style, in ash and oak. Of course our bright Wilton carpet did not suit these things, and we took it up, and had the floor puttied and stained and bought a Turco-Persian carpet that was only partly large enough for the room. The walls we repapered, so as to tone them down to the general stiffness, and we had the ceiling colored sage-green, which would be in admirable keeping, the decorating man said.

We didn't like this room, but we thought we would try and learn to like it. The fault was in ourselves perhaps. High art in furniture was something we ought to understand and ought to like. We would do both if we could.

But we soon saw that one reason why we did not

dining-room, into this severe and middle-aged sitting-room was too great a rise (or fall) for our perceptions. The strain or the shock was injurious to us. So we determined to strike another blow in the cause of consistency. We would furnish our whole house in the Eastlake style.

Fortunately, my wife's brother had recently married, and had bought a house about a quarter of a mile from our place. He had, so far, purchased but little furniture, and when we refurnished our sitting-room, he took the old furniture at a moderate price, for which I was very glad, for I had no place to put it. I call it "old" furniture to distinguish it from the new; but in reality, it had not been used very long, and was in admirable condition. After buying these things from us, Tom—my brother-in-law—seemed to come to a stop in his house-furnishing. He and his wife lived in one or two rooms of their house, and appeared to be in no hurry to get themselves fixed and settled. Tom often came over and made remarks about our sitting room, and the curious appearance it presented in the midst of a house furnished luxuriously in the most modern style, and this helped us to come to the determination to Eastlake our house, thoroughly and completely.

Of course, as most of our new furniture had to be made to order, we could make our changes but slowly, and so refurnished one room at a time. Whenever a load of new furniture was brought to the house Tom was on hand to buy the things we had been using. I must say that he was very honorable about the price, for he always brought a second-hand-furniture man from the city, and made him value the things, and he then paid me according to this valuation. I was frequently very much surprised at the low estimates placed on articles for which I had paid a good deal of money, but of course I could not expect more than the regular second-hand-market price. He brought a different man every time, and their estimates were all low, in about the same proportion, so I could not complain. I do not think he used the men well, however, for I found out afterward that they thought that he wanted to sell the goods to them.

Tom was a nice fellow, of course, because he was my wife's brother, but there were some things about him I did not like. He annoyed me a good deal by coming around to our house, after it was newly furnished, and making remarks about the things.

"I can't see the sense," he said, one day, "in imitating furniture that was made in the days when people didn't know how to make furniture."

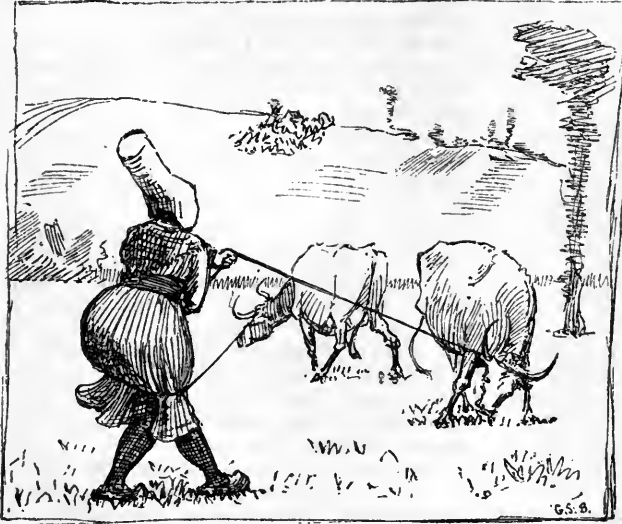
"Didn't know how!" I exclaimed. "Why, those were just the days when they *did* know how. Look at that bedstead! Did you ever see anything more solid and stanch and thoroughly honest than that? It will last for centuries and always be what you see it now, a strong, good, ash bedstead."

"That's the mischief of it," Tom answered. "It will always be what it is now. If there was any chance of it's improving I'd like it better. I don't know exactly what you mean by an honest bedstead, but if it's one that a fellow wouldn't wish to lie in, perhaps you're right. And what do you



3.—STREET SCENE IN LIVERPOOL.

like our sitting-room was the great dissimilarity between it and the rest of the house. To come from our comfortable bedroom, or our handsome bright and softly furnished parlor, or our cheerful



4.—THROUGH NORMANDY.

want with furniture that will last for centuries? You want last for centuries, so what difference can it make to you?"

"Difference enough," I answered. "I want none of your flimsy modern furniture. I want well-made things, in which the construction is first-class and evident. Look at that chair, for instance; you can see just how it is put together."

"Exactly so," replied Tom, "but what's the good of having one part of a chair run through another part and fastened with a peg, so that its construction may be evident? If those old fellows in the Middle Ages had known how to put chairs together as neatly and strongly as some of our modern furniture,—such as mine, for instance, which you know well enough is just as strong as any furniture need be,—don't you suppose they would have done it? Of course they would. The trouble about the construction of a chair like that is that it makes your own construction too evident. When I sit in one of them I think I know exactly where my joints are put together, especially those in my back."

Tom seemed particularly to dislike the tiles that were set in many articles of my new furniture. He could not see what was the good of inserting crockery into bedsteads and writing-desks; and as to the old pictures on the tiles, he utterly despised them.

"If the old buffers who made the originals of those pictures," he said, "had known that free and enlightened citizens of the nineteenth century were going to copy them they'd have learned to draw."

However, we didn't mind this talk very much, and we even managed to smile when he made fun and puns and said:

"Well, I suppose people in your station are bound to do this thing, as it certainly is stylish." But there was one thing he said that did trouble us. He came into the house one morning, and remarked:

"I don't want to make you dissatisfied with your

new furniture, but it seems to me—and to other people, too, for I've heard them talking about it—that such furniture never can look as it ought to in such a house. In old times, when the people didn't know how to make any better furniture than this, they didn't know how to build decent houses either. They had no plate-glass windows, or high ceilings, or hot and cold water in every room, or stationary wash-tubs, or any of that sort of thing. They had small windows with little panes of glass set in lead, and they had low rooms with often no ceiling at all, so that you could see the construction of the floor overhead, and they had all the old inconveniences that we have cast aside. If you want your furniture to look like what it makes believe to be you ought to have it in a regular Middle-Age house,—Elizabethan or Mary Annean, or whatever they

call that sort of architecture. You could easily build such a house—something like that inconvenient edifice put up by the English commissioners at the Centennial Exhibition; and if you want to sell this house——"

"Which I don't," I replied, quickly. "If I do anything I'll alter this place. I'm not going to build another."

As I said, this speech of Tom's disturbed us, and after talking about the matter for some days we determined to be consistent, and we had our house altered so that Tom declared it was a regular East-lake house and no mistake. We had a doleful time while the alterations were going on, and when all was done and we had settled down to quiet again, we missed very many of the comforts and conveniences to which we had been accustomed. But we were getting used to missing comfort, and so we sat and looked out of our little square window-panes and tried to think the landscape as lovely and the sky as spacious and blue as when we viewed it through our high and wide French-plate windows.

But the landscape did not look very well, for it



5.—OUR HOTEL IN PARIS.



TELEPHONIC.—“BY HOKEY! I KIN HEAR EVERY WORD.”

was not the right kind of a landscape. We altered our garden and lawn and made “pleached alleys” and formal garden-rows, and other old-time arrangements.

And so, in time, we had an establishment which was consistent,—it all matched the fire-screen, or rather the frame for a fire-screen.

It might now be supposed that Tom would let us rest a while. But he did nothing of the kind.

“I tell you what it is,” said he. “There’s just one thing more that you need. You ought to wear clothes to suit the house and furniture. If you’d get an Eastlake coat, with a tile set in the back——”

This was too much; I interrupted him.

That evening I took our fire-screen and I turned it around. There was a blank expanse on the back of it, and on this I painted, with a brush and some black paint,—with which my wife had been painting storks on some odd-shaped red clay pottery,—the following lines from Dante’s “Inferno:”

“Soltaro finichezza poldo viner
Glabo icce suzza sil
Valuchicho mazza churi
Provenza succi—y gli.”

This is intended to mean:

“Why, oh, why have I taken
And thrown away my comfort on earth,
And descended into an old-fashioned hell!”

But as I do not understand Italian it is not likely that any of the words I wrote are correct; but it makes no difference, as so few persons understand the language and I can always tell them what I meant the inscription to mean. The “y” and the “gli” are real Italian and I will not attempt to translate them—but they look well and give an air of proper construction to the whole. I might have written the thing in Old English, but that is harder

for me than Italian. The translation, which is my own, I tried to make, as nearly as possible, consistent with Dante’s poem.

A few days after this I went over to Tom’s house. A brighter, cozier house you never saw. I threw myself into one of my ex-arm-chairs. I lay back; I stretched out my legs under a table,—I could never stretch out my legs under one of my own tables because they had heavy Eastlake bars under them, and you had to sit up and keep your legs at an Eastlake angle. I drew a long sigh of satisfaction. Around me were all the pretty, tasteful, unsuitable things that Tom had bought from us—at eighty-seven per cent off. Our own old spirit of home comfort seemed to be here. I sprang from my chair.

“Tom,” I cried, “what will you take for this house, this furniture—everything just as it stands?”

Tom named a sum. I closed the bargain.

We live in Tom’s house now, and two happier people are not easily found. Tom wanted me to sell him my remodeled house, but I wouldn’t do it. He would alter things. I rent it to him, and he has to live there, for he can get no other house in the neighborhood. He is not the cheerful fellow he used to be, but his wife comes over to see us very often.

FRANK R. STOCKTON.

The Gown Test.

HE sang a song, he sang it well.
His voice was low and tender.
He sang in praise of her he loved—
A knight, her brave defender.

He vowed by all the gods above
No braver knight or truer
E’er sought the maiden of his choice
And prayed to be her wooer.

To test his love she thought it well,
Ere her future life she trusted.
She wore, next night, a horrid gown,—
And he got up and dusted.

L. M. G.



PHONOGRAPHIC.—“BOSS! IT WASN'T ME DONE DAT.”

Milking-time.

"I TELL you, Kate, that Lovejoy cow
Is worth her weight in gold;
She gives a good eight quarts o' milk,
And isn't yet five year old.

"I see young White a-comin' now;
He wants her, I know that.
Be careful, girl, you're spillin' it!
An' save some for the cat.

"Good evenin', Richard, step right in;"
"I guess I couldn't, sir,
I've just come down"—"I know it, Dick,
You've took a shine to her.

"She's kind an' gentle as a lamb,
Jest where I go she follers;
And though it's cheap I'll let her go;
She's your'n for thirty dollars.

"You'll know her clear across the farm,
By them two milk white stars;
You needn't drive her home at night,
But jest le' down the bars.

"Then, when you've own'd her, say a month,
And learnt her, as it were,
I'll bet,—why, what's the matter, Dick?"
"Taint her I want,—it's—*her!*"

"What? not the girl! well, I'll be bless'd!—
There, Kate, don't drop that pan.
You've took me mightily aback,
But then a man's a man.

"She's your'n, my boy, but one word more;
Kate's gentle as a dove;
She'll foller you the whole world round,
For nothin' else but love.

"But never try to drive the lass;
Her natur's like her ma's.
I've allus found it worked the best,
To jest le' down the bars."

PHILIP MORSE.

Extempore.

The leader of the negro "shouting" meeting at the South is often "at his wit's ends" to supply new material for these chants and to maintain his position and reputation as a popular leader, and it is generally to his "inspiration" that we are indebted for the great variety of snatches and parts of negro hymns. Often the chant is but a few words, or lines, repeated many times, but frequently new words or sentiments are introduced by the leader, he first repeating or chanting them until by degrees the assembly become familiar with the words and tune, if tune we may call the utterance, which is sometimes a species of nasal sing-song, sometimes inflammatory, and at others quite in the spirit of anger and disgust. One of these new productions we have here copied, at least the portion of it which seemed to have crystallized into form. It might have been



"IN THE SWEET BY-AND-BY."

suggested by the growth of communistic sentiments among the darkies, and may be entitled

WAKE UP, SINNERS!

DON'T be stan'in' an' a-gopin' thar,
Don't be dreamin' an' a-hopin' thar,
Don't be groanin' 's ef yer dyin' thar,
Groanin' don't feed nobody's bow'ls thar,
Don't be huggin' last year's whistles* thar,
Nothin' don't come from nothin' thar.
Don't be sittin' in the ashes thar,
Don't be dreamin' "Kingdom come" thar,
Don't be hopin', Jubilee's past thar,
Don't be waitin', but go up thar,
Don't be puttin' nails 'n yer coffin thar,
Don't be mournin' yer dead sins thar,
Don't be turnin' up your eyes thar,
Gold don't rain from the skies thar.
Don't 'spect to live 'thout the hoe thar,
Don't 'spect to reap 'f yer don't sow thar,
Don't be slidin' back to hell thar,
Heaven's gained by hard climbin' thar.
Don't stan' in the road 'f the engine thar,
God's train 's travelin' thro' the world thar.

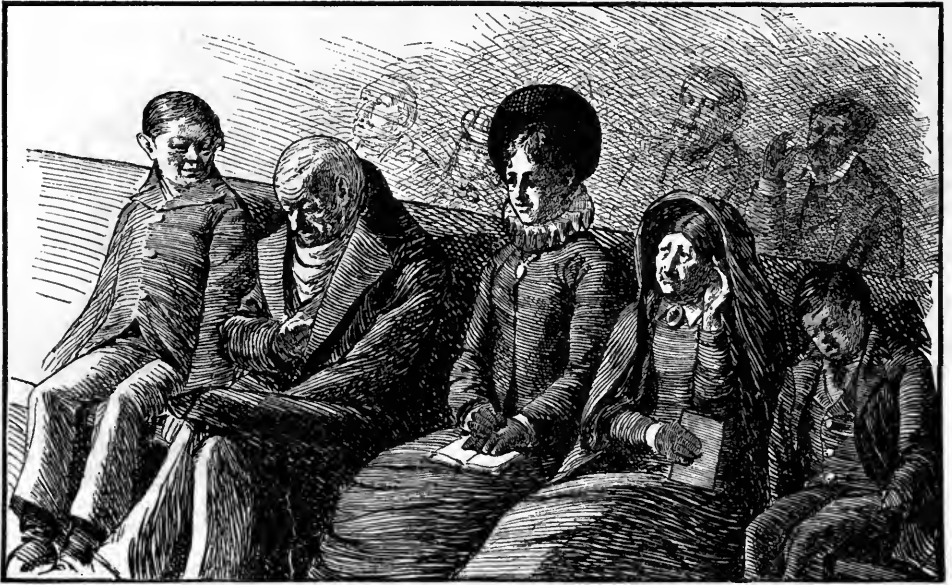
S. S. BOYCE.

The Invention of the Dictionary.

I AM willing to make with Tom, Dick, or Ralph
a bet
That the Greeks did not suffer for lack of an alpha-
bet,
—Though all correspondence was surely a sad
muss,—
Before letters were brought from Phœnicia by Cad-
mus.
They call Cadmus a myth now, his labors a fiction,
airy
And light as a tale based on bare suppositions.
Yet Phœnicia did make, beyond doubt, the first
dictionary,
Devised for the use of the young deaf Phœni-
cians.

A. Z.

* Affairs.



THE SERMON.

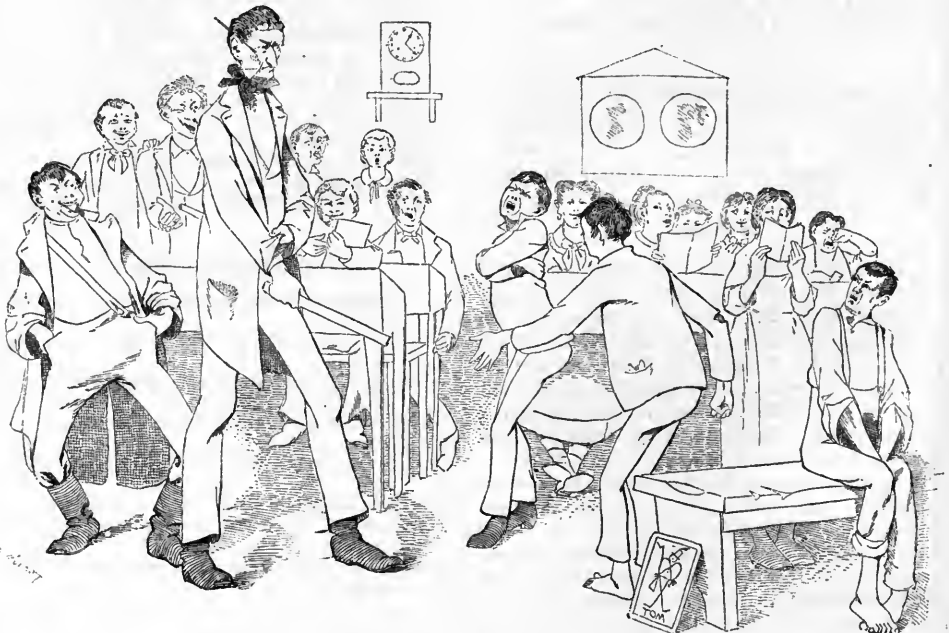
Triolets.

I.—SUSPENSE.

I HEAR the stairs creak,
 In a moment they'll be here,
 Oh, Emmy dear, speak,
 I hear the stairs creak,
 There are tears on your cheek
 And your eyes are—but see here!
 I hear the stairs creak,
 In a moment they'll be here.

II.—A SENSITIVE POET.

I FIND it so hard
 To be pleasant to people,
 You know I'm a bard—
 I find it so hard
 My door-way to guard
 That I live in a steeple,
 I find it so hard
 To be pleasant to people.
 JOHN G. WILSON.



SPOILING THE ROD.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. XVI.

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No. 5.

READY FOR THE RIDE—1795.

(RONDEL.)



THROUGH the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
As in the old days when he rode with her,
With joy of Love that had fond Hope to bride,
One year ago had made her pulses stir.

Now shall no wish with any day recur
 (For Love and Death part year and year full wide),
 Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
 As in the old days when he rode with her.

No ghost there lingers of the smile that died
 On the sweet pale lip where his kisses were—
 . . . Yet still she turns her delicate head aside,
 If she may hear him come, with jingling spur—
 Through the fresh fairness of the Spring to ride,
 As in the old days when he rode with her.

HUNTING THE MULE-DEER IN COLORADO.



A PATTERN IN A NET OF TWIGS.

Says a well-known sportsman,* in a work recently issued for the use of the fraternity, "Good hunting is at present scarcely to be found east of the Missouri River. West of that stream, however, there is a wide extent of territory in many parts of which game may still be found in considerable abundance by those who are sufficiently acquainted with the country to know where to look for it. * * As things stand at present the country where game most abounds is that which is now or lately has been infested by the Indians. * * The Indians are the only real game preservers in the West."

That portion of the new state of Colorado lying west of the main range and north of the San Juan mining region, is perhaps one

of the very best of these localities; certainly the most accessible and practicable at a moderate expenditure of money and time. Here in four days, by rail from New York City, one may mount a well-trained animal and plunge at once into the primeval wilds. Here are the gate-ways of the great parks, in and surrounding which are thousands of square miles suited by nature to the purpose of a stronghold from which the game can never be wholly driven. Just within its farther limit is the Ute reservation, and its bulk is almost debatable ground,—the Indians hunting here and loath to yield to the whites entire possession of their richest grounds, and their great medicine waters, the Hot Springs of Middle Park. During the present year pending legislation will probably limit these friendly savages to a more remote point, and then the most timid of pilgrims may revel in the plenty of a region where I have seen five thousand elk in view at once,—the number estimated by men of life-long experience as herders,—and where I have known one man to kill forty bulls at a single stand. May a merciful Providence impel our legislators to invent some means of controlling the waste of this wealth! But, as I have said, total extermination is impossible. This is demonstrated in the case of the animal I am about to describe, which persists in using even those foot-hill regions of Boulder County, where mining, milling, grazing and agriculture make together one of the thriftiest localities of the new West. Year after year he continues to startle the plowman or the herders by his

* Charles Hallock, of "Forest and Stream," in the "Sportsman's Gazetteer," pages 71 and 74.

sudden appearance, and a fortunate pistol-shot sometimes secures him for the larder; but of hunting, properly, there is little done now in the regions of the great tellurium discoveries, that have converted into swarming camps the hills over which, during my novitiate, I ranged with Hank Green, the Tourtillots, "Big" Osborne and Old Levi Van Rensselaer. If any of the Boulder

believe, one exception: the red or Virginia deer has never been found west of the range except as a mongrel. If desirable, the element of danger may be sought in pursuit of the range and cinnamon,—the first a cousin of the true *Ursus horribilis*, somewhat stunted by change of habitat, but none the less ugly,—or the less ferocious brown and black bears, or the puma (of



HEAD OF FAWN OF MULE-DEER. (FROM PAINTING BY W. M. CARY.)

boys wish to enjoy a good old-fashioned hunt to-day they go up to St. Vrain, Big Thompson, or the Cache La Poudre, or over the range into North or Middle Park. From this region west and south is the heart of the hunting; particularly in that portion reached by the Gunnison and its tributaries. Here roam all the varieties of game animals known to this latitude in America, with, I

whom beware!), or the other cats and lynxes, or the sluggish but courageous wolverine.

The mule-deer does not bear an undisputed name. I knew him at first as the black-tail, as he is almost universally called here. A recent issue of the "Rocky Mountain News" contains an indignant protest from one of our hunters against the liberty "eastern" naturalists have taken in

rechristening, as he supposes, this animal. The fact is, however, that whether the difference claimed between this variety and that of the Pacific coast* really exists or not, the name mule-deer was recorded by Captains Lewis and Clark in their reports of the expeditions of 1804 and 1806, in which this animal with the black tail and Virginia deer are fully described, with their mixtures and variations and respective limits of habitat. Probably the two, with the *burro*† deer of Arizona, may prove to be merely variations of the same animal, as new admixtures indicating the blood of *C. virginianus* are sometimes found of late, and I have myself noted among some hundreds of deer killed within a radius of a hundred miles from Denver marked variations from any of the descriptions given by naturalists. The prominent marks of this variety are those which give the name,—immensely developed ears, a thin, switchy and brush-tipped tail, a gray and black color, and a general air of sagacity and knowingness not belied by his behavior in the field. Here is his inventory: A pair of immense antlers, main beams well back, prongs straight up. Full length of beam in a well-grown pair measured by myself fifty-five inches from extreme point to its opposite. Aggregate of growth in this instance, beams and prongs, nine feet and three inches. Sixteen well developed points not unusual, though ten seems the normal limit, the excess of this number being usually irregular in position and ill balanced. Ears eight to nine inches in length, in almost constant motion. Large prominent and beautiful eyes. Height five and a half to six feet to antlers' tips; about four at the haunches. Body round and plump, legs slender and graceful, with small feet, seeming utterly inadequate to propel the two to three hundred pounds weight in such wonderful leaps over formidable obstructions, through regions of fallen timber and rock, almost impassable to man. His coat is a rich warm gray or drab, shot with black shadows in the dorsal region, where the hairs are heavy and erect, and each has a tip of yellow and dead black. A gray to white space, from a downward angle between the eyes, extends to the nose, from under the eyes to the ears, and softening away at the sides of the neck stops at an exact line a hand's breadth beneath the jaw. The chin, with some irregular touches

along the inner portion of the ear, usually, the flanks and inside of thighs, are a pure white; and an acorn-shaped patch of the same surrounds the tail, which itself is thin and "switchy," entirely bare beneath, white above, and having a black, pointed brush at its tip, of hairs two to three inches in length. The short, glossy coat of the legs is of the same tawny color that gradually during the summer covers the entire animal, till the new "blue" coat shows itself in September. Otherwise this description applies in November, when the deer, in local phrase, begin to "run,"—i. e., to rut. Of course both sexes are then at their best. The females bring forth their young sometime in June; during which month the males having shed their horns seclude themselves as if ashamed, "tarrying at Jericho" in fact, till the excrescence that distinguishes them be again grown.

While in the velvet the horns are very tender. They are warm. Wound them and they bleed. Their gelatinous substance in July is a dainty tidbit to the fortunate coyotes. If you would save them you must hang them out of reach of your dogs. Gradually, lime is deposited, the tips harden, the blood ceases to circulate, the velvety covering splits open and peels off, the animal hastening the process and the sharpening and brightening of the points by industriously rubbing them upon the bushes and trees, until in the bright late October days, armed and exulting in his strength and sleekness, he is all ready to go a-courting; and the does, as if aware, and owing too the soft influence of the season, forsake their fawns and hide away in brake and dell. Then may be heard from hill to hill the challenge and the acceptance, and fierce battle be witnessed, in which the eager contestants heed not whomsoever may approach, till the victors retire to cool shadows and the rewards of valor, the vanquished to fight another day; or if hopeless and superannuated to begin a life of sulky solitude.

The novice who is ambitious to slay one of these noble and sagacious animals needs—of the very best—guide, gun, camp outfit, route, range, and luck. If the weather had not its admirable reputation for unfailing reliability in Colorado, during the shooting season, from mid-August till January, he would need also to pray for that.

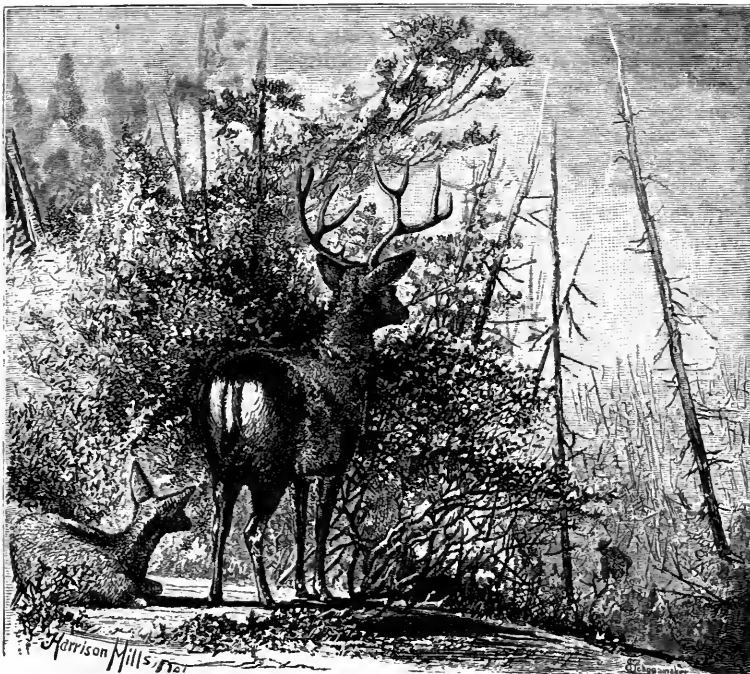
If you have plenty of time and little money, buy a good pony and saddle, gun and ammunition, blankets, including a light

* *Cariacus columbianus*, or black-tail deer.

† *Burro*, Spanish name for the ass kind.

rubber cloth or overcoat, a side of bacon and a frying-pan,—though you will, when in permanent camp, probably, prefer to broil venison and fish on the coals,—a little salt, a sack of hard-tack, another of dried fruit, a few yards of good line, and two dozen gray hackles with brown bodies, a change of underclothing, a picket-rope and a light hatchet, a skinning-knife, with belt and sheath, and a stout seamless sack big enough to carry your perishables; tie the lot together and set out on foot.* You can take a little rest now and then, when the road is good, on the top of all this, if balanced nicely on each side of the saddle, or

time in the future be able to set out on a trip through a few hundred miles of primitive wilderness in a buckskin suit of your own stitching, and carrying, for equipment and subsistence, your gun, three cartridges, a pinch of salt and a jack-knife, like Len Pollard; or to detest salt, like Old Hill; or to make a good blanket of snow, like Doc. Porter. But, for a first experience, you will find these things very handy, and your pampered stomach will probably welcome the additions to your bill of fare procurable at ranches by the way. By the time you have reached Big Thompson, the Gunnison or the Grand, or the Upper Arkansas or



ARE YOU LOOKING FOR US?

you may mount to ford a river. Of course, it is supposed that you outfit at some valley town, probably Denver. At first, of a certainty, your progress will be slow. Take your time. I have enumerated the smallest possible list of *impedimenta* for a tyro. If you stay with us for good, you may some

* The pony will cost twenty to eighty dollars; saddle, bridle, etc., ten to twenty-five; a Sharp's "business" rifle, single trigger, with necessary implements, thirty to fifty; blankets, ten to fifteen; and other necessities at about home prices, with the advantage of selection from approved stock appropriate to the precise needs of the purchaser, and guaranteed to suit.

any of the smaller tributaries of the Platte, your education will be well under way.

Although you will manage so as to be always within reach of supplies and a post-office, the farther you get from traveled roads and recently hunted ground the better. Go till you are sure there is game about you; then settle down and take things coolly. If you find a camp of genuine and experienced hunters in the neighborhood, they may, at first, look coldly upon you, as one likely to drive the game off the accessible ranges without getting any; at any rate, driving it away from them. If you are wise, you will acknowledge yourself a novice,

and remembering that their sole living may be in this, as yours in quite another and probably more lucrative kind of hunt back across the Mississippi, somewhere, perhaps you will do well to offer a fair equivalent—say five dollars—to the man who will take you with him and let you shoot a buck of his finding. Go with him, do just as he tells you, and you will get your first deer cheap; then, if you are keen and observant, you will have learned more than a whole season of painful work by yourself would have amounted to, probably, and your second deer will be yours without tribute.

My own first experience in still-hunting in Colorado may be taken as an instance of self-confident failure. I would not take a guide. No, indeed! Had I not been a mighty hunter from my boyhood up!

So I waited for the first snow. I had passed the summer in the foot-hills with a sketching kit on my back and a rifle in my hands, and had been about equally occupied with the grand scenery and with the dusky grouse and rabbits. Once I had surprised a band of mountain-sheep at a lick, by pure accident, and caused a fine old buck to ascend some hundreds of feet of steep rocks with great agility, the ball from my 36-caliber "rim-fire," only drawing a few drops of blood. Anathematizing that gun as only a tyro can, I took the first opportunity to exchange for a 50-caliber military rifle, with which I expected to fill the next opening to better purpose.

By and by the deer began to come down from the high feeding-grounds, and over the passes from the parks and gradually to work south; "banded," and led by the old bucks, and making their way to the warm and sheltered wintering-places south of Pike's Peak. This migratory habit is observed wherever the high and rough nature of the country affords a secure summer retreat, but is too barren and storm-exposed for a winter habitat. Sometimes the hunters would break up and scatter one of these bands, and in twos and threes they would remain and infest the rough country for a time until joined to a new leadership, and thus, timid and on the alert, they were much oftener seen than secured; the region back of Boulder being peculiarly hard hunting-ground, hilly and broken, and giving the keen-eyed and keen-nosed animals a great advantage. One November morning, at three o'clock, bound to be early, and, if hard and conscientious work might avail, to carry a trophy into camp that day, I

was trudging cheerfully up Boulder Cañon through the new-fallen snow. Before the dawn began to follow up the morning star, I had climbed a slide in a crevice, some hundreds of feet, and shivered for an hour under the pines, waiting for light enough to see to shoot. My method of approach to the foot of the long, shallow, wooded gulch in which I now stood had been well chosen. I had avoided a tedious circuit among logs, and sticks that would snap, and stones that would roll, and a peculiarly exasperating large-leaved plant, that in its dry condition rattles when touched like castanets. I knew that the deer "used" in this vicinity, for I had frequently seen sign here; I had calculated the direction of the wind, the lay of the land, my course from the light of the rising sun; so that I might see better than be seen, hear better than be heard, and, if my nose could not help me, at least to avoid offense to any keener sense of smell than my own. I thought myself very sagacious. Well, in due time I decided that there was light enough for my purpose. Cautiously up the left side of the gulch I worked from tree to tree, peering among the shadows, scanning the earth as closely as possible to see whether anything had brushed the feathery flakes that barely covered it. I took a long time, and it grew light too fast, I thought. By and by, high up at the head of a grassy swale that wound down the center, I saw three imprints of round, plump bodies. The snow was deeper here, there were trees close behind, up the gulch, but evidently there had been no desire for shelter. They had all lain so as to see down the slope, their slender legs curled under for warmth, which had melted the bed a little and pressed it closely and firm. I put my hand on the half transparent matrix, it was not frozen yet; the little white pellets of snow-dust that came with the wind, slanting and rolling along the ground, had hardly begun to accumulate in the depressions made by the knees and feet. Evidently my quarry had lain here in full view of my slow approach; what moment had they cunningly chosen to rise and slip away like shadows? They must still be near. See, the tracks are close together and rambling. No sudden fear, or they would be in pairs and far apart. Strange, they go down the gulch, on the side opposite. Cautiously again I begin to follow the little tell-tale tokens. Very cautious before, I am preternaturally so now. Not a footfall of my own, not a breath do I permit myself to startle my own ears with. I am

an hour perhaps following these tiny meandering footprints down to a point where they turn sharply, and lead straight up the side of the gulch to the ridge at its edge. A new light—the sun is up now, but it isn't that—breaks upon me. It is hard to believe, but evidently those deer saw me as I began to look for them, and came down through the trees here to inspect me,—see what I was about in fact,—and they stood right here and watched me as I passed by on the other side, not a hundred yards away. And then they follow; yes, here run the tracks, right along the ridge. The rascals have even stopped when I did, measuring their progress with mine. And now I see that the trail has doubled, half the imprints pointing this way, and I begin to suspect still more of their tantalizing cunning. Yes, it is even so. Here they stood and saw my careful inspection of their sleeping apartment, still within easy shooting distance, but partly screened by netted boughs and twigs, and here they turned again and accompanied me down again, retracing their steps, and just at the point where I began to climb out, they evidently suspected that I was really in earnest, and that they had better go. The direction of their departure was indicated by three separate lines of double exclamation points in the snow, beginning about eighteen feet from where the light broke upon me as described, and leading due west.

I shouldered my gun and sadly prepared to cross to the next undisturbed range.

That night, as I sat silently by the fire reviewing the day's experience and disappointments,—for I had tramped perseveringly and seen nothing to shoot,—I had to take some good-natured rallying from the older Nimrods of the camp, who suspected that I had that day met some saddening disappointment.

"The boy aint so chirk an' peart to-night ez usual," remarked Old Levi. "He's bin to school to-day. I 'xpect some ole buck up in the hills ez been playin' it fine on him."

My next failure was but a day or two later. Again I had risen with the star, having passed a bitter cold night in a deserted cabin. This time I was successful thus far: I found sign and worked the ground carefully and correctly, my ambition spurred by what Old Levi had told me about a fabulously large buck that for four winters had used this ground, and, though frequently seen and shot at, had thus far escaped unscathed. I knew that Levi and Hank were at that moment less than a mile away, work-

ing toward the spot, and I dreamed a little of the delight of having them find me there when they arrived, with the coveted prize at my feet; but when my buck finally broke cover from among the rocks,—at my very feet, indeed,—he was such a beautiful sight, his polished antlers lying back almost upon his round, massive shoulders, his progress—flight it truly seemed,—through that too brief vista of giant rocks, through which my way had cost such labor, was something so wonderful to see that I actually forgot that I carried a gun till that brute with the charmed life was a mile away. Was it "buck fever?" Well, that was the way it took me; but I never had it afterward. The others soon came up. They had seen nothing. Again that day I was so fortunate as to find, so unfortunate as to fail. We had separated, they going toward Gold Hill, I working in the direction of Sugar Loaf Mountain. At the edge of a ravine I saw a movement in the thick growth below, faintly against the snowy bottom. I was indulging in a smoke. In my haste to remove my pipe, I dropped it. Out then came a large doe, and, still uncertain as to the exact point of danger, in short, high jumps went half way up the rise to my left. A prettier shot never offered than when she stopped, not a hundred yards away, to look at me for a moment. I had a blanket rolled and slung across my shoulder, and in my haste and flurry I forgot it; it got in the way as I brought my rifle up; I stopped to drop it, and when I fired it was at a moving object instead of at a stationary one. I saw the dirt and snow fly a little too high and just ahead of her.

That night after sunset I was building a fire against a huge rock, in the snugest nook I could find on the east foot of Sugar Loaf, when a tall, good-looking man in an army coat, with a huge muzzle-loader under one arm and a little yellow dog on the other, approached my bivouac.

"Hullo! Good-evening! What are you doing there such a night as this?"

The snow was drifting, and it did promise to be an ugly sort of night. However, I proceeded to explain, as a matter of course, that I was heating this rock to make my bed against; that when it and the ground were sufficiently warmed, I proposed to move the fire out a couple of yards, replenish it, and then and there to roll up in my blankets and sleep the sleep of the just.

"Didn't you see a cabin as you came down the gulch up there?" inquired the tall

the pilgrim wonder, and I hardly relished the half-apparent amusement of this big mountaineer, who wasn't in the least impressed by my show of resignation and resources. One look at the black sky, that seemed to be rapidly settling earthward, decided me, however, and with a grateful acknowledgment and a half sense of relief I followed my entertainer to his mountain home. Ah, those steaks, cut from the rump of that three-hundred-pound buck hanging in the back room! There were three inches of fat on the edges of them, and my handsome hostess blushed before the fire, as she turned them to a beautiful brown, while the little dog looked on with an air of quiet approval and anticipation.

"That's my huntin' dog," said Big Osborne, laughing at my stare of surprise, not to say incredulity. "Yes, sir, and that's the kind of dog for these hills. Don't scare the deer away, and always fetches 'em. I can take twenty-five dollars for that dog any day; but money can't buy him. You see

man, with a puzzled or quizzical smile—I suspected a little of both.

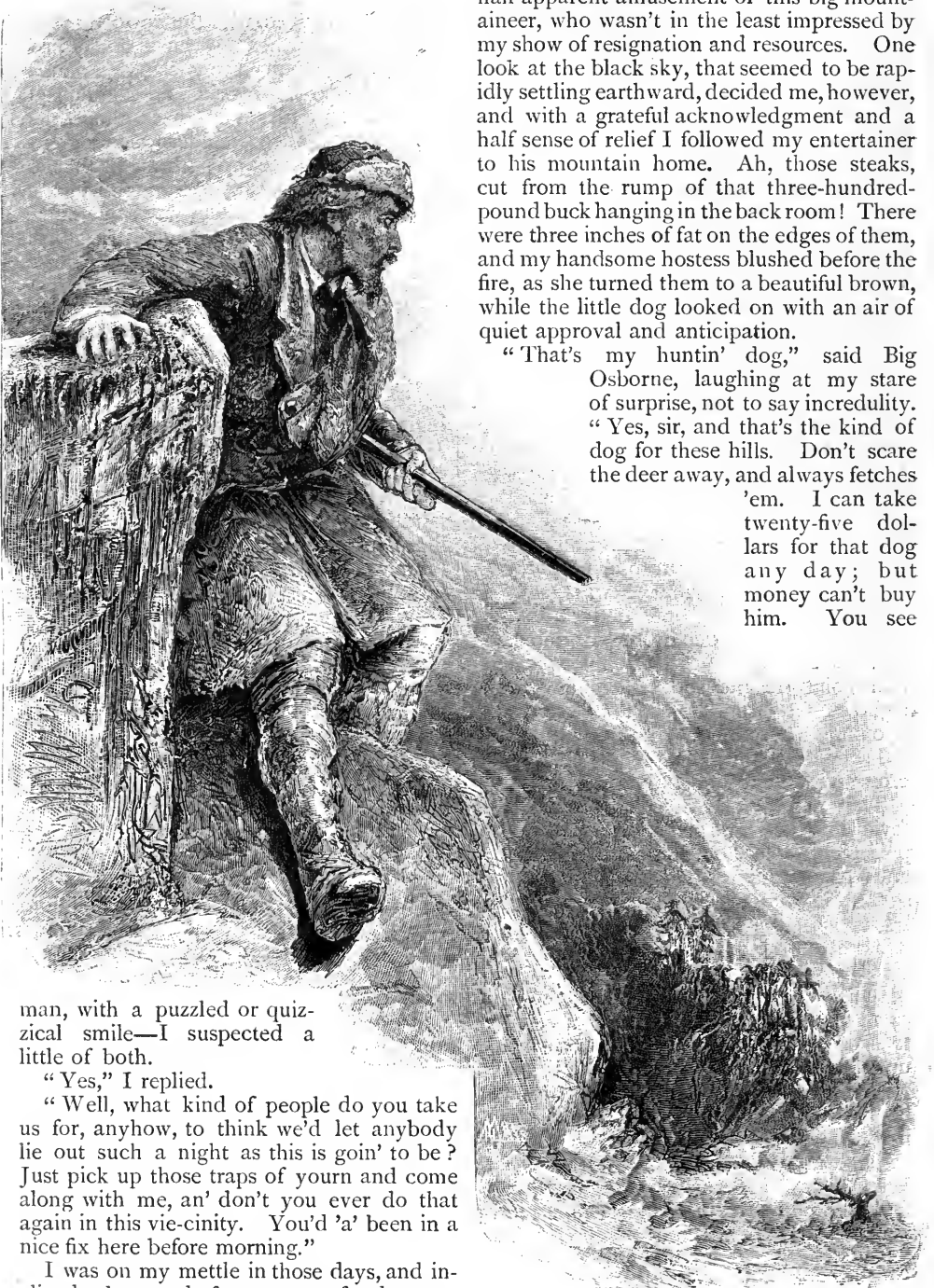
"Yes," I replied.

"Well, what kind of people do you take us for, anyhow, to think we'd let anybody lie out such a night as this is goin' to be? Just pick up those traps of yours and come along with me, an' don't you ever do that again in this vic-inity. You'd 'a' been in a nice fix here before morning."

I was on my mettle in those days, and inclined to be proud of my powers of endurance. I had quite enjoyed the prospect of practicing this kind of bed-warming, which I had heard the old fellows tell of as something to make

he knows as well as I do just what to do. When I get to see a band, I just put him

AN ATTACK OF "BUCK FEVER."





THE FALL OF THE LEADER.

down, and he goes right for 'em and begins to bark. Well, you see, the big ones wont run for him, and, after stamping awhile, they take after him. He runs a little ways, and then they stop and he begins to bark again; and so he keeps leading 'em right toward me, or I keep working up to 'em, and they're so worried and mad and interested that sometimes I get in two or three shots before they get wind of me at all. That's the way I got that big buck, and I reckon he'd 'a' been too cunning for me, but Tiny fetched him, and he can do it every time. Can't you, Tiny?"

And Tiny said he thought he could.

Next morning I resumed my hunt; but,

although I saw frequent indications of their recent movements—probably during the night—in large bodies, I saw no more deer, and again I returned empty-handed; this time consoled by the fact that the others had no better luck; in fact they had not seen a deer at all.

But through failures like these is the way to ultimate success. I saw my blunders, and thought I might profit by them. I saw that I had yet to learn how to look. There is something in knowing a deer when you see him. A friend tried long and faithfully to show a deer, standing in full view, to an eager but untrained sportsman, and then had to shoot it before he could see it. He saw

it when it fell down, kicking. You look among boulders and logs, and all are perhaps alike to you; but by and by a boulder surprises you by jumping, without warning,



OSBORNE AND HIS DOG.

twenty feet into the air, over another very large one, perhaps, and almost always up hill; and, while your heart bumps your mouth open, the boulder disappears, and you say, "Oh! why didn't I shoot him?" Sure enough, why?

It is a most surprising thing to see a deer get up on its legs,—at home, I mean, and when he would prefer to be alone. Watch a cow at the same operation. Laborious elevation of one end, then of the other; then a great yawn, and a cracking of joints, and a lazy twist of the tail and a mighty snort of bovine satisfaction, and she is ready to go to pail or pasture. But she don't budge, mind, without the regular formula. How does a buck start for pasture when you drive him up in the morning? Why, he

lies with his four feet under him, and when he is ready to go it is like Jack getting out of the box. The tremendous extensor muscles contract with all the power and facility rest and warmth have given them, and the plump body, like a well-inflated rubber ball propelled by a vigorous kick, flies lightly into the air. The simile is borne out as it seems about to descend: light as thistle-down it nears the earth; another giant impulse from an unseen power—*crash*—and again it describes its light parabola; *crack—bump—thud—thud—thud*—each time fainter than the last, and your surprise is all that remains.

The time, patience, effort and study I spent during that winter and the summer and winter following in learning how to outwit that subtlest of all harmless creatures, would have mastered a much more exact science. I realized a degree of success, however, and when I stood over my first buck, not chance-slain, but really outdone in craft, shot through the heart as he sprang to his feet and turned to see me not twenty steps away—seeing me and suspecting danger only at the instant of his death, while I had followed him for hours, unsuspected, patiently, perseveringly, I felt that the achievement was worth all it had cost. Meantime, I had risen with the morning star for days together, crept through miles upon miles of all sorts of growth and over all sorts of ground; had seen scores of deer, wounded a few, to my great regret, but, as a rule, had been sparing of ammunition, unwilling to miss or only to maim. And so I came to know them well, and I am glad to say that I was never tempted to harm an inexperienced and careless fawn, or the doe cumbered with maternal cares; although opportunities were frequent for making sure work with these.

I think the man that can kill a "papoose"—unless impelled by the hunger that knows no law—is no better than an Indian. He is a grade worse. Here, in Colorado, the game-law lets a man kill a deer out of season if he is hungry, or if his family needs the meat. It ought to imprison the man who will kill a fawn for any other reason, or even then if he can get jack-rabbits instead. I once heard Len Pollard tell about killing a doe in the bad lands when he was almost starving, on one of his wild journeys. It was July. She was very poor, but Len was hungry. As he stooped to bleed her, something touched the hand that was drawing his knife. It was a little fawn, and right behind it in the bushes was its twin. Both came and smelt the body, and then

licked the hunter's hands. Len is made of good stuff, and he couldn't stand that. He mounted and put the quirt to his horse, but the little things followed, and finally he turned and mercifully killed both of them rather than leave them to starve. But he recalls it rather in the light of a tragedy.

Leaving camp early, but not until after a good breakfast, with a brace of invalids whose Colorado appetites are beginning to clamor for relief from the monotony of fresh trout, caught from the stream beside which is our rest, and which the Indians call Yampah,—with light enough to show a moving object a mile away, or a fresh track from the saddle, I will suppose myself, one September morning, five years after the day of disappointment just described, riding at a leisurely pace up a long hollow in a hill-side with an east and south exposure. I have never hunted here until now, but I see groves of quaking asp succeed each other for miles away to the right; and, through occasional vistas to the left, the black pine tops show, rising from the river by west and north slopes to meet me on the rounded crest bared by last year's fires. There the ground will surely show if any of the kind I seek have lately passed, and those groves are the haunts they love. Skirting their upper edges, with now and then an incursion, I ride for miles. Not a sign. I ride now with haste, for not until I see sign will I begin to hunt. Suddenly, a fresh track: two of them: leisurely winding downward. In a moment, alert, I am on the ground, taking the rein over my pony's head as, rifle in hand, I dismount, so that if I let him go he will put his foot in it presently and hold himself there. (A lariat looped at the saddle-fork, or held coiled in the left hand ready to drop, Indian fashion, is also good.) I intend to leave him here to feed while I prowl around to watch and listen, but presently I make out a peculiar pattern in the net-work of low branches and little sprouts of trees. It is very significant to me; I know there can be no mistake about it, and I immediately send a ball just under the center portion. The pattern disappears without noise, and I reload, catch my pony, who has merely stepped aside at the flash and report of my 44-caliber Creedmoor, and lead him about sixty

yards into the thicket, and there lies a fine fat doe.

After some dexterous use of the knife, a noose of the lariat back of her shoulders, a turn forward about the "horn" of the saddle, a few tugs and hitches, and the limp one hundred and fifty pounds is secured by the hooks in the cinch,—for this case made and provided; my patient old Cub, meantime, pretending a vicious attack upon my buckskin breeches, but standing stanchly while I lift and make all fast and secure. Then, my gun slung across my shoulder, the sunset in our faces, Cub and I jog lazily toward camp. The sage-hen rises noisily and unwillingly with much cackle from our very feet; noiseless prowlers, long and lithe, slip from shadow to shadow; the coyote yelps complainingly in the distance, and a camp-fire is twinkling away down by the dim river.

* * * * *

In the third illustration I have shown a frequent experience of the old antlered ranger of the hills. So long as he knows he is unobserved—and your old buck is as shrewd as a man in judging of this—he stands and eyes the hunter with the coolest curiosity. The moment the approach is direct, changing from oblique, or the hunter conceals himself, or halts and crouches, that moment "old smarty" runs away. The gun should be at the shoulder when the hunter stops to shoot, or there is no time. Often he will



lie and lazily watch the approaching enemy, as, gun in hand, he labors along through fallen wood and rocks, and after perhaps a half-hour's enjoyment of the game of hide-and-seek, the search getting a little too warm, he will at one jump from his lair, his

ammunition will have poor success, for a "dead shot" even, at a target, may be a muff in the game country.

Try to be cool enough to mark whether your ball strikes over or under when you miss a shot with a hill-side background.



"AND TINY SAID HE THOUGHT HE COULD."

feet leaving the exact imprints in which they have rested perhaps for hours, clear a huge rock or log and disappear. Frequently, the only evidence the hunter has of his vicinity is the break-neck clatter and crash, sudden as an avalanche, in which the alarmed animal seeks safety and at the same time warns all of his fellows. The best plan then is for the hunter to take another tack, in doing which he may possibly find his game doubling upon his flank, particularly if he strike for higher ground.

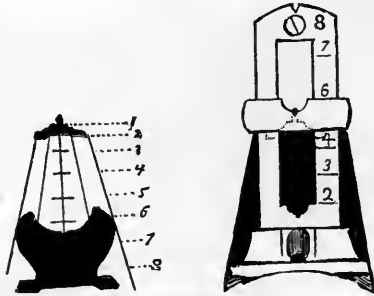
Don't continually try your gun at a mark. It scares the hunters and the game. "What a nice spot to shoot at!" or, "See if I can't hit that tree 'way over there," says Tenderfoot, and presently some startled mountaineer yells out, "Here! who the future condition of misery are you a-shootin'?" which is an awkward query when propounded by an ugly-looking man with a navy armament in his belt. You might hit him after honestly missing a deer or a bear, and he wouldn't blame you so much; but he detests this aimless fusilade which only drives away the game. He suspects, too, that this waster of

After a while you will instinctively measure distances and elevate accordingly. Whatever theoretical sportsmen may say, you can just as well estimate a scale to elevate to as the distance of your object, and can judge of the perpendicular from bead to notch just as well without the upright bar, or "elevated sight," to waste time in adjusting.

This is the practice of all the old hunters of my acquaintance: Draw on your object fine, as if close by; then, keeping the bead on him, lower the breech carefully till you can see such full elevation of sight, or portion of barrel below it, as in your judgment, guided by experience, is equivalent to the distance, and cut loose. If your rifle is of small caliber, say $\frac{4}{100}$, and uses the long ball, with a heavy charge of powder, making a low trajectory, you will rarely, in these mountains, need to draw coarser than the whole height of the "front sight," or up to, say, twice its height for 300 yards or a little over. Of this you must know by experiment, however, the amount and strength of powder, weight and density of ball, etc.,

varying in many cases, as well as the height of sights and distance between them.*

At first, you had better take only such chances as offer within sure range. Take the body rather than the head, and well forward,—just at the point of the shoulder is best. Pull as though you had got all day to do it in, even if you use double-triggers, which are an abomination.



OPEN VS. ELEVATING SIGHTS.

Morning and evening are best to hunt in. In the bright of the moon, deer feed at night, resting while the sun is high. If not much hunted, they lie in the shade, not far from water; if often alarmed, they "roost high" and keep a good lookout, or perhaps leave for a quieter range. Fires and smoke they detest, and they soon learn to associate the report of fire-arms with the presence and scent of human beings. Still, by judicious method, they may be "herded," till you have all the meat you can take care of.

If a mountain man tells you that he don't know where the game is, believe him. It has become so unsettled by constant and careless hunting—which does not deserve the name, "driving" would better express it—that one must be in constant experience to know its present accessible haunt. It may be plentiful here to-day and gone to-morrow. The incursions of coyotes and foxes among the fawns, the approach of a

mountain lion, or of a man that shoots incessantly, is marching orders to them. Also, to repeat, fires and smoke they particularly abhor. At almost any season a conflagration may occur, originating in the criminal carelessness or ignorance of some one who has failed to put out his camp-fire, or in the detestable policy of the Indians, or some malcontents among them, at least, who set these fires to destroy the timber that might be of use to the whites and to drive away the game into their own country, it being their policy to disturb their own "cattle," as they term them, as little as possible.

Remember that to see your game before it sees or smells you is the greatest advantage. It sometimes happens that when already in motion, not thoroughly startled, but suspicious, it may be induced to stop and turn by a shrill whistle, or a stone thrown in advance. If approaching you and unaware of you, the first will nearly always prove the best thing to do. In the instance illustrated in the picture entitled "The Fall of the Leader," a small band of males is in full flight from the course of a sudden storm. The leader, some yards in advance, stops suddenly, with ears and eyes alert to find the source and cause of an unfamiliar sound more startling than the roar of the winds behind, and, smitten in the same instant, clears at one leap the last intervening logs and yields his life in the dry path of the coming flood.

Always picket or hobble your animals at night, or, at least, picket one of them; the



DISSOLVING VIEW.

* In showing the hunters' method of "elevating," I have also illustrated a device of my own, which, upon careful trial, will be found to serve as a ready and faithful substitute for the bar and slide. Let your gunsmith sink a line from behind the bead straight toward the notch of the "buck-horn" sight. At intervals, to mark the degree of elevation for 150, 200, 300, 400, or 500 yards, these intervals determined by experiment, or by looking through a "peep" sight placed, as usual, back of the breech, cut cross-lines wide and deep enough to be distinctly seen. Of course the perpendicular line from the bead must, in sighting, fill the notch center, and the cross-line for the distance required may seem to rest upon the top of the buck-horn. The novice in "off-hand" shooting will find this a great help to his progress.

leader, if they acknowledge one. Neglect of this will cost time and money and vexation. If you get lost, stay where you are till somebody finds you or you find yourself,

i. e., discover some landmark to guide you back. If you have familiarized yourself with the countenances of the high peaks and their bearings, direction of water-courses, etc., and have been careful to take a good look *back* now and then, you can hardly fail to retrace your steps.

In following a trail, if it suddenly disappears, carefully note the spot where your uncertainty begins, so that you may, at least, find that again. Usually this will occur where pack animals stray or straggle aside to feed, and the riders leave the trail to drive them in, or on difficult crossings of swampy bottoms, where slow progress makes it necessary for a party to widen out, each picking his own way. By careful scrutiny of the far side of the open space, morass, or intervening growth, you may usually see, or, at least see indications, of the trail you seek.

To save meat for future use, cut it in thin strips, with the grain, and string them on a lariat in the sun. After a few hours of exposure, which may be at successive camps if necessary, it will be thoroughly "jerked." Salt is not indispensable.

Always have matches about you, in some water-proof receptacle.

Let a bear cub alone. Fool with an old bear if you must, but be sure there is no small family about.

In fording a river, look out for "quicks." These, I believe, are never found in swift water. The "riffles"—a term, probably, peculiar to the West, where the stream widens, or below a bend, particularly if there be islands or bars—indicate the places where you may attempt to ford.

Choose rocky or clayey ground, if possible, or clear sand, to build your fire upon; if on a muck of pine-needles, it will burrow and water will not quench it all. Then, in a day or two, the whole country is burning over and the game driven away, to say nothing of the possible peril to others and the destruction of the forests.

This is not the whole art of woodcraft, but it will do to begin with, and may suffice. As a closing word, I advise you to be temperate and, while doing your share, not to attempt too much. Find a good place and go into camp, instead of trying to do the whole West in a season, and you will probably count among your pleasantest recollections your deer-hunts and hunting-camps in Colorado.



THE WIND-HARP.

THE wild, sweet chorus of the woods,
Had sunk to murmurs soft and low,
While near a darkening cloud, the bow
Gave proof of Nature's changeful moods,

When on the air,
Trembling and thrilling everywhere,
As if the wind itself were song,
Rose one rich strain. So full, so strong,
It swelled in cadence rich and free,
So tender was the harmony,
My heart grew still, my soul was stirred
To catch the faintest sound or word.

Then slow and solemn grew the strain;
Then mirth and merriment again
Touched Music's sides to comic laughter,
And rare, strange sounds came bubbling after.
The mountain brook in sportive glee
Seemed pouring, plashing down on me,
Then spread itself as in a lake,

So placid, still,
That in the midst the whip-poor-will
Seemed calling from his leafy grove
Teaching dull silence to awake!
Then came the yearning cry of love,

And love's own answer, which no tone
 May imitate for passionate joy:
 A sound superbly pure; alone!
 Then the gay calls began to toy
 With every listening echo. Bright
 And clear as crystal drops of light

The keen notes fell,
 Swinging and tinkling like a bell,
 Or spattering like the wind-swept spray,

They seem to dream
 Of wave and stream,
 With misty hints of yesterday!
 Then winding, weaving, in and out,
 And heaving like round billows, tossed
 To foamy edges by the gale,
 Whirled with despairing moan and shout
 Into dark rocky caves and lost,—
 It sank to one sad, smothered wail.

Then crept a fine, thin thread,
 A subtle hint of sound
 Stolen as it were from silence. Such the dead
 Might with their shadowy, ghostly lips
 Breathe forth,
 When all around
 Lies bathed in cool, white moonlight, and
 the grass
 Bends with its weight of dew, and mid-
 night's spell

Gives them the power to make their
 spirits known!

Then louder grown,
 Like chanting of the choir at Holy Mass,
 And measured voices joined in prayer, it fell
 And rose in sweeps of rhythmic symphony,

High heaven and earth
 Joining in one great, wordless psalm of
 praise!

Responsive to th' entrancing melody,
 Even as the lute the lightest touch obeys,
 The rapture caught and held my spirit up,

As in a jeweled cup
 An amber wine is held, which gleams
 and glows

With richer tints reflected from the gold.
 The ecstasy hid in the slender strings
 For mortal ear to perfect, told of things

So pure, divine,
 That none might live who learned them,
 and I rose
 In silence, breathless, with my heart on fire,
 Longing, yet fearing once to make them
 mine,—

To draw the heavy curtain fold on fold;
 Leaving the sad, weird, tender, merry sprite,
 To sing his sorrow, passion and desire,
 Out on the deep, sweet bosom of the night.

IN MARBLE.

No wise God sculptured thy cold, queenly face
 And queenlier breast;
 Yet all thy radiant beauty stands confest
 In living and thrilling harmony of grace.
 Thy pallor seems
 The moonlit glory of dim, dying dreams.

Oh! my chaste love, thy snow-cold lips are mute:
 One word of thine,
 More sweet to me than life—one word divine—
 Like magic melody of lyre or lute,
 Would wake the soul
 To hope of love's imperishable goal.

Ah! what are love, and life, and death to thee,
 Sunlight or gloom?
 Thy curved, coiled body is a rayless tomb,
 Superb in soulless immobility.
 Why weep or moan
 For thee, alas!—a death-born dream of stone!

ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"YOU'RE HAVING A HARD TIME, NANCY," SAID ROXY."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE HELPER.

Who shall take account of the difference in the individual manifestations of the human conscience? There sits Nancy Kirtley on the bank of the broad river, while the white light of the declining moon is on its waters, and the dim Kentucky hills are sinking into a darkness that will soon swallow them entirely. If you could examine her consciousness you would hardly find a sense of wrong-doing. There is a brute sense of defeat, and, perhaps, a feeling that she has blundered, and that some other course might have been better. There is something which a sanguine evolutionist might hope would develop into a conscience, by some chance, in many generations. But what eons will it require to

transform this feeling that somebody or some fate unseen has wronged her, into a moral judgment capable of distinguishing and respecting the rights of others?

In this same moonlight night Whittaker, who has wrought none of this wrong, is troubled by it so that he cannot sleep. The scrupulous man must ever suffer vicariously. The sins of others are laid upon him; he is wounded for their iniquities. Such extremes are there within this human race of ours!

Whittaker was profoundly moved that night by haunting thoughts of Roxy in her anguish. He could not go to offer sympathy, but he comforted himself with thinking of the "merry-wise Twonnet" keeping watch over the forlorn woman. Then he remembered with more indignation than pity the guilty man, Bonamy. From general rumor Whittaker had heard of Mark's return to the deserted house.

Spite of his indignation, the minister was moved a little when he thought of him with no companionship but that of Night, and Loneliness and Remorse. Ought not he, a servant of the Great Servant, to seek out this abandoned leper and help him in the hour of his darkness to find his way back into regions of light, of cleanness, and of human fellowship?

Whittaker was shy and timid—the bravest men are. He shrank from intruding into the troubles of others—the most sympathetic people do. But on this night he was tormented about an affair that any other man in Luzerne would have said was none of his. Such are the gross inequalities of conscience. Aaron Burr reads cheerfully in his bath with a fresh murder on his hands; a sensitive man lies awake because of some opportunity neglected of helping a man who has himself chiefly to blame for his own troubles. Behold the premium one must pay for elevation of character!

An hour after midnight Whittaker got up and looked out on the moonlight making visible, in a sweet and dreamy way, the chief features of the landscape. It was hardly a view, but a sort of a monochromatic picture. The moonlit scene bore the same relation to the familiar daylight view of the landscape that reverie does to plain and open thought.

Without any very definite purpose, Whittaker dressed himself and went out. The broad river was as smooth as glass; there was a sky below in symmetric correspondence to that above. Still without a clear notion of what he should do, or could do, the minister took the way toward Bonamy's, walking meditatively here and there under a locust in full and fragrant flower; even the grass-grown sidewalk was strewn with fallen petals. But as he neared the smitten house the loveliness of the night landscape faded from his thought and perceptions. He was full of conflicting feelings. He felt a contempt for Bonamy's selfish weakness of character; yet he could not, by thinking of this, excuse himself. The physician is sent to the sick.

There was the light in the sitting-room—the lamp burned as steadily as it could have done if the house were at peace. The place had all its old stateliness; for the outer circumstances of our lives will not respond to the trouble within. Who could have guessed that a solitary and desperate man was the owner of this house? That he sat by this cheerful home-light with hardly one ray of

hope in his life and with a pistol, newly charged, on the table in front of him?

Whittaker opened the smaller front gate quietly and then took his course up the path across the black belts made by the long shadows of the poplars, toward the porch. The large front door stood open as Nancy had left it, but Mark had closed the door from the hall-way to the sitting-room on his return to that room after Nancy had left. Whittaker, with much palpitation, knocked at this inner door.

"Come in." The voice had a strangely broken sound.

Mark was greatly surprised at seeing his visitor. Of all men, Whittaker! Nevertheless, he was glad to see him; if for no other reason, because he was somebody—a human being.

"Did you come from her?" he asked, with downcast eyes.

"From whom?"

"From my wife?"

"I have not seen her," said Whittaker, somewhat coldly. "But if you wish to send any message I will take it."

Bonamy motioned him to a chair, and then sat silent for a long time.

"I am afraid I ought not to have trespassed on you in your trouble. But I could not think of any other person likely to come to you, and it is a dreadful thing to be alone in trouble."

"It is," said Mark, gloomily. Then after a pause, "It is curious *you* should come, though."

"Why?"

"Well, my brother-in-law and my sister are ashamed to come. My old friends all stay away. You have no reason even to like me. Certainly you wouldn't take my part against Roxy?"

"Of course not. I think Mrs. Bonamy a good woman." Whittaker purposely spoke in a cool tone that he might not rouse any antagonism in Mark.

Mark sat still a moment, then slowly closed his fist and brought it down upon the table like a hammer.

"God!" he muttered between his teeth.

"You make me mad, Mr. Whittaker."

"You ought not to be angry," said Whittaker with firmness. "I think she deserves that and more."

"But you speak so coldly. A good woman! Oh, Lord! what a fool I have been! A good woman! Why, I tell you, here, Mr. Whittaker, that she is a grand woman." Here Mark got to his feet and

paced the floor. "There are no words for her. I hate myself. I curse myself. I thought myself somebody. I was proud of my family and of my popularity, and the devil only knows what besides. What an infernal fool I was! I looked down on her. I did not think she could have any pride except in me and in what belonged to me. I wounded her proud spirit every day. Proud? Why, that—oh, God! what shall I call her? I tell you she went away from here to-day leaving behind every scrap and trinket that had been bought with my money. When she spurned me she spurned everything, even the clothes she wore as my wife, and went out as poor and proud as she came. And people thought she was proud of me. And I stung her pride with my devilish foolishness and then, when at last she answered me with defiance I thought I was injured. I felt sorry for myself and angry at her for being so severe, and I rushed straight into the trap the devil had set for me. God! what a fool I was to think myself better than my poor, poor Roxy! My poor, poor, proud, broken-hearted Roxy! Oh, I can't stand it. I'm going to kill myself like Judas and get out of the way. It's all there is left to do. Poor, poor girl! If I'd only died a year ago!" And Mark laid his head on the table and burst into tears, sobbing convulsively, only coming back now and then to the same piteous refrain: Poor Roxy!

Whittaker caught sight of the loaded saddle-pistol on the table and shuddered. He had not come too soon, then. He left Mark to his tears for a while. But, when the gust of weeping had spent itself, he took the word again.

"What do you want to kill yourself for?"

"What's the use of living when you despise yourself, and everybody despises you? I'm not fit to live, and you know it, Mr. Whittaker."

"Very likely. Few men are quite fit to live. But let us say that you are very bad. You *have* acted very badly. If you did not feel so much ashamed of yourself, I should try to make you ashamed. But you are only adding one bad action to another in killing yourself. It's not a brave thing to do."

"It may not be right, but it is the bravest thing left for me, I should say."

"Well, it's braver than some other things. But when you talk about killing yourself because you despise yourself and everybody despises you, you are only running away

from the natural penalty of your sin. You hate yourself; very good—you ought to hate yourself. But you ought to have courage to live and face your own contempt, and that of everybody else. That is the brave way. The sin having been committed, the very best thing left is to take patiently the punishment."

"Then I'm a coward. I suppose I'm about as bad as a man can get to be."

"No," said Whittaker, speaking slowly, as he always did when theoretical theology came into conflict with practical wisdom. "I don't think you're all bad, by any means. You're a good deal better with that pistol there by you than you have been heretofore."

Bonamy looked puzzled.

"I like you better now, because you loathe your evil. The time has been when you were just as bad as now,—capable of this same sin,—but entirely satisfied with yourself. Isn't that so?"

Mark only shivered.

"You are no worse to-night than you were a year ago. But then you were blind. Now you see. Thank God that you see! The sight is not a cheerful one, but a man who sees is worth a dozen blind men. Now don't be a coward, and run away from the work before you."

"What work?"

"What specific work, I don't know. You built on sand. The house has gone to pieces. The first work is to clear away the rubbish, and get ready to build on a deeper foundation. The rubbish heap is hateful, but it is yours. You've no right to run away and leave it, a ghastly eye-sore to everybody else, have you?"

Mark leaned his head down again on the table, and groaned. Then, after a long time, he relieved himself by confessing many things to the minister.

Whittaker talked with him thus till the light of the May morning shone in at the window. Then he rose up to go.

"Will you see Roxy?" asked Mark, with downcast eyes and utter dejection of voice.

"Sooner or later, yes. I will see her to-day, if you have anything for me to say to her."

"I don't want to ask anything of her. She did just right. Tell her that I say so. But I wish she could know that I had turned back yesterday with a full purpose of telling her everything. It would not have changed anything, but I wanted to confess. It is the hardest part of this trouble that I

did not confess before. But she is so good, I did not dare to."

"It was not brave of you, Mr. Bonamy."

"I see. I must make up my mind that I am a coward, besides all the rest." It was the one sensitive point of pride left in the humiliated man. He was nettled that Whittaker thought him cowardly.

"Good-bye!" Whittaker held out his hand.

"It was very good of you, Mr. Whittaker, to come here to-night. I did not deserve it. I had no claim on you."

"Promise me one thing." And Whittaker held fast to Mark's hand. "No suicide."

"I do not want to make any promise," said Mark, stubbornly.

"Let me tell you, Mr. Bonamy, that there is a brave life before you. I think the best of your life is to come."

"There could be nothing worse than my life so far, unless it is to live on with the feeling that I had broken the heart of that poor, good, glorious Roxy that was mine."

Whittaker drew him to the porch.

"It was black night an hour ago. If a man had said to you, 'There will never be any daylight,' you would have called him a fool for his unbelief. I tell you, friend, that already I see the sunlight on the clouds over your life. You are down in the dust. That is the best of it. The old life must be all destroyed first. I cannot tell you how, but there is a better life for you yet to come. I am sure of it."

"But my wretched Roxy!"

"You can't help what is gone. Roxy has suffered, and will suffer, terribly. It is awful to think of it. But Roxy has a brave soul. She will get good even out of such sorrow. Now wait and suffer your part like a man. Don't run out of the fight; stand fire to the bitter end."

Just at that moment, the first beams of the sun struck the tops of the Kentucky hills, and put a halo about them. A thin white mist of lace-like thinness, partly veiled the smooth surface of the river. The whole landscape seemed to be coming out of obscurity into glory. The bluebirds and the yellow-hammers and the queevy-quavies began to sing in the orchard, and the great swarms of blackbirds perching in the sycamores waked up in a chorus of "chip! chip chulurr-rr-rr-rr!"

"What a beautiful morning! God is good!" said Whittaker. "Take heart a little. Promise for one week that you will

bear with your despair. No suicide for a week!"

"I promise," said Mark, faintly, looking wistfully out on the river, changing from gold to silvery whiteness.

"You'll lend me the pistol for a week?"

"You can't trust me, then?"

"Can you trust yourself?"

Mark felt the rebuke, and brought out the great saddle-pistol. Whittaker again shook hands and started down the walk, carrying the pistol awkwardly enough. Along the street he met sleepy-looking boys going out for the cows, and people with baskets on their arms hurrying to the little market-house. They all stared with wonder at the minister with a "horse-pistol."

CHAPTER L.

A WOMAN THAT WAS A SINNER.

Roxy was sleeping heavily, after a weary night, and Twonnet left her in charge of the stepmother and Jemima, while she came home to breakfast. The breakfast at Lefaire's was eaten on all pleasant mornings in the open vine-covered porch overlooking the water, and here Mr. Whittaker and Twonnet met after their watching. None of the family were aware of Whittaker's night walk to Bonamy's. The scandal was not a subject that could be conveniently discussed at table, but Mrs. Lefaire could not forbear some lively expressions of her hatred of Mark.

"You forget," said Whittaker, rather timidly, as was his wont in contradiction, "that Bonamy must suffer dreadfully."

"He ought to. It serves him right," said Mrs. Lefaire, and Twonnet's face showed that she cordially agreed with her mother. Whittaker was silent. He saw that any further advance of a skirmish line in that direction would certainly provoke a lively fire in front. Lefaire, who enjoyed a controversy keenly when he was not a party to it, tried in vain to encourage the minister to make further reply, but he could not. Twonnet thought, in her woman's indignation, that it was a shame for such a man as Mr. Whittaker to take up for Bonamy. She had always prophesied evil of this marriage. Now the evil had come, she felt justified in unlimited hatred of Mark. In proportion, therefore, to her admiration for Whittaker, was her aversion to his softening, in any way, Mark's guilt. Hanging was too good for him, she was

sure. Perhaps, also, there was just a little bit of pride in Twonnet, a sense of the importance of her part as next friend and champion of Roxy.

But at this stage of the conversation, the little red-faced Louis, who had been foraging in Mr. Whittaker's room on a general search after information, came down the stairs with large eyes and a look more apoplectic than usual, and burst into speech in a polyglot fashion, thus:

"Papa, il y a dans la chambre de Monsieur Veetaker un fort grand horse-pistol!"

"Que dis-tu?" said his father, giving attention at the same time to the filling up of a plate of breakfast for the venerable grandfather, whose ailments kept him in bed in the morning. "What do you say, Louis?" he asked, in a half-amused way, supposing that the little Paul Pry had either misused words, or mistaken something else for a horse-pistol.

"I must put that away," said Whittaker, rising and excusing himself. "It is loaded."

When he returned to the mystified group at the table, he said briefly that the pistol belonged to Mark Bonamy.

"How did you get it?" asked Twonnet.

"I persuaded him to let me have it."

"You have been there, then?" said Mr. Lefaure.

"Yes, certainly."

Twonnet's indignation toward Whittaker died out at once, giving place to a humbling sense of his superiority. If there is one thing a woman cannot stand, it is bloodshed—unless it be upon a large scale. Twonnet's hatred of Mark changed to pity as she imagined him despairing and seeking death, and though, a moment ago, she was sure that he deserved capital punishment, she was horrified at thought of his committing suicide alone in a deserted house. Of course this sudden change was inconsistent, but it is one of the advantages of women, that, not pretending to be logical, they can change front on the instant, when they see fit. Twonnet saw the wisdom of Whittaker's course, and, comprehending the excellence of the motives she had mistaken before, she made Whittaker a hero by brevet, on the field, investing him, in her imagination, with a complete outfit of all the qualities necessary to the character. For she was a woman, and hero-making is a woman's work; even your sensible and practical woman must take to hero-making, sooner or later. And a man who steals out at night, by a sort of prescience, at the very

right moment of moments, when the pistol is all loaded and leveled at the victim's head, throws up the suicidal arm, wrests the weapon from his grasp, pacifies the desperate wretch, and then walks stealthily away with the great pistol to his own home,—what is he but a hero of heroes? The impulsive Twonnet had often felt—one of her temperament could not but feel—the attraction of a man of such steadiness and reserve as Whittaker. But now forthwith, she began to build him a shrine in her heart. And this in the face of all the contradictions of her practical good sense, which did not fail to warn her of the danger of premature shrine-building on the part of young women. But Twonnet remembered gratefully that he had praised her the day before. And it was something now to be associated with him in trying to bring some good out of this great evil.

"Are you coming to see Roxy to-day?" she asked, as she prepared to return to her charge.

"I hardly think so. I am ready whenever Mrs. Bonamy wants me to give her any help she needs. But she needs less help than anybody in this wretched affair."

"But what can we do for Roxy? How is all this coming out? She will die if she lies there that way."

"I don't know how things will come out. We can't do much for her. But I hope that she will not lie helpless long. She is the one strong one among them all, and when the shock is past I have hope that she will see, better than I can, what ought to be done. When she sees it, she will do it. Direct action is natural to her."

"But what ought she to do?"

"I don't know. I haven't a notion. I am just learning that general principles don't apply in a case like this. What a thing it is to learn that difficult cases have a law of their own! If anybody can find out what is right, Roxy will. There must be a right even in such a wretched state of things."

"I don't see what she can do."

"Neither do I. But if she can't do anything, then nothing can be done, I suppose. We must look to the strong, and not to the weak, for deliverance."

"But she isn't to blame, and it seems hardly fair that the burden should rest on her."

"That is the very reason, I suppose. Only the good can save the bad. But here, I am trying to apply general principles. Let's wait till Roxy shows the way. She

has made great mistakes of judgment, but in matters of right and wrong, she has a wonderful intuition. After she got free from the false shackles of other people's rules, her treatment of Mark was just right. She won him so completely that, now she has deserted him, he is full of praises of her. And if the gossips had only staid away two hours, she would have heard the whole thing from him. He was coming home to tell her."

Something in this high praise of Roxy wounded Twonnet just a little. Her position as faithful next friend did not seem so important as she had hoped. Whittaker had given her no word of praise. "It's all Roxy, Roxy," she murmured to herself as she went toward Adams's house. For what is the use of setting up a private hero and building a shrine, if, after all, your hero will give you no look of recognition for your pains?

Conscience is a task-master with a strange logic. Perform at its bidding one hard thing and it does not reason from your performance to reward or repose. Its *ergo* is turned the other way. Thou hast done well, *ergo* thou shalt do better. Up! get thee out again, till I find the limit of thy strength. Blessed is he who accepts the challenge. Whittaker's theory that a physician ought to go to the sick and not to the well is one not very much in vogue among parsons and churches nowadays: witness the rank growth of steeples in the well-to-do quarters of cities—mortgaged and bankrupted steeples, too many of them. But then the rich man enters not the kingdom of heaven easily—let us not grudge him his lion's share of the missionary labor of the world, and let us not blame those zealous and self-denying men who hear the voice of the Lord forever assuring them that they are commissioned to the church of St. Dives in the West. It is only commonplace and old-fashioned men like Whittaker who must be trying to reach the publicans and sinners of the nineteenth century and who have idiotic notions that the lost sheep and the prodigal son have applications to our time.

But Whittaker was just foolish enough to set out on this morning to find Nancy Kirtley, and to see what could be done for her. First finding Haz on his dray, he entered into conversation with him, asking him where his sister was to be found. This catechism of Cain was evidently very troublesome to Kirtley, who would have felt a

real sympathy for his sister had it not been that Mrs. Haz felt otherwise, and there cannot be more than one head to a family. Haz had to feel that Nancy was a great disgrace, fit only to be put out-of-doors, because his wife had settled that matter. When Simon says wig-wag who shall refuse to obey? Haz answered very briefly that Nancy had left the house in the night and had not come back. To avoid further questions he drove off.

Then Whittaker went to Mr. Highbury, the elder. Did he go in a sort of desperate sarcasm to Highbury for help? Or, did he desire to teach the elder a lesson? Did he think that after all the Pharisee is quite as much a lost sheep as the publican or the harlot? And in seeking to set the Pharisee to find the lost was he seeking also to get the Pharisee to find himself, lost in the dreary wilderness of his self-conceit? At any rate he took Highbury into the back part of the store and told him that he had seen Mark the night before, and related to him something of the circumstances. Mr. Highbury thought it quite proper indeed, that a minister should try to reclaim Bonamy. For Bonamy was a man and not a woman, which makes a great difference. And he was a man of respectable family, and consequently an appropriate subject for labor. Besides, it was stealing a march on the Methodists who would see that they were neglecting their own flock, and so on. But he cautioned Whittaker not to see Mrs. Bonamy. It might make talk.

"I am not going to see Mrs. Bonamy unless I'm specially sent for," said the minister. "But I want you to go with me to see Nancy Kirtley. It is not quite prudent for me to go alone, perhaps."

Highbury was silent. His countenance expressed in a splintered and fragmentary way half a dozen different emotions. That Whittaker should, under any circumstances, propose to see a girl of her low social position was a surprise to him. Such people might be saved perhaps, but it was not likely; and if they were saved it would no doubt be by such agencies as illiterate circuit-riders, and not by college-bred men. That Whittaker should converse with a dishonored woman was as much a matter of disgust to Highbury, the elder, as similar conduct had been to Simon, the Pharisee. That he should go now to see her while all the town was ablaze with the scandal, and, worst of all, that he should venture to ask him, Highbury, merchant, elder, well-to-do,

and one of God's elect, besides, to go with him, was beyond all comprehension. Nevertheless, he looked round anxiously for some logical ground on which to base his refusal. He knew that Whittaker was a man singularly insensible to the logic of worldly prudence in such matters.

"I don't think it would do any good for us to see such a woman," he said, hesitating and reddening.

"Why, you know how tender and forgiving Christ was to such people," answered Whittaker.

Did ever anybody hear such preposterous reasoning? Is Christ to be quoted as an example to a respectable church member nowadays? Christ lived two thousand years ago, or thereabouts, as everybody knows, and the women that were "sinners in the town" in his day were—well, they were Jews, don't you know? Something quite different from wicked people in our time. Highbury felt all this rather than thought it. And what he said was something else.

"I tell you what, Mr. Whittaker, there's great danger of fanaticism in talking that way. We've got to be careful to keep from bringing dishonor on the cause of our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Why, Mr. Highbury, that's just what Christ did all the time. He spent his time in bringing his own cause into disrepute whenever he could do any good by it."

"You talk very well, Mr. Whittaker. But you're not practical. It's the great failing of ministers that they're apt to be unpractical. Now, this is a practical age and I'm a practical man; I know what people say about ministers and such things. And I know it's no use for you to go to see a bad woman."

Here Highbury caught sight of a customer waiting for him and he hurried out to the front part of the store, where he was soon engaged in tearing off "bit calico" and selling coffee and nails and clocks and ribbons and vinegar and boots and clothes-lines and candy. As for Whittaker, he turned away and went to seek the lost alone.

He found Nancy at last, sitting under the bank on a log gazing in dogged sullenness at the water. She had had no breakfast and she did not know or care where she should find shelter. If only she could find some way of gratifying a resentment that was hardening into a desperate and malicious and universal animosity.

"What do you want?" she growled, as he approached.

"I want to do anything I can for you. You'll get sick sitting here with no breakfast. There's rain coming on now."

"That's none of your business."

"Why don't you go back to Haz's?"

"Because his wife's the very devil. Everybody's as bad as bad can be. Roxy Bonamy stold my beau. Everybody fooled weth me. Now everybody hates me, an' Mark, he wont give me no satisfaction, an' Lathers, he tried to make a fool out of me. Rocky Fork folks laughs at me an' town-folks wont come a-nigh me. Dog-on 'em all, I say! I'm agoin' to git squar' some-ways. I'll kill some on 'em. See ef I don't. They don't nobody keer fer me, an' I don' keer fer nobody."

Whittaker could not persuade her to go back to Haz's at first. After a while he went himself to mollify Haz's wife. The woman was loud-tongued and not very delicate in her scolding about Nance. But she had great respect for a man that wore good clothes, and she had a certain awe of a minister. By dint of agreeing with her as far as he could, and sympathizing with her in all her troubles and her disgrace, he persuaded her to consent for Nance to come back on condition, as Mrs. Kirtley stated it, that she should "hold her everlastin' jaw."

Then Whittaker returned to Nancy. Perhaps it was the softening effect of his kindness, or the change of mood produced by being obliged to talk, or the sense of utter desertion when Whittaker had walked away without explaining where he was going,—some or all of these had so moved her that when he came back she was crying in hearty fashion. It was a selfish cry, no doubt, but there was at least some touch of half-human feeling in the self-pitying tears.

"Poor woman!" said Whittaker. "God help you! You have got a hard time."

"Haint I, though?" and she wept again. She had come to a point at which pity was grateful to her.

He told her of the compact he had made on her behalf with Mrs. Kirtley that Nancy should go back and not quarrel. But to all his persuasions she returned a negative shake of the head, while she kept on crying. The sense of her shame had at last entered her soul. She felt the loathing with which all the world regarded her. This might result in some good, Whittaker thought.

But the chances were that it would result in desperation and fiendishness unless she could be brought to have a little hope.

The old-fashioned way that he had of thinking about Jesus Christ as though his life and acts were an example for himself, brought about a curious train of reasoning. The girl felt herself an outlaw. She could only be helped as Jesus had healed the outcast. He remembered how the Christ had broken the law by touching a leper. Some one must show a friendly cordiality to this woman who was a sinner, like the one that wept on the feet of the Master. He shrunk from the guilty girl in spite of himself. She felt it. He must conquer first the Pharisee in himself. After much hesitation and shrinking he approached her and laid his hand upon her arm. It produced a sudden revulsion.

"Come, you must go with me," he said.

She got up and went with him as she would have gone at that moment with any one good or evil who offered her a return to human fellowship. Luckily for Whittaker's courage, Haz's house was not far away and Slabtown was almost deserted except at steamboat time. He led her in as tenderly as he could if she had been a little child. She immediately crouched weeping in the chimney corner, and Whittaker sat down on a stool by the hearth. He talked with the virago sister-in-law until she became cheerful and offered Nancy some food. Then he shook hands with both of them and departed, the wife of Haz standing in the door and saying as he disappeared:

"Well! Ef that air haint a man now, they haint none. Lord, what a man he is now, ef he is a down-east Yankee! Haint he, Nance?"

But the girl only kept on crying and said nothing.

"You—you haint got a good word fer nobody," broke out Mrs. Kirtley.

But Nancy, weeping still, made no reply. A shower of rain was coming on out-of-doors, and the storm of Mrs. Kirtley's indignation continued to beat within.

CHAPTER LI.

SALVATION BY HOOK AND BY CROOK.

"FATHER MILEY," the old Methodist minister, "superannuated" and living in the town, visited Roxy every day. There was nothing to offer but commonplace consolations and exhortations, but the old

man's gentle words of sympathy and his pathetic prayers did her good while he was with her. Twonnet thought that Whittaker strained his delicacy too far in keeping away so long. She told Roxy something of Whittaker's visit to Mark. And Roxy set herself to wondering also why Mr. Whittaker had not come. But besides his fear of reproach if he should hasten his visit, he was afraid of saying prematurely what he had to say. He sent her some word of friendly sympathy by Twonnet each day. But it was quite possible to one of his cool and reserved temperament to wait till his counsel should be needed.

Roxy had the hardest time of all, in that she had nothing to do. Bonamy, in all his distress, busied himself in settling his business. There was one purpose clearly fixed in his mind. He meant to leave Luzerne. Whether to go by steamboat or by suicide he had not decided, but he was resolved to flee from surroundings that were hateful to him. The embarrassment lay in arranging his affairs so as to provide for the wife who would accept no provision, and to settle also in an honorable way his obligations to the unreasonable and vindictive Nancy.

Nancy's father, moved by some reviving parental affection,—possibly also by some prospect of getting something from Mark,—had taken her back to Rocky Fork, where at least she was free from the taunts of Haz Kirtley's wife, and where she could shut herself in from the sight of her deriding acquaintances. McGowan, too, became a little more peaceable now that Nancy was at home. He postponed his revenge but did not give it up.

All the day following that of Roxy's desertion of Mark's house, she tried in vain to interest herself in some occupation. She went down to the sitting-room with its long clock and its bright rag-carpet, its homely old-fashioned pictures and the window where the honeysuckles grew. She tried as of old to arrange things, but she sank at once into listlessness and fell to looking out of the window at the hills and the sky. Then she asked Jemima for some sewing. But she did not take ten stitches. Her hands lay idle in her lap and she sat for half an hour at a time without making any motion, except to sigh heavily. One cannot take up an old life where it was left off. Roxy was not the same Roxy. The whole memory of what had intervened and the change in her very nature wrought by it, rendered the old life impossible. She

could never more be a young Saint Theresa, romantically longing for martyrdom; she was a full-grown woman with large and sorrowful experience. The girl may be developed into the woman—the woman cannot be repressed into the girl again. It is the inevitable law of all progression in character and experience. The sun will never return a single degree on the dial of Ahaz, for all our praying and turning of our faces to the wall. In this motionless despondency passed the two days following Roxy's return to her father's house. Friends enough came to see her. Most of them volunteered an approval of her course in leaving her husband, and this approval for some reason always hurt her. Some of them angered her by advising a divorce, even assuring her that she should insist on her share of the property. And some who were theologically inclined told her on the authority of certain preachers and commentators that if she had remained with her husband she would have committed a crime herself. From her aversion to this sort of consolation it came that her hours with her friends were even more intolerable than the time of loneliness and listless inactivity. She wished, like the much-be-comforted man in the land of Uz, for a surcease of sympathy.

On the third day, which was Saturday, she became restless. She told her father that she ought to do something. The old eagerness for a definite purpose large enough to tax her energies awakened.

Adams grew uneasy as he saw this restlessness, and went on his own account to ask Whittaker to come and advise her.

"I thought you would have come before," said Roxy, when she saw him.

"Perhaps I ought to have come, but I thought however much you might suffer, you needed the services of a minister least of all. I went especially to the weak and the guilty. I waited until you wanted me. I thought you would rouse yourself after a while, and then may be I could do some good in coming."

"Mr. Whittaker, I want to do something. I shall go mad, if I sit here long and think."

"Of course you must do something. That is natural to you, and it's good that you've come to that so soon. It is a healthy sign."

"What can I do? I cannot interest myself in anything."

"You must work for somebody else. That is your remedy."

"But I don't know anybody that is in trouble. Do you?"

Whittaker was silent for a long time. Then he said, deliberately:

"I only know two people besides yourself in great trouble. You know them."

Roxy colored, and shuddered a little. She tried to understand what this word might signify. It was only after some effort that she could speak.

"You know I can't help *them*."

"I don't see how you can, myself. I half hoped that you could see some way. But if you don't see any, I suppose there is none."

Roxy was about to resent the intimation that she ought to do anything for Mark or Nancy; but something in Whittaker's words impressed her. The habit of conscientious and self-denying action made her mind receptive to any suggestion of difficult duty, and there was comfort in Whittaker's deferential confidence in her.

"Do you think I did wrong, then, to come away? I *couldn't* stay."

"You did just what I should expect of you. I couldn't say more. Twonnet told you, I suppose, that Mark rode hard that day to get home and tell you himself. He was too late, and he deserved all he has suffered. He knows that, and respects—even admires—your course."

"But you don't think I ought to go back."

"I don't think your husband has the slightest claim on you. I only say that I do not see anything but evil in this business, unless you see some way to turn it to good."

"But why am I bound to do anything? I haven't done the evil."

"Only because you are the innocent one, and the strong one. But I don't want you to think that I say you are *bound* to do anything. I don't think you are. I am not sure you can do anything. I cannot see at all further than I have said. I'm sure you'll do whatever you find to do, and you have done all one could demand. If there is anything else you can do, it is a matter of privilege, rather than of duty. The highest actions are of that kind."

"I'm afraid you've added to my trouble," she said, as Whittaker rose to go. "But it is very good of you to have so much confidence in me, though it is of no use. I shall never go back to Mark, and I don't see what I can do for him."

"I do not think of any advice I can give.

Do not feel any *ought* about anything. Be as quiet as you can over Sunday. Then, if you feel that you might be helped by any advice of mine on Monday, I will come again. But do not trust my judgment; do not let anybody dictate. Follow the impulse of your own sense of what you can and ought to do. That is the only guide in a case like this." Then, suddenly dropping for an instant his reserve, he took her offered hand, and said, with much feeling: "And God help you, my poor, dear, good friend, and give you peace."

It was the first word of sympathy Roxy had received that touched the great deep of sorrow in her heart. The unexpectedness of the tone, from one so quiet and shy as Whittaker, the instantaneous revelation of intense sympathy, produced a quick reaction in her mood; and when he was gone, she buried her face in her hands, and wept tears that were medicine to her spirit.

With the tears came also, by degrees, the clearer vision that Whittaker looked for. The source of his wise prescience of the action of Roxy's moral nature is not far to seek. A man of high conscience is able to forecast something of the movements of one whose moral orbit is nearly in the same plane. For himself, this whole affair had come so close to him, that it produced a powerful awakening. The half-finished sermon on the subject of "Salvation by Faith Only," on which he had been writing, seemed to him uninteresting. The metaphysics of salvation are not of so much consequence, when one is engaged in the practice of actually saving men. He felt rising in him the rebellion of the practical man against the theoretical, and, had he given expression to his real feelings, he would have discoursed perhaps on "Salvation by Hook or by Crook," so important did it seem to him to save men by any rope or pole that would reach them, rather than to stand philosophizing about it, after the manner of a Reformer or a Church Father of seventy-four guns. He could not preach the sermon; it was like pine shavings in his mouth. It was now too late to write another. He went into the pulpit on Sunday morning, and read the story of the woman that wept on the feet of Jesus in the house of Simon the Respectable, and then he read the parable of the two debtors, spoken to this Deacon Simon Pharisee. It was not a sermon, but something better,—living words out of the living heart of a man. He tried not to be personal, but Highbury

made up his mind that this kind of talking was not suitable to a decorous church, and that he must see that Whittaker's relation with the church in Luzerne should be dissolved. A man who, instead of denouncing the Pharisees,—those people that hated and killed Christ,—should venture to intimate that there were Pharisees nowadays even in churches of his own denomination, was not to be endured. There is no safe ground for a good sound preacher, but to attack ancient wickedness and the sins and superstitions of foreign countries. If he must come closer home, there are denominations rival to his own, that need scathing. But somehow the people in Whittaker's little congregation were very much moved by this sermon, and from that time the church began to fill up, and who does not know that full pews hide heresies?

But that Sunday was no day of rest for Roxy. When Whittaker had suggested that Roxy might do something to help the guilty ones, it was only with a vague notion that any act of forgiveness would do good. He was sincere when he said that he could not see what she could do. It was only his blind faith in the power of Roxy's enthusiasm and high moral aspiration that had awakened this indefinite hope. And all this Sunday long, the old martyr spirit of Roxy's girlhood had been coming back, It was not Texas, now. Why should she, who had always sighed to dare great things and to make great sacrifices,—why should she not now put down her just pride and anger, and, by the sacrifice, save those who had crucified her? Every great possibility is a challenge to an ambitious spirit. She had wanted an extraordinary field, and had dreamed romantic dreams of suffering for Christ. And now Texas had come to her very door!

All that Sunday forenoon Twonnet did not come. Roxy must talk to somebody. She told her step-mother first that she was thinking whether she ought not go back to Mark and help him to do better. Mrs. Adams was surprised, but she only answered "Very likely," which meaningless response irritated Roxy. Jemima thought for her part that men were not to be trusted anyways. There was Judas Iscariot and Benedict Arnold and George the Third, to say nothing of John Tyler, at that very time a "renegade president." And Roxy's father denounced bitterly a plan that he had dreaded from the beginning. Elder Highbury, to make some atonement for having

refused to see Nancy Kirtley, condescended to call on Roxy Bonamy this Sunday afternoon, the store being closed and there being nothing else to do. He assured her that she had done right in leaving, and he hoped she would never go back, because it was the opinion of many good preachers whom he cited that to return to a faithless husband or wife was a great sin. The Methodist class-leader expressed similar views. These opinions from those who did not know that she was meditating such a step staggered and confounded the scrupulous Roxy.

But Mrs. Hanks put the finishing blow to her plan. For she came also, as in duty bound, and she told Roxy confidentially that she thought it very wise not to begin suit for a divorce. Roxy could get her share of the property. But it was better to be forgiving. Mark was a good sort of a fellow, anyhow. A great many women had to forgive such things. A body had to put up with something. Mark was well off and very smart and if Roxy should go back, why, all the property would be hers, and besides, you know, grass widows are not much thought of.

This logic of laxity and pity of the devil made Roxy hate her half-formed purpose to return. It would seem to such people as Mrs. Hanks to be a purely selfish one. And Mrs. Hanks had made it seem so bad to Roxy that she surrendered the thought of returning to her husband. She had tried the cage of circumstance and the bars wounded her but would not yield to all her beating. She sank back again into listless despair. She did not talk, she only sighed.

When darkness came, the father went out to take the air, and the step-mother went to meeting. There were no longer any visitors in the house, and Roxy sat in the old sitting-room with her hands crossed in her lap in a hopelessness that had no ray of light in it. The room was the same as in the years before, but she who had dreamed there of high achievement was now a broken-hearted prisoner of evil circumstance. It seemed to her that the old clock would kill her. It was so long in swinging from one tick to another. What eternities seconds come to be when one sits with hands crossed, the despairing palms upward,—sits thus and sighs with no hope in life but to sit thus and sigh! The "forever—never" of the clock was to Roxy a forever of perdition and a never of hope. Jemima fell into a slumber, while Roxy con-

tinued to watch the slow-beating and awful clock.

Since there was no hope of any great change in Roxy's life, she looked eagerly for small and unimportant interruptions of her sorrow. She wished that her father would come back, or that Mrs. Rachel would return from church. In thus wishing she slowly turned her head toward the front window. It was the very honeysuckle-covered window into which her lover had looked on that day that he brought her the delusive good news.

She turned her eyes in a purposeless way to this window. She quickly pressed her hands across her heart and gasped for breath. There, framed in the darkness of the clouded night, was the face of Mark.

It was close against the window pane, the eager eyes were fastened on her. In an instant more the face had disappeared.

Roxy screamed and fell fainting on the floor. Jemima ran to her assistance. And when later Roxy explained to the family that she had seen Mark's face at the window, they were sure that it was an illusion of her fancy. For, besides the improbability of it, Jemima was facing the window all the time and had seen nothing at all.

But in that one view of the face, Roxy read all the torture that Mark had endured. Contrasted as it was in her mind against the old memory of the happy and hopeful Mark of the missionary days, looking into that very window, it was a vivid picture of hopeless wretchedness. All the mighty pity of her nature was roused. There must be something she could do to draw this wrecked husband of hers out of his living perdition. That long sleepless night she lay and planned, and waited for the morning that she might advise and execute. And with the returning pity and the returning purpose there came into her heart a peace very like the old joy that was natural to her.

CHAPTER LII.

AN EXPEDITION.

WHEN Whittaker rose on Monday morning, he found Adams waiting for him on the porch below. It was but half past five o'clock, but the shoe-maker had waited half an hour already. This sorrow had moved him so deeply that he could no longer disguise his sensitiveness under a rugged and contradictory manner, as was his wont.

"Roxy would like to see you, Mr. Whit-

taker," he said. "And I want to tell you before you go, that I think she is getting a notion that she ought to go back to Mark. I want you to persuade her to stay where she is."

Whittaker hesitated.

"Is it quite fair," he said, after a while, "for you to bargain with a doctor beforehand that he shall prescribe such and such remedies? You must leave me free."

"To be sure, to be sure," grumbled Adams. "But why should you want her to leave her father's house to go back to such a man? Why can't she be comfortable where she is?"

"We have to take things as we find them. You don't grumble at a man for having big or little feet. You have to fit the feet he brings. I leave it to your good sense whether Roxy is likely to be happy at home."

"She was once. I wish she'd staid there."

"But she can't be contented at home now—she can't blot out the years since she was married."

"But think of the humiliation of her going back."

"Yes, I know."

"You are going to advise her to go back, I suppose?"

"No, I can't do that. That is a hard road, and I don't know how strong she is. Let her take her own course; right for one is wrong for another. She is an extraordinary woman, Mr Adams."

Adams made no reply, and they took their way to his house. Roxy was pacing the floor when they came in.

"Mr. Whittaker," she said anxiously, "Mr. Highbury says, and other people say, that it would be a sin for me to forgive Mark, and to go back. I want you to tell me what you think about it."

"It's never wrong to do good. The whole of Christianity is forbearance and forgiveness."

"I am going back to Mark, then," she said, swiftly. "He looked through that window at me last night, and his face was so wretched that I couldn't sleep all night. Surely it can't be wrong to help him out of his misery."

"There is no law against your trying to be as forgiving and as good as God. You must judge whether you can finish this task you are undertaking."

Roxy gave her arms an excited twitch, stretching them downward their full length.

Her eyes shone with a feverish luster, and Whittaker could not but observe that dilation of the nostrils and wide openness of the eyelids that expressed a deep and eager excitement. After a while she spoke, in a lower voice.

"Where is Nancy Kirtley?"

"She is at her father's."

Roxy looked puzzled.

"I must see her first," she said. "I have a plan, and I must see her."

Whittaker looked in her eyes. The lids drooped over pupils that seemed drawn to a point. He half-guessed the purpose she was trying to conceal.

"Dear friend," he said, "I think I know what your plan is. It is a hard road you are about to travel. Better to draw back now than to make matters worse by failure, after a while. I dare not advise you to do such a thing. It frightens me to think of it."

"Will there be anything wrong in it?"

"No. But are you able to do it? Are you able to drink this cup and be baptized with this baptism? As for the act you are thinking of in regard to Nancy, it is the noblest possible."

"I would like to do the noblest thing possible, and God helping me, I am going to try." Again she twitched her arms and paced the floor. "Don't discourage me. I know it will be hard. Give me all the encouragement you can. Tell me that God will help."

"Indeed he will. Indeed he will," said Whittaker, in a husky voice. The tone of entreaty in which Roxy had spoken deeply moved all in the room. Jemima was standing by the door wiping her eyes with her apron, and Adams was looking out of the window through the tears he could neither keep back nor conceal.

"Promise that you will not let me faint by the way—that you'll give a word of encouragement or reproof, if I falter. For I tell you, Mr. Whittaker, I've thought all night about this, and, let it cost what it will, I mean to undo this evil. If God helps me, I'll live and die to overcome it. This is my work, for the rest of my time. Now I have found it, do not say anything to keep me from it."

"God forbid!" said Whittaker. But he bowed his head upon his hand.

"Roxy," said the old shoe-maker, "you didn't do this thing—this trouble is none of your making. What do you concern yourself about it for? All sinners have to suffer, and Mark only suffers what he deserves."

It touched Roxy to hear her father assume a pleading tone. It had never been his custom, in speaking to her, to speak otherwise than with authority.

"You are wrong, father," she said, putting her hand tremblingly upon his arm. She had never caressed him so much within her memory. "Mark is not the only one to blame. If I had been wiser, and kinder, and gentler than I was, it would not have happened. It is my fault. If I had only known—if I had only known! You are too hard on Mark, all of you." She turned toward Whittaker as she uttered this last word.

"It is the best sign that you will succeed, Roxy, that you can extenuate his fault. That is a true sign of forgiveness," said Whittaker.

"Come right along to breakfast," said Jemima. "The biscuits is gettin' cold."

But she said this with so much pathos that her inflection was ludicrously out of keeping with the subject of biscuits.

The old shoe-maker went out the door and away to his work fasting. Nothing was so intolerable to him as his own sensibility. Whittaker refused the invitation to breakfast and took his leave. When he had gone out of the house he could not think where Roxy would get a horse for her journey. But just in front of Lefaire's house he met old Bob riding Roxy's own saddle-horse. For Bob had taken advantage of the present disorder of the Bonamy place to treat himself to many and various luxuries. Among others was that of riding when he came into the town on an errand. Besides the pleasure of a motion that cost him no effort, it suited his dignity to ride.

"Hello, Bob!" said Whittaker, "how's Mr. Bonamy?"

"Po'ly sah, mighty po'ly. Walks roun' de house mos' all night, sah."

"I see you ride a good deal, Bob," said the minister, mischievously. "Do you have rheumatism?"

"Yes sah, I'se pow'ful weak dese times, sah. But I rides 'cause de hoss needs de exe'cise."

"I think Mrs. Bonamy wants that horse to-day, Bob."

"She do?" Bob's eyes grew to saucers.

"You just come in here and I'll give you a side-saddle and then you take the horse over to Mrs. Bonamy and tell her I sent you."

Bob's ardent wish had been that Roxy should return. Now he was like those that dream as he put on the horse an old side-

saddle of Mrs. Lefaire's and conveyed the "clay-bank colt," as he called the horse, over to Roxy.

Roxy had yielded to the entreaties of Jemima and was endeavoring to swallow a cup of coffee when the sight of Bob at the kitchen door made her start with surprise and gave her a feeling of pain and pleasure.

"Good morning, Bob," she said.

"Good mornin' Mis Roxy. I'se pow'ful glad to see you ag'in. It's awful solemcholy down to ou' house dese days."

"How's Mr. Bonamy?"

"Well, now, to tell de trufe, on'y kinder middlin' and sorter fah like you know." Bob thought it best to be diplomatically non-committal. "I see Mr. Whittaker jis now and he thought you mout like to use Dick to-day and I fotch him over for you."

"I do want Dick. Just leave him tied out there, Bob."

"You fetch him home yo'self, Mis' Roxy? Or you want me to come ahtah him?"

"I'll fetch him."

"Good Lorgoramity!" said Bob, and his chuckling exclamation as he turned away did Roxy good. It was the beginning of new things.

She needed the encouragement of a good omen in her long ride over the rocky roads that day. Part of the road she had traveled in happier days on her way to quarterly meetings, and the rest she found by inquiring her way from one little hamlet, or country store, or blacksmith's shop, to another. Behind her she left the village in a state of vague and violent surmise. Bonamy's wife had been seen riding out of town on her own horse. What could it mean? Mrs. Tartrum appointed herself a committee of one to inquire of Rachel Adams at her shop, but as Mrs. Adams did not know for what purpose Roxy had gone to see Nancy, Mother Tartrum set afloat a surmise which soon deepened into a certainty, that Roxy had gone in search of evidence for a divorce suit.

But ever as Roxy left the better farm-houses and more cultivated farms of the hill country next the river, and penetrated into the hollows where the ground was steep and rocky and the people ignorant and thriftless, there came over her a spirit of depression and fear. She shrunk from the burden of this day as a martyr from the stake. And as she drew nearer to the Kirtley house, she suffered her horse to move more and more slowly over the rough road. But at last she rode up to the fence

of what she was sure must be Gid Kirtley's cabin. Her heart beat violently. There was no stile, and no one to help her dismount. The smoke curled lazily out of the barrel that formed the top of the stick chimney. The dogs barked in a half-threatening and half-indifferent way, baying awhile and then lying down again, seeming to 'take turns in making a noise. Roxy looked all around the inhospitable house in vain for some one to assist her. The place had a hostile and sinister appearance. She felt faint and weak, and almost regretful that she had undertaken so difficult a mission. She dismounted at last on a corner of the rickety fence of rails and then jumped down to the ground, and tied her horse herself, the dogs smelling her garments and bristling a little angrily all the time.

From the cabin window Nance had watched her.

"There's that blamed Roxy Bonamy," she said to her mother. "What's she come fer? No good, I'll bet."

"I 'low I'll go and help her off her hoss," said the old woman.

"No you wont, nuther. Let her help herself. Them town women thinks everybody orter run after 'em. She's come to sass me, I s'pose. Liker'n not she means to kill me. I'll show her."

And the desperate Nancy seized a stout butcher knife and hid it beneath her apron. "Now let her look out," she said. And she seated herself on the corner of the hearth.

Roxy, environed by dogs, knocked at the door. The old woman raised the latch and opened it slowly, saying, coldly:

"Howdy. Walk in."

"Is Nancy Kirtley here, I want to see her?" said Roxy.

"Thar she is."

Nancy sat sullen on the hearth. The old woman gave Roxy a chair. Then she lit her pipe and sat down herself.

"You're having a hard time, Nancy," said Roxy.

"What's that your business?" said Nancy.

"Well, I thought may be I could help you," said Roxy, but all hope seemed to die out of her heart as she spoke.

"They can't nobody help *me*. They wont nobody look at me no more. The gals all larfs at me bekase they're so glad I'm out of their way. And the young fellers, they wont be seed here no more. Thar's even Jim McGowan wont look at

me no more. An' it's all along of you and your man. Ugh! I'll git even yet!" Nancy spoke the last with a sudden burst of angry fire, with her teeth shut and her fist shaken in Roxy's face.

"Nancy, I think I can help you out of your troubles. I'm going back to live with my husband and I want to help you, too."

"You're goin' back! You're goin' back! An' me, I'm left out here, poor and larfed at, an' then when my baby's born, everybody'll larf at it, too. Blame you all! It's too confounded mean." And Nancy began to cry.

"But I think I can fix a plan so that nobody will laugh at you or at your child. You are young yet, and you are so handsome."

Roxy said this not with a purpose to flatter the girl, but almost involuntarily, for, despite the trouble Nancy had suffered, and the scowl on her face, there was a beauty about it that Roxy could not but acknowledge. The compliment went far toward softening Nancy. Roxy now drew her chair a little toward Nancy's, but the other drew back, afraid of some treachery.

"Nancy," said Roxy, standing up, "I want to talk to you in private. I wont hurt you, poor girl."

Nancy in turn was impressed. She felt Roxy's superiority and mastery much as an animal might. As she had drawn her chair, now, close against the jamb, she could not draw it away from Roxy any farther. Roxy planted her own chair close by Nancy's. She had determined to conquer all shrinking and disgust. She sat down by the girl, who now turned her head and looked sullenly into the fire, clutching the knife under her apron, so as to be ready if there should be need of defense.

Roxy began to whisper in her ear. She told Nancy how much she had hated her when she saw her that day with Mark's watch-seal and testament, and heard what she had to tell. She told her how she had felt since, how she could not sleep at night. All of this made Nancy uneasy, but it accomplished what Roxy meant it should. It opened the way for an understanding. Then she told about Mark's looking in at the window, and of what she had thought in the night, and how she wanted to help Nancy, and how the people at home didn't want her to.

It was hard for Nancy to understand this. She had in herself no alphabet by which she could spell out the exercises of

a mind like Roxy's; but she did get from this confession a sense of the superior goodness of the woman who talked to her. Her suspicions were gradually lulled, and her resentment toward Roxy became by degrees less keen. In fact, since Mark had rebuffed her, and she had come to understand her situation, she had been more anxious to find means of escape, than even to find opportunity for revenge.

"Now," said Roxy, "I want to help you."

"You can't do nothin'," said Nancy in dejection. "Mark'll give me money, but money wont do no good, plague on it! I might 'a' married Jim McGowan, a good-hearted feller, and that fond o' me. But here I am, an' who'll look at me now? W'y, the ugliest gal on Rocky Fork's got a better show'n I have."

Roxy leaned over and whispered again. Nancy listened intently. Then she started a little.

"You wouldn't do that! You dursent do it! You dursent take it yourself!"

Again Roxy whispered to her.

"You don't mean it!" broke out Nancy. "You're a-foolin' weth me! I wont be fooled weth any more!"

But Roxy, intent now on her purpose, laid her right hand on Nancy's left, gently clasped it, and whispered again in her ear.

"Will you kiss the book on that air?" asked the suspicious Nancy, looking Roxy full in the face.

"Yes, to be sure I will. I'll do what I say."

"I'll git the book. You've got to sw'ar to it."

Nancy rose from her seat eagerly, and the knife fell from under her apron upon the hearth. The clatter attracted Roxy's attention, and Nancy turned red.

"I hadn't orter 'a' done it," she said, "but I 'lowed may be you was agoin' to do me some harm."

But Roxy could hardly make out that Nancy had concealed the knife as a weapon.

Nancy brought out Mark's Testament. Seeing Roxy shudder, she apologized.

"We haint got no other Bible, an' as this 'ere is his'n, it's jest as well. I don't know jest how to do," she said, puzzled, "but I reckon this'll do. You sw'ar on this book that you'll do what you promised."

"I swear on this book that I'll do what I've promised. So help me God!" Roxy's voice trembled. Nancy held up the Testament, and Roxy kissed it.

After a while, the old woman had her early dinner of pork and cabbage on the table, and pressed Roxy to eat. She could not eat, but she drank a little of Mrs. Kirtley's sassafras tea, for the sake of peace. The old man had been duly called, by the blowing of a tin horn, and he wondered not a little at the amity between his daughter and Mrs. Bonamy. Nancy was more and more fascinated by Roxy's friendliness. She was hungry now for just such human recognition. Not very capable of moral distinction, she was yet very full of feeling, and there was growing up in her mind a great sense of gratitude to Roxy as her deliverer,—that gratitude which strongly affects even dumb brutes sometimes. Nancy sat by Roxy at the table, urged her with the rude hospitality of the country to eat, and wondered more and more at a magnanimity that was beyond her comprehension. After dinner, though Roxy was in haste to be away, Nancy detained her while she herself put some corn in a pail and fed the clay-bank colt.

At last Roxy told the old woman goodbye, and then held out her hand to Nancy. Nancy took it—held it a moment, while her face twitched and her whole frame trembled. She felt her own humiliation deeply, in her growing worship of Roxy, and she had an almost animal desire to be petted and caressed, greatly intensified since she had felt herself outcast.

"Would you mind—" here she looked down and stammered—"would you mind—kissin' a poor thing like me, jist once, you know?"

In that moment Roxy remembered the words that Whittaker had spoken that morning—"There is no law against your trying to be as forgiving and as good as God;" but for an instant her woman's heart held her back from the guilty girl. A sense of the wrong she herself had endured, rose up in her. But she repeated to herself the words: "To be as forgiving as God," and then folded her arms about Nancy, who wept upon her shoulder—a poor dumb thing, beaten upon and driven of tempestuous passions, but susceptible at last to good influence that came to her through her sensibilities—through shame and defeat and forgiveness and deliverance.

The old man Kirtley had perceived dimly that for some reason Roxy Bonamy was to be treated as a friend. So he held the bridle of her horse while she mounted from the fence corner. Then when she was about

to ride off Nancy came close to the horse and said:

"I'm agoin' to send the ole man over to tell Jim McGowan. He's awful mad and I've been expectin' that 'any day he'd shoot somebody."

"I wish you would," said Roxy.

"You and me 'll always be frien's," said Nance.

"Yes, indeed we will, Nancy." And Roxy, worn with fatigue and excitement, rode away now to the other part of her

task. Sometimes during her long ride her heart rebelled when she thought that she had embraced Nancy. But she repeated to herself, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these ye did it unto me." She had often in revival meetings entreated people to "embrace Christ." But even now in her mental and physical depression it dawned upon her that she herself had never before in so full a sense embraced the Christ as when she had taken Nancy into her bosom.

(To be continued.)

THE ENGADINE.

HELD aloft by the massive mountains which supply the Rhine, the Danube and the Po—in the very heart of the Alps—lies the most elevated valley of Europe that is permanently inhabited during winter and summer. A place of refuge for the Etruscans, traversed and subdued by the Romans, penetrated—so tradition says—by the Saracens, often the field of battle for French and Austrians from an early period of their history up to the wars of the Revolution,—it was nevertheless little known or forgotten by the busy world at large in recent times, until within a period of some fifteen or twenty years.

Abounding in the most magnificent and varied scenery, enjoying an atmosphere and climate impossible to excel, possessing mineral waters known for centuries and of the most valuable tonic properties; it was some fifteen years ago a most primitive Alpine valley, frequented by a few Swiss and German invalids, who regarded their brief sojourn almost as we now would a summer spent amid the recesses of the Caucasus. Then probably not more than four or five hundred strangers visited the valley each summer, and the rudest accommodations were alone at their disposal. Now large and good hotels abound; the roads swarm with diligences, carriages and pedestrians; many thousands of visitors of all nations—from America to Russia and India, from England to Southern Italy and Greece; of all ranks—from reigning sovereign to the humble peasant—are to be found there every summer. From all parts of the civilized world physicians send thither alike delicate women, and men worn down by mental toil, or the effects of climate and

disease, to breathe the life-giving air and drink the invigorating waters. Nor are invalids the only frequenters of the place, for every year come multitudes of tourists to enjoy the glorious scenery of the glacier-covered mountains and the verdant valleys. Many who read these lines will already have divined that the spot of which we write can be none other than the Engadine—the upper valley of the Inn, whose actual source is in the little lake of Lugni, high up on Mount Longhino, overlooking the south-western end of the valley and the pass of Maloya. This valley is in the south-eastern corner of Switzerland, bordering on Italy to the south and west, and on the Tyrol to the east. It runs from south-west to north-east, and is about fifty-five miles long, from the Maloya to Martinsbruck. Near Zernetz, about half way of its length, is the point of separation between the upper and lower Engadine; it is with the former that we mainly have to do at present. The south-western end of the valley has an elevation of some 6,060 feet above the sea, while at Zernetz it has fallen to about 5,400 feet. Almost midway of its length, at the village of St. Moritz, the upper Engadine is crossed at right angles by a range of hills, through which the Inn forces a narrow passage. Below this barrier the valley consists of a succession of grass meadows; above it is mainly occupied by a series of lakes. Beginning at St. Moritz, the lakes are called St. Moritz, Campfer, Silva Plana and Sils. Of these the first is the smallest, being about a mile and a quarter in length, by half a mile in breadth; at its lower end the Inn dashes over a very pretty fall. Lake Sils is the largest of the

series,—more than three miles long and nearly a mile broad.

It would be difficult to find anything more lovely, and at the same time more grand, than these little lakes of brilliant green, bordered by groves of larch and pine, here with green meadows stretching to the water's edge, there a bold promontory of rock jutting into the lake, often with pretty little villages nestling on the bank under shelter of lofty mountain sides, which sometimes rise sheer up into the region of perpetual snow, the whole overtopped by a pure and brilliant blue sky. The mountains around the Engadine are as remarkable as the valley itself, for probably nowhere else in Switzerland are there so close together so many mountains exceeding 10,000 feet in altitude; while just beyond the southern border of the valley they attain in the Bernina range an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet; and in the number, extent and beauty of the glaciers this region fairly rivals the Bernese Oberland and the region of Mont Blanc.

Protected as it is against the cold winds by lofty barriers, and at the same time exposed to currents of warm air from Italy, its climate is milder than that of corresponding elevations in the Bernese Oberland. For example, the limit of perpetual snow is here about 9,500 feet instead of 8,200 feet; the pine grows at an elevation of 6,600 feet, the larch at more than 7,000 feet; grain grows at an elevation of nearly 2,000 feet greater than in Northern Switzerland. Nevertheless, in the lake region of the Engadine nothing grows save grass, multitudes of wild flowers, some wild berries, the larch and pine. There is no cultivation of the soil, except for hay and some small, carefully protected garden-patches in the most sheltered villages.

The following table will give a better and more accurate idea of the temperature than any description in words:

MEAN TEMPERATURE AT ST. MORITZ DURING THE SEASON, FROM OBSERVATIONS FOR EIGHT YEARS, FROM 1867 TO 1874.—FAHR.

Month.	7 a. m.	1 p. m.	9 p. m.	Mean Daily Temperature	Daily Variation of Temperature
June	46.04	57.02	44.65	49.2	12.37
July	51.51	63.46	50.27	55.03	13.19
August	46.31	58.69	47.80	50.93	12.38
September	41.27	55.83	45.95	47.68	14.50
Mean	46.23	58.75	47.17	50.72	12.47

EXTREME DAILY TEMPERATURE DURING THE SEASON AT ST. MORITZ, AND GREATEST DAILY VARIATION.—FAHR.

Year	Minimum.		Maximum.		Greatest Daily Variation.	
	De-grees.	Date.	De-grees.	Date.	De-grees.	Date.
1867	36.14	June 17	69.6	Aug. 11	21.06	Aug. 12
1868	32.9	August 31	71.24	July 27	25.2	Sept. 4
1869	37.4	August 24	73.04	July 30	25.92	Aug. 24
1870	34.16	August 31	76.3	July 7	26.1	Sept. 20
1871	33.26	September 20	71.8	July 19	22.7	Aug. 29
1872	36.5	{ June 10, 11, 20 August 3	77.9	July 28	26.46	Sept. 13
1873	37.76	August 10	72.7	July 31	23.94	Sept. 12
1874	32.54	June 15	74.3	July 4	25.00	Sept. 2

The season is from the middle of June to the middle of September, but the month of October is usually delightful. The heavy snows begin to fall, as a rule, about the 10th of November, and the ground remains covered with snow until the end of April; the average length of time during which it remains covered being five months and twenty-two days. During the season, about two-thirds of the time it is dry and clear; on the remaining days more or less rain falls.

There are often heavy dews in the early morning; but fogs are less frequent than in other places of the same elevation.

In the lateral valley of Bevers—the coldest locality in the vicinity—the mean annual temperature is from 35.6° to 41° Fahr.; the mean temperature of June, July and August is about 53.5°; September, October and November, about 39°; December, January and February, 17.6°; March, April and May, 35.6°; and in winter the thermometer sometimes falls to 13° below zero. During the depth of winter the weather is usually clear and dry.

At all seasons of the year the hygrometer indicates a very dry condition of the atmosphere.

The springs or baths of St. Moritz are the center of attraction in the valley. These mineral springs are four in number, although only two are as yet in use. These are known as the "Old Spring," and the "New" or "Paracelsus Spring." They are quite similar, except that the old spring is the more abundant and is mainly employed for the baths, while the new spring is a little stronger and is used for drinking.

Like Schwalbach and Spa, they belong to the so-called steel springs, and while they contain a little less of iron than those just mentioned, yet the amount is still in excess of that which can be absorbed by the system, and in consequence of the effect of the

high mountain air, they produce much more marked results. The waters contain a great deal of free carbonic acid gas, as well as iron, the carbonates of lime, magnesia, and soda, chloride of sodium, some sulphates, a

applicable are exceedingly numerous, and a strong proof of their efficacy may perhaps be found in the fact that most of those who have passed one season there for the benefit of their health become very much attached



VIEW OF ST. MORITZ, LOOKING EAST.

little phosphoric acid, and traces of iodine, bromine, fluorine, barytes, arsenic, and copper. The waters are very agreeable to the taste and are quite cold,—the old spring having a temperature of 42° Fahr., the new about 40° ,—so that in many cases it is necessary to warm the water somewhat for the use of the patients.

As a matter of course, some visitors content themselves with the benefit derived from the mountain air; some only drink the waters, some bathe, others do both. These waters are not prescribed in cases where there is any serious organic difficulty, or for patients of a plethoric tendency and disposed to congestion, or in inflammatory diseases; but they are of great efficacy in cases of nervous disturbance, dyspepsia, debility arising from overwork, from lack or thinness of blood, or from the effects of ordinary diseases. The cases in which they are properly

to the place and gladly return year after year. The baths are taken at a temperature of from 80° to 90° , according to circumstances, and the patients remain in them from ten to thirty minutes. From the quantity of carbonic acid gas the waters contain, the baths are simply delicious, and are not unfrequently compared to baths of champagne. The bathing tubs and all the arrangements connected with them are simple, but kept scrupulously clean, and the attendance is very good.

In connection with the waters, a good deal of exercise is usually ordered by the physicians, and as walking “between drinks” is strongly insisted upon, the grounds in front of the Curhaus present a singularly animated spectacle during the hours when most of the imbibing is practised. For then and there you meet princes and commoners,—representatives in fact from all parts of the world,

of all avocations in life, and of all the better classes of society. You may see an English earl chatting with some German frau; a handsome Italian officer flirting with a belle from California; some Russian polyglot making himself agreeable to a charming

of the Canton Grisons. This may be reached by rail from Zurich and Lake Constance, or by diligence from Andermath by the Oberalp Pass and the picturesque valley of the "Vorder Rhein." From Chur to St. Moritz the old road crossed the Churwalden Pass



BATHS OF ST. MORITZ.

Frenchwoman; statesmen exchanging confidences as they walk; rich, but not attractive bankers, who evidently feel their own importance, though they do not look it; princes and princesses from Rome, Naples and Milan; and, most charming of all, perhaps, some graceful and accomplished Venetian countess, looking as if she ought to have lived when there was a Titian to hand down her likeness to after ages.

The first sketch is taken from the mountain side south of the Curhaus, and shows in the distance, the bare peaks of the Munteratsch. The next sketch shows the Curhaus and a portion of the bath buildings, with the Surlei peak in the background; the two together give a good general idea of the location of the establishment.

St. Moritz may be approached by several routes, first, from Chur, or Coire, the capital

to Tiefenkasten in the valley of the Albula Rhine. The new road ascends the main Rhine valley to Reichenau, at the confluence of the two main branches, there enters the valley of the "Hinter Rhein," and enters the lovely valley of the Domlesch after passing through a narrow gorge,—where among other ruins one may see an excellent example of the manner in which the noble tax-gatherers of mediæval times closed the passage so completely that no traveler could proceed on his way unless by dint of hard blows or ample payment. This fertile and highly cultivated valley is studded with numerous castles, some of which are still well preserved and inhabited. At the extremity of the Domlesch, the road reaches the village of Thusis,—most picturesquely situated at the very entrance of the Via Mala, just where its sister, the Schyn Pass, meets it. Here the traveler will do well to spend a night, to enable him to see the magnificent gorge of the Via Mala,—a matter of two or three hours. The St. Moritz road now crosses the Hinter Rhein and enters the Albula valley through the Schyn Pass,

—a wild and beautiful gorge, very similar in character to the Via Mala, and not much inferior to it in grandeur and beauty. Beyond the Schyn you come upon the little village of Tiefenkasten, once a Roman station. Here we meet the old Churwalden road from Chur, and hence to St. Moritz are two roads—by the Julier and Albula Passes. The former is probably the more frequented of the two, and passes directly through the quaint old village of Tiefenkasten. A sharp ascent through pleasant fields leads to a deep and narrow gorge,—like the Schyn and Via Mala,—high along whose steep sides the skillful engineers have made an excellent road. Here, as in the Via Mala, one sees from time to time, traces of the old Roman road. Now the valley widens, and is well cultivated, though chiefly in hay, and dotted

with many villages. The surrounding peaks are lofty, bare and sharp; frequent fields of snow, and many small glaciers are seen from point to point.

At length we reach the pretty little village of Molins—in the very depths of the valley, where a bold mountain stream comes dashing down a ravine from the right; a walk of a mile or so up this ravine affords quite a fine view of the bold, sharp peak of Platta.

Through forests and meadows—always close by the Oberhalbstein Rhine, here a succession of bold cascades—the road gradually ascends to Bivio; whose name, almost unchanged from the Roman Bivium, indicates its situation at the forks of the old Roman roads to the Julier and Septimer Passes, and at the very foot of both. The bridge crosses the Oberhalbstein a little beyond Molins, and the ruined keep of Spludetsch is situated on a hill near by.

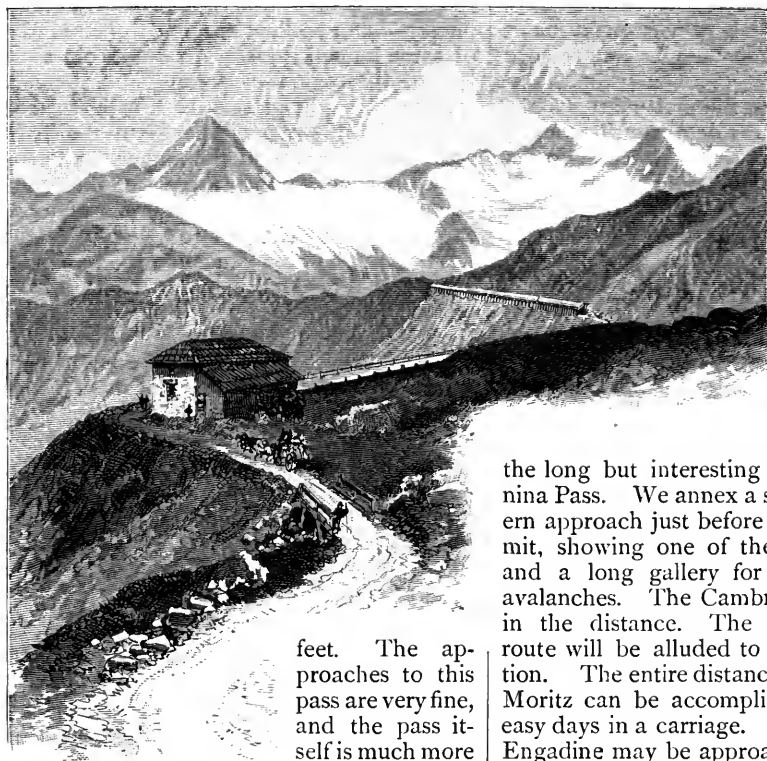
A short distance beyond this, and on the opposite side of the river, high up on the mountain-side, close under an overhanging cliff, and in a position well-nigh inaccessible, are to be seen the well-preserved

ruins of Marmels, a castle of robber knights—an excellent specimen of the nests of these human eagles. At Bivio, our road leaves the region of forests and ascends rapidly through grass-grown valleys, and afterward by sharp zigzags into the bare and savage regions of the higher Alps. In the early summer the wildness of the landscape—composed of great masses of rock, cascades and glaciers—is to a certain extent relieved by the abundance of forget-me-nots and Alpine roses, which grow here in the greatest luxuriance, and with the most brilliant coloring. The very summit of the pass, 7,625 feet above the sea, is marked by two venerable, weather-stained, lichen-covered pillars, of rough workmanship and uncertain date. Some attribute them to an ancient Celtic temple of the sun; others give them a Roman origin. From the summit, the road rapidly descends to Silva Plana, commanding at every turn, noble views of the Bernina range and of the valley of the lakes.

The other road from Tiefenkasten follows the Albula Valley, in the midst of beautiful scenery to the Albula Pass, which it crosses at an elevation of something more than 7,700



WEISSENSTEIN IN THE ALBULA PASS.



BERNINA PASS AND THE CAMBRENA GLACIER.

feet. The approaches to this pass are very fine, and the pass itself is much more savage than the Julier; in winter, it is impracticable, while the Julier is always open.

This road descends into the Engadine at Ponte, a few miles below Samaden. By either route, Chur is distant from St. Moritz about thirteen hours by the diligence, or two easy days in a carriage.

From Lake Como, St. Moritz may be reached either by Chiavenna and the Maloya Pass, or by Sondrio, Tirano and the Bernina Pass.

The first route follows the Bregaglia Valley from Chiavenna to the foot of the Maloya. This valley presents a succession of lovely views; in the lower portion the scenery is quite Italian in its character; but when near the Maloya it has become quite Alpine in its nature, as may be seen by the view on page 646, representing the little village of Casaccia. By this route it is only about ten hours from the head of Lake Como to St. Moritz.

The second route from Italy leaves Lake Como at Colico and ascends the beautiful Veltelline Valley by Sondrio to Tirano. Here the road enters the lateral valley of Poschiavo, and, in the midst of enchant-

ing views, soon reaches the lovely little Lake Poschiavo, on whose banks the excellent hotel of La Présé affords a good halting-place, shown in the sketch on the next page. A short distance beyond the lake our road traverses the fine and thriving town of Poschiavo, and soon after commences

the long but interesting ascent of the Bernina Pass. We annex a sketch of the southern approach just before reaching the summit, showing one of the houses of refuge and a long gallery for protection against avalanches. The Cambrena Glacier is seen in the distance. The remainder of this route will be alluded to in another connection. The entire distance from Colico to St. Moritz can be accomplished in three very easy days in a carriage. From the Tyrol the Engadine may be approached either by the Stelvio Pass to Bormio and Tirano, and thence over the Bernina, or from Nauders by Martinsbruck and Tarasp up the valley of the Inn. At Tarasp are mineral springs which of late years have been much frequented.

In the upper Engadine the accommodations for visitors are now ample, for not only are there three large and excellent hotels immediately at the Springs, but at the various villages, as, for instance, Sils, Sils Maria, Silva Plana, Campfer, St. Moritz, Celerina, Samaden, and Pontresina, there are good hotels, as well as numerous boarding-houses and furnished apartments of every grade. From the fact that all supplies must be brought from a distance, the prices at St. Moritz have always been somewhat high; but with the great additions recently made to the capacity for lodging visitors, it is probable that hereafter the charges may be more moderate. The roads in the vicinity are excellent, and there is always a good supply of one and two horse carriages for hire at not extortionate prices. As the mornings are devoted to the baths and to drinking the waters, and as dinner is served at the primitive hour of half-past twelve, the afternoon is generally devoted to excursions in carriages or on foot.

In the crowded season one must always order the carriage the evening before, so great is the demand for them. Depending upon the number and composition of our party, we employed either one of the large carriages for six persons, or else one or more "einspanners," as the one-horse vehicles are called wherever the German language is spoken. Somewhere between two and three o'clock we would collect our forces and start on our expedition, wherever that might be. Let us take Sils Maria as our destination.

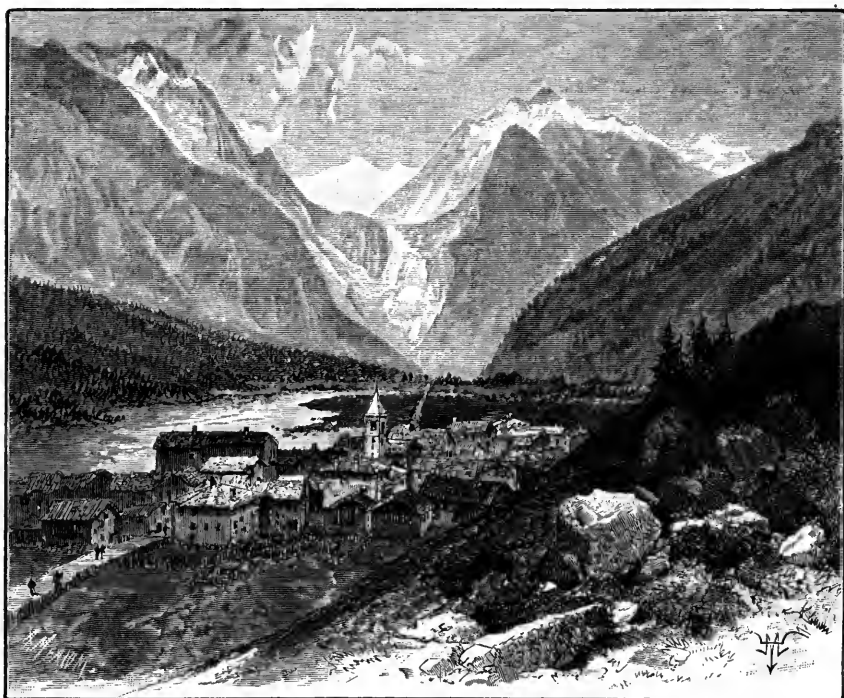
The road is that of the Julier as far as Silva Plana; thence that of the Maloya. Leaving the Curhaus, we follow the right bank of the Inn (here called the Sela) along a green meadow for a third of a mile or so, then cross by a wooden bridge, and soon enter the narrow gorge through which the river forces its way for nearly half a mile between the low wooded hills that here quite block up the valley. This gorge possesses singular beauty; its walls are here and there precipitous, but seldom so much so as to prevent the growth of grass and a thick cover of pine and larch; the stream itself is here, perhaps, twenty yards wide, very swift, often forming cascades and rapids of perfectly clear water, with many rocks and pretty little islands in its turbulent course. Emerging from the defile, you have before you an extensive meadow of the most brilliant green, sloping gently down to the lovely Lake Campfer—a placid sheet, surrounded by lofty mountains. Immediately on the left is the lofty wooded promontory

of Crestalta, surmounted by a conspicuous *café*, much resorted to by pedestrians, especially those of the Teutonic race; high above this are the glacier-covered peaks of the Rosatch and Corvatsch, rising more than 5,000 feet above the lake; to the right the equally high peaks of the Julier Munteratsch, Nair, etc.; far in the background the huge black serrated ridge of Margua, all its gorges packed with snow and ice; and still further on the Septimer and its comrades, who look down into the Brigaglia.

Not much more than a mile from the defile of the Inn stretches out a charming little promontory, covered with grass and trees, which separates the lakes of Campfer and Silva Plana. The most indifferent to natural beauty will pause for a while here to enjoy the noble landscape. A sharp bend to the right brings you to the foot of a lateral valley, across which the road passes and ascends slightly to the quaint old village of Campfer, at the foot of the approach to the Suvretta Valley. When we first knew Campfer, twelve years ago, there were no evidences of change within a hundred years or so. The houses were all of the old-fashioned, substantial Engadine pattern: massive stone structures, sometimes of several stories, with numerous little windows cut through the thick walls, more like embrasures in a fortification than anything else; quaint little bow-windows, usually triangular in shape, and of heavily carved wood, projecting here and there; the stables sometimes in the lower part of the house,



LA PRÉSÉ, LAKE POSCHIAVO.



VIEW FROM SILVA PLANA, LOOKING TOWARD THE MALOYA; CASACCIA IN THE FOREGROUND.

sometimes close by the side of the dwelling-place; over the door-way an inscription indicating that Johann Somebody erected the structure somewhere in the sixteenth, seventeenth, or eighteenth century, and above, conspicuously painted on the façade, a long quotation from the Bible, and in simple, fervent words a brief dedication of the house and its inhabitants to the protection of the Deity.

But within the last four or five years the march of modern improvement and the love of gain have invaded even the stagnant little village of which we write. Two new hotels, with all the comforts demanded by modern travel,—reading-rooms, billiard-tables, parlors, etc.,—have sprung up as if by magic in its midst; the little loophole windows are being enlarged to accommodate modern sashes; new buildings are erected for boarding-houses and apartments, and it is clear that here, as at St. Moritz and so many of its neighbors, the quaint old Grison village is rapidly degenerating into an ornamental trap for the capture of the American, the Briton, the Teuton, and the Gaul. The inevitable placards announcing “Appartements meublés,” “Pension,” “Table d’Hôte,” etc., now greet the eye in almost every village of the vicinity. Traversing the only

street of Campfer, and in front of the pleasant-looking “Julier Hof,” or “Julier Hotel,” our road continues along the foot of the mountain on the northern side of the valley, always at some little distance above the shore of the lake, and after passing the base of the dividing promontory already alluded to, reaches the shore of the Silva Plana Lake, along which it runs until the village of Silva Plana is attained. This village is larger and more attractive than Campfer. The little post-inn of twelve years ago has now expanded into a large hotel of considerable pretension; several smaller inns and boarding-houses exist, but there remain unchanged a good many of the better class of native residences,—fine large buildings, comfortably furnished, with lovely flowers in the windows, and the most attractive gardens that the circumstances of the case permit. These were mostly built by natives who left their natal valley and pursued in some of the capitals of Europe those avocations of confectioner, pastry-cook, etc., to which the Engadiners have been prone since the cessation of the good old days when they took the father’s sword in hand and fought their way to fame and competence as mercenaries in the army of some more wealthy and less hardy nation. These modern culinary

mercenaries are usually successful in their efforts to amass a competence, and when that end is reached, generally return to their well-loved valley, erect a large house, and smoke the pipe of peace and contentment for the remainder of their days; seldom, however, neglecting an opportunity of turning an honest penny at the expense of the tourists who swarm in these regions during the summer months. They are the very picture of virtuous contentment, as you see them lounging about, with pipe in mouth and velvet smoking-cap on head, or jogging along in a comfortable einspanner. If you enter into conversation with your driver, as you are pretty sure to do, you must not be surprised if he tells you more than you know of Milan, Berlin or Paris; or if he informs you in very fair English (why can I not say American?) that he drove a beer wagon in Hoboken for two or three years; was employed in a bakery in Chicago, or sold pies in St. Louis! They have traveled a good deal, many of these Engadiners; and very few of them return with empty pockets.

But we are forgetting our drive, and will never reach Sils if we loiter so long by the way. Straight through the only street of Silva Plana we drive, close by the old church, with its curious epitaphs in Romansch; across the angry stream which issues from Julier Pass, and again we reach the shores of the Lake of Silva Plana. Directly opposite is now the Corvatsch, its huge top crowned with immense fields of dazzling snow and glaciers. Below the snow, on the slope toward the lake, are many fine crags and pinnacles that almost tempt one to believe in gigantic castles and cathedrals raised by some extinct race of Engadiners. Among the pines and larches that clothe the lower slopes, one catches glimpses of rushing streams hurrying down to the lake, and so impatient at last to reach their journey's end, that they leap down headlong by the shortest route, and form beautiful cascades of considerable volume and no little height. Close under the cliffs and precipices of the Peak Pultschü our road passes—the beautiful lake on the left, every ledge and crevice on the right filled with most brilliant wild flowers, so that there is a constant temptation to stop and gather them. Thus we reach at length the end of the lake, and the broad meadow which separates it from the Lake of Sils. About midway between the lakes a cross-road leads directly to Sils Maria, but we keep on to the little village of Sils, not far from the lake of the same name. Passing

through Sils we reach Sils Maria in a few minutes and soon descend at the door of the "Alpen Rose," for our drive is ended, and the rest of our expedition must be performed on foot.

Of course the first person to meet us is the bright-eyed "Kellnerin," good-natured as ever. She knows us of old, for we have passed five summers in the Engadine, and have always been frequent visitors to the good cheer of Sils Maria, so it is only necessary for us to say that we will be ready for tea at six o'clock; for she is well aware that we abominate boiled trout, but like them fried, and that we always want "Rosen Küchen," cottage cheese and various other little luxuries peculiar to the "Alpen Rose." We deposit our wraps and depart on our pilgrimage.

Close behind the hotel a narrow path winds up the hill, through masses of wild flowers and under the shade of forest trees. A charming walk of something less than a mile leads to the brow of the hill, from which a noble view is spread out. At your very feet is a narrow rocky gorge—nearly 300 feet deep—through which a wild mountain torrent forces its way in cascades and rapids, its milk-white color proving its glacier origin. Beyond this is a valley—nearly a mile in width—hemmed in on either side by huge mountains rising into



LINNÆA BOREALIS AND FORGET-ME-NOT.

the region of perpetual snow; while the distant view terminates in the dazzling masses of the Fetz Glacier. All the requisites of a perfect landscape are found here. You stand on a green carpet of sward, glittering with brilliant wild flowers, and sur-

rounded by a forest of larch and pine; at your feet the rushing torrent. In the foreground the inexpressibly rich herbage of an Alpine valley, with groves of trees; here and there a group of cottages; a little village with its church and spire; bands of Engadiners and of Italian peasants, with their bright dresses, gathering the crop of hay. The high mountains at the sides, with their lower slopes clothed with trees, rising bare and naked beyond the region of vegetation, then still higher until on the one hand they support the edges of great ice-fields of the Bernina and the Roseg, and on the other hold up the flanks of the Fedoz Glacier, while, continuing their bold career, they limit and encircle the vast masses of snow and ice that constitute the Glacier of Fez. The pen cannot give an accurate conception of such a glacier as this. It fills a vast amphitheater many miles in circumference, many thousands of feet in altitude. Against the clear and rich blue sky, deeper and purer at these great altitudes than when it is seen by dwellers on the lower plain, the sharp outline of the snowy mass stands out in bold relief, and gives an impression of purity, power and repose that no other object in nature can equal. For some distance from the summit, these vast fields of snow descend in unbroken slopes of perfect purity, sometimes studded with huge black masses of rock or by isolated peaks which thrust out their brawny bodies from the snow. Then generally succeeds a gigantic Niagara of ice, where for hundreds,



CHAPEL OF ST. GIAN.

or perhaps thousands, of feet the rocky skeleton of the mass becomes precipitous, and over it the glacier stretches, broken and contorted into a myriad of fantastic, weird, and graceful shapes—impracticable for the climber. The fall accomplished, the broken mass reunites by some inherent power of its own and proceeds on its downward journey more quietly, and with a gradual slope. In this last portion of its course the great ice river, having left the pure and ethereal region wherein it came into existence,



ROSEG GLACIER AND PIC DU CAPUCIN.

has become soiled and more commonplace; huge lines of rocks and gravel mar and deface its surface, crevasses cross each other in various directions, until at length, exhausted by its mighty labors and quitting the regions of perpetual snow, it, like some Roman of old, covers its head with a robe of rocks, brought down in its long course, and dies unseen; for the termination of this career, like that of so many lives commenced in purity and splendor, is a mere ungainly and forbidding mass of stones and earth. But from this old life—or rather, from this death—a new life issues; for from this miserable end of the glorious glacier issues at one bound a stream, bright, sparkling, and full of life, the head and beginning, it may be, of a Rhine, a Danube, or a Rhone.

Beyond the point of view we have so imperfectly described, one may continue up the valley to the very foot of the glacier—plucking edelweiss by the way—and thence over the ice-field. Other fine views are to be had by following a path on the right bank of the gorge; but more than a single afternoon is required to explore this vicinity. Returning from our walk, we do not follow any path, but wander at will through lovely glades in the forest, always gathering flowers as we go; now and then turning off to some high point on the left, from which a charming view of the lake is to be had, and glad at last to reach the hospitable walls of the Alpen Rose.

The village of Sils Maria is to us the most charming in the Engadine. It is small,—containing not much more than a score of houses,—nestled close in a deep nook in the mountain side, where the winter sun has full play upon it, while the cold winter winds are well kept away by the protecting hills. In summer the vegetation is brighter and more luxuriant here, and in winter the climate is far warmer than in any other village of the upper valley. The houses, too, are all comfortable, and evidently belong to persons well to do in the world; pretty gardens, and quaint summer-houses seem more appropriate here than in any other village of the vicinity. The road to the Maloya, beyond Sils, passes always along the shore of the lake, by far the most beautiful of the series, as it is also the largest. It has many little islands covered with trees; the shores abound in bold profiles and exquisite contrasts of rock, grass and trees, of snow and sky; on the whole this portion of the drive is one of the very finest among the higher Alps. The village of Maloya is a poor and

dilapidated affair; but upon reaching the Post House, one descends from the carriage, and walking a few yards to the front, discovers a fine and very peculiar view. The stand-point is a huge rounded rock, from which the ground falls sheer away some 1,500 feet or thereabouts, into the depths of the Bregaglia Valley.

Another favorite drive is to Pontresina, and thence, if a day's expedition is intended, to the Hospice at the summit of the Bernina Pass. This road passes through the village of St. Moritz. This old village presents nothing of the slightest interest except its situation; standing as it does more than 200 feet above this lake it commands lovely views in all directions.

The first cut gives Badrutt's hotel and the view toward the Curhaus, with a portion of Peak Surlie and the Curhaus in the distance; the second gives the view toward the eastern end of the lake with the Piz Languard in the distance. After passing through the village and reaching the brow of the hill on which it is built, there is a long view of the lower portion of the Upper Engadine—a broad grass-covered valley, with numerous villages. At Celerina the road to Pontresina leaves that to Samaden and Tarasp, crosses the valley and enters the Flatzbach. Nearly in the middle of the main valley we pass in front of the old church of St. Gian with its ruined belfry tower. According to one account this picturesque old church was ruined some centuries since by the effects of lightning; according to another it was burned during a contest between the French and Austrians during the wars of the French Revolution.

Some distance beyond St. Gian the pretty village of Pontresina is reached, and the beauty of the situation is at once recognized. This is a favorite head-quarters for tourists who come merely for the air, or only to make the numerous excursions, and as there are several very good hotels, the little place is quite crowded during the season; it is a little more than an hour from the Curhaus. Probably the finest view from Pontresina is that up the Roseg Valley; a narrow one, inclosed by lofty snow-clad mountains, their lower slopes clad with forests; the foreground grass-covered slopes, and in the remote background, some miles distant, the superb amphitheater filled from top to bottom by the Roseg Glacier. This picture is, in its general character, similar to that obtained from the hill behind Sils Maria, but very different in its details. The lower

valley is much more narrow, and the glacier itself much more broken, and presenting greater variety than the Fez. On the right hand side of the upper glacier, as you face it, is the gigantic "Capucin"; a colossal head of a Capucin monk, some thousands of feet from chin to hood. The hood is a pointed snow-clad mountain, the features immense precipices of black rock, each one a mountain mass in itself. The upper profile and the remaining surface of this immense ice-field, only a very small part of which can be seen from Pontresina, is broken by many mountain peaks.

Near the point where the glacier assumes its last condition, that of a gentle and uniform slope, a mountain island stands as an eternal watch-tower in the midst of the ice-sea, and around its base sweep the silent streams. A sharp climb of perhaps a thousand feet or more, from the surface of the lower glacier, brings you to the summit—a bare, isolated peak, with very little snow or ice upon it. Surrounded as you are on all sides by great masses of unbroken snow and ice, it is with some surprise that you gather beautiful flowers as you pass, and hear the sharp whistle of the startled marmot as you come suddenly upon him. The view from the summit far more than repays the trifling difficulties of the ascent; for you find yourself in the midst of a vast amphitheater of ice and snow, of the most varied forms. Far below flows the united mass of the glacier; on a level with you the mass is making its descent over the precipitous walls—noiseless, except when at rare intervals the sound of a falling mass is heard. Far, far above extend on all sides the glittering fields of snow that give birth to the great glaciers. High above all tower the glorious peaks of the Bernina, the Roseg, the Tschierva, the Morteratsch, etc. As you stand there alone with your silent guide,—my favorite, Walther, was a silent man, but one of those who can talk intelligently when the time for talking comes,—as you stand there with no sound to break the awful stillness save the creaking of some crevasse, or the crash of some great ice block as it dashes itself into snow again, time and space seem to fade away, and the thought occurs that the path is very easy and very straight up those pure white glittering slopes, and onward, up through the clear blue sky to what there is above.

Most of those who have climbed much among the Alps, will no doubt agree with me when I say that the chief delight in such

places is not the mere enjoyment of the natural scenery, beautiful and grand as it is, but in the fact that when breathing that pure air, and beholding the wonders of nature in places so quiet and so far removed from the haunts of men, the things below seem small and mean, while the thoughts inevitably rise to things above and hereafter, which seem at such a time most real and vital. When quite alone with these masterpieces of creation, the human mind must feel drawn toward the Creator.

Close by Pontresina, on the road to the Roseg glacier, an old stone bridge is thrown across a deep and narrow gorge, down which the stream from the Bernina plunges. It is a lovely spot,—the grass and trees coming directly to the edges of the gorge, whose vertical walls are often covered with mosses, vines, and lichens.

Pontresina is the starting point for the Peak Languard, some 10,600 feet high, from whose narrow summit a splendid panorama is obtained in all directions, and from which the whole of the Bernina group, with its vast glaciers, is seen to the greatest advantage. In this connection we may mention the Peak Ott, of about the same altitude, which is approached from Samaden, and which also commands admirable views.

It may be well to say a few words here in regard to these mountain expeditions. In the first place, it is always better to take a guide, especially if one so intelligent and well informed in regard to the glacial phenomena as my old friend Walther is, can be had. The equipment for ordinary expeditions is very simple: stout shoes, with broad thick soles well studded with nails—to secure a good foot-hold in slippery places; a stout "Alpen-stock," with a strong steel spike at its lower end,—not one of the fanciful productions, surmounted by an imitation chamomise horn, or a ball, but a plain staff of ash or pine, with sufficient strength to bear your weight, and make you willing to trust your life with it; loose, warm woolen clothes; a felt hat, and a pair of colored glasses, with perhaps a green veil,—these are all one needs. Let the guide carry a bottle of red wine and a little lunch, and you are quite prepared for any of the ordinary trips. In difficult and dangerous expeditions, such as the ascent of the Bernina Peak, the case is different; several guides, ropes, ice-picks, preparations for passing the night, etc., are requisite.

Proceeding from Pontresina toward the Bernina Pass, a solitary ruined tower is passed; a rather untrustworthy tradition

assigns to it a Saracenic origin. The road continually ascends, often through forests, and always commanding fine views of the peaks, Bernina, Palu, Cambrena, etc., the giants of the range. These fine mountains, of which the most elevated is nearly 14,000 feet high, compare favorably with the finest in other parts of Switzerland.

After a somewhat sharper ascent than usual, the road suddenly reaches a point whence is obtained a very fine view of the great Morteratsch glacier—proceeding directly from the Cambrena, Palu, Bernina and Morteratsch into the valley below. Like the Roseg and the Fez, the ascent to this glacier is very easy, even for ladies. It is very interesting to observe in these valleys the proofs of the great periodical variations in the dimensions of these glaciers. Sometimes, when a mile or two up the glacier, you will notice high up above you on the lateral rocks the great scratches (*striæ*) which prove that at some remote period the glacier was deeper by some hundreds of feet than at present; again, similar scratches, observed long before you reach the actual foot of the glacier, show you that perhaps ages ago the ice-field extended some miles further down the valley than it now does; again, conversing with some old peasant, he will show you the point to which when a boy he used to drive his flock to pasture,—proving that at that time the glacier had shrunk up toward its source. In such a simple way you learn to understand the fact that glaciers vary much in cycles of years. At these glaciers we descended beneath the edges to see the powerful tools with which they engrave the record of their movements;—some huge granite rock,

imbedded and held tight in the mass, projecting far enough to scratch its path along the solid rock, as the machine moves slowly and surely forward. The various simple phenomena of the glacier,—such as moulins, crevasses, moraines, etc., etc., can be seen here with great ease.

Still keeping on and up, the road soon attains those high levels where no trees are, and for some miles before reaching the Hospice the valley is bare of all things save rocks, grass, and flocks of sheep from Bergamo, with their picturesque and honest, but rather brigand-like shepherds.

The Bernina Pass, although the highest in Switzerland over which a post-road passes,—it has an elevation of some 7,782 feet,—is not so savage or barren as some of a less elevation. Near the summit are two pretty little lakes, the Black and White, which until the end of June are quite well covered with ice. The pass commands a fine view of mountain and snow, and from points not remote, Italy may be seen down the valley of Poschiavo.

The great charm of the Engadine is the vast variety of walks that it affords. For those who prefer them, the common roads and beaten paths afford easy and pleasant promenades. While those who desire to climb the steep mountain sides, without paths, will find an endless choice of routes, will be rewarded by a succession of glorious views, and will return laden with the edelweiss if they climb the northern slopes of the main valley, or with forget-me-nots, Alpine roses and *linnæa borealis* should they try the southern. Nowhere probably in the world are the wild flowers more varied, abundant and brilliant.

MERCÉDÈS.

JUNE 27TH, 1878.

O fair young queen, who liest dead to-day
 In thy proud palace o'er the moaning sea,
 With still, white hands that never more may be
 Lifted to pluck life's roses bright with May—
 Little is it to you that, far away,
 Where skies you knew not bend above the free,
 Hearts touched with tender pity turn to thee,
 And for thy sake a shadow dims the day!
 But youth and love and womanhood are one,
 Though across sundering seas their signals fly;
 Young Love's pure kiss, the joy but just begun,
 The hope of motherhood, thy people's cry—
 O thou fair child! was it not hard to die
 And leave so much beneath the summer sun?

EINE JUNGE AMERIKANERIN.

ALL four had set out for a walk to the Great Garden of Dresden. It was a bright day in July and the sky was dotted with the fleecy clouds called the "Lambs of the Virgin Mary." Having crossed the cobble-stones of the Jew's-dyke, they had entered the pretty bosquets of the Burgher's-meadow. The girl was on in front, and by her side walked Maximilian Freiherr von Zinzendorf, a youth whose sounding name might eventually allow him to assume the title of baron, but whose needy parents were compelled to take English and American visitors into their house. At some distance in the rear walked Aunt Sue. Robby lagged along beside her, struggling between his desire for the royal gardens, with cakes at the restaurant near the lake, and the possibility of losing, by such disinterested docility, a glorious game of every-man-to-his-own-den which might now be taking place without his assistance in a remote field over by the Böhmisches Bahnhof. For Robby's acquaintance with the few unruly school-boys of Dresden, and the not few and very unruly vagrant American and English lads, was extensive.

"I wouldn't mind it a bit," said Robby in an injured tone, "if Frankie and that Max knew how to play; but they're always talking, and whispering and looking at each other. I don't see any fun in that!"

"They are too old to play with you, my dear boy," said Aunt Sue, smiling a little sadly. Perhaps she had recollections herself.

"Frankie isn't," answered the boy. "She plays first rate when we're alone, but when that Max is around she's as stupid as an owl. He's a real baby, anyhow."

"Oh, Robby, how can you talk so of Mr. Zinzendorf? Didn't he make you a butterfly-net and take you to that meadow where you got so many specimens?"

"Yes," said the boy, hanging his head. "But that's all he can do, anyhow."

"And I remember you told me yourself that he is a fine swordsman. Didn't he beat Rainitz, who is an officer?"

"Yes, that's so," said the boy; "but it's awfully silly the way they fence. All covered up—and then they get up close to each other like this—and then they swack around the sword like that —"

"There, there, that will do!" said Aunt Sue, laughing and pushing the eager boy

away; "I don't want to be shown so very fiercely."

"Schranzer can beat him, anyhow," said Robby, beginning to whistle discordantly.

The young man whom Robby thought Schranzer could beat walked on unconscious of detractors. Of Aunt Sue he had no fear. She was simply an angel. She was a woman who never had been married, because no man worthy of her had ever lived. This he had settled at once and in fact had conveyed to her something of the same idea in a pretty set of verses copied with exactness and adorned with a wreath of flowers. Naturally, after the poetical episode, there was no need to fear Aunt Sue. Robby, whose bright flow of animal spirits amused, and perhaps somewhat alarmed him, he had done much for; was he not the darling brother of one —?

But to come to her. It is all very well to say, describe her; but if at this present speaking she is still a puzzle to the writer, would it not be somewhat presumptuous to lay down the chart of her character as it was on a certain bright afternoon years ago,—in fact about the beginning of the great American war. At any rate, her appearance was vivid, flashing, with dark eyebrows and dark-gray eyes. A medium figure, a short face with dimples and rose tints in a fine white skin; such was the outward effect on a critical examination. But all that did one very little good. She had moments when her eyes sparkled with odd thoughts no one would imagine she possessed, unless one had got well used to her energetic expression and bearing. For at first her buoyancy carried with it an appearance of thoughtless openness. She darted restlessly to the side of the path.

"Why not?" she cried, looking over her shoulder at Max, her small square hand closing upon a branch of climbing rose which overhung the path.

"Have a care, for heaven's sake, gracious Miss," said Max. "The guardian of the Bürgerwiese—you know—something like the green man out at the garden, who arrests any one who even goes on the grass—he might see you."

"And suppose he did!" said Frances plucking the twig. "What harm is it to take a little flower like this? See, you shall have some."

"Oh—from you! You see how I stick it on the left side, here over my heart. But really in Dresden we are very strict, according to your notions."

"Well, let us run the gauntlet. Here at the end of the Bürgerwiese is the house of the guardian you speak of. Now see me subdue him, if he is on the watch."

Frances thrust the spray into the band of her broad summer hat and cocked that article defiantly over her eyes. The party turned out of the Bürgerwiese into the main street leading to the great gardens and defiled past the guard's house,—and in truth before the beard of the venerable guard himself. He was smoking a long pipe grimly; from incessant observation of predatory boys his eyes had acquired a ferocious habit of rolling in his head. As Frances's sprig of rose-vine passed his face, he pulled his pipe out of his lips.

"*Was Himmel*"—was all he could gasp.

But Frances turned a beaming smile on his withered face and lisped sweetly in a bad accent:

"*Wie geht's, Väterchen? Schönes Wetter!*" and before the guard could recover from his astonishment they were out of respectable hailing distance.

"These English and Americans," grumbled the old guard, "they destroy one the trees like the dear cattle, and laugh one before his nose beside."

"Now we are out in the open," cried Frances, pulling off her hat and swinging it by the strings, so that the flowers loosened out of the band and fell into the dusty road. "See the great fields of wheat. Do you remember what a lovely walk we had that day to Moreau's tomb?"

"Oh, it was heaven!" cried Max. "But did you ever hear about the cannon that bombarded Dresden the day Moreau was killed?—yes, one they say sighted by Napoleon himself, struck the little house of the guard we just passed. Yes, and the balls still remain sticking in the wall."

"Are you sure they are real, Max?" said Frances. "Are you sure they are not chiseled out of the stone and painted black like those in the round tower up in the vineyards?"

"How can you ask?" said Max. "You dearly delight in making fun of my country, Miss Frances. It is a noble land."

"Yes, yes, indeed, I think so, Max," said Frances, giving him so warm a glance to atone for her fault that Max would have

been glad to receive further patriotic punishment. He walked on in silent happiness, which perhaps he felt could not last.

"Ah," said Max, "that *was* a day! Do you remember how the wheat almost arches over one's head up there on the hill, when one goes along the field paths?"

Frances gave him a shy, flickering glance, and preferred to change the subject.

"Max, who are these officers coming? Isn't that Lieutenant Leopoldi on the right? Tell me quickly, for I do not want to look at them unless I know one."

"Yes, yes," said Max, in a vexed tone, "that is Leopoldi. But you need not be alarmed, they will all see you, and bow to you too, whether you look at them or not."

When the line of young officers reached the pair, the one called Leopoldi bowed and saluted in military form, whereat all his comrades, to the last, repeated the salute, at the same time giving Frances a steady battery of stares.

"*Göttliches Mädchen!*" cried one to Leopoldi, before they had fully passed. "You must present me to her, Poldi."

"*Ach was!*" interrupted Leopoldi impatiently, who knew Aunt Sue, and now saluted her in great state, followed by his line of comrades.

"And to think that young hare-catcher, Zinzendorff or Schinkendorff, or whatever his name is, should be able to walk about with her like that!" said the first speaker, having quickly recovered from his confusion. "Why, his mother keeps boarders."

"Yes, he is sly enough," answered Leopoldi, "and makes as much out of that forester's dress of his as if he were colonel of a regiment. These foreigners can't tell the difference between a real soldier and a scholar from the Forestry."

"Don't you believe it," said the other, a stoutish young man, who twirled a blonde mustache during most of the day. "Just let me be presented to her, and I promise to instruct her in that and some other sciences."

The others laughed boisterously in applause, being fully convinced of the dangerous character of their forward friend. Had he not influential relations in the highly starched court of Saxony, and was he not asked to the villa of a certain countess who did not go to court any more, but to whom the court—the male portion of the court—came?

"No, no, Poldi!" cried a third, "Don't you do it. He's a wild fellow,—a regular lady-smasher."

When they all reached the end of the Bürgerwiese they separated, and Leopoldi and his friend sauntered back by the same path Frances had gone.

But Frances walked on, blissfully unaware of the wiles of lady-killers, and only showed by a heightened color that the sight of four or five padded and preternaturally erect young officers was not entirely indifferent to her. She seemed to be merely looking across the wide plain, at that time all one great field unbroken by fences and houses, which gradually arose into a hill beyond Dresden. That was where Max and she had had their walk through the tall wheat, but in her heart was a triumph born of so many admiring male eyes, and the eager exclamation she had overheard from Leopoldi's friend. "Godlike maiden!" she repeated to herself. "Would any one but a German use such strong language? An impudent fellow! I wish I knew him, if it were only to teach him his place."

The officers had not been without an effect on Max either. Unconsciously their stiff uniforms with brass and gilt took the color out of his picturesque green and gray Tyrolese costume, and their short-cropped hair and stolid heads made him feel that his locks were somewhat too long, and showed a detestable tendency to curl. Yet he was refinement itself compared to them. Could he only have known it, his oval face, with its small dark mustache, was lit with a reflection of that clear passion which comes with intellect. The lines of his slight, strong figure were quickened with life and grace, and his steps had a spring in them unknown to the artificial paces of the trained youths of war.

"I do not care for this walk half so much as the one over the hill," said Max, "perhaps because I have been it so often. But in childhood it was a great treat to go the other walk in the season of ripe cherries. Then one meets so many people here."

"Oh, that is what I like!" said Frances. "One sees one's friends, and at the same time gets such a whiff of the country and forest. Do you know Lieutenant Leopoldi well?"

"Oh, yes,—pretty well! We went to the Kreuzschule together."

"Do you like him?"

Max shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't believe you like officers much."

"They are not *nice*," said Max, gravely.

"Oh, I think them ever so nice!" said

Frances, unable to appreciate the shade of meaning in her companion's word. "They dance shockingly, but they look so handsome with their epaulets and swords! Do you remember that adjutant at the last review?"

"Yes, indeed. You will not let me forget him. But let us go over the foot-path the other side of the brook, and see if we can catch sight of a hare on the edge of the rye."

"Come, then!" cried Frances, who had glanced about to see if any one was looking, and led the way across a little stone bridge which spanned the brook in a place where there seemed no special use for such a luxury. On the other alder-covered bank, raised high above the fields of wheat and rye, was a winding path keeping parallel with the orderly gravel-walk which followed the other bank. There the staid burghers walked in family processions to and from the gardens. In taking this, there was a certain sense of Bohemianism. Through the leaves now and then the grave and circumspect appeared, pacing quietly along, while the wilder spirits on the path among the alders peered at them mockingly across the deep brook. Robby, walking by the side of Aunt Sue, regarded Max and Frances with envious eyes. Now that they really were doing something worth while, he must crawl along with his aunt, forsooth! So, in order to be with them in spirit, and to show that he appreciated the situation, Master Robby began, to the great annoyance of Max and the scandalization of Aunt Sue, to cast small pebbles at them.

"That boy is a little too bad at times," said Frances, as a stone dented Max's fine hat, about as near to the Tyrolese shape as the fashion then allowed. "Let us take the path below here, on the edge of the fields. See, am not I what you call a spring-in-the-field?"

"Oh, you are already making German puns, I declare!" cried Max, leaping after her down the raised bank of the brook to the strip of grass bordering the low-lying rye. "Why, you are getting on famously. But it is not I who teach you puns. My reputation would suffer if any one were to think that."

"Ah, now I know what to do, then. To every one I meet I shall extol your powers of leading foreigners to pun in German—Oh! what's that?"

Max took advantage of the little start she gave, to take hold of her hand protect-

ively. They were passing around one of the bends of the brook. On the left, the raised bank, with the alder-bushes, concealed them from the passers-by; on the right, the rye stood tall. Before them two brown beasts, of the size of small dogs, had rushed into sight, and suddenly halted with wide-spread fore-feet. Seeing the human beings, and giving in that position a long reflective stare, they doubled suddenly to the left, and disappeared in the rye.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Frances, merrily. "To think that I should be startled at a brace of hares! But such enormous fellows! Did you ever see the like? They must be very old."

"Yes, they are," said Max. "No one is allowed to hunt them. If dogs chase them, they are shot; and people who kill them are imprisoned for ever so long."

"Oh, what fun to be a poacher!" said Frances, not averse to startling Max a little. "Just think of creeping out at midnight with your gun and your trained dog, and sneaking up to poor Mrs. Hare and banging her over! Meanwhile, our friend the green man is snoozing in his little painted house, and in the morning he finds nothing but a spot of blood on the grass."

"Oh, Miss Frances! how can you speak of blood? No, let us not talk of such things. See, I will sing you a verse no one has ever heard before."

"Oh, good!" cried Frances, withdrawing her hand, on pretense of rapturously applauding. "Quick, let me hear it before we reach the path again!"

Max had a fine out-of-doors voice, with some expression. Under the circumstances, it may be inferred that he did not sing his worst. He sang these words:

"Wie bist du doch so neckend und so schön,
Herzliebste mein!
Wie bist du doch so neckend und so schön!
Siehst du denn nicht wie innig ich mich sehn
An's Herze dein?
Schau'st du nicht hin, so kann ich leben nimmer,
Mein Dasein liegt in deiner Augen Schimmer."

"It's lovely!" said Frances, after walking on in silence for some minutes. "Whose music is it set to?"

She did not want to talk about the words.

"The music was written for it by my best friend. You must know him. He is very original, and is going to be the greatest musical critic in Germany. But he does not claim that air as original. The air is adapted from one of Beethoven's sonatas,—brought

out and put into coarser melody, as Wolfgang himself would say. But then it suited my words."

"Oh, did he say that? Then I do not want to know Wolfgang,—not till he takes that back."

"I will tell him," said Max, simply. "But what do you think of ——" and Max stuttered a little, and looked embarrassed.

"There must be more," said Frances, hurriedly. "There must be another verse. Do let me hear it. See, we only have a little farther to go before we come out on the common path."

Max looked at her as she walked beside him, nervously pulling a head of rye to pieces. He grew very red, but the sight of her agitation gave him courage. He was not quite sure of the other verse; he was afraid it was a little too strong. But he sang with increasing confidence the other verse:

"O sei nicht streng, du süsse und du holde
Herzgöttin hehr!
O sei nicht streng, wenn ich, du reine, holde,
Ganz leis' an dich mich einmal schmiegen sollte
Voll süss Begehr!
Schau, wie die Aehre neiget sich den Schnittern
Sag', wann wirst du mir in den Armen zittefn?"

Frances could not catch all of the words, but she was woman enough to have understood the sense of them, even had the language been completely foreign.

"I like them ever so much;" she said, looking away and quickening her step. "Will you write them out for me, with the music? It will be such a delightful souvenir—of Dresden."

"Of Dresden only?" said Max sadly, and shortening his steps to make her walk a little more slowly. "So you think they will look well between the pictures of the Zwinger and the Brühl'she Terrasse in your album?"

"No, no, Max, you know I don't mean that—exactly," said Frances, giving him a swift look. "But here we are at the Garden."

Max heaved a sigh and followed her across a rustic bridge to the broad common pathway which, after traversing the fields, enters the Great Gardens near a mighty oak and, skirting the restaurant where the violin concerts were given, runs deeper in to the wooded grounds. Aunt Sue had passed them and was walking straight on instead of turning as usual to the left, to reach the lake by the customary promenade, past the royal palace. This was Robby's doing, for that astute boy feared that some other

restaurant, instead of the one by the lake, would attract Frances or his aunt. But there were the swans and carps to be fed, horse-chestnuts to be found in out-of-the-way nooks, and best of all, the cakes there were as good as at Treppe's on the Alt Markt. So Robby led the way along the straight path, intending to turn abruptly to the left when about in the latitude of the lake.

It was just what Max wanted. There were few people or none walking that way and no restaurants or carriages to break the quiet of the woods; his spirits rose, and, before the more crowded path disappeared from sight behind the trees, he had the satisfaction of looking back and observing that Leopoldi with the other officer, his friend, hesitating to follow Frances, had branched off to the left by the more frequented way.

Now they were under the arching limbs that gave a solemn shade to the wide path and invited to quiet sentiment. Aunt Sue and Robby walked on ahead at a good pace and here was Frances all to himself. His heart was full of joy. In a flowery bay of the woods they saw a red squirrel leaping about at the foot of a tree, and stopped to admire his agility.

"How delightful to be a squirrel," cried Max, "and live among these flowers and trees! Would not you like it?"

"A squirrel! How exactly like you that is, Max. No, indeed! just think of having to be dressed always the same, all the year round."

At her high caroling laugh, the squirrel stood bolt upright and then flashed like a red pencil streak up the trunk of an oak. Max turned away with a grieved face.

"You always will make fun of me, Miss Frances. Are you ever in earnest? I was going to speak to you about something of which those verses are part. But what is the use? You only find fresh occasion to laugh."

"Oh! no, no!" cried Frances, getting red and walking on quickly. "You are touchy to-day, that is all. I have told you often how much your work interests me."

"Well, then," said Max more cheerfully, "the song I sang you is out of a play I have written!"

He choked a little over the words and fumbled nervously at his collar.

"Oh!" said Frances with some surprise, and a little coldly. "Then they—were not written—exactly for any one in particular?"

"The verses come in during the play.

Perhaps the whole play was written for some one," answered Max, looking away.

"Do tell me about it!" cried Frances quickly. "How can you be so slow about it? Is it tragedy or comedy, light or heavy, burlesque—what is it?"

"Wait, wait! I cannot follow the sudden turns of your mind. Now you do not care a straw for it, and the next moment you must know all. I will tell you if you give me time."

"But we are not far from the lake," said Frances, with an exasperating briskness in her tone. "Here is the corner."

"Well, then, it is a kind of comedy and yet it is tragic too. It also partakes of the nature of the opera.—He gets her in the end."

"Oh,—does he?" said Frances, dryly.

"Yes, she has to have him, because he saves her from robbers. She was always in love with him, for she is a gentle housewifely creature at heart, although she appears to be cynical. He is slight in figure and seemingly peaceful, but he's really bold and strong. Oh, how I wish I could recite you some of the parts!"

"Have you the play here?" asked Frances abruptly.

"No, but I have it here," said Max, touching his forehead.

They had turned to the left in the direction of the lake which lies behind the summer palace and had almost reached it. It might be seen shining brightly through the promenade of tall horse-chestnut trees, and here and there, a white blotch on its blue, was a great snowy swan sailing majestically in pursuit of bread crumbs. But just at this spot the path debouched from walls of shrubbery through two lofty gateposts of clipped yew into a green and turf theater, open to all the winds that might be strong enough to pierce the fringing hedges and woods. On their right was the grassy stage, on their left rose the theater levels, sodded long years ago when the kings of Saxony were more luxurious and must needs have, in imitation of French and Italian princes, their open-air, as well as their town, theater.

It was a pretty place. Birds flew over the semicircular hollow, or darted down to seize an insect in the auditorium. They twittered among the hedges of thorn which formed the boundary about the upper tier of seats and caroled joyously from the sides of the stage, planted with well-trimmed walls of evergreen to simulate the flies and

scenery of a theater. The path ran across the pit just about where the orchestra might stand and two more gigantic yews stood sentinel on either side of the exit toward the lake, where Robby was already experimenting on the swans and carps.

"I have an idea," said Frances, stopping short in a pretty attitude of expectancy and straightening up her lithe figure. Then pointing mysteriously to the sky, she waved her hand about and suddenly leveled it at Max, exclaiming tragically:

"The place! The hour! The man!"

"You don't mean——" said Max.

"Yes I do," said Frances, firmly. "What care we for green men or black men? you shall recite your play on yonder stage and I shall be prima-donna."

Here she flourished her arm with the gesture used by brigands in Italian opera, and leaped nimbly up the steep bank, across the edge where, on the wooden stage, foot-lights usually perch.

"For Allsaints' sake, Miss Frances, let us leave," called Max after her quickly moving figure. "You cannot imagine the peculiar way my country people have of looking at these things. A person who walks on the grass is a kind of thief."

Frances did not answer; but standing resolutely upon the turf, made him an imperious gesture to ascend. The theater was little frequented; no one appeared in sight by the way they had come, only in the other direction, close to the lake, the figures of two officers forged in sight.

That decided him. By keeping Frances here, he would at least foil Leopoldi and the young coxcomb, his friend. He sprang lightly up the bank and joined the young girl on the platform of the summer theater.

"Now then, the play!" said Frances, knitting her brows prodigiously, and striding up and down with the gait used in melodrama, her hands clenched behind her back.

Max looked at her dubiously and with a little sadness.

"You are not going to make fun of me even here?" he said, looking about gravely and as if to appeal to the intense quiet of the green spot in order to influence this buoyant creature into something like sentiment.

"Of course not," said Frances, stopping short with a sudden feeling of embarrassment she could hardly explain. Perhaps it was the honest sorrow in Max's face; perhaps an intimate vibration in his voice; perhaps because the hushed green theater

with its canopy of blue sky really made her ashamed of her levity.

"Even if you think it silly you will not tell me so, will you?" said Max. "I really could not bear it. I will gather your impression afterward; it's rather from what you do not say than what you do."

Frances's natural impulse was to make some saucy answer, but her voice failed her. She motioned him to proceed.

"The plot," said Max, "is simple enough. Two men are in love with the same lady,—one is an officer and the other a student. Now you must not think that I have any personal feeling against officers. But if the play is ever acted, it may warn people in this land against the danger of making everything of the army. An officer is a kind of little god. It is an evil increasing every year in Saxony, owing to the example and pressure of Prussia, and the first bad effects are seen in the high and mighty airs which officers assume. But this is tiresome to you——"

"No, no, not at all. Go on."

"Well, the plot is this. The heroine, whom I have called Francisca, admires the officer and treats the student with disdain. So. Now then, she goes on a journey and the officer follows her closely to protect or see more of her. Good. But the student has the same plan. So Francisca comes to a great wood full of robbers, and is there stopped. The student and the officer arrive at the same moment. The officer has been taught strategy. He does not dare attack the robbers, who are twenty or more in number, and beats a retreat for re-enforcements. But the student really loves her most, and by throwing himself upon the brigands with a cry for his comrades behind in the wood, makes the robbers believe that a band of soldiers is coming. They get a panic and off they fly, leaving a lot of money and jewels behind. When the officer returns he receives a handsome share and an invitation to the wedding.

"Oh, delightful, delightful!" cried Frances, clapping her hands, quite forgetful of the application to her own self which the play seemed to contain. "What a clever boy you are, to be sure!"

Max reddened with gratification and looked tenderly upon her.

"See——" said he, changing his mind about the play, and feeling it impossible to recite much at such a moment. "Suppose I repeat you a few lines from the last act. This shall be the forest. The brigands have

fled into the distance, and Maximilian and Francisca are alone. Suppose you play Francisca. You cannot believe that I have saved you single-handed. So you say:

Wo sind sie hin, die wilden, finstern Menschen?
Wie? Meinen Augen sollt' ich trauen? Nein,
Du bist es nicht, mein Retter, mein Erlöser,
Du—ganz allein?

Then I kneel before you thus and say—

Die Liebe war es, die mich so beseelte;
Die Liebe stärkte meine arme Hand;
Die Liebe meine Heldenmuskeln stählte
Da ich dich fand."

Frances could not easily avoid the directness of application in these words: Max was telling her that he loved her. That she knew before, but it had never before been so pleasing. Kneeling there at her feet, his curly hair waving about his head, his great brown eyes fastened beseechingly on hers: it was very delightful, but exceedingly embarrassing! What should she do? Spring back to land again, or go deeper and deeper into the wave of feeling that flowed about her? Max had such a pathetic voice! There was no sound abroad to hurt its effect. The stiff walls of evergreen caught the sounds and gently re-echoed them. A small white cloud crossed the sun, and its shadow chased merrily over the empty tiers of the theater and darkened the stage about them. Max had risen, and taking her hand, gazed anxiously and firmly into her eyes. Then he recited in a suppressed voice:

Und hab' ich dich von Missethat erhalten,
O Mädchen sanft, und wie die Veilchen fein,
Und soll nicht immer ob dein Leben walten?
Sprich! Wirst du mein?

There was a deep pause while Frances struggled with herself. She could not pretend blindness; this was a direct offer. She was very fond of him and that too in a way which contained every possibility of love in the future, yet of course she could not accept him now and in this way. But then every moment of silence was so much in favor of his suit. She longed for an interruption, but the one which came grated as harshly upon her nerves as if an evil witch had maliciously obeyed her.

"*Kreuz sapperament!* what are you about there?" growled a hoarse voice all at once.

From the flies of clipped evergreen, a stout man came quickly toward them. He was dressed in a green hunting coat elaborately adorned with straps and large buttons, stamped with deer's heads; over his

shoulders was slung a great game bag, empty, and a winding horn. In his hand he carried a large fowling-piece, and at his heels trotted an old setter. With a ferocious scowl on his fat features he waddled up to Max and seized him by the arm. "*Nun das wäre noch!*" he exclaimed, "Tread one down the dear grass with an impudence unparalleled! Right off with you to the lock-up; and you, woman's picture, do you follow!"

Max had turned pale at the sight of the stout man, and now looked ready to sink into the ground with shame and what seemed very much like apprehension; he trembled visibly. Frances gazed hard and with an angry flush at Max's terrified face. She drew herself up to her full height with a superb look. "Let him go," she said in a deep voice, and marching up to the guard threw his hand aside from Max's arm. The man stepped back, thunderstruck at such an act and attitude in a woman,—and a young woman too. It was incomprehensible.

"Do you understand?" she went on in her broken German, "*I* am not afraid of you, and you must be civil, not only to me, but to my friends. Now what do you want of us?"

"What have you been saying to my sister?" cried Robby in a shrill voice, appearing on the scene. Running up he made a motion to spring at the green man, but Max stopped him in time.

"Most gracious miss! What can be the matter?" said a new voice behind them. It was Lieutenant Leopoldi, who, with his friend, had strolled that way by chance.

"This rude fellow says he will take us to the guard-house," said Frances turning with a delighted feeling of relief to the uniform of an officer.

"Does he not know better than to make a *skandal* about such a trifle, when it is a foreign lady?" said Leopoldi addressing the green man with well-feigned anger. Taking him by the arm he led him off a few paces, while he whispered something in his ear. The man grinned and touching his hat to the whole company disappeared behind the evergreens.

"How can I thank you enough?" said Frances fervently, as they all turned to descend to the path. Leopoldi made an evasive answer, and, his friend having been presented, the two officers strolled along on either side of the young girl; their attitudes showed that they were bent on entertaining her to the best of their ability.

Sie sind eine Memme! said Robby to Max, with all the brutality of an angry boy who looks about for some object on which to vent his wrath. Max had stood cold and stupid as a rock all the while; but when the boy called him a coward, he awoke, and passed his hands over his eyes. Was it only a few moments ago that he himself was a boy? And could one grow old and prophetically wise in so short a time? A great sadness came into his face and his eyes filled with tears. He put two fingers gently on Robby's curls.

"You do not know what you say," he said gravely, and stooping, kissed the brother of Frances on his forehead. Without another glance in her direction or toward the astonished boy he turned slowly back by the happy path they had come.

* * * *

Well, perhaps it was for the best that there is nothing more to tell. Max arranged it so that Frances never saw him again. The officers had won, and he the student—at least from his point of view—had lost. It may be that he was too proud at last, and not proud enough at first, when he allowed the young girl to make sport of him. But that final scene was too much. She

had seen him in a crisis, not that which his imagination had conjured up, but in a miserable, trivial affair, into which heroism could not enter, and had turned from him with contempt to accept the aid of an officer. He knew by her face that she thought him lacking in manliness. Her little brother had been brought up in America, and did not know what restraint meant, but the childhood of Max had been very different. Almost all the things he wished to do when he was a boy were placed under a ban. He was taught to consider himself as one of the lost if, by reason of the natural impetuosity of childhood he transgressed some petty rule of propriety; he had grown up to feel the hand of the policeman always ready to descend upon his innocent shoulder. He knew well enough that he was no coward. After the French war it was his sorrowing mother,—the mother who had striven with him and made him the model child that never was caught walking on the grass,—whom King George publicly congratulated for the bravery of her son. Of all the Saxon army Max had been the most valiant. As for Leopoldi, the officers of his regiment have very little to say about him. He has not yet been able to catch his first rich *Amerikanerin*.

THE GOBLET.

OF fused metals wrought,—thus Fate befell,—
And carven round in curious dainty sleight,
With all things that the sweetest words can tell
Or any sense delight.

Around the brim a delicate tracery ran
Of all primordial forms, in hinting rude
Of the still Thought, in which the final plan
Lay, grasped and understood.

And lower down, all budding vines and trees
In which the long still juices start and run,
Uttering the paining life to bird and breeze
And the demanding sun.

And then, two circles woven wondrously,
Till both were one, and yet the one was two;
Within, the glory of a rising sun
That every day is new.

Then, winding lines that parted and that met,
But still no ending showed to searching sight,
Nor yet beginning, in their beauty set,
And order infinite.

Such was it, and all liquor poured therein
Albeit it were water from the road
Scooped up by beggar's hand in cup of tin,
As heavenly nectar glowed.

And they who drank therefrom, the happy twain,
Saw fairer skies and breathed in sweeter air;
The ancient world was re-create again;
The gods were everywhere.

The night was day to them forevermore,
Till haply came a friend, and for joy's sake
Of the o'erflowing goblet's sparkling store
They pressed him to partake.

Ah, why unconscious of the fore-writ fate?
Why noteless of the goblet's bodeful thrill?
The moaning cry they knew, alas, too late!
The magic cup they fill;

They share the draught. From circling rim to stem
The goblet shivers in their trembling hold,
And not a trace of all is left to them
Save rust and growing mold.

COLLEGE FELLOWSHIPS.

COLLEGE fellowships, or post-graduate scholarships, are primarily institutions of Oxford and Cambridge. The twenty colleges of which Oxford University is composed possess three hundred scholarships and nearly an equal number of fellowships. The purposes which a fellowship is designed to accomplish are chiefly four: it is a reward for high scholarship; it serves as a ladder for the indigent student to rise by; it is a recompense for the instruction which the fellow is required to give; and the holders of the fellowships form the governing body of the college. The scholars and the fellows are elected, after a competitive examination by the officers of the college, and retain their foundation for various lengths of time. An Oxford fellowship can, with a few exceptions, be held for life; but marriage, ecclesiastical preferment, or accession to property of a certain amount usually compels him to surrender his foundation. At Cambridge, however, certain fellowships are held for a limited number of years, as those in Trinity College for ten, and those in Queen's for seven. An Oxford scholarship, too, can seldom be retained for more than five years.

The annual income of the Oxford scholarships varies from £60 to £125; but the average is about £100. The annual income of an Oxford fellowship is, however, seldom less than £200 and seldom more than £300. With an annual income of £250,000 (more than double the income of Harvard in all its departments), Oxford expends each year £35,000 in scholarships, and about £90,000 in fellowships.

The conditions under which the fellow enjoys his annuity are usually very few and liberal. He is at liberty to pursue almost any line of intellectual labor. In many cases his position is a mere sinecure, and involves no actual work. In other cases it is, and in all cases may be, most effectively used for the advancement of the higher learning. But too often the holder of a life fellowship, at Oxford or Cambridge, is a mere annuitant, and his attainments are of little service either to the university from which he annually receives a thousand dollars or to English scholarship and culture.

Unlike Oxford and Cambridge, the

German universities have no system of fellowships. Each university is, however, possessed of a certain number of "exhibitions," ranging in value from sixty to three hundred dollars, for the benefit of needy students. Each needy student may also avail himself of the two public lectures a week which a professor is required to give, and is, in many cases, allowed to attend all the lectures without payment of fees. But to the student who has taken his degree and is still continuing his studies, the German university has neither fellowship nor scholarship to offer.

The pecuniary privileges which the American college offers its students for post-graduate study are, in comparison with those provided by the English universities, very meager. Of our three hundred and fifty colleges, Yale, Princeton, Harvard and the Johns Hopkins University, are the principal ones that offer fellowships for the prosecution of advanced learning.

Yale has six fellowships, or scholarships, the annual value of which ranges from forty-six dollars to (at least) six hundred. Two are of the larger amount. One fellowship is tenable for five years, but the others for not more than three. High scholarship and good character are the general conditions for obtaining these honors; and the prosecution of a non-professional course of study, as science, literature or philology, in New Haven, under the direction of the college faculty, is the general condition for retaining them.

Princeton, which claims to be "taking the lead among American colleges in encouraging advanced learning by means of fellowships," now has six, with expectations of an early increase in their number and income. They are awarded by competition, which is open to any member of the graduating class, and are held for a single year. The fellow pursues his studies in either philosophy, science, mathematics, classics, history, or modern languages, according as his fellowship is designed. The annual income of three of these foundations is six hundred dollars each, and of three one-half this amount. During the last seven years, fellows have been pursuing advanced studies in philosophy, philology, and science, both at Princeton, and at the English and the German universities. The introduction of

the fellowship system at Princeton is due in the main to the efforts of its president, Dr. McCosh. It is substantially the same system which, in 1860-61, he drew up for the Scottish universities. "I have only made a beginning," he writes recently, "but it is a good beginning. We are really producing scholars."

Harvard, like Yale and Princeton, has six fellowships, but of a somewhat larger value than those of her sister colleges. Two have an annual income of about six hundred dollars, and four of at least one thousand dollars each. The latter are "traveling fellowships," and the holder, seldom remaining in this country, usually spends the allotted period of three years in some German university. One of these fellowships, it is worthy of note, was founded in 1871 by Mr. George Bancroft. A little more than sixty years ago, Edward Everett suggested to President Kirkland that "it would be well to send some young graduate of Harvard to study for a while at a German university." The choice of the president fell upon young Bancroft, who, then in his eighteenth year, proceeded at once to Göttingen. It is interesting to note that the founder of what is doubtless the most valuable fellowship in any of our colleges was probably the first American who studied in a German university under the patronage of an American college. The election to a fellowship at Harvard, as at every American college, is a fitting crown to a successful college course; and only that graduate of the college or professional school is elected to the honor whose scholarly attainments are conclusive proof of special aptitude for research in one of the branches of the higher learning. The fellow, before his election by the academic faculty, suggests the department in which he wishes to study, and it usually proves to be that in which by his college work he has become proficient. At the present time, Harvard has fellows resident both in Cambridge and in Germany, engaged in the study of history, zoölogy, mathematics, the modern languages, and other departments of advanced knowledge.

It is, however, the new university at Baltimore which offers the most generous encouragement for the pursuit of the higher learning. The Johns Hopkins University, with an endowment of three and a half millions, provides twenty fellowships, each of an annual value of five hundred dollars. They are bestowed upon "advanced scholars from any place," for excellence in

one of the ten departments of philology, literature, history, ethics and metaphysics, political science, mathematics, engineering, physics, chemistry and natural history. The object of the foundation is, in the words of the trustees, "to give to scholars of promise the opportunity to prosecute further studies under favorable circumstances, and likewise to open a career for those who propose to follow the pursuit of literature or science." The chief condition of the assignment, besides a liberal education and an upright character, is a "decided proclivity toward a special line of study." With these designs and conditions, the popularity of the scheme proved to be so great that at the first assignment, in 1876, there were one hundred and fifty-two applicants, representing forty-six different colleges. From this large number twenty were selected as fellows, who at once began to prosecute special studies under the immediate patronage of the university. The fellowships are, as at present constituted, renewable to the same holder for successive years; and his progress is tested from time to time by the writing of a thesis, by the delivery of a lecture, or by some similar method. Its fellowship system has, like the university, been established for only two years, and its results are necessarily somewhat uncertain. But President Gilman writes, "The scheme is working admirably, and if I could tell you just what each one of the holders of fellowships is doing, it would, I think, establish the wisdom of our foundations."

The purposes which the fellowship system, as it is now being established in American colleges, is intended to serve are the advancement of scholarship, and the promotion of original thought and investigation. A fellowship in an American college is not, as often it is in the English universities, a sinecure. It is not simply the reward for success in passing a series of examinations. It is not merely the ladder by which the student is to climb to distinction. But it is a privilege by the fit use of which he can advance the higher learning and enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge. The fellowship allows the young graduate, possessing genius for a certain line of investigation, but not possessing the pecuniary means for his support, to pursue studies, the result of which shall not only honor him, but also honor scholarship. It permits the penniless student interested in philosophy to pursue his philosophy, and the student of science to continue his chemical or zoölogical investigations. Without its aid, the one would be obliged, for exam-

ple, to devote his powers to professional study for the ministry, and the other to medicine; professions for which, perhaps, each feels he is by nature unfit. The fellowship system, therefore, in American colleges is the most direct aid to the higher scholarship and to culture.

Although the system of fellowships at Oxford and Cambridge has not advanced English learning as it might and ought, yet the results it has achieved are of incalculable worth. The large majority of English scholars of distinction have, for a longer or shorter period, pursued their studies with the assistance which a fellowship provided. Max Müller and Jowett, Rawlinson and Stubbs, Milman and Bryce, Mansel and the Newmans, and hundreds of English scholars besides, hardly less distinguished than they, have held, or still hold, fellowships at Oxford. Results of equal and even greater excellence would follow the general introduction of the system of fellowships into American colleges.

For American wealth to establish fellowships in American colleges, every inducement is presented. The founding of a new college at the West on a foundation of fifty thousand dollars cannot but retard the cause of education, but the establishment of fellowships at Harvard, Yale, Amherst, Princeton, Oberlin, or any well organized college, must greatly advance it. Henry IV., Edward VI., Queen Mary, Elizabeth, and Charles I. established fellowships at Oxford.

If only American wealth would follow such precedents, American scholarship might in the course of a generation surpass English, and in the course of two generations compete with German, scholarship.

In the foundation and administration of fellowships in our colleges, however, the strict observance of certain rules is necessary to the attainment of their highest usefulness. It is the failure to observe the first two of the three following suggestions that has brought the English fellowship system into considerable disrepute among certain classes of English society:

1. The fellowship should not be bestowed merely as a reward for high scholarship, but principally as the means for prosecuting original research in a comparatively new department of study.

2. It should not be held for more than three, or, at most, for more than five years. The progress which the fellow makes in this length of time enables him, with but little outlay of time or strength, to give instruction sufficient to provide for his pecuniary needs. The fellowship, in such a case, should at once be re-assigned.

3. If the fellow resides in Germany, as he usually will, he should be made a sort of corresponding member of his college faculty. The information which he could transmit regarding the educational movements occurring in the German gymnasia and universities would prove of much service to American colleges and American scholarship.

"TO SOUTH AFRICA FOR DIAMONDS!"

SECOND PAPER.

THE CAPE DIAMOND.

CURIOUSLY enough, there are scarcely more than a dozen pre-eminently great diamonds in the world. To each of these belongs a historical and romantic story of exceeding interest. The Koh-i-Noor, the Orloff, the Sancy, the Hope, and the Grand Mogul have about them almost the individuality of the great personages of history. But immense as has been the yield of the South African fields, they have not as yet, all things considered, contributed a peer to this famed galaxy, though several of the Cape diamonds might almost be included in

the ranks of the elect. The average size however of African diamonds much exceeds that of those before found in any country; stones of a hundred carats are not uncommon. Unfortunately, these are universally tinged with yellow, a law of color, which must by no means, as is popularly and unjustly done, be applied to all Cape diamonds; for, among those small and of medium size, *i. e.*, from one carat to thirty, there are gems as brilliant and of as pure water as any from Golconda or Brazil. In fact, the greater number of white diamonds worn to-day come from the African fields, those dealers to the contrary notwithstanding, who enhance the

value of their ware by calling it an "old stone," a "Brazilian," or an "Indian."

The notable diamonds from the African fields are the "Stewart," the "Schreiner" (as I take the liberty of calling it, after its fortunate possessor, a young lady of Kimberley), and the "Star of South Africa."

The "Stewart," in its rough state, weighed $288\frac{3}{4}$ carats (nearly two Troy ounces), and may be considered by far the largest unblemished diamond found in South Africa. Probably its size is exceeded by only three other diamonds in the world. Its discoverer paid \$150 for his claim in the mine, and hired it out to a colored man named Antonie to work on shares. Antonie, while overseeing his gang of negroes, became impatient with one, and, seizing his pick, gave a few strokes with it, when, to give his own account, "he was spell-bound with the sight of a large stone looking like a diamond. For some minutes he could not speak or move for fear of dispelling the illusion; but, collecting his energies, he made a dart forward and clutched the prize. For two days afterward he was unable to eat anything, so excited were his feelings."

The illustration on page 665 shows the "Stewart" cut and set. It is of a light straw color and great brilliancy.

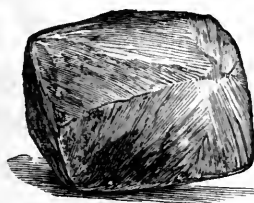
The "Schreiner" is yet unknown to fame, and rests in the bank vaults at Kimberley. While in the "Fields," I examined it with interest, since, in its mere weight of 308 carats, it outranks the "Stewart," but owing to certain irregularities of form, it will probably lose more than the usual half in cutting.

The "Star of South Africa," and the interesting details attending its discovery have been alluded to in my previous article. It is triangular in shape, of the purest water and of great brilliancy, and is now known as the Dudley diamond. The cut on page 664 represents it of natural size, and in its present setting of a "head ornament."

There are other beautiful gems which rank among large diamonds in Europe, England and America. A stone of 124 carats was found in Dutoit's Pan in 1871. The drawings on this page represent a natural crystal of 122 carats and its appearance after cutting. It belongs to Professor Tennant of London, and was cut in that city to its present form of a most brilliant gem of 66 carats. Its color is a delicate yellow, and the professor says of it that it "exceeds in size and brilliancy any diamond in the British Crown." Mr. Hermann of this city

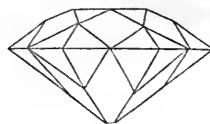
has also recently cut a beautiful African stone of 80 carats into a perfect brilliant of 40.

But leaving the subject of large diamonds, there are many points of interest to note

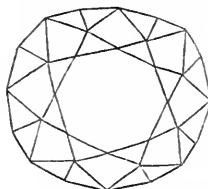


VIEW OF DIAMOND IN THE ROUGH.

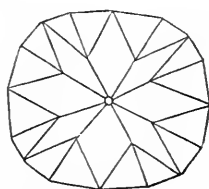
concerning Cape diamonds in general. Their prevailing color is yellow, ranging through every shade from deep orange to a faint



Side View.



Upper Surface.



Under Surface.

DIAGRAMS OF SAME, AFTER CUTTING.

straw color, and merging imperceptibly into white. With regard to the degree of coloring matter, they are referred to as white, Cape white, bye water, off color and yellow. Given ordinary stones of exactly the same qualities in other respects, and in running this simple gamut of color, their price at yellow will be increased tenfold at white, with corresponding variations between the two extremes. It requires a practiced eye and a good "test stone" to discern to advantage the nice differences between the white, Cape white, and bye water.

Some diamonds are milky white, and now and then one is found of a pale blue or blue tint; the latter are small and very valuable. Brown and pink are usual and common next to the yellow, and not much esteemed. Small green stones are also seen. Pure black diamonds do not exist, though many are black and opaque from a pigmentous coloring matter. These are apt to be much fractured when found, and shade into the



"THE STAR OF SOUTH AFRICA," OR THE DUDLEY DIAMOND. (NATURAL SIZE)

browns. They are of much harder fiber, and more brittle than the yellow.

Almost every modification of the system of crystallization to which the diamond belongs occurs except the cube. Octahedrons, either perfect or beveled, are the most common, next, dodecahedrons. Twin stones, macles, and agglomerations of tiny crystals occur frequently; in my possession is also a hollow diamond or geode, the only one ever found at the mines.

A curious phenomenon is the "bursting" or "splitting" of a diamond. This occurs from inherent causes and only to glassy stones which have (be it never so faint) a tinge of brown in them. They are usually perfect octahedrons, with very sharp angles and of much harder quality than others, except the black, which seem to be an advanced stage of the same conditions. Such a stone comes clear and brilliant from the mine, and perhaps in an hour a little "feather" or fracture points toward its center. The buyer who has been "stuck" with such a diamond no sooner discovers this "feather" than he runs out to sell it, slackening his pace as he nears the door, and nonchalantly sauntering in and offering it for sale, with the assurance that it has been out of the mine a month; the neighbor gets it at a bargain, of course, and, a few hours later, to his horror, finds the little feather now a streak extending much further in; he, too,

now palms it off at large loss to himself,—and so on, the diamond always "going farther and faring worse," till, at last, it drops in pieces and brings the largest loss on the last holder. A beautiful diamond of this nature, though unsuspected, may be laid in the box at night and found in numerous fragments in the morning. The "bursting" is due, probably, to the release from the great pressure to which the crystal has been subjected in its closely fitting rock-casing. The diggers wrap such stones, as soon as found, in cotton, or put them in oil before selling them.

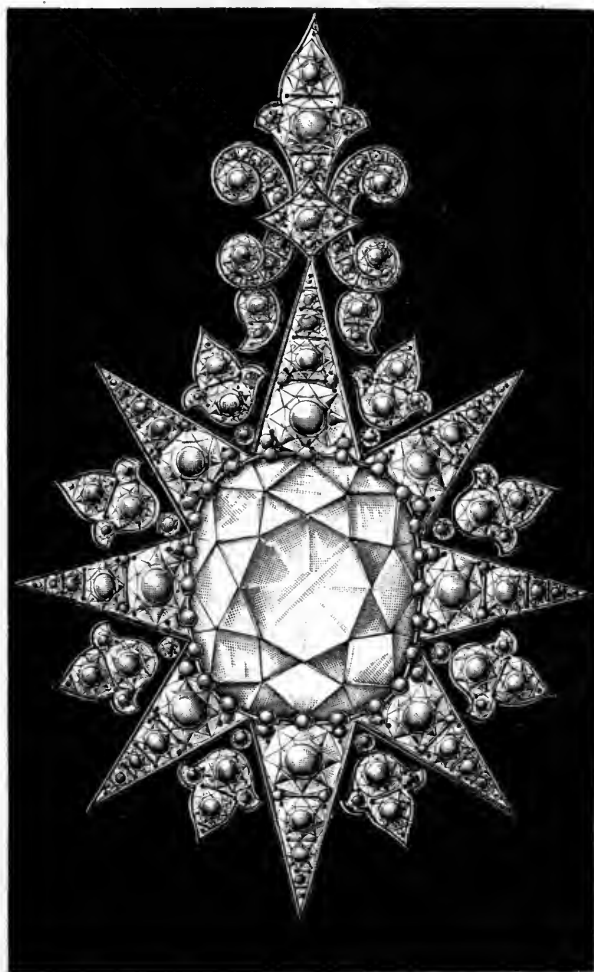
The Cape diamond, unlike the Brazilian, has no adhering skin or envelope; it shines like a piece of bright glass wherever it is found. There is, to be sure, a delicate film of infiltrated calcite about those imbedded in the "blue-stuff," but this film adheres to the imbedding rock, and not to the diamond. The diamonds from the river and each of the four mines have recognizable peculiarities. The former are invariably water-worn, looking like ground glass, and noted for being whiter than others. They bring the highest price. Diamonds from Dutoit's Pan are in general large, smooth, and off-colored or yellow; those from Bultfontein, within a stone's throw of Dutoit's, are uniformly very small and white, and "pocked" or pitted, thus having a frosted appearance. Kimberley, the most productive mine, gives, as a rule,

not as large diamonds as Dutoit's Pan, but whiter, and also a larger proportion of split, flawed, and spotted stones and boart, but never a frosted stone.

The yield of Cape diamonds may be thus classified: 10 per cent. first quality; 15 per cent. second quality; 20 per cent. third

the mine imbedded in a piece of its surrounding rock, and the "casing" from which a fifty-six carat diamond was taken.

The Cape diamonds, which now form the world's only steady supply, all go to London; for this capital has become not only a great center for buying and



THE STEWART DIAMOND.

quality; and the remaining 55 per cent., consisting of boart, useless except to be ground up and used for cutting diamonds and other stones. The total yield up to the present time may be calculated from known shipments to be \$100,000,000; but both digger and diamond buyer carry from Africa privately large packages of diamonds whose value would much augment this amount. The cuts on page 666 show the natural diamond crystal as it comes out of

selling, but also for cutting,—an industry once monopolized by Amsterdam but now equally shared with its rival. No one can estimate the great stores of yellow diamonds in the rough that lie there in merchants' safes awaiting sale. But the fate of stones of this color is settled; they never can recover their lost prestige; or, granting that the flow from the mines should cease and that they should again become popular, the supply already on hand to work up and

cut would suffice the world for dozens of years. On the other hand the estimated 10 percent. of white Cape stones find an immediate sale, principally and ultimately after cutting, for the American market. American purchasers, it is said, are the most critical judges of diamonds and will have only the best white.

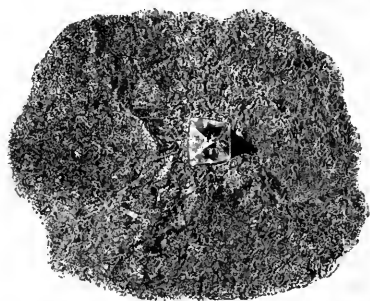
We should be surprised if in a country famed for its mechanical ingenuity the art of cutting diamonds should be left exclusively to the Old World; but it is, however, only within a few years that this industry has become established here. Mr. Henry Morse of Boston, and Mr. Hermann of New York were the pioneers, and yet remain sole competitors, the former, with true Yankee ingenuity, solving the problem with distinguished success for himself, and the latter bringing with him a knowledge of the trade from Europe. The cleaning, cutting and polishing of the rough stone can now be done as well here as abroad, or (as I believe, judging by results and from the testimony of experts) better. Stones cut in Europe are frequently remodeled and repolished in this country, thereby gaining much in value, and others abandoned in the rough as not worth cutting are here converted into excellent brilliants.

DIAMOND BUYERS.

It is well known that in the marvelous microcosm of the ant a system of servitude exists, in which a race of little insects called aphides are carefully guarded and tended for the sake of the sweet food they produce for their masters. The digger is the aphid of the diamond-field. Upon his efforts all other interests hang. The diamonds which the unwilling earth yields to his hands set all the local wheels in motion. His the toil and the worry, the largest risk of total failure

and the danger to life and limb. The diamonds found to-day must be sold to-morrow to pay working expenses; they go straight from his hands to those of the diamond buyer. He who six months ago could not have told a diamond from a quartz crystal or a bit of glass, goes daily into the ranks of experts, who belong to a guild of dealers and workers in precious stones—the oldest and most exclusive in the world—with no guide except his native judgment and his wants to put against their knowledge. Unlike gold and other precious metals, the diamond has not a fixed value measured by its weight alone; everything depends upon an appreciation of the subtlest distinctions of color, the position of a spot or a flaw, and the possibility of cutting it out. The chances of profit are enormously in favor of the expert buyer.

Diamonds, as they come from the mine, are sold on the spot, *i. e.*, in the same town, like fruit from a garden. Here they are to be had first-hand. The digger, with the treasures of the mine before his eyes, parts easily with what he has already obtained. He can get more to-morrow, and there is, moreover, the ever-present hope of that grand stroke of luck for which he lives. The buyer, too, gets his great bargains out of the large daily produce of gems. These mutual advantages account for a community of buyers equal in number to the diggers. There are whole streets, along which every door is a dealer's office—neat little one-storied buildings of corrugated iron, with a door in the center and a window at either side. There are two rooms, one for sleeping and the other for the transaction of business; though certain princely merchants are not content with these humble accommodations. As a rule, all purchases and sales take place in these little offices, for



NATURAL DIAMOND CRYSTAL IN ITS BED-ROCK.



"CASING" OF A 56-CARAT DIAMOND.

there is no general exchange where business may be transacted.

The buyers' advertisements swell the columns of the morning papers. Taking up "The Diamond News,"—one of three vended by screaming news-boys,—one reads that Mr. Jacob Jacobs "is prepared to buy all classes of diamonds; fine, glassy stones, pure, large, yellow stones, and large cleavage are particularly required. Highest market rates paid." Or, "Mr. Schmidt is prepared to purchase from his old friends, the diggers, diamonds of all classes," etc., etc. Passing by Mr. Schmidt's door, we see him ensconced behind a table, whose chief ornaments are a broad sheet of white paper tacked upon it, a pair of diamond buyers' scales or balances, and a half-burned cigar with bright blue wreath of smoke curling up from it. We step in, and are greeted with a pleasant "Good-morning." This ought to be a good day to sell, for the mail says diamonds are "up," and the town is consequently in a high state of excitement. But the diamond buyer maintains an appearance of Oriental stolidity. I hand him a valuable diamond. With half-closed eyes he looks at it with careless interest, and, pushing it aside, asks "what I want for that," as if it was a crime to want anything for it. The trade rule seems to be to ask too much, in order to get enough; therefore, plucking up courage, I say just double what I think it is worth. Then follows the old story of beating down and holding out, in order to decide upon a price. The buyer picks it up again, and examines it more closely for a spot or flaw, and compares it for color with a small "test-stone." Then he slides it into a sheet of paper, to get its color by reflected light. What marvels of exaggeration of the especial detriment caused by that flaw or spot— if the stone has one—knowing all the time that a few turns of the wheel in Amsterdam will remove it. A price per carat is finally agreed upon, and the stone is weighed, paid for, and the digger departs, feeling that he has got half of what his diamond was worth, as he catches the faint glow of satisfaction which the prospect of hundreds per cent. profit brings to the buyer's face. If the diamond is of certain definite varieties, such as "Cape white," "bye water," "off-color," and "yellow," there is little opportunity for differing in price between experts, for the market quotations for the day, or rather for several days, between mail and mail from England, are almost invariable. For instance: white and pure one-carat

stones bring \$12; ditto two to three-carat stones, \$20 to \$25; ditto four-carat stones, \$30 per carat; off-colored stones up to six carats each, \$8 to \$10 per carat.

Next in importance to, and far outnumbering, the local diamond buyer, is the diamond broker, a person who stands intermediate between digger and buyer, and between one buyer or merchant and another. He is one of a large and active class. His percentage of two and a half per cent., which yields him from \$200 to \$2,000 a month, according to his ability and energy, represents a very large amount of business. He is often a ruined buyer or dealer, who takes this means of getting together a small capital for a new start. He may be seen at all hours of the day, hurrying from office to office with a little square pocket case under his arm, containing "parcels" of diamonds of every variety. He has instructions from the owner as to his lowest price, and tries to get as much more as he can. He is a good salesman, since his commission depends upon his success. Far better is it for the digger to intrust his diamonds to his care and judgment. Unlike the broker of an American mining camp, who simply lends money, the sole business of the broker of the Fields is to hawk about from office to office the "parcels" of diamonds intrusted to him for sale. To "broke" is the popular mode of beginning life, if one does not go into digging, or has not capital or experience enough to buy. Broking is the training school of the independent dealer. The extent to which he is trusted is a marvel, thousands of dollars worth of "stones" passing through his hand each morning. To one who saunters down a busy street of diamond dealers, and drops into office after office, the amount of diamonds displayed is an unfailing source of wonder. Broker after broker steps in and says "Buying to-day?" and thereupon lays his "parcel" open upon the table for inspection—literally in handfuls; there lies, for instance, one "parcel" of 1,000 carats, containing say 200 stones, all clear, lustrous and clean-cut as any piece of glass from a chandelier, each the size of a good-sized pea. The buyer examines them critically, setting them aside, one by one, with a small pair of forceps; then he makes his offer, say fifty dollars per carat, or \$50,000 for the lot, and, if accepted, straightway draws a check for the amount. Then follow smaller transactions,—a single stone from a digger, a lot of "rubbish," *i. e.*, "boart," "small cleavage,"

split and brown stones,—all of which is grist to his mill, if it can be bought cheap enough. On certain days of excitement in the market the transactions are enormous—a fact after

and make profits out of each other. Such is the exaggerated sensitiveness and remarkable unanimity of feeling in this large community, that the least breath of adverse or



A GROUP OF CURIOSITIES.

Boar's tusks; Kafir knob-kerrie; goat-milk vase; springbok horns; ostrich egg; ladle; pistol and knife; Kafir pillows; rice spoon; knife and sheath; carved pipe; snuff-boxes; horns and feet of the roobok.

all not to be wondered at, when one considers the "credit" of from \$100,000 to \$1,000,000 granted to the representatives of great European firms.

Such agents are princely dealers who buy for the "home market." They "ship" their diamonds direct to London by mail, first securing insurance upon them in the Fields. Their number is small, however, as compared with those buying and selling in the "local market." The latter, of course, use a smaller capital, and keep turning it over oftener. They buy and sell among themselves, "bull" and "bear" the market,

favorable news acts upon it as upon a single individual. Hence local panics are frequent.

With \$1,500,000 worth of diamonds pouring monthly into the London market, one may wonder when the great panic and decline in prices will come.

DIAMOND STEALING AND ILLICIT BUYING.

DIAMOND stealing, chiefly by the negroes, and buying of stolen diamonds by middlemen, receivers, and illicit dealers, are the veriest curse of the diamond fields. But the diamond is so easily stolen at the time of its discovery in the ground, the transfer

from the negro worker to the receiver is so readily effected, and the measures taken against both steps are so inadequate, that the eradication of the illicit traffic seems well-nigh impossible. The claim-holders suffer, even to the extent of financial ruin. The bright gem, which would many times *recoup* months of toil and anxiety, lies between the toes of that swarthy toiler, to find its way in the evening, in exchange for a paltry sum and a glass of brandy, to the pocket of a white diamond shark. With ten thousand blacks daily working over diamondiferous soil, watched by about one overseer to every ten of them, the chances for stealing are unlimited. The only black to be trusted is the "raw" native, direct from his "kraal" a thousand miles away, where he has never known the white man's influence. He will not steal. But the white man's breath is a moral simoon,—it withers his honesty. The native comes to the field naked, but for the "muchu," or waistcloth. Clothing and rascality grow in equal steps upon him, until at last he is completely "civilized." And then thieving is not a difficult matter at the mine. Here is the way "Bucket," one of the negroes, got caught, grown careless, no doubt, with long success. The "digger" was watching his "boys" (a term applied generally to all black laborers), when a big diamond fell from the wall "Bucket" was picking down. "Bucket" put his foot on it, and kept the diamond thus held for an hour, when he picked up his foot as though to scratch it, but in reality to get the stone from between his toes and transfer it to some other part of his body. Finding that he was observed, he abandoned the attempt for the moment. The master by this time began to feel a curiosity to see his diamond, and ordered "Bucket" to pick elsewhere; but the black was unwilling to move. Losing all patience, he pushed him aside, and found the gem, whereupon "Bucket" remarked, in a cool and surprised tone, "Here's a diamond, baas." It was a beautiful eighteen-carat stone; the digger's quick eye saved him \$2,000.

INCIDENTS AND LIFE IN KIMBERLEY.

It is during the clear and delightful winter weather of July, August and September that the dreaded dust storms occur. About noon, perhaps after a perfect morning, the wind begins to rise and the fragments of stray straws, bits of paper and other loose stuff are taken up and whirled about in little eddies in the street. One looks away off

over the veld and sees in the distance a brown cloud-bank advancing like a thunder-storm, and soon it comes hurtling, sweeping over the plain, sighing and whistling about the outlying tents and canvas houses, and breaks upon the town, filling the air so thickly with dust that one cannot see across the street. This lasts for hours—perhaps, with intermitting vigor, for days. It is hot, smothering and blinding, and saps all vital energy. Man and beast become wearied and irritable. The impalpable powder penetrates everywhere and into everything. It steals into the loosely built houses and envelops their inmates, until at last all distinctive color of clothing and person becomes merged into a uniform red ashen hue. At dinner food and dishes are covered with fine sand; on horseback one is often obliged to dismount and wait for the fiercest of the gusts to pass by, for it is impossible to ride against the prickling, stinging grains of sand beating upon the face. As a rule the wind dies out by evening. There is, however, a more terrific and prolonged dust storm when the wind comes down across the arid plain in a perfect gale. Tents insecurely fastened are torn from over the astonished heads of their inmates; small iron buildings are thrown down; sign-boards and "sorting tables" fly to new moorings, and general havoc among loose things reigns. At last exhausted Nature finds relief in rain, and lays the dust she has raised.

One day, as a well-known fashionable lady of the "Fields" had just seated a select dinner party at table, a storm like this swept down upon the house. The table began to sway, the piano went dancing about, and the next thing she recalled was finding herself just recovering from a swoon lying out in the mud—the company literally scattered to the winds. Her sister fortunately escaped by a side door, but a heavy cloak she held in her hand was torn from her grasp by the blast and never afterward seen.

The diamond market may be "flat," "finds" bad, the "reef down," and politics hopelessly involved, but people will marry and be given in marriage. The happy pairs generally go to Klipdrift—the Niagara of the diamond "Fields"—to spend the honeymoon. One could almost forget at the elaborate wedding scenes held at the English church that he is at the "Fields." A bridal couple who once started to spend the honeymoon at Jacobsdall, some thirty miles distant, did not find their path all strewn with roses. Their driver took too much



A NIGHT ON THE "VELD."

wedding champagne, lost his way on the "veld," or open plain, and the newly married pair passed the night under their conveyance. By the time that darkness had settled down fully upon them, they had made tolerable preparations for comfort by the aid of traveling rugs and wagon cushions. But now occurred an unexpected event. From out the circle of blackness around them shot light from dozens of gleaming eyes, shimmering in the background of the night like the baleful lights of opals. Now coming, now going, flitting like shadows, or like winged things, the phosphorescent light lapped around them in waves like exhalations over the graves of the dead. The fright which at first clove their tongues to their mouths was followed by a shout which drove back the encircling beasts, and now the answering bark and snarl of the jackal announced the character of their unwelcome visitors. It was a night spent in wakefulness, and only with the coming of dawn did the last of these flickering shadows slink from sight. That man and wife will long remember their epithalamium set to the howls of the silver jackal.

HOTELS AND DIGGERS.

THE hotels of Kimberley, of which the illustration is hardly a fair specimen, are provided with a large "bar" at which liquors

are sold, a billiard-room and long dining-hall, and ranging down on either side of the dining-room a series of little bedrooms—narrow, coffin-shaped chambers, containing a bed, a chair, a wash-stand and a trunk. At the hotel, and at the better class of canteens, are met the floating population and the men of leisure about town, the latter apparently permanent fixtures of the place. Business, *i. e.*, drinking, begins early and continues until it is early again.

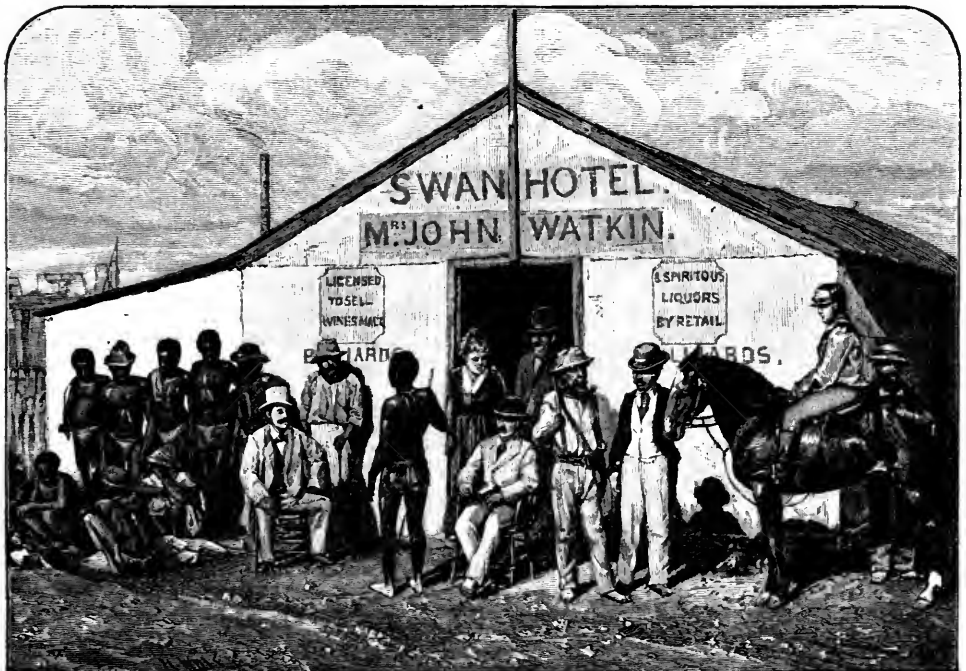
Certainly, Kimberley is the heaven of the gentlemanly loafer, who, on one excuse or another, does no work, and trusts to his bright particular star for bread, cheese, meat and drinks. Never downcast, never despondent, always plausible, he seems to have a horror of becoming a millionaire; he would have it understood that he is about to embark in some grand project—perhaps to turn the Vaal River aside and search its bed for diamonds, or lead water through pipes into Kimberley from the same river thirty miles distant, or pump the mine dry, or open a coal or lead mine, or go into ostrich farming, or up-country trading. In the meantime wont you back his bill "for a small \$100." Or our morning friend "is only waiting for the mail," and "expects a remittance from home directly." Strange how long that remittance is in coming. "Confounded bad postal arrangements in

these wilds, you know." He is "going in for washing," and wants to "make a new start;" he is "going to pull up" and "go in for making money now." A "fiver" would oblige him. About the hotel he makes trade good; treats his creditors with kindness and with drinks; says "Put it down to me," as if "No credit" over the bar was never written for him. Scans his bill in a contemptuous way through his eyeglass, and finally, when the last card is played, saunters off to pastures new, leaving a widowed constituency with depleted pockets to mourn his departure.

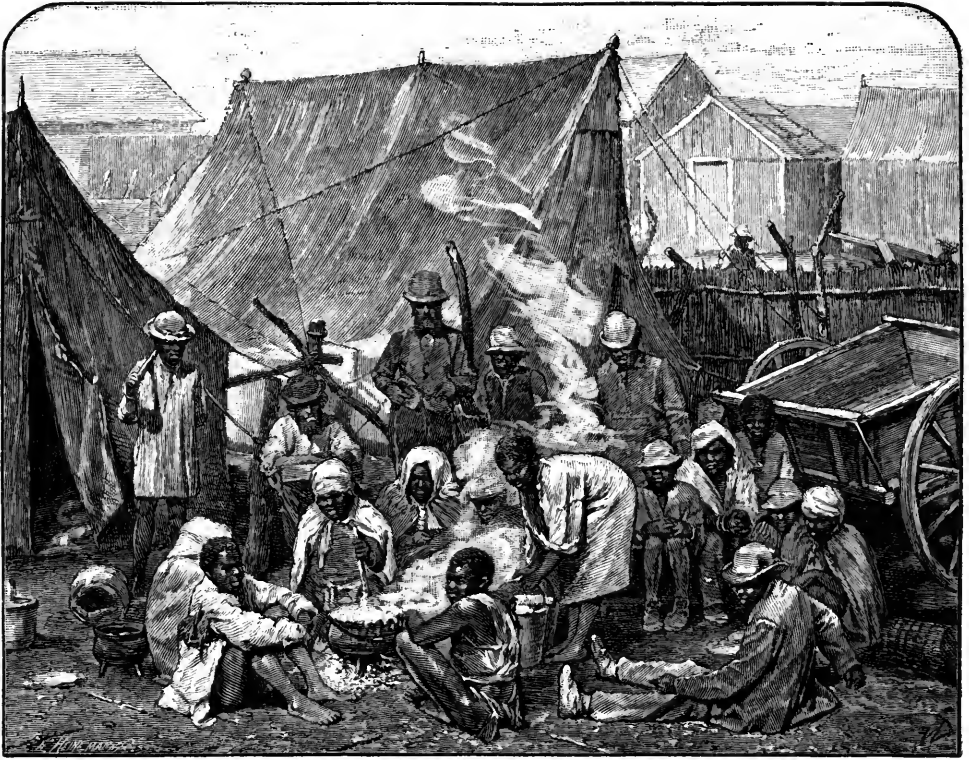
But outnumbering manifold these ornaments to society are the diggers in "mole-skin" trowsers, flannel shirt, and broad hat twined round with a puggeree. By "digger" must be understood claim-holder, and director of his own or another's mining operations. He seldom touches pick or shovel, far better to use his eyes and prevent the negroes working under him from stealing. He has just come up out of the mine and down into the street a moment for a new rope, pick or bucket, and stops for a chat. Diamonds, claims, finds, are the all-absorbing topic. Having ordered with some "mate" a "split," the first inquiry is, "Any finds to-day?" or "Is the mail in?"

and "Are diamonds up or down?" The state of the "reef" is discussed, and the progress of pumping operations. Here, perhaps, some one asks: "Have you heard of Brown's luck?" He bought a claim yesterday in which they hadn't paid expenses for three months and found a diamond worth \$5,000 this morning before breakfast." Very likely Brown enters at this moment, and straightway "wets his find" to the extent of standing treat all around to champagne. Happy man if this were all he spent, but "easy come, easy go," applies to his money as well as to that of other gamblers. In such an assembly one hears discussed many turns in the wheel of fortune.

Perhaps what strikes one at first the most oddly, is the careless manner in which diamonds are handed about and displayed. Drawing forth from his pocket a little metal or wooden match-box, the digger opens it to show his "finds." It is full of diamonds of all sizes and qualities, just as they have come from the ground, lustrous and glowing with their soft white or yellow lights. The box is passed around the crowd quite out of sight of its owner, different gems are taken out of it and admired, and it is finally returned quite as it left him. Another draws from his trowsers' pocket a handful of good-sized



HOTEL IN THE "DIGGER'S."



A DIGGER AND HIS FORCE.

"stones," and lays them down upon the table. One by one they are taken up and distributed about the crowd present for inspection, the owner quietly awaiting their return from the different quarters of the room, quite undisturbed as to the safety of his property; they all come back. Slipping his thumb and finger into a side vest pocket, a fresh comer pulls out a perfect beauty—a hundred-carat yellow, as large as a marble, far brighter and more lustrous than any cut glass or crystal; alas, worth now at the depreciated price of "off-color," not more than \$5,000!—in the days before "off-color" were plentifully found, worth \$20,000. This too is passed freely about. There is no danger of the gems being stolen, because the whole community is a "committee of public safety," and cannot afford to allow dishonesty. To steal a diamond would be like horse-stealing in our western country,—it is stealing a man's life, and the crime is so heinous and so nearly affects every one that all are equally interested in punishing it.

An irascible digger who was ascending a ladder, out of the mine with a big diamond in his mouth, and met on the way a negro

who apparently did not give him room enough, suffered still worse luck. A torrent of abuse rolled from his mouth, and so too did the diamond, tumbling down into some rubbish where it was never found, at least by its first owner.

KIMBERLEY BY NIGHT.

THE town is at its best in the moonlight. The rude outlines of its buildings are softened. Its obtrusive minutiae of dirt-heaps and sieves melt down; the molten light playing on bell-tent and marquee which stretch out into the plain, give the idea of the encampment of a great army,—which, indeed, it is,—an army in search of fortune. As we pass along streets lined with residences, everybody is on the veranda, resting after the heated day. From door after door comes the sound of piano and singing. Passing down some side street, we catch glimpses of the interiors of tents whose tired toilers for diamonds are moving about, making preparations for early sleep,—stallwart figures and bearded faces poring over the last papers from home, or re-reading for the twentieth time the last letter.

There sits a figure on a solitary rough box beside a narrow cot, thumbing over by the light of a flickering candle stuck in a bottle for want of a better candlestick, the contents of a well-worn pocket-case. His body is well knit and powerful, his face intelligent and full of honesty; but the bowed shoulders, the mechanical listless movements show the man without hope,—wound up to go on until life runs down. In such a face we read the laboring man's honesty and the gambler's uncertainties. The finger of doom is upon the man,—he knows it, feels it, and accepts the spell the fates have woven about him, without asking why. He has lived year after year of this same life in California, in Australia, and now again he is repeating it here. Hope is dead, but life must be lived. One sees these faces in mining communities,—men as extinct as though their shadows had come back to toil on.

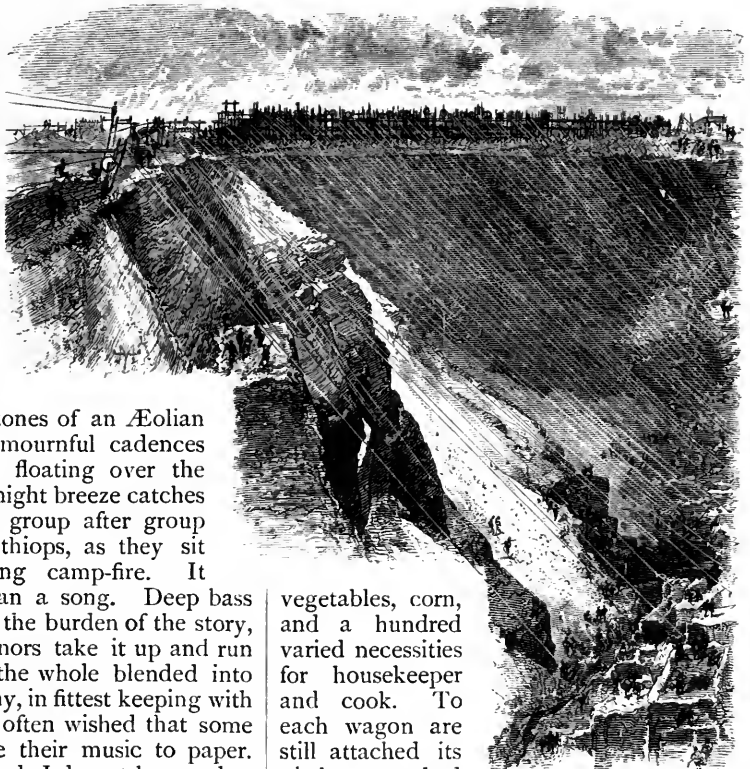
On every hand, rising and falling in the rhythmic undertones of an Æolian harp, one hears the mournful cadences of the Kaffir songs floating over the moonlit scene. The night breeze catches up the refrain from group after group of dusky-skinned Ethiops, as they sit around their evening camp-fire. It is more a chant than a song. Deep bass voices carry forward the burden of the story, and light, mellow tenors take it up and run lightly on with it—the whole blended into a wild, weird harmony, in fittest keeping with the night. I have often wished that some one would transcribe their music to paper. What they say in words I do not know; but they convey in sound both savageness and pathos. They sing war and love. It is the music of the natural human animal, unmodified by the traditions and practices of any school.

Finally, the digger is light-hearted, hopeful, improvident of money; but he is not idle or bad. His trials, of falling reef, water in his claim, diamond stealing by the negroes and illicit dealing in them by the whites, have already been spoken of. Let us leave him with this epitaph, which one may read in the Kimberley cemetery:

"Here lies a digger, all his 'chips' departed,
A 'splint' of Nature, bright and ne'er down-
hearted;
He worked in many 'claims,' but now, though
'stumped,'
He's got a claim above that can't be 'jumped.'
May he turn out a pure and spotless wight
When the great Judge shall sift the wrong from right,
And may his soul, released from this low Babel,
Be found a gem on God's great 'sorting-table.'"

THE MORNING MARKET.

It is a fine and inspiring scene, this morning market, unparalleled in the whole South of Africa. The entire square is crowded with great prairie-wagons, some canvas-covered and some not, all laden with wood,

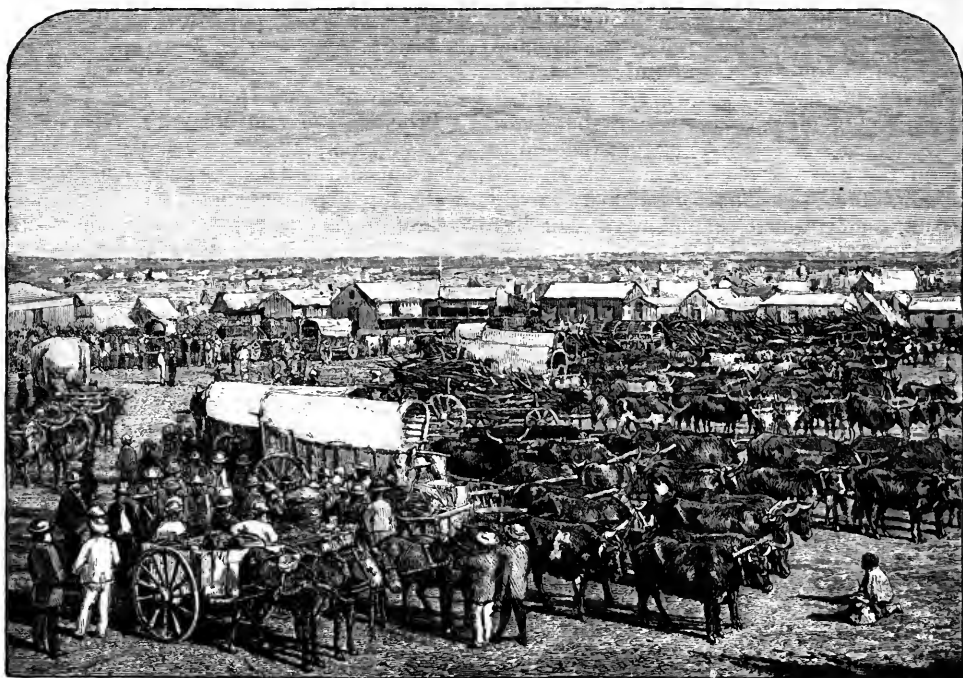


SIDE VIEW OF THE KIMBERLEY MINE.

vegetables, corn, and a hundred varied necessities for housekeeper and cook. To each wagon are still attached its eighteen yoked oxen, with a patient Hottentot *voor-looper*, or forerunner, sprawled upon the ground in front of the first pair. Englishmen in light-colored clothing and puggeree, and Dutchmen in veld-schoon and moleskin make up in equal parts the throng. "Guten morgen" and "Hoe gat het?" (how goes it?) mingle with the chatter of the East Indian coolie and Koranna and Zulu. At my side a young Dutchman tells me he has for sale "een jong blaauwschimmel paard, met zadel en toom—drie jaren oud,"

—for many of the Dutch do not speak a word of English. The wagons are most of them loaded with fire-wood for cooking purposes, gathered up from the plains around within a radius of twenty to thirty miles. Wood is

in luxuries. Those eggs are going at twenty-five cents apiece; butter at \$1.50 a pound. Those cabbages look finely, there are only a few dozen, but the last bid for that largest one was \$2.00. Turkeys are



THE MORNING MARKET.

very scarce. Each wagon-load of loosely piled, crooked and scraggy logs is bringing from \$25 to \$50, and each cart-load from \$10 to \$15. Every morning there is a new supply, and still disappointed buyers. The plains are devastated by the wood gatherers. The value of the cattle standing before the wood wagons on any one morning is at least \$20,000. Two rewards for the discovery of coal in the vicinity are standing unclaimed—one of \$5,000 and another of \$2,500.

The morning sales of all sorts amount to \$3,000 to \$5,000 daily. Besides wood, one buys here draught and slaughter oxen, cows, horses, pigs and poultry. Draught horses are dear, bringing from \$150 to \$250 apiece—saddle horses cheap at \$50 to \$100. Then there are wagons laden with meal and mealies, Kaffir corn, barley, forage, potatoes, cabbages and onions. Others with apples, melons, peaches, figs, oranges and grapes. Exposed to sale on long benches are also hams, eggs, green salads, peas, beans, honey. All this is to be sold to the highest bidder. It must be a long pocket that can indulge

selling readily at \$7.50 apiece, fowl more reasonably at \$1 to \$2. Yellow fish and barbel are brought down from the river and sold at twenty-five to fifty cents a pound. As ruinous and uncertain in price as anything else is "forage" for the horses. This comes from neighboring farmers who will scarcely take the trouble to raise it, in small bundles or sheafs at from twenty-five cents up to seventy-five per bundle, though it is sold at times as low as twelve cents or as high as \$1.00. Immense quantities of meal also are sold, for Kimberley diggers feed from 10,000 to 12,000 natives daily. For the use of the negro are also bought the carcasses of the springbok, a large antelope, at \$1 for each. Reeds from the swampy banks of the river are much in demand for making fences, wattle and daub houses, and thatching. A wagon load is instantly bought up at \$40 to \$60 per load. Boer brandy, called "Cape smoke," sells at \$30 per half-aum. Then, too, there are hides and skins of buck, sheep and tiger, as also karosses, neatly sewn by up-country natives, of tiger, silver jackal

and meer-cat skins forming splendid carriage robes and bed coverings. One pays for a tiger-skin kaross \$60.00, and for one made of the silver jackal skin \$30. And lastly soap, salt and tobacco are also for sale.

The apathy of the Boer is astounding. Though the facilities for tilling the soil and irrigation are free as air, nature's returns bounteous and overflowing and a market ever ready, almost no one can be found who will deign to raise a vegetable in the region of the "Fields." As long as diamonds lie in the sands and gold in the ridges, while sheep wander almost at will and grow wool, and ostriches abide with men and give up their feathers for the plucking; as long as barter and trade can pit cotton and cloth and beads against ivory and skins, the Africander will follow these more alluring pursuits and the soil remain untilled.

Such is the regular morning market which the Kimberley community frequents daily throughout the year. The curiosity seeker may also find his fill of novelty. Frequently a trader's wagon from the up-country comes in laden with thousands of pounds of elephants' tusks, bundles of white and black ostrich feathers, spears, and Kaffir ornaments. The tusks are spread out upon the ground for inspection and very likely find an immediate purchaser. The bidding for the feathers is animated. The trader has both "tames" and "wilds," the latter bringing much the higher price. "White-bloods" are going at \$250 per pound, fancy lots even more. Long blacks and drabs bring much less. "Tipped bloods" are bringing \$150 per pound. Single plumes

\$5 to \$6 apiece. Ostrich eggs \$2 apiece. The trader has generally various pets for sale,—a young cub lion, a stealthy jackal, an eagle or vulture perched on the top of his wagon, some paroquets or baboons, or a beautifully hooded owl. Baboons are a favorite back-yard pet.

If the mine is the heart, the market square is the lung of the corporate fabric. It is the only spot where the word diamond is dropped from conversation.

With five others, equally impatient to reach the sea,—seven days' journey,—I shared in buying up a coach and eight horses to make a flying trip thither, the memory of which makes "coaching" in South Africa one of the pleasantest of reminiscences.

Space forbids details of swimming coach and horses across swollen rivers, of sleepy Dutch hamlets, of strange foliage of tree and fern and cactus, and of trooping baboons. The climax of difficulty was reached when we found the Great Fish River a roaring flood, below its banks still a hundred feet high, and was only surmounted by leaving our coach and being drawn across, one by one, in a small box, which was pulled from bank to bank of the stream on a huge cable.

Then Grahamstown, lost in her encircling hills and lofty shade-trees, was left behind. Turf and lilies and gladiolus replaced the long familiar sage-brush, until finally the puff of a locomotive and a glistening line of track announced a virtual delivery from the tyranny of time and distance inseparable from life in the interior. The bay of Port Elizabeth was in sight, and in the offing rode the steamship bound for home.

A SUMMER MORNING.

Oh, the earth and the air!
 Honeysuckle and rose:
 Fir-trees tapering high
 Into the deep repose
 Of the fleckless sky:
 Hills that climb and are strong:
 Basking, contented plain:
 Sunlight poured out along
 The sea of the grass like rain:
 Spice-burdened winds that rise,
 Whisper, wander and hush:
 And the caroling harmonies
 Of robin and quail and thrush:—
 O God, Thy world is fair!

And this but the place of His feet!
 I had cried, "Let me see; let me hear;
 Show me the ways of Thy hand:"
 For it all was a riddle drear
 That I fainted to understand.
 Canopy, close drawn round,
 Part not nor lift from the ground:
 Move not your finger tips,
 Firs, from the heavens' lips.
 When this is the place of His feet,
 How should I bear to raise
 My blasted vision to meet
 The inconceivable blaze
 Of His majesty complete?

cradle, nevertheless, need not be blushingly veiled from my readers, since for the greater part of the last half century, the phrase "I was rocked in a sugar-trough," has been as current with Western demagogues, as "You'd scarce expect one of my age," etc., etc., has been with the Western school-boy. I know of a good old lady, now well on toward ninety, who keeps carefully guarded in a closet one of those primitive bits of furniture, the necessity for making which used to delight the heart of the young pioneer husband and prospective father. It is a trough dug out of a semi-cylindrical piece of poplar—yellow tulip-wood, the half, in fact, of a cut from the stem or bole of a small tree, and is mounted on rude rockers rounded by not over-cunning work, out of a slab-board. The old woman clings to this rough rune of modern infantile luxury, because in it, long ago, while yet the red men, with the bear and panther, skulked in our woods, her first-born baby died. Speaking of this relic of frontier days in the West, recalls to my mind a little incident of last summer.

One day I happened, with my wife, to be driving in a road-phaëton though a rather uncouth and primitive looking part of Indiana, when a sudden thunder-storm drove us to an old hewed-log farm-house for shelter. It was the country dinner hour—twelve o'clock—and our entrance, which was more like a raid for plunder than like a civil assault for shelter's sake, surprised "the folks" at table in the spacious apartment which served as kitchen and dining room. But our reception was most cordial; we were pressed to join them at table before we had yet had time to thank them for admitting us. It was a long home-made bench of a table covered with snowy domestic linen—that silvery, inimitable fabric our grandmothers delighted in. A great roast of beef, garnished with young potatoes and green peas, was the central attraction; and round it were arranged nearly all the good things within the reach of the country cook. It was not the viands, however, that attracted my wife's eyes to the table. She has keramomania in the ordinary form, and of course the blue, red and purple pottery immediately had its effect. This, no doubt, much more than the out-spoken cordiality of the reiterated invitations from our hostess, caused us to accept a chair at the board. It was a feast for a king. During the rapid flight of the meal,—for you must know that no such thing as dallying

is allowed at a Western table,—I saw my wife steal furtive glances at the bottom of plate, saucer or cream-jug. Some one else saw her too, for at length the lady of the house, a large motherly woman, with a shrewd twinkle gathering in her blue eyes, said—

"This 'ere's quare old crockery goods of mine, aint it? I've hed it a long time. It was my mother's afore me. I shouldn't have hed it on the table to-day if it hedn't a-been Peggy's birthday, an' we sorty fixed up a dinner like for her."

Peggy was a rosy-cheeked lass of about ten years, who seemed greatly to enjoy the good things. The subject of old pottery once fairly opened, the dishes were subjected to rigid examination. I heard such names as Wedgwood, Liverpool, Bentley, Byerly, E. Wood and Son, and I cannot say how many more; but I soon saw that my wife considered many of the pieces on the table quite rare and valuable specimens of their kind. She had quite a protracted talk with the old lady before we took our departure, and I discovered afterward that she actually tried to purchase that whole lot of crockery. Her surprise amounted to utter chagrin when she found the old woman quite well informed as to the value of her relics.

"O no, mum," she cried, "I couldn't think of selling 'em at all. Them old Wedgwood plates and tea-cups is like the apple of my eye, and them 'ere mulberry dishes,—well, money couldn't buy 'em. I allus thought lots of 'em and hed been kinder keeful of 'em, tho' they was out'n fashion. I've kep 'em up there in that 'ere cupboard a-many a year, I tell you. But bless your soul! I never drempt of how valuable they was, till one day I happened to be a-readin' in a paper what come round some goods John bought. I'm allus a nosin' round and readin' what I kin, an' so whenever a newspaper comes wrapped round anything, I takes it off and reads it. Well, in that 'ere paper what come round the goods I read all about how valuable old-fashioned cupboard things hed got to be. So I went right and examined mine, an' lo an' behold! there was all them choice makers' marks and names on 'em! I tell you I was proud as I could be! No, mum, these is hard times, but I can't sell my collection of chiny!"

"Her collection!" repeated my wife, as we drove away, "as if she had got them otherwise than by accident!" Then with a laugh: "Who would have dreamed that the

pottery rage had reached such people! But oh, weren't those blue cups and saucers lovely! and those mulberry plates! and that octagonal sugar-bowl! and that white and blue tea-pot!" A profound sigh ended this exclamatory outburst. We were now whirling along a lane between green groves where the birds sang and the breezes whispered;

when the sunlight has a pale gold glimmer, he calls his boys together and they hold a consultation which ends in the general agreement that "It's about time to begin breaking corn-land." What is meant by breaking corn-land depends much on what sort of land the farmer owns. If it is land which has been reclaimed from the woods,



"NO, MUM," SHE CRIED, "I COULDN'T THINK OF SELLING 'EM AT ALL."

but there is no joy for a discomfited searcher after old table-ware.

The phases of farm life are not various. From year's end to year's end the agriculturist, as the centuries have rolled, has run in the same old groove, with only such changes as an occasional improvement or invention has necessitated. In the spring when the first hazy, dreamy days have come,

it means to plow with an ordinary turning plow and two or three good horses; but if it is prairie land never before plowed, then it means to manage a great iron plow to which any number of, from six to twenty, oxen are to be worked. The latter is hard labor for both man and beast; but, to look upon, it presents a picture well worth preserving. The long line of oxen, each one



BREAKING PRAIRIE LAND.

leaning heavily away from his fellow as he slowly surges on, the ponderous plows steadily proceeding, with the strong masses of prairie grass-roots snapping, and the black loam boiling beside the share, the sun-burnt man plodding behind, and the assistant, or driver, with his big whip,—all these are in the foreground, while away to the horizon the green or brown billows of the prairie roll like those of the ocean, with a flock of prairie-hens here and a tuft of scrubby trees there, and, at wide intervals, the plain homes of the farmers, like small arks adrift on the waves. Often in my hunting excursions, lost in an unaccountable fascination, I have stopped to watch the plowman trudge his monotonous round, the meadow-larks springing up before him and the continuous line of inverted sod spinning off from the great spiral mold-board of his "prairie-breaker." The smell of fresh earth in spring-time is peculiarly sweet and pleasant, suggestive of powerful vital principles and essences, suddenly freed upon the air, ready to insinuate themselves into the debilitated parts of all growing things, in order to complete their regeneration and rejuvenation. It is verily believed by many of the Western folk, that pulmonary disease may be driven from one's system by plowing barefoot in the spring and summer, and there may be some reasonable basis for the notion, since

mother earth has been found to be the great reservoir of so many subtle influences for good.

Next, after breaking the land comes what is termed "furrowing off,"—a very delicate operation consisting of checking the ground with parallel furrows, at right angles to each other, in the junctures of which the corn is to be dropped by hand; that is, provided a horse-power planter is not used. Now, dropping corn in the West is, in a degree, what hay-making is in the East, a rare chance for lovers and love-making. It requires an old steady horse to the plow and an experienced plowman at the handles to make straight furrows; wherefore the older men assume the responsibility, leaving to the youths and maidens the easy labor of walking side by side in the cool, moist rows, and letting fall four grains of corn at each intersection. But how many tender words and glances they exchange in the meantime, only the breezes may know. Corn-planting comes in May, the month of love, and my observation leads me to assert that it is impossible to decide which can give the better idea of innocent courtship, two bluebirds on a hedge, or a youth and a lass, trudging back and forth side by side, dropping the golden grain, their feet bare, their hands and faces brown as nuts, and their eyes as clear and guileless as a

mountain spring. To be sure, a sight like this is rare now; but many yet under middle age can remember when it was almost as common in May as sunshine.

in the imagination of a genius, who could be content, for art's sake, to hold the plow and follow a docile horse to and fro between the long lines of ever-whispering, ever-trem-



DROPPING CORN.

After the corn grains have lain covered in the moist, rich soil for seven or eight days, the plants shoot up green and bright. The growth is rapid from the first, and plowing between the rows is begun at once, and kept up almost incessantly, till the great leaves of the maize sweep over the heads and backs of horses and men. I have often thought of what a poem might be generated

bling, luxuriant corn, for one whole "cropping season" in the West. Would not the wild, free voice of nature thoroughly infuse itself into and inform his imagination, so that his song would be mellow with the soil, spicy with silk, and tassel, and leaf, rhythmic as the wind, and warm and liberal as the sun-light?

Another picturesque feature of Western

farm life is fast disappearing. The great ox-wains will soon be no more forever. Beautiful high-bred horses and Studebaker wagons have crowded them to the wall,—those slow-going, lumbering vehicles drawn by those sweet-breathed giants of old. Especially rare, in most country neighborhoods, is the two-wheeled farm-cart whose "bed" of mortised and rude-panneled frame-work was made to balance the heavy iron-bolted tongue. And the ox-yokes, too, on which the cunning workers in wood used to exhaust their art in quite praiseworthy attempts at exemplifying Hogarth's curve in the outlines, are seen no more. The diathesis of the present forebodes the early dissolution, in fact, of the old order of things in rural life, and it would be well for some one to be collecting relics before it is too late. The huge old wagon, the fancifully carved ox-yoke and the old-fashioned plow-stock should be preserved alongside of the spinning-wheels, the dulcimers, the winding-blades, the hand-loom, and the snapping reels of our grandmothers. Would not a rustic museum, filled with a carefully and judiciously selected collection of such relics, be of vast interest in many ways and to many persons? Next to pottery, the agricultural and domestic machines, no matter how simple, mark most certainly the intellectual and moral status of a people.

The old-time bee-hive—the "gum"—is also getting to be quite a curiosity. It is made of a cut from a hollow log, usually the plane-tree or sycamore in the states north of the Ohio River, and the gum-tree south. Those old straw hives, cone-shaped and spirally wrought, which one sees in pictures of European rustic scenes, are not more pleasingly suggestive of rude homeliness and thrift than the smoothly peeled hollow cylinders covered with clapboards, that used to be ranged in rows by the garden picket, under the apple-trees of our fathers. How sweeter than that of Hybla the honey we used to get in our childhood, when by night the tops were taken from the gums, and a great, dripping comb was placed in our eager hands! A few days ago I had the pleasure of looking, through a glass window, in upon the working bees of a "patent hive," as they plied their fragrant trade. I could but think, while tasting some of the sweet, that somehow a modicum—the unique floral essence, indeed—of its flavor had escaped; it might have been merely the racy hint of wild flowers long since extinct as such, or the influence of the discarded gum. The

tame, molasses-candy smack was death to the idea ambrosial; but, after all, I may have been only missing the time when

"Anything sweet in the mouth could sweeten
All this bitter world for a boy,"

as Mr. Howells did when eating mulberries on the Rialto Bridge, and thinking of the Ohio home of his boyhood, where stood the big-leaved mulberry-tree, under which he used to sit—

"so still that the woodpeckers came
And pillaged the berries overhead."

But the great West is the Eden of clover, wherefore it is well called the home of the bee, and even though apiaries have taken the place of those mellific gums, the music of the gold-brown swarms is just as sweet as ever. No farm-house, as a picture, is properly set without somewhere a glimpse of those little apertures through which the bee delights to drag its pollen-burdened thighs.

Seed-time and harvest in the West have not lost all the picturesque situations of the old *régime* of sickle and cradle and broadcast sowing, for the methods of binding into sheaves and erecting "shocks" thereof have changed very little from the first. The not unmusical clamor of the drill and the energetic hum of the reaping-machine add a new element to the poetry of rural life, somewhat realistic, to be sure, and anti-classical, but capable of fine artistic treatment. Indeed, just at this time in its history, farm-life in our western states is taking on the habiliments of a business highly honorable and fit for men and women of no mean culture to engage themselves in. Here and there the more prosperous and wealthy soil-owners have already erected villas to dwell in, and vast, gayly painted barns for their stores; while their fields, inclosed with hedges, are kept after the most scrupulous pattern of neatness and beauty. I have seen a group of hay-harvesters on a level Western meadow, which of itself would make a most eloquent inscription on the medal of American democracy. Light-limbed, graceful horses to a model wagon, standing midway of the plat; the timothy swaths, lying straight and thick on a stubble as even as a parlor floor; two strong men, well dressed and clean, with buckskin gloves to protect their hands, lifting the hay to the top of the load, whereon stands a graceful youth, his brown face, full of intelligence, shaded by a broad hat, and his hands gloved, too, make a strong contrast with the Old World's groups of labor-

ing peasantry dressed in parti-colored rags. The wheat and oats harvests, however, bring together a greater number of toilers; and, owing to the rapidity necessary, all the operations are extremely laborious and wearying on the muscles. Binding wheat, for instance, simple as it may seem, is next to terrible in its effects upon the system, when performed with that push and rush common to harvest fields. Hence the well-to-do farmer is seldom seen at such work. He rides upon the cushioned seat of the reaper, while his "hired hands" do the "binding" and "shocking." He pays them wages of from one and a half to two dollars per day for their services. The good old custom of taking luncheon in the harvest field at eleven o'clock A. M., is still observed in many districts; but the lunch-basket is not always borne in the hands of a pretty, red-lipped lass, as an artist would have it. The farmer's daughter may be away at boarding-school, learning to play the piano, instead of carrying pies and corn-cakes afield for her father's men. Nevertheless, if she were at home, you might see her, in sun-bonnet and gloves, gladly trudging across the stubble, with the big basket on her plump arm, and a jug of milk—if buttermilk, all the better—in her hand, singing as she goes a snatch from some popular song and chorus, or mayhap whistling—yes, actually whistling—the cheeriest bars of a new waltz. The lunch is eaten under the boughs of a walnut or maple tree, the cheerful little lass standing by, chatting gayly with some one of her youthful acquaintances, it may be her sweetheart. Pies, made of early small fruit or of pulverized dried pumpkin, and with cool buttermilk, make no mean feast for hungry, exhausted laborers; but sometimes home-made wine, clear, sweet, and several years old, takes the place of milk. This wine is made of red currants, raspberries, blackberries, or, rarely, of grapes. I have tasted some that would grace the board of an epicure.

The flail of the farmer of to-day is a huge machine run by steam and called, for the sake of novelty, a thresher. The steam-engine of this machine is trundled from farm to farm on a heavy wagon, and resembles in a considerable degree a small pony railway locomotive. The thresher, or "separator," as it is sometimes called, rides on another wagon. The process of threshing is rendered very satisfactory by the use of this machine; but the labor is even more disagreeable than that of the flail. Imagine your feelings, after having stood all day

long, under the blazing sun of August, right in the central current of a rushing stream of dust, composed mostly of pulverized wheat-beards, and, with a heavy rake, kept the constantly accumulating straw from the tail-gate of a steam thresher. I have seen men come forth from that storm of chaff, straw, dust, and what not of stifling vegetable compound, looking more dead than alive, panting for breath, bathed in sweat and trembling from over-exertion. The men who work at the mouth of the machine are in constant danger. The thresher proper is a huge iron cylinder, armed with closely set iron teeth, which, as it revolves, gives forth a loud, humming sound. If fed too rapidly, this cylinder is liable to burst, and in that case some one is killed. Not unfrequently a man's arm is drawn in among these cruel teeth and ground to shreds.

The winter work of our farmers is not, take it altogether, so pleasant as his summer portion. Cutting or sawing wood, husking corn, hauling out fodder to the cattle and sheep, feeding the hogs and attending to the horses, when the wind is in the north and the thermometer indicates 10° below zero, cannot be said to have much genuine poetry in it. But when the winter wanes away and the subtle spirit of spring begins to manifest itself in certain breaths of balm from the south; when the freezes of night are thawed by day, and the sap-sucker—that peculiar little woodpecker—makes his hammer heard in the woods, a saccharine thought enters the good farmer's head, and forthwith all hands are out betimes in the clear, bright morning, boring the maple-trees, setting the little hollow spiles, arranging the troughs and boiling-kettles—in a word, getting ready for sugar-making. The women and children, glad to escape from the house, which has, to some extent, been a winter prison to them, join in this light work with all the zeal and cheery noise of a lot of bluebirds returned from the South. The "first run," as the original potting of sap for any season is termed, makes the choicest, rarest-flavored sugar and sirup, wherefore great pains are expended on its management, and every one on the farm desires to have a hand in the work and a full share of the first ball of maple-wax,—the most delicate, delicious, racy sweet one ever rolled under the tongue. The taste of it will make a very child of whomsoever is not totally depraved.

The maple-groves on the Western farms are called sugar-camps—a name derived from rude tents and camp-fixtures formerly

erected in every one of these groves, near the boiling-furnace, where the farmer's family would take up lodgings during the season. Those were merry days and nights when the young folks met at "wax-pullings" and "stirring-off" parties, eating sweets to surfeit and dancing to the full of their desire, under the wide arms of the trees, by the light of a huge log-fire; but they are ended. The sugar-horns seldom blow now, and a couple of hired men tend the kettles at night, while the farmer and his family sleep at home. Indeed, of late years, the terrible cyclones and other wind-waves have become so frequent and destructive that the maple orchards, owing to the natural weakness of the tree-boles near the root, have been in a measure ruined over very large districts, and in the near future sugar-making from the sap of the maple will be over forever. The forests themselves are doomed to early extermination, unless saved by a judicious system of planting.

But there is a harvest, the grandest harvest in all the grain-growing world, the Indian corn harvest, of which very little has been written in a descriptive way, which yet presents to the observer many a strikingly picturesque scene. The maize-fields of Indiana and Illinois, to say nothing of those of Ohio, Missouri, Kansas and Kentucky, are too vast for the limits of a magazine paper. Indeed I venture the assertion that their illimitable, or practically illimitable and monstrous vastness has so cloyed the minds of many a tourist that a study of corn-gathering has never suggested itself to him. This, however, is the one great harvest, the methods of performing which have not been at all altered for many years, by the invention of labor-saving machines. The corn-knife and the husking-peg are just what they were fifty years ago. The method of gathering the ears from the standing stalks is as old as maize culture itself. The ear, husk and all, is wrenched off by a turn of the laborer's hand and flung into a wagon, which is driven down the rows across the field till it is full. The corn is then hauled away and thrown into cribs or pens to be fed out to hogs or cattle, or to be shelled for the market. The method of husking is very simple. A pointed peg of iron or hard wood is held in the right hand, the middle finger of which passes through a leather loop fastened to the middle of the peg. With the point of this the husk is torn open at the end and stripped off the ear, which is then broken from the butt of the husk by

a quick turn of the left hand. This is often so done in the field as to leave the entire husk on the standing stalk, in which case, as soon as all the corn is out of a field, the cattle of the farmer are turned in to feed thereon. Corn-gathering in many of the prairie regions, where one farmer often has a thousand acres to care for, is sometimes a business for all the long, cold winter. I have frequently seen it going on late in March, and I particularly recollect scaring a man's horses, at the time hitched to a wagon loaded with freshly gathered corn, by shooting near them at a flock of wild geese, early in April.

The last decade has been one of vast improvement in the dwelling houses of our farmers. The cabins and hewed-log structures are nearly all gone, and the ambition for building handsome and even quite pretentious residences, has been indulged to an extent which in too many instances, has brought financial trouble, and, quite often, ruin on the land-owners. Many a farmer has demonstrated, to his own sorrow, that to mortgage his land in order to raise the money with which to build a stylish cottage, is a quick road to bankruptcy. But these new homes, so bright and beautiful, shining out from the green setting of the groves, lend a wonderful charm to the landscapes. Somebody will own and enjoy them, even if their builders must abandon them and go farther west in search of better luck. Nor is the beauty of these homes confined to their exterior. Quite often, in the course of my rambles, I have found Western farm-houses furnished in exquisite taste from library to kitchen. Chairs, tables, carpets, curtains and pictures, in many of our country homes, have been chosen with a correctness of judgment rarely evinced by a large class of most excellent city folk. In the matter of books, a farmer of the better class generally selects with great care and with a view to solid mental food. But a taste for light fiction, poetry, music and painting is not wanting. It is surprising, indeed, to find how generally the works of the leading British and American poets and novelists are read among the rural classes of the West. The younger American poets are as well known, by their writings, West as East. Even Hawthorne, whom to read and appreciate, is high evidence of literary taste and intelligence, has found very many of his sincerest admirers inside the homes of the "Hoosier" and the "Buckeye." Not long since, while sojourn-

ing for a fortnight or so on the shore of one of our western lakes, I had the pleasure of spending several evenings at a farm-house where, as a member of the family for the time, I was allowed to hear one of George Eliot's novels read aloud by the farmer's daughter. Everywhere in the West the leading literary journals, both weekly and monthly, are subscribed for by farmers, for the pleasure and instruction of their families, while many of them take a daily paper.

But, despite all that can be said to the contrary, the *genus rusticus*, which has by some one been rendered into English and made to mean "rusty cuss," still largely asserts itself in our rural regions,—a genus of the copperas breeches, ginger-cake-loving ilk, to whom we owe the racy, soil-flavored smack of original humor, peculiar to the Ohio and Mississippi river valleys. Farm life in the West seems to have developed broad, comico-humorous ways of speech, and it cannot be denied that much of this humor, coarse though it is, possesses the inimitable charm of outright home manufacture. Through certain of our local Western journals, the world has of late caught very distinct glimpses of it. But I am sure that the best Western humor has never yet been reduced to type. It is scattered about in rural neighborhoods, and most of it is finally lost by being carelessly thrown aside as "old." Most of what has been given to the world, in books and monthly magazines, as Western humor, has been first put through a refining process of doubtful doctoring, by which something more than a mere modicum of the home flavor has been allowed to exhale. It may be enunciated as a rule that the more ignorant class of Western farmers discovers a far quicker and finer sense of humor than does the somewhat educated and refined class. So soon as a smattering of books and newspapers gets into a clod, the sharp salt of the earth seems to go out, and there comes self-consciousness and a straining after unnatural effects. To illustrate my meaning, a short digression will be allowable.

I was one day riding along a level Indiana lane, between broad fields. May was hurrying away, with the swift feet of June treading close behind her, and the corn was riant on either hand. The hedges were low, so that I could see over them far along the straight green rows of maize. A number of men and boys were plowing between the plants. One, a young fellow

whom I recognized as a winter school-teacher, drove his horse (a big, bony mare, in fact) close up by the hedge just as I was passing. He lifted his slouched hat and hailed me in a loud, jolly tone, with—

"Hilloo there! That you? S'pose'n' you come over an' rest me a bit—lemme ride awhile an' you plow awhile!"

I declined this friendly offer, whereupon the pedagogue, reclining between the handles of his plow, and closing one eye while with the other he squinted at me quizzically, delivered a thin stream of tobacco-juice, and said:

"How d'y'e like the looks o' my mare?"

I have said that this animal was big and bony. She was more. She was really deformed, having very camel-like withers and hind parts so low that, at first glance, she looked not unlike a half-starved giraffe. The harness or gear by which she was expected to pull the plow was a wonder of patch-work, consisting of an old gunny-sack for back-band, one chain and one rope for "tugs" or traces, and a bit of leather bridle-rein for a belly-band. The collar was of plaited corn-husks, and the hames were not mates, one being of iron, the other of wood.

"Oh, she's good enough, I dare say, for this purpose. What is her name?" I responded, in an idle way.

"Her name," he drawled, with another volley of amber juice, "her name is not adzactly pronounceable in English, but, as near as I can get at it, it's—*Lay cavale au beau harnais*. I've hunted it out 'n the French on purpose for her. Jist suits her, don't it? G'long here, Nance!" And away they went, mare and man, leaving the merest hint of a dust-cloud behind them, with a decided soily aroma following them, to say nothing of my amused and puzzled stare and the suppressed tittering of the bluebirds on the hedge-rows. I saw in the incident evidence of the first vague movement of the spirit of culture somewhere deep down in the youthful pedagogue's nature.

The pastoral phase of farm life has always possessed a peculiar charm for me. On the prairies large bodies of pasture land are still unhedged, and one may see the herders watching their cattle, just as it used to be done in the dreamiest days of eld. True enough, there are few of the Arcadian features left with herding, when he who tends the flocks is mounted on a horse and carries, instead of a wolf-spear, a double-barreled

shot-gun with which to shoot prairie-chickens. Nevertheless, the vast rolling plain of green grass, the peaceful flocks, and the delightful, breezy weather of our prairie summers get into one's dreams with a good deal of power, and I am not sure that, after all, this modern cow-herd, riding slowly here and there, pipe in mouth and gun on shoulder, is not happier, by at least the pipe's solace, than any trudging flute-player of the olden plains. Not unfrequently it is the owner of the flock who thus drifts about the green sea of grass, complacently watching how, mouthful by mouthful, his cattle take up the wild, sweet food which broadens and fattens them. Moment after moment they grow heavier, and as pound by pound shows in their sleek sides, he can pretty accurately compute his own thrift. Yonder is his home—a very humble one, built of boards, in the midst of a bright grove of young oak-trees, crowning a conical swell of the prairie. If his "live stock" thrive, he will build him a pretty cottage next year, and send his daughter away to school. Formerly, the dwellings of the inhabitants of the prairies were comfortless in the last degree, and even now the best of them are not to be compared with the beautiful, home-like residences of the timbered regions. No doubt this difference is mainly owing to the exceedingly muddy, filthy condition of the prairie fields and roads during a large portion of the year. Macadamized roads are very rare in the prairies, whilst in the timbered regions of the older Western states turnpikes and gravelled highways are quite common. Along these roads one may travel for a whole day without seeing any but the most comfortable farm-houses. A cottage, built at the cost of ten thousand dollars, is not at all a rare thing on Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois farms, especially along the principal public roads within a radius of six or eight miles from the "county-seats," as the court-house villages are called, and many can be found fitted up with all the "modern improvements," even to heating with steam or hot air. When it is considered that fifty years ago Indiana was, for the most part, a swampy wilderness, the home of Indians, wolves and bears, one at once falls to wondering how it is that such a transformation has been accomplished in so short a period. But the explanation covers too broad a field for this paper. Indeed, there is no forthright way of telling how it comes that the battle-field of Tippecanoe looks to-day as old and as classically historic as Bunker Hill or Brandywine; yet

it does. So, in looking at the intellectual side of Western farm life, I cannot undertake to explain why it is that "Hoosier" and "Buckeye" and "Sucker" tillers of the soil are to-day far ahead of the same class in the Eastern states, as regards a broad, liberal knowledge of men and things, and a thorough-going, virile way of thinking and acting for themselves. A competent observer living in the West cannot fail to note the rapid growth of eloquence, art-culture, philosophical inquiry, and all else tending to a lifting of the masses to a high intellectual plane. When Mr. Greeley used to din his "Go West, young man, go West!" in the ears of poor fellows, he little thought how soon the stream of emigration he helped to start toward the setting sun, would begin to recoil upon the cultured East. He was not, clear-sighted as he seemed, able to foreknow that, out of the great, wild West, would come men, taught on the prairies and drilled in the girdled forests in their youth, and prepared for their trust by the vicissitudes of new-country life, to take charge of the highest offices and to fill the choicest literary and scientific places of honor; that the rugged vigor of the Western mind, with the keen, incisive mode of thought born of the exigencies of Western progress, would soon give a hearty, healthful impetus to the realistic side of art, and that finally the great West would lift itself up and control the destinies of the republic.

The West, as it is, may be marked out in two great divisions: the Middle West and the Frontier West. The first-named division covers Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, southern Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri; the second division reaches from Missouri to the Rocky Mountains. The first division, of itself, in point of climate, soil, and commercial advantages, is capable of supporting and making rich fifty million people. Its prairies are black loam, deeper than any plow can reach, and richer in the mineral salts and vegetable remains necessary to a powerful productiveness than any other region on the globe. The great farms are yearly being divided and subdivided, so that as the agricultural population increases the number of landed estates increases, and the building of new, neat homes keeps well apace with marriage and the demands of immigrants. The business of farming is thus being elevated, in the view of the people, to its proper plane, and young men, educated at the best colleges, are not ashamed of taking to wife a farmer's daugh-

ter and setting themselves to work improving, beautifying, and pushing to its limit the productiveness of an eighty-acre farm.

In short, the Middle West is fast becoming a mere extension of the East. If Boston and New York represent the two divisions of our national brain, then Cincinnati and Indianapolis, Toledo, Chicago, and St. Louis may be called divisions in the great vertebra through which passes the spinal marrow of the republic, the very life of which is that of a thrifty, ever progressive, honest, honorable rural population. What Lincoln was to Charles Sumner, the West was to the East some twenty years ago. To-day the lines draw closer at every point.

And so it comes to pass that the farmers of the old *régime* in the Middle West must choose between the alternatives of submitting to the influence of progress, or of loading their lumbering old wains with all their antiquated implements and household furniture and setting their faces westward for another long "move" toward the setting sun. As a rule, they accept the latter horn of the dilemma and trundle away to Kansas or Nebraska. Every summer the great highways leading westward across Illinois are at times crowded with these odd-looking "movers' wagons." Not unfrequently the moving family consists of three generations, —tough-looking, wrinkled grandparents, their children, and their children's children, —accompanied by some dogs. In the wagon are some beds and blankets, a tent possibly, cooking utensils, some bacon and meal, a chest or so, and the women and children. The men and boys walk apace with the team, "grandpap" perhaps carrying on his shoulder a long rifle made in the days of the Indian wars. They all have a wistful expression of face, as if sorry to leave their old haunts, and yet unable to bear the burthen and uncertainty of the new order of things. They know full well that they have no place to fill in this rushing, hurrying, steaming, patent-right age, and they are going out and back to the times of forty years ago. The farmer's daughter, hearing their wagons rattling along the road, gets up from her sewing, her book, or her organ, and goes to the door to see them pass. They eye her half-stolidly, half-admiringly as, in her neat calico wrapper and white collar, she shines upon them a very star of beauty. The youths plowing in the

fields beside the way halloo at them saucily, and even the dogs of the residents have a pick at the superannuated-looking curs that follow the wagon. And so with a kick, as it were, the new pushes out the old.

It may be that the new is rushing on too rapidly, and, indeed, some patent facts point to this. The recent years of financial trouble have induced many farmers to mortgage their lands heavily, for a series of years, at the rate of nine or ten per cent. per annum, to Eastern capitalists. The amount for which the mortgage is written usually somewhat exceeds one-third the value of the pledged lands. The per cent. per annum is more than can be realized from the crops over and above the farmer's living, and the outlook is anything but cheering to many. But this is no place for a discussion of finance and economy; nor, indeed, is there need for such discussion, seeing that if all the mortgages were foreclosed to-morrow, the great West would not feel the shock, but would plunge on with all her industries, little heeding who went under meanwhile.

In concluding these glimpses, it may not be amiss to say that if the world of the East has formed an entirely erroneous notion of what Western farm life really is, the literary folk of the East are almost wholly to blame for it. As a rule, *littérateurs* are apt to believe that literature is everything; that a country or province is to be judged solely by the books it has uttered, and that because a population is slow to buy books, therefore it is composed of boors and bumpkins. These forget that Hawthorne and Irving are in no way representative of the New York or New England masses, but only of the cultured few, and that literature, no matter how desirable or how much desired, can never originate or thrive, to any satisfactory extent, outside the great cities, and that all culture, in the literary sense, is exclusive, aristocratic, and always has been, and always will be, confined to the few.

What is needed for the general public good is that we of the republic shall know each other,—North, South, East, West. Till we do, the best and of course the most characteristic features of our national life will fail to enter into history, much less into song and story, and unity of purpose, among the great laboring classes, which means true patriotism, will not be reached or known.

THE TRANSPORTATION QUESTION.

THE question, "How shall we cheapen transportation?" is one of paramount importance. I propose to answer it. The profits on agriculture and on manufactured articles constitute, to a great extent, national wealth; these profits depend largely upon the cost of transportation. Lord Bacon says that a fertile soil, busy workshops, and cheap transportation constitute the immediate means of the wealth of a people. Transportation is now dear; it should be cheap. It is obstructed by monopolies; it should be open to all. It is subject to conditions which double its cost, from which it should be relieved.

Railroad transportation is cumbersome, inefficient, and needlessly expensive. It demands power it cannot utilize, doubling its cost. It makes the carrying of passengers its primary, and freight its secondary object, at the expense of the products of the land. It is inefficient, because its roadways, its engines and cars are so constructed, owing to the width of gauge, as to require four tons of dead weight to carry one ton of freight, and needless expense in structure, sacrificed by the force it is compelled to support; a system is practical which can be made to carry two and eight-tenth tons of freight to one ton of dead weight, and in the same ratio diminishing wear and tear. It is needlessly expensive, for the present system costs forty per cent. more for roadway, and a third more for operating expenses, while it can do little more than a third the work the less expensive system can perform.

These assertions need proofs. I proceed to offer them. The railroads between the Mississippi valley and the Atlantic, except the New York Central and portions of the Pennsylvania, have been built, equipped, and are worked upon a theory which has been demonstrated to be unfit for freight transportation. The gauges all run from four feet, eight inches to five feet, six inches, and six feet. The war of the gauges has resulted in the victory of the narrow gauges. In the mountains of Wales, slate mines invited capital. Easy and cheap transportation were essential to profit. Thirteen miles separated Festiniog, the place of the mines, from Port Modoc, the sea-port for shipping. The route was mountainous and difficult. Festiniog is

700 feet above Port Modoc. The route had to be scooped out of mountain-sides, while ravines continually intercepted the way and had to be crossed by wall works and stone embankments. So crooked was the route, that its line was almost a continual repetition of the letter S. Its curves were so sharp that a moderately long train would be on three curves at the same time. These obstacles were in the way of cheap transportation. In 1839, a horse tram-way was constructed with a two-foot gauge, and a sixteen-pound rail, which in a few years was replaced by a thirty-pound rail, and the track was adapted to steam-engines. After eighteen years' use, the thirty-pound rails were replaced by forty-eight pound rails. The original capital stock of the road was £36,000. The earnings expended in construction increased the capital to £86,000, making the cost \$30,000 per mile. It pays 29½ per cent. on its original, and 12½ on its present, capital. It is worked with the Fairlie engine, and is the most successful railway in England. This statement raises the question, Why is it that this narrow gauge road has always paid large dividends, when nearly every wide-gauge in Great Britain has failed to pay? In answering this, I shall demonstrate that narrow gauge roads are essential to cheap transportation. I shall proceed to proofs by showing, first: saving in construction; second: in equipment; third: in dead weight; fourth: in increased relative power to carry freight; fifth: decrease in wear and tear; sixth: decrease in running expenses. Establishing these positions, I shall proceed to inquire, seventh: can a pure freight road be made to pay? eighth: how should such a road be operated? Finally, I shall show the demand for cheap transportation and compare the relative ability of our water means of transport with that of narrow-gauge roads. The first inquiry is as to

SAVING IN CONSTRUCTION.

THIS cannot be accurately settled until the exact gauge is fixed and the route is established. Three feet, or three feet, six inches should be settled upon. With either of these gauges the saving will vary but little, if any, from forty per cent. Actual and varied experiences have established this

conclusion. These experiences have resulted from works entered upon on the report of a committee appointed by various European, Asiatic, and South American governments to visit the Festiniog road, and examine its working capacity, feasibility, and general utility. In July, 1870, this committee met. It was composed of the most experienced and thoroughly educated railroad engineers of Europe. They examined in detail the engines, cars, and every element of practical importance in their weight, construction, size, durability, etc., etc. The result was a unanimous concurrence in a report favorable to narrow gauges, and all the details so successfully demonstrated in the twenty years' experiment of the Festiniog road. Russia at once adopted the report of its commission, and constructed the Imperial Livny narrow-gauge road, which it has since operated with triumphant success. Its cost (it is a three feet six inch track) was forty per cent. less than four feet eight and a half inch gauge, through a corresponding country and grades. Uniformity of result has shown that the cost diminishes with the width of the track. In India, Australia, Norway, Canada, North Germany and the United States, the cost has been as follows per mile: Australia, \$32,000; India, \$19,000; Norway, from \$15,000 to \$26,600; Canada, \$14,000; Western states, \$10,000 to \$12,000; Tennessee, \$11,500. "The Railway Times" estimates the cost in ordinary routes at \$13,500 against \$24,000 for four feet eight and a half inch grade. The "New York Tribune," after exhaustive examination, fixed the cost of a fully equipped single track at \$16,400, as against \$25,400 for four feet eight and a half. The Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge cost \$13,500, against \$23,500 for a four feet eight and a half inches on like routes.

SAVING IN EQUIPMENT.

THIS cannot be accurately settled until the gauge is settled and the route established. The committee of European governments, before alluded to, examined every detail in the Festiniog road. The Russian, Indian, South American, Australian and North American roads have verified the conclusions there reached. The capacity of platform, gondola and box cars weighing 1,776 lbs., would average 18,200 of freight. The cost of platform cars, carrying for each wheel 3,150, would be \$350, or \$18.42 for each 1,000 lbs. of capacity, and

the capacity of freight to dead weight 1 to 2 $\frac{1}{6}$. The gondola would carry to each wheel 3,156; cost \$385, or \$21.39 for 1,000 lbs. of capacity: proportion of dead weight 1 to 2 $\frac{1}{6}$. Box cars carrying to each wheel 3,300, cost \$450, or \$25.71 for each 1,000 lbs. of capacity, with capacity as one is to two.

The Russian narrow gauge has demonstrated that a platform car, weighing 1 ton, 1,300 lbs., will carry 5 tons, 1,900 lbs. An open car weighing 1 ton, 1,700, will carry 5 tons, 1,600 lbs. A closed car, weighing 2 tons, 100 lbs., will carry 5 tons, 900 lbs., so that in carrying 350 tons, 242 would be freight and 108 dead-weight. The difference in weight, capacity and cost, between eight-wheeled cars for a four feet eight inch and a three feet six inch gauge is as follows: Three feet,—weight, 8,800 lbs.; capacity, 17,600; cost \$458. Four feet eight inches,—weight, 19,000; capacity in full, 18,000; cost \$735. Platform three feet gauge,—weight, 6,250; capacity, 19,000; cost, \$350. For four feet eight and a half inches gauge,—weight, 18,000; capacity, 18,000; cost, \$575. For gondola three feet gauge,—weight, 7,250; capacity 18,000; cost, \$385. For four feet eight and a half inches gauge, weight, 18,500; cost, \$625. These estimates are taken from actual working weight on cars on the Pennsylvania road, as compared with the Denver and Rio Grande narrow gauge.

SAVING IN DEAD-WEIGHT.

THE saving in dead-weight, on the narrow gauge, in cars to carry 100 tons is 103,000 lbs. The most expert and experienced engineers give the result as averaging on a three feet track two and eight-tenths of paying freight to one ton of dead-weight; and it is not contended that on a four feet eight inch track, the capacity to carry freight is beyond the dead-weight. This is the result of actual and prolonged experiments. The difference is demonstrated by the operations of two representative roads. On the London and North-Western, wide gauge, a freight train, weighing, with freight, 250 tons, is made up of 50 tons of freight to 200 tons of dead-weight. On the Imperial Livny Russian, narrow gauge, a train weighing 354 tons is made up of 260 tons of freight and 94 tons of dead-weight. To carry this 260 tons of freight, the wide gauge requires as an average 1,040 tons of carriages. As 94 tons is to 1,040, so is the difference between the two systems. This brings me to

THE INCREASED POWER TO CARRY
FREIGHT.

ACTUAL statistics show, that the four feet eight inch gauge uses four tons of dead-weight to carry one ton of freight. The fact is deduced from a report of Mr. Sweet, an eminent and well-known engineer of New York, made up from the working tables of various prominent wide-gauge roads. All freight carried on passenger roads—and nearly every road in the United States has been constructed with special reference to passenger traffic—is carried at double the expense at which it could be carried on pure freight roads. I have shown that it can be carried on narrow gauge at one-half the expense it can be carried on wide gauges. These facts established, I am brought to the question of

DECREASED WEAR AND TEAR.

THIS results from decreased friction, decreased weight, and decreased collisions. The wear and tear in rolling stock, and on the rails and road-bed is conceded to be in an exact ratio to the width between the rails and to the weight and speed with which trains are rolled over the track. On the basis I have shown, a four feet eight inch track would have to bear the friction of 50,000,000 tons, to 20,000,000 tons on a three-foot track, to carry the same amount of freight. The ratio then is as 20 is to 50, in favor of the narrow gauge. So too, the wear and tear as the train is drawn faster than ten miles an hour, is increased in the exact ratio of the increase of speed. The principles which determine these results are too plain to require further elucidation, and I proceed to the matter of

DECREASED RUNNING EXPENSES.

THE expenses of running a railroad are measured generally, first, by the cost of construction and equipment, and second, by the passengers and freight it carries. The cost of rolling stock between the three feet and the four feet eight inch track is as 21 is to 32, and the structure as 20 is to 30. The capacity as $2\frac{8}{10}$ is to 1, so that the cost of running a narrow gauge would be less than one-half the cost of running a wide gauge. The question, then, is:

CAN A PURE FREIGHT ROAD BE MADE TO
PAY?

THE earnings of all the railroads in the United States in 1850 were \$39,466,358, of

which, \$20,192,104 was for freight. The earnings for the year ending May 1, 1873, estimated at \$9,000 per mile, which is regarded as a fair estimate, amounted to nearly \$600,000,000. More than five-eighths of the earnings of the trunk lines are for freight, and two-thirds of all the profits earned accrue from the freight carried. The expense of carrying freight is conceded to be not more than forty per cent. of the gross earnings. With freight to be carried, as it can be carried at less than half the expense on a three feet gauge of the cost of carrying it on a four feet eight inch gauge, it needs no argument to show, that pure freight roads will pay, if there is freight enough to be carried to keep them in motion. It is conceded that the whole country between the Mississippi valley, and the waters of the Missouri, and the Atlantic coast is demanding increased facilities, and that just in proportion as the freight is reduced will its quantity be increased. The subject of cheap and rapid transportation has elicited general attention. Congress has carefully examined it. The Hon. Samuel Shellabarger, as chairman of the committee of commerce, has reported, "That the great necessity is cheaper channels of transportation not liable to protracted interruptions for any cause." He shows that the charges on wheat, by railroads, often reach seventy-five cents per bushel from the Mississippi to New York; that the water charges are often as high as fifty cents during the months of navigation from Chicago to New York, and sixty-two cents from the Mississippi; in fact, that the charges are often so high as to be prohibitory. And it must be borne in mind, that the West and the South-west are but commencing their development and production. Ten years will more than double the demand for transportation. Past experience and statistics may enlighten us as to the future. In 1707, a wagon express, running once in two weeks, carried all the freight between New York and Philadelphia. In 1754, there was mail between these cities but once a week. In 1776, they commenced running three times a week. The year ending January 1, 1873, the receipts for freights by the Pennsylvania Railroad, between the two cities, were \$3,287,196.72. Between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, the receipts for freights for the same time were \$16,856,891.41. Prior to 1825, freight was carried between Albany and Buffalo in wagons. The cost was \$100 per ton between New York and Buffalo. The Erie Canal was completed November

8, 1825. Four great lines for freight transportation were commenced,—one each by the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Virginia, to connect the navigable waters of the interior, with the tide-waters of the East and South. But the obstacles were too great to be overcome before railroads occupied the field. Only one of the great canals was successfully completed. Transportation was reduced to one-tenth, or, to \$10 a ton between New York and Buffalo, and finally reduced to \$3 per ton. Yet a large—by far the largest—part of valuable freight is carried by railroads. In 1850, all the railroads in the United States carried but 5,000,000 tons. In 1873, they carried 140,000,000 tons. The value of the freight carried by railroads in 1851 was \$810,725,200. In 1870 it was \$10,875,750,000. The increase was 3,375,000 tons annually, or more than the average annual tonnage of the Erie Canal. These facts prove that there is to be freight enough to sustain freight railroads. But let us look further. The present cost of transportation, on railroads, is claimed to be from nine to thirteen mills per ton per mile. Taking this as the basis, the circle within which corn at seventy-five cents per bushel, and wheat at one dollar and fifty cents, will have a merchantable value will be a radius of one thousand six hundred miles for corn, and three thousand two hundred miles for wheat. The exact charge for transporting wheat, corn, and flour from Chicago to Buffalo, and from Buffalo to New York, for ten years, from 1860 to 1870, inclusive, averaged as follows: On wheat, from Chicago to Buffalo, 8 cents and $8\frac{3}{4}$ mills; from Buffalo to New York, 15 cents and $8\frac{1}{2}$ mills—aggregating from Chicago to New York, 24 cents and $7\frac{1}{4}$ mills per bushel. Corn from Chicago to Buffalo has cost 7 cents $9\frac{1}{10}$ mills, and from Buffalo to New York, 13 cents and 6 mills per bushel—aggregating from Chicago to New York 22 cents. The average for a barrel of flour for the whole distance has been 95 cents. The cost of transporting a bushel of wheat from Chicago to New York at $9\frac{22}{100}$ mills per ton per mile, calling the distance one thousand miles, is about 27 $\frac{1}{10}$ cents, and at 95 cents per barrel the cost is equivalent to $9\frac{1}{2}$ mills per ton per mile. It is safe to say that grain and flour can be carried on a narrow-gauge freight railroad at four mills per ton per mile, or at less than half the present water rates, as they have averaged for fifteen years.

The average freight on the Lake Shore

Railroad, for 1870, was 15, and for 1871, $13\frac{9}{10}$ mills per ton per mile. On the Pennsylvania roads for 1872, the charge was $13\frac{1}{10}$ mills, and the cost $8\frac{1}{10}$ mills per ton per mile. The cost on the New York Central was $7\frac{7}{10}$ mills, and the charge about $13\frac{1}{2}$ mills. The New York Central has now a double freight-track, and the Pennsylvania is gradually laying a like double freight-track, recognizing the fact that on wide-gauge pure freight tracks they can carry freight at a cost of five mills per ton per mile.

These statistical facts render the question pertinent:

How can a freight railroad be operated so as to pay dividends at four mills per ton per mile?

Having shown that narrow-gauge railroads can be built, equipped, and run at greatly diminished cost from the cost of building, equipping, and running wide gauges, and the fact being authoritatively established that a narrow gauge can carry as much, if not more freight than a wide gauge, the questions, How shall such roads be built, and how shall they be operated? are the pertinent inquiries to be answered. Here, theory, to a certain extent, will have to take the place of experience, and yet the theory I adopt is the result of positive experience evolved out of facts recognized as beyond dispute. The great feature is for the government to build a public highway, for freight, in the form of a double-track narrow-gauge railroad from the Missouri and the Mississippi, to be fed by branches from all points of production to the Atlantic ports, which shall be exclusively dedicated to the transportation of freight and its owners; second, that it shall be owned, controlled, and its tolls on freight shall be established exclusively by the government; third, that such tolls on freight shall be established with the sole view of keeping the road in substantial repair, and of creating a small sinking fund to pay for its construction; and, fourth, it shall be open, like the Erie Canal, to all who choose to place their freight trains upon it, subject to the regulations for controlling its working operations. The route would form nearly an air line from the Missouri, starting at Council Bluffs, to Toledo, diverging there for Pittsburgh, and so on to Philadelphia, and continuing from Toledo to Buffalo, and on to Albany, where it would again separate, one line going to New York and the other to Boston, as is shown by the map of the route on next page.



MAP OF PROPOSED NARROW-GAUGE RAILROAD.

N. Y. Map & Relief Line Eng. Co.

The regulations would establish an exact and peremptory rate of speed, not to exceed twelve miles per hour. All startings, and stoppings, and obstructions would be reported by telegraph, and no train would start except in subordination to the movement of the trains reported. With a highway so constructed and so worked, every town could have its side track, and enterprise and competition would set in motion all the agencies to meet the full demands of the public.

With a highway constructed on the most approved principles of engineering,—solid, substantial, with steel rails, iron bridges, perfected turn-outs, and such appliances as experience has dictated,—feeders would find their way to it as naturally as water finds its level. With a road so built and regulated, there could hardly be a limit to its transit power. It would do away practically with commission merchants and middle-men, for each town or producer, if he is a large one, could follow his own freight, market it, know the exact expense and the exact time it will take him to realize. There would be no monopoly, for every train would be run on exact terms of equality. It would be transportation at the cheapest rates steam engines on rails can effect. This conclusion brings me to the comparative capacities and cost of

reference to the capacities and obstructions of the Mississippi than with the more extended idea of making our whole river communication available by connecting with the canals, and so making a continuous and direct means of cheap transportation. At that convention, or congress, as it was called, the discussions were directed more to making the Mississippi and its tributaries a means of reaching the sea-board than to perfecting the old design of making Norfolk the great seat of commerce, by uniting the Potomac and the James to the waters of the Ohio, and thus forming through our great south and south-western rivers on the one hand, and the Illinois, Lake Michigan, the Detroit and Lake Erie, an outlet through the Erie Canal on the other, for all the products of the South and West. If the rivers could be so united by canals as to afford transportation without breaking bulk, and if the Ohio, the Tennessee, the Arkansas,—indeed, most of the rivers in the great chain,—did not practically dry up in the summer and freeze up in the winter, it might be well to discuss the subject; but, as it is, it is an idle waste of time. The principal reason urged against a railroad system was that it could not be made to compete with water transportation either in point of capacity or cheapness. If this were true, then all means should be adopted to develop the water-courses; but I contest both assumptions. I shall, therefore, take the capacities of the two systems as developed and the cost of the two, to determine the issue.

It has been argued that the inadequacy of the present means is such and the pressure on the water routes is so great during the limited season between the harvesting of crops and the close of navigation, that exorbitant prices are demanded for water freight, and the distance is so great by rail, that transportation can never be brought down to prices such as afford a living profit to the producer. The great question for

RIVER, CANAL, AND LAKE TRANSPORTATION AS OPPOSED TO THE SYSTEM PROPOSED.

THE advocates of the water-courses are numerous, but there are insurmountable obstacles to their being made available for the requirements of transportation. Water-courses can only succeed where there is adequate and continuous supply of water. There are but few such points. Railroads can be made to every point where transportation is needed. At the St. Louis convention held a few years since, the question was elaborately, and one side of it at least, ably examined, perhaps with more direct

solution was, What can be done to cheapen transportation? The enthusiasts of the convention pointed to the majestic river which sweeps the continent, as an easy answer. The trouble of the matter was, that the solution, easy by words, was extremely difficult of practical operation. But, evading all the manifold obstructions to be removed before river navigation can be available only for a very brief part of the year, and its almost invincible barrier at the mouth of the Mississippi, the actors of that convention and the advocates generally of the water-courses directed and still direct their attention to the inadequacy of the railroads to carry the freight, and to the prohibitory expense even if they could be made to possess the capacity to carry the millions of tons of freight, especially breadstuffs, which are wasted or consumed for fuel, for want of cheap transportation. They demonstrated with unanswerable clearness that the increase in population is in the West and the South-west, and that production in manufacturing and in all the products of the soil was immensely greater there than at the East. They then contented themselves with examining the existing system of railroad transportation, to demonstrate its inadequacy to answer the necessities of the producing West. But they failed to reach the plane of the easy probability that it could be made to furnish not only adequate, continuous and never-failing capacities for transporting the products of the West, but to do so at a cost such as would afford a solution of all the difficulties in the way as they now exist. They assumed that it must cost *thirteen mills* per ton per mile to transport freight by railroads, when it can be done at a profit at *four mills*. They admitted that canal transportation cost seven mills per ton per mile; lake, five mills per ton per mile, or one-fifth more than the cost by a narrow-gauge pure freight road; and they assert that it can be carried by river at three mills per ton per mile. Yes, providing you have rivers where you want them, that they have full capacity of water, are not obstructed, do not dry up in the summer or freeze in winter; but they did not and can not find such rivers. The rivers they have are full of obstructions, are dry for considerable portions of the ordinary eight months of navigation, and entirely useless for four months of the year. They simply asserted that the Mississippi for a short period, when water was high, could transport grain twelve hundred

red miles to the Gulf of Mexico, at three mills per ton per mile. They did not assert that it has done so, or that such rates can be relied upon, for every year's experience demonstrates that when its water is high the demand for transportation, for the short period of its safe capacity, is so far beyond the shipping means as to more than double, treble and often more than quadruple, the cost of three mills per ton per mile. So that the advocates of the Mississippi and its tributaries were and are bound to admit that its uncertainties at its mouth, the obstructions all the way of its grand flowing, and the varied impediments of its tributaries are such as to render safe and reliable transportation exceptional, and only for a brief period of the year. They admit that its sand-bars are so certain that some means must be adopted to get round or over them or to remove them, before shipping from New Orleans is practically safe; they admit that the grand waters of the great river "do not run unvexed to the sea," but are so obstructed that, while the rate of transportation is possible at eleven cents per bushel during high water, the *low-water rate is thirty cents*. Or, as the "Missouri Republican" states the case: "The rate of carriage from St. Louis to New Orleans is fifteen cents a hundred at high water, and the low-water rate is fifty cents a hundred; and the difference between these two rates marks precisely the difference between free navigation of the river and the present navigation of the river." The writer continues: "For all practical purposes, we might as well be paying \$7.50 a ton on all low-water freights down the Mississippi to some foreign power, as to be paying it to the reefs and shallows which obstruct its channel." In fact, the Mississippi never can be made reliable for transportation without wing-dams, jetties, revetments, and the removing of constantly recurring obstructions, all of which are subject to being swept away and removed from one place but to be found in another with each recurring high water; and its uncertainties are too certain and too constant, for the brief period it can be made reliable, to be relied upon by producers who must have certainty in transportation. The Mississippi is a brilliant shadow of the transcendent to political idealists looking for a great freight highway; but it is a shadow when demanded for practical use to the producer. The American people are too cautious to rely upon the uncertain. The water-courses are uncertain. Congress, for decade

after decade, has labored over their obstructions, their want of water, and the immense difficulties in the way of making them available for the constantly increasing necessities of the nation; but the magnitude of the difficulties in the way of success has been such as to stay the most venturesome. Assuming that the rates of transportation by water and by railroads, as now built and worked, are so high as to paralyze the profits of production, the necessity for a cheap means of transportation becomes urgent and absolute. The narrow-gauge, pure freight highway, upon the facts shown and upon other facts I shall proceed to develop, may be made to lessen the cost of freight to a point such as our public necessities demand. Such as highway can easily be constructed. It can be made as durable as our mountains, as certain as our necessities, and as cheap as a transporter of our production as the lakes from Chicago to Buffalo, if not cheaper, without the occasion of breaking bulk from the time it is transferred from the field to the car, till it reaches the markets of the Atlantic, or the steamships for European transport.

These considerations are sufficient, at least, to command the most thorough examination, without referring to the immense expense which must necessarily attend any experiment to overcome the innumerable obstacles in the way of the water-courses, and without the never-to-be-overcome fact that nature stands between them and availability for use, during all the dry and cold seasons of each recurring year.

In fact, in comparing the cost of transportation as it may be carried on by a pure freight road system, with any other means possibly available, it will be seen that it is the cheapest possible mode of carrying freight. Canal transportation costs seven mills per ton per mile. This is the rate when boats are plenty and freight is scarce; in pressing times the price is increased in the exact ratio to the demand for transport, and seven and a half months limit the time within which they can be used at all. But no canal of sufficient capacity to carry the increased freight can be built; or, if it could, it would be utterly impossible to supply it with sufficient water to float and lock the boats or ships requisite for the work. This brings up the relative capacity of narrow-gauge freight railroads, as compared with canals and the present railroad system.

It may be well, first, to see what our actual railroad and canal tonnage has been and is.

The Reading Railroad carried, in 1860,

1,695,927 tons; in 1870 it carried 7,449,922 tons of freight.

The Pennsylvania Railroad carried between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia, in 1861, 1,620,586 tons; in 1870 it carried 5,427,401 tons; in 1872, it carried 8,459,535 tons.

The New York Central carried in 1861, 1,537,400 tons; in 1870, it carried 4,122,000 tons.

The whole freight carried by the railroads in the state of Massachusetts, in 1862, was 3,708,670 tons; in 1872, 9,160,729 tons; in New York, in 1862, was 5,803,955 tons; in 1872, 17,309,894 tons; in Pennsylvania, in 1862, was 15,745,375 tons; in 1872, 55,012,051 tons. The Erie Canal carried in 1850, 3,076,613 tons; in 1856, it carried 4,116,032, and in 1865, 4,729,644 tons.

In 1869, the total tonnage taken from all quarters to the Hudson River by canal was 2,257,689 tons; which, estimating the freight moving west, at one-half, would make its year's tonnage at 3,386,533 tons. The sum received for freight on all the canals of New York, including toll, in the year 1866, was \$10,160,051. The same year, the freight-money received by the New York Central and the Erie railroads, was \$21,282,043, or more than double the receipts of all of the state canals. The gross earnings of all the railroads in the United States, in 1872, were \$473,241,055, of which, \$132,309,270 was for passengers, and \$340,931,785, or 72 per cent. of the whole receipt, was for freight.

It is indisputable that railroads are fast superseding canals for carrying freight. Speed and certainty are essential elements in transportation; canals have reached their culminating point, while railroads, as carriers of freight, are in the infancy of their development. The Hon. Freeman Clark, in a report made in 1867, on the Erie Canal, says, "There is no necessity for enlarging the capacity of the Canal, or its locks, since builders of boats do not adapt them to the capacity of the locks." He shows that the average tonnage of 485 boats built in 1866 was only 164 tons, while boats of 300 tons can as easily pass through the locks as smaller ones. He further shows that four boats, making one round trip, could have carried the entire average increase of tonnage on the canals. All existing railroads, in the United States, have been built with reference to passenger traffic, and not one for exclusive freight transportation, and yet the increase of freight, has been greatly beyond the increase of passengers.

Having thus shown the relative progress

of canals, railroads, and freights, I now propose to show what narrow-gauge railroads can do. But, before proceeding to this inquiry, let us see what the production of wheat and corn has been, in the states finding a market on the Atlantic, to show what the demands for transportation will be likely to be. It will doubtless be said that it would be unreasonable to predicate the demand for transportation on the entire product of grains, but in answer to this it may be said that the products of other commodities which find their way to tide-water are in excess of the grain used, or wanted, for home consumption, where they are raised. The dependent states produce 243,230,258 pounds of butter; 14,436,713 pounds of cheese; and these, with lumber, cattle, swine, hemp, tobacco, oats, horses, and other products, create a demand for transportation greatly in excess of the amount of cereals used for home consumption. The states of Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Michigan, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Tennessee and Wisconsin, produced in the year 1850, 47,674,226 bushels of wheat, and of corn, 282,685,996 bushels; in 1870, the same states produced 207,188,893 bushels of wheat, and 530,226,425 bushels of corn. This increase of wheat is more than four-fold, in twenty years, and that of corn more than double. The tonnage of wheat and corn for these states alone, reckoning the weight of 36 bushels as equal to a ton, would make 20,488,758 $\frac{3}{8}$ tons of freight.

This shows the demand for transportation, as based on wheat and corn, for states finding their market on the Atlantic border. The actual average, from 1861 to 1871 inclusive, of the tonnage on the Erie Canal, from all sources, Canada included, has been 2,196,324 tons per year, going east. The average of flour and wheat shipped east from Buffalo and Oswego for three years—taking 1846, '47 and '48, 1860, '62 and '63, 1869, '70 and '71—was as follows yearly: from Buffalo 605,720 $\frac{1}{2}$ bbls. of flour, and of wheat, 14,590,082 bushels; and from Oswego 358,681 bbls. of flour, and of wheat 3,312,572 bushels. Reducing the flour to wheat the aggregate annual average would be 22,724,663 bushels, which would be less than half the wheat of 1850, raised in the states named, and not one ninth of the product of the same states in 1870, making the business of the Erie Canal as compared with the production as one is to 9 $\frac{1}{4}$. But it is claimed that notwithstanding the stationary business of

the Canal, as compared with railroads, the Canal can be made capable of greatly increasing its business. The Hon. Israel T. Hatch, one of the best informed canal advocates of New York, proposes to double the locks, the capacity of the Canal being measured by the number of lockages possible. Assuming the theory to be correct, and that the tonnage would increase with the capacity, there would arrive at the Hudson by the Canal 4,515,378 tons, that being double the amount which reached that point in 1869. But it is further contended that steam being successfully introduced on the Canal, for towing purposes, its business will be again doubled. That must depend upon the capacity of the locks, and it has been estimated by Mr. C. A. Sweet, one of the most experienced engineers connected with the Canal, that the maximum capacity for lockages is 46,000 per year of 214 days, or 217 lockages per day, which would be 23,000 each way. Double this, so as to bring the Erie Canal to the full capacity of double locks and steam, and fixing the tonnage of the boats at 200 tons for each boat, that being 50 tons above the present average, it would give the utmost capacity of the Canal at 46,000 lockages,—equal to 9,200,000 tons going east. This amount of lockages with successful steam towage would depend upon a constant and adequate supply of water, while it is well known that the present supply, for double locks only, is inadequate. The demand for water on the long level has always been beyond the supply; how it is to be increased has not been shown as yet, and unless the supply can be doubled, all idea of increasing the locks must be abandoned. Yet there is still another proposed mode of enlarging the capacity of the Canal, so as to make it equal to ships or boats of 1,200 tons burthen. And this plan has been urged upon the committee appointed by the United States Senate, as possible and feasible. Mr. McAlpine fixes the cost of transportation by ship canals at four mills per ton per mile, exclusive of toll. A ship canal would, of course, be wholly dependent upon a water supply, and it would be a waste of time to speculate about such a canal for ships of 1,200 tons burthen, when it is difficult to supply a canal of 300-ton boats. The whole argument in favor of water-courses is based upon theories and conditions which are not alone speculative, but impossible of performance. Year after year, its advocates have struggled to sur-

mount the impossible; they have urged their views with the energy and zeal the great importance of the interests involved demanded; and yet each year they had seen the transportation on the Canal, and the internal water-courses steadily decrease in proportion to the freight to be carried, while freight on the railroads has steadily and rapidly increased. Nothing is intended to be said against the Erie Canal: it has accomplished a great work, and done much to cheapen transportation; it is to be hoped its work is far from finished, but it cannot be made to do the work required. Time is money. The canal is slow. The growth of the West is yearly greater in its production than the entire capacity of the Erie Canal. It belongs to the past.

I have thus cleared the way to examine the capacity of narrow-gauge freight railroads.

Such a road, with rolling stock adapted to it, can transport with the same power of engine, as compared with a 4 feet 8½ inch gauge, as follows:

	ON 4 FT. 8½ GAUGE.		ON 3 FT. GAUGE.	
	Gross Weight tons.	Freight. of cars.	Weight of cars.	Freight.
On a level.....	1,290 601 tons	689 tons	364 tons	926 tons
" 10 ft. grade . . .	900 428 "	472 "	240 "	660 "
" 20 " " " . . .	674 328 "	346 "	203 "	471 "
" 30 " " " . . .	500 250 "	250 "	150 "	350 "
" 40 " " " . . .	457 231 "	226 "	137 "	320 "
" 50 " " " . . .	400 200 "	200 "	120 "	280 "
" 60 " " " . . .	345 173 "	172 "	104 "	241 "
" 70 " " " . . .	320 160 "	160 "	97 "	223 "
" 80 " " " . . .	277 138 "	139 "	81 "	196 "

I do not claim that this table is strictly accurate, but I do claim that it is practically so.

The capacity of a wide-gauge road, of double track, exclusively devoted to freight, running trains of two hundred tons of freight two miles apart, at eight and ten miles an hour, between Buffalo and Albany, is as follows:

8 miles an hour,	7,008,000 tons each way, equal to	14,016,000
10 " " "	8,760,000 " " " "	17,520,000

The same at one mile between trains:

At 8 miles an hour,	14,016,000 tons each way, equal to	28,032,000
" 10 " " "	17,520,000 " " " "	35,040,000

Space half mile apart:

At 8 miles an hour,	28,032,000 tons each way, equal to	56,064,000
" 10 " " "	35,040,000 " " " "	70,080,000

With like tractive power in the engines, the aggregate of freight would be increased on a narrow gauge as $2\frac{8}{10}$ is to one. For the wide gauge, using its maximum of capacity, would carry but one ton of freight to one ton of dead weight, but it ordinarily

uses four tons of dead weight to one ton of freight; while the narrow gauge, using its maximum, would carry two and eight-tenths tons of freight to one ton of dead weight, and ordinarily carrying a larger ratio of freight than of dead weight. The wide gauge carrying but 200 tons of freight at ten miles an hour, half a mile between trains, as above shown, would transport 35,040,000 tons each way. The narrow gauge would carry 98,112,000 tons each way, or to reduce the speed to eight miles an hour, trains one mile apart, on the wide gauge, would carry 14,016,000. The narrow gauge, with the same power and speed, would carry 38,934,000 tons.

The result thus reached is taken from tables prepared by the late Hon. Lorenzo Sherwood and Henry O. Riley, Esq. The calculations are based on rules which regulate navigation on the Erie Canal, it being assumed that a road which has double tracks and but one rate of speed may be kept filled with trains at the distances named as easily as canal-boats can be regulated on the canals. I do not subscribe to this position in its entirety, nor do I anticipate the necessity for trains running in closer proximity than two miles, which is entirely practicable, provided the terminal facilities for storing and handling freight are equal to the demand for them. The amount of freight which may be offered for transportation, provided the cost is reduced to four mills per ton per mile, can hardly be overestimated, especially when we know that the coal tonnage of 1872 was 20,000,000 tons in Pennsylvania, and the general railroad tonnage of the United States was 140,000,000 tons for the same year, at an average cost of thirteen mills per ton per mile. If immigration again reaches its standard from 1860 to 1873,—and there are manifold reasons why it should, especially if cheap transportation is secured,—the increase of wealth from this source alone would build a narrow-gauge road from New York to the Missouri River every year. In contemplating the probabilities of the future, it should be remembered that it is only thirty-five years since there was no railroad west of Buffalo; that a greater part of the country to which railroads now invite immigration was, until recently, inaccessible; that the vast resources of the South-west and the West are but beginning to be developed; that a new empire, stretching from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, with its virgin soil, its mines of wealth, and its manifold resources,

has but just been opened, as the great highway for the nations and riches of the Eastern world, to the Atlantic; that the possibilities of our future are daily magnifying in fields for energy, wealth, labor, and enterprise. The past half century has startled the world by its progress, and yet we have hardly broken the crust of the resources waiting for the enterprises of thought, labor, and development.

In the facts and considerations I have presented, I have indulged in no idle speculations; the figures and statistics represent the real and the authentic in the progress of our necessities for cheaper transportation. From these facts certain conclusions seem to be inevitable:—

First, that a three-foot-gauge railroad, exclusively for the transportation of freight, can be built forty per cent. less than a 4 feet 8½ inch gauge can be built; that such a road can be run at one-third less expense than a wide gauge can be run; that by so narrowing the gauge the dead weight in engines and cars can be so diminished and the carrying power of the road be so increased as to make the narrow gauge capable of enlarging, with the same power, the capacity of carrying freight, from a ratio of 1 to 2½; that from these facts the result is clear, that the cost of transportation by railroads can be easily so reduced by a plainly practical system that freight which it now costs thirteen mills per ton per mile to transport can profitably be transported at four mills per ton per mile, thus enabling wheat and corn to be transported from Chicago to New York for eleven cents per bushel, or from Council Bluffs to the Atlantic for sixteen cents per bushel, or at less than one-half the average cost by lake, canal and river navigation

for the last ten years, and as cheap as it could be transported if there was a ship canal for the whole distance with capacity for 1,200-ton ships;—

Second, that the present means of water transportation is wholly inadequate to transport the freight to be moved; that the Erie Canal is stationary in its business, as it is in its capacity; that it cannot be enlarged, for lack of water; that its capacity cannot be made adequate to the requirements of freight, as its locks, as well as want of water, limit the possibilities of its freighting; that the Mississippi route, with all its tributaries, is dominated over by obstructions it is difficult, if not impossible, to overcome; that besides, it is subordinate to the natural laws of heat and cold, which so dry up its waters in summer and so congeal them in winter as to render the route uncertain at all times and absolutely unavailable for at least one-third of the time;—

Third, it follows from the premises presented that the problem, How shall transportation be cheapened? may be solved by constructing a narrow-gauge freight highway from the Missouri to New York, Philadelphia and Boston, making a governmentally organized highway from the growing and productive region through whose heart it would pass. That such a highway, built by the government and controlled by it, with uniform rules, rates and speed, so that the road would be open to all upon conditions applicable to all, and be beyond the manipulation of capital, as it would be above the greed of power, would successfully meet the demand for cheap freight, is capable, I believe, of the clearest, easiest and most absolute demonstration.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

WHEN brooks of Summer shallow run,
And fiercely glows the ardent sun;
Where waves the blue-flag, tall and dank,
And water-weeds grow rich and rank,
The flaunting dragon fly is seen,
A wingèd spindle, gold and green.

Born of the morning mists and dews,
He darts—a flash of jeweled hues—
Athwart the waterfall, and flings,
From his twice-duplicate wet wings,
Diamonds and sapphires such as gleam
And vanish in a bridesmaid's dream!

Sail not, O Dragon-Fly, too near
The lakelet's bosom, dark and clear!
For, lurking in its depths below,
The hungry trout, thy fatal foe,
Doth watch to snatch thee, unaware,
At once from life, and light, and air!

O brilliant fleck of Summer's prime,
Enjoy thy brief fleet span of time!
Full soon chill Autumn's frosty breath
Shall blow for thee a wind of death,
And dash to dust thy gaudy sheen—
Thy glittering mail of gold and green!

A SPOOL OF THREAD.



THE SPINSTER.

It takes seven million miles of thread to hold the people of the United States in their clothes. If each person has three sets of clothing a year,—and certainly that is a low average,—there is created in consequence a yearly demand for more than twenty million miles of this little strand, which, by itself and on the spool, seems so insignificant that it is only by taking an aggregate view that we realize the importance of the thread-making industry. It is one of the oldest occupations of the race; indeed, there is no record of when spinning-wheels began to turn, and the complete story of the development of the fine six-cord spool-cotton of to-day from the old-fashioned hand-made yarn, involves a large part of the romance of human invention and almost the whole history of mechanical progress. It could not be given without a sketch of cotton, in its political as well as physical relations; nor without accounts of the inventions and improvements

of the cotton-gin, the spinning-jenny, the “mule,” the water-wheel, the steam-engine, and countless other contrivances for quick and accurate work.

The making of the spool-cotton used in this country is mainly confined to a few large manufactories, for the processes are so elaborate and expensive that it is not possible to conduct the whole business, except upon a large scale. There is, we believe, but one company in America which makes all the numbers of six-cord sewing cotton from the raw material. This is the “Willimantic Linen Company” of Connecticut. Other makers take for their finer numbers cotton yarn, which is spun abroad, and twist it into thread here. The company began business for the manufacture of linen; but the managers, deprived of flax by the breaking out of the Crimean war, turned their attention to cotton thread, and that is now the entire product, though it bears the



ROMAN GIRL WITH DISTAFF.

stamp of the original corporate name, and is the Willimantic Linen Company's spool-cotton.

Many visitors to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia will remember the interested crowds that gathered about the exhibit made by the company; and the legend, "America Ahead," with which the award of the judges was announced. The award was the more welcome to Americans, because it used to be accepted as a fact, that suitable yarn for fine thread could not be spun in the United States. The moisture of Great Britain, especially the atmosphere of Scotland, was believed to be desirable in making the yarn properly. But this obstacle—which is not the only one that was met and removed in the business—was finally overcome. A certain amount of moisture in the atmosphere was necessary, and a certain amount of heat; and, as these enter directly into all the calculations of the work, it was absolutely essential to complete success that, being established, they should not vary. Now, the climate does change in New England,—

and got over this serious bar to making thread by first making a climate; and, while the work was being undertaken, instead of imitating the Scotch, or any other foreign climate, a perfect and original one was created. Steam heat keeps the air in each room of an even temperature all the time, and escaping steam, rising gently from the floor, moistens the atmosphere to just the necessary extent. More or less of heat or dampness can be had by the turning of a handle; and, right in the middle of a state where snow falls on ripe strawberries and the January thermometer rises to the eighties, there is already one spot that knows no change. In its perpetual evenness, the fibers of cotton are spun into a uniform thread.

Willimantic, where the works of this company are located—the business offices are at Hartford—is situated upon Willimantic River, about 100 miles from New York and 90 from Boston, on the New York and Boston Air Line Railroad. Two other railroads, the Hartford and Providence and the New London Northern, pass through the place, and

hundreds of their passengers every day catch sight of the great, gray, six-story mills of the thread company, built up of granite quarried out of the very ground on which they stand; and see, too, the rows of neat and comfortable tenements ranged along the streets. There are four large mills, picturesquely set upon the east bank of the river, and stretching, with their surrounding grounds, over a space of three-quarters of a mile. The buildings and grounds are noticeably clean and orderly in appearance. By a series of dams, aided by a sharp natural fall, a force of fifteen hundred horse-power is secured from the river for the factories. In these mills more than a thousand work-people—women and men, and girls and boys—are kept constantly busy at the various labors that combine to make thread. The process is one of the cleanest, cleverest and most entertaining and the accuracy and apparent intelligence of the machinery employed put human nature's best endeavors to the blush, until reflection gives

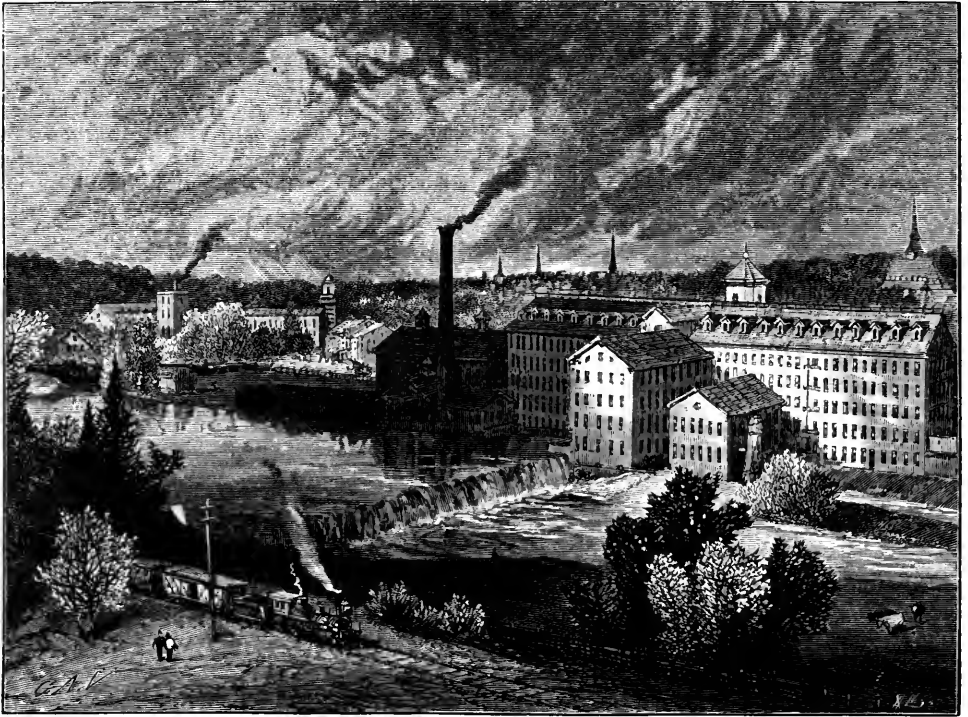
the re-assurance that man made the machinery.

There is not room here for, nor have people any inclination to read, technical de-



INDIAN GIRL SPINNING.

that is, assuming that there is one there at all,—and the ingenuity which eventually, perhaps, will conquer the whole region, first took up the matter in the Willimantic Mills



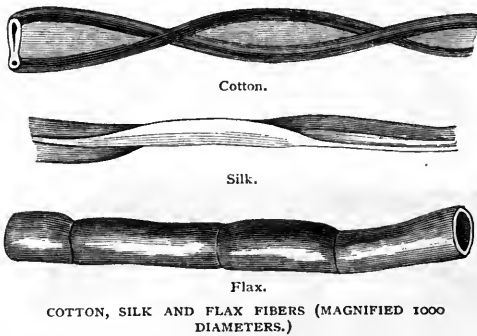
MILLS OF THE WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY, WILLIMANTIC, CONN.

scriptions of the various machines employed, but a few words as to the difference between the old-time and modern methods of treating cotton and of spinning may be of interest in this connection. The first attempts at working cotton over were slow and clumsy. To clean out the dirt and seeds from it was a long, difficult work, done, of course, by hand. The cotton was spread out and beaten, and a day's work would not clean enough for a yard of cloth. Now the "picker" cleans about a thousand pounds a day, and needs no attention but to be kept supplied. Carding, which is really combing out the fibers, just as a woman combs her hair, except without a mirror, was all hand work, and thus with much time and effort the workmen only partly succeeded in laying the fibers parallel to one another. Now, a carding-machine catches the confused mass that comes from the picker, and smoothes out the strands with an almost fairy-like hand into a gossamer web that is even and clean and nearly light enough to float in air. These filaments, drawn out and worked over by machinery, are finally spun into yarn upon the "mule," that ingenious machine which takes the place of the old-time "spinsters,"

and mutely does as much spinning in a day as she could do in ten years, besides doing it better. It has not, however, thrown woman out of work. It has merely changed the nature of her occupation, so that she is now able to give to making clothes the time formerly given to spinning the yarn the clothes were to be made of, and the increase of cleanliness that has come from this cheapening and increase of clothing has been an important factor in improving the physical and moral health of the people.

The term "spinsters," by the way, as is probably generally known, comes from the spinning-wheel. This was introduced from India into England in the time of Henry VIII, and spinning became so important and general an element of household work that it gave its name to the women to whom that duty fell. The spinning-wheels "came over in the Mayflower," and the women continued to spin here until the English jenny and mule were so perfected as to take away their tiresome but rather picturesque employment. Even now, spinning-wheels are very plenty, and thousands of them, only partly broken down by age and neglect, are stowed away in country garrets

all through the older states. The present revival of the antique and disabled in domestic furniture, and their utter uselessness, have combined to give them a passing pop-

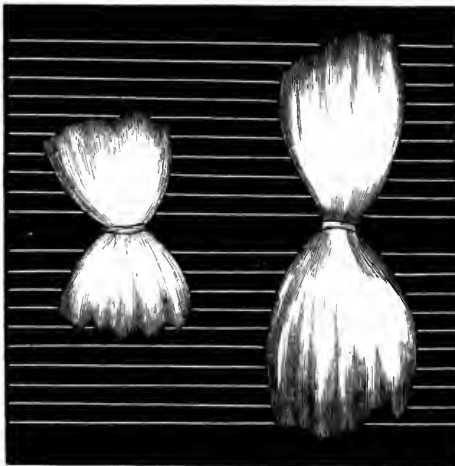


ularity as parlor ornaments. They were used for wool and flax, but the cheapening of cotton by the Whitney gin was the means of superseding them, as there was thus provided something against which domestic competition was useless, while the same principles of spinning machinery, of course, came into play in woolen as in cotton manufacturing. As we have said, woman was promoted from spinning to sewing, and later she has to a great extent ceased to sew, and merely guides the machine that does the work for her. Never, in the history of the world, has she worn so many and such various products of the spinning-wheel and needle as now, showing that the change effected by machinery has been steadily increasing her comfort.

Cotton yarn and cotton fabrics are old to

the world. Herodotus told of the vegetable fleeces of India that grew finer than wool, on trees. But it is only recently that sewing-thread of this material has come into use. It was a New England woman who developed the idea. Up to that time people had sewed mainly with linen and silk, but about the beginning of this century Mrs. Samuel Slater of Pawtucket, R. I., while spinning into yarn some of the fine Sea Island cotton, took the notion of making sewing-thread from it, and it proved so very serviceable that it has virtually superseded all other substances for ordinary use. It is cheaper than silk, more pliant than linen, and smoother than wool, and it is stronger than any of them. While it will not lift the same weight to its size that silk or linen will, it is to be remembered that this is not the especial purpose of thread. It is made for holding seams together and to bear a certain strain, to be sure, but especially to withstand the friction that comes of wear; and to-day, if a piece of Willimantic spool-cotton and a piece of silk or linen of the same size be drawn, one against the other, until the weaker is worn out by the rubbing, it will be found that the cotton holds firmer, and finally wears the rival strand in two. This only illustrates the peculiar fitness of the Sea Island cotton for thread-making. It is the best adapted of all fibers for twisting. It does it from force of habit. Each filament of it has a natural twist of a thousand turns to the inch of its length, and is a delicate corkscrew in shape, of such airy lightness that it takes twenty-five hundred fibers, laid side by side, to measure an inch in width. These fibers, called the staple, twist almost of their own accord into a perfect strand, round and compact. The difference between the Sea Island and the ordinary cotton of manufacture—the Georgia or Texas product, for instance—is shown in the cut, which is a careful reproduction from actual full-size copies. Its staple is much longer and finer, and it is only on the Carolina coast islands that this fine staple can be raised. It is in limited supply, and always the most expensive in the market, but the results of its use are so superior to any from the shorter staple, that the addition in cost is compensated by the addition in quality, and in the Willimantic six-cord thread nothing else is used from the coarsest to the finest sizes. It is the only thread all of the numbers of which are made of Sea Island cotton.

The requirements of good thread are that

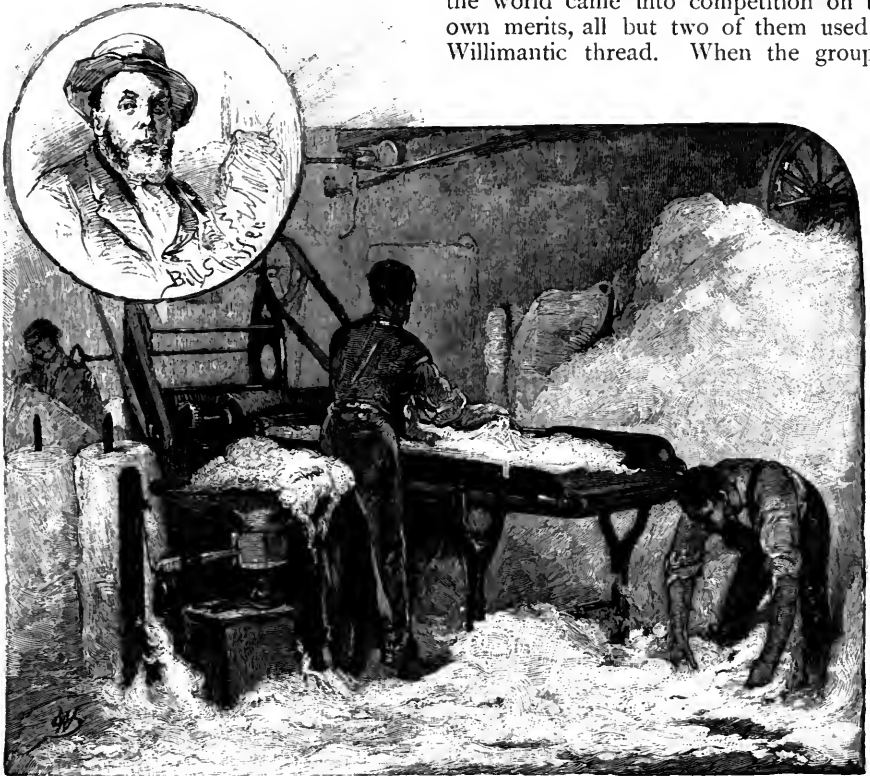


Georgia. Sea Island.

COTTON STAPLE.—FULL SIZE.

it shall be smooth and round, and of even size and equal strength. And when it is remembered that each needleful, as drawn off by the seamstress for use, is a test of the whole spool, and any spool is a test of the entire product of the factory where it is

The difference between the living and the automatic seamstress is that the former can get along with an inferior article but the latter cannot, and the best incidental evidence of the success of the Willimantic efforts is found in the fact that at Philadelphia, where all the sewing-machines of the world came into competition on their own merits, all but two of them used the Willimantic thread. When the group of

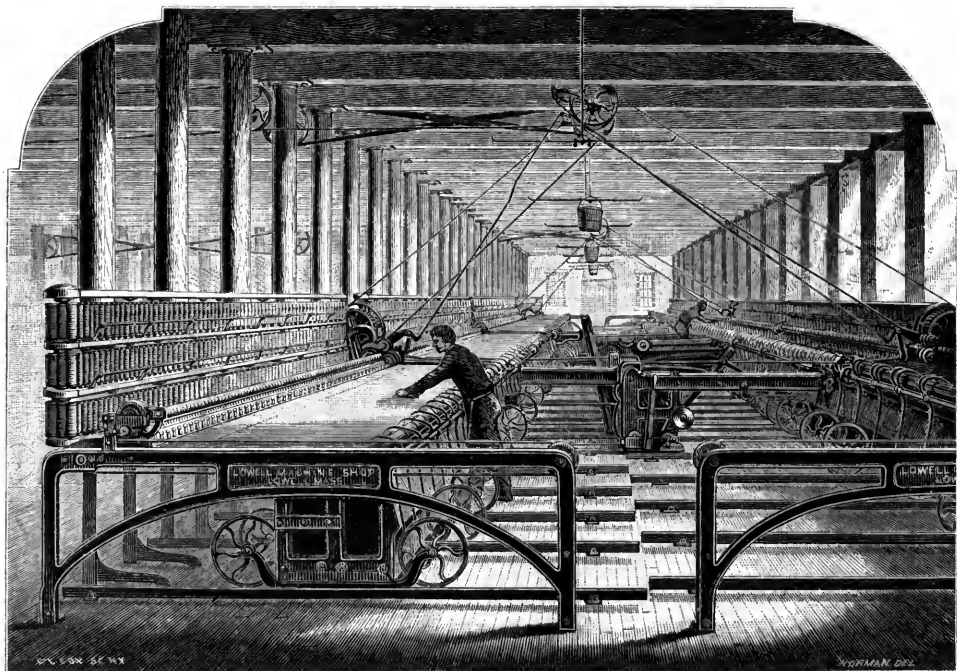


PICKING-ROOM.

made, it will be seen that every yard of the thread is a specimen sample, and that the manufacture is constantly under the closest supervision by consumers. But while hand-sewing, as a matter of convenience and ease, called for an even thread, the introduction and very wide-spread use of the sewing-machine has called for the same qualities as absolutely essential. Sewing-machines take now ninety per cent. of the thread that is made, and in order to do their own work these automatic seamstresses must be satisfied or they summarily strike. It was just as sewing-machines began to come into use that the manufacture of Willimantic thread on an extensive scale began, and the whole bent of the business there has been to supply a proper thread for machine use, since any thread that suits a machine suits anywhere.

judges tested the machines, they tested them all with Willimantic thread. Its peculiar twist and finish are such that it makes a surer and better "loop" for the machine stitch than any other thread.

In the elaborateness of the processes of manufacturing, and in the single devotion to purpose found everywhere, the Willimantic mills show the constant care necessary to maintain the quality of the product. The chief purpose is to secure evenness. From beginning to end the effort is to get a strand so uniform that any two yards of it taken at random will be exactly alike in size and weight, and the working-over of the material for this object is so frequent that each individual fiber of cotton in any spool of this thread has traveled over more than three thousand miles of space



MULE SPINNERS.

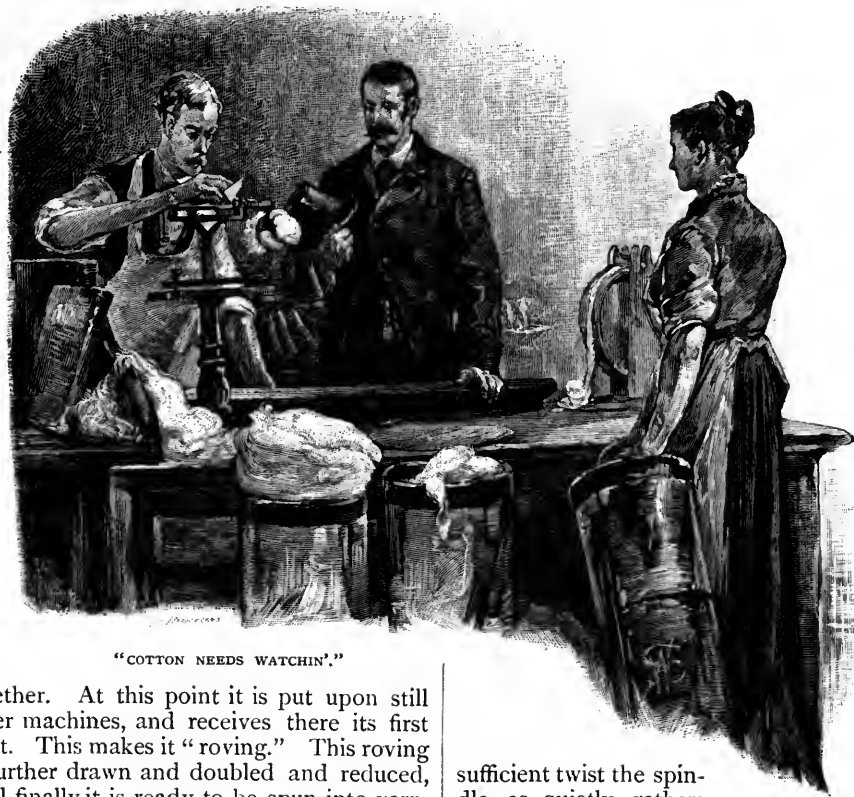
within the mills during its transformation. Beginning at the opening of the bale, we will follow it somewhat along its journey.

It is first piled in great heaps upon the floor of the "picking-room." This is the Sea Island cotton of commerce, with its inevitable impurities. A fixed quantity of this is weighed out upon the scales and spread over a fixed space upon the machine, and this relation of space to weight, begun here, is never to the end of the work lost sight of. Upon the constant observance of it depends the quality of the thread itself. The picker picks or beats out the dirt and seeds, and the purified cotton rolls out of the machine, drawn into a form very much like cotton batting. This is carried to the carding-room. The principle of the carding-machine is the same as that of the hair-brush or the curry-comb. It arranges the cleaned fibers parallel to each other. After this has brushed the knots and snarls and confusion out of the cotton, the strand is again run between sets of rollers, one set revolving faster than the other. This is "drawing," and the drawing is one of the most important parts of thread-making. If one set, for instance, turns ten times as fast as the other, the strand that passes out between them is, of course, ten times lengthened and ten times

as fine as the original. This is a "draft of ten," as it is called. The drawing may be in any ratio, and any number of strands may be run together into one at the same time that that is drawn. Five strands, for example, drawn with a draft of ten, would make a new strand half the size and ten times as long. This process of uniting strands is called doubling, and the doubling, running together, drawing down, and reuniting and redrawing are kept careful account of, so that the size of the strand and the amount of work on it are, or may be, constantly known. The operation is repeated again and again, until the original strand, if it could be followed up, would be found reduced to millionths of its original size. The doubling from first to last is about ninety million times! This means that the cotton is so worked over that it is entirely mixed, the identity of everything but the fibers themselves has disappeared, and one piece of the strand is so much like another that the two cannot be distinguished. But all this doubling is not done without interruption. After the first few drawings, the long white ribbons of cotton which, in this condition, are called "slivers," are put into another machine, which combs them over again to make certain of getting

out all foreign substances, and it also, with a sense that never misses, deliberately combs out the short fibers and allows only the long, selected and precisely suitable staples for making the best thread to pass its sentry-post. The short fibers, which are about a quarter of the whole, are not wasted, but are sold for other manufactures. The cotton which has passed the approval of this critical guardian of the future thread is still further drawn and doubled and reduced in size, until it has almost lost its inclination to hold

ing it, which is traditionally characteristic of the beast of the same name. Mule spinning is too intricate to describe, but a constant entertainment to watch. The roving, having been wound upon bobbins, is ranged in long rows of them before corresponding rows of spindles, and the two are connected by it. The frame of spindles moves quietly away and they begin to revolve, and at once the strand is drawn by the motion of the frame and twisted by the revolution of the spindles. When the length taken out has received



"COTTON NEEDS WATCHIN'."

together. At this point it is put upon still other machines, and receives there its first twist. This makes it "roving." This roving is further drawn and doubled and reduced, until finally it is ready to be spun into yarn.

Right here, a few definitions are necessary. The "sliver" is the cotton "drawn" and doubled; as soon as it has received a twist it becomes "roving," and "roving," when it is spun, becomes yarn. Spinning is the simultaneous "drawing" and twisting, and is done by the "mule." There is a fastidious philology that says the "jenny" is a vulgarism for "engine," and the "mule," a derivative of the German "mühle," mill. But there is really no doubt that the poor mechanic, Hargreaves, who invented the jenny, named it for his wife, or, that the title mule means mule, and was given to the machine because of the difficulty of manag-

sufficient twist the spindle as quietly gathers it in and winds it up as it goes back for a fresh start. The marvel of it all is the mathematical precision with which it begins, stops, and reverses, and the care with which it suitably varies its work each time to the needs of its case. The mule is all the while attended by a barefooted and lightly dressed man or boy, whose business it is to unite such strands as accidentally part. He is kept as busy as a dog in a tread-mill, since the constant motion to and fro of the frames would make it necessary for him to shift position constantly to avoid being hit; but, as he flies about, he catches up

the broken strands and starts them together again with consummate skill, and as deftly as if it were the simplest thing in the world, instead of a very clever trick. On these mules the yarn is made of any size that is required. It is at Willimantic spun down to a fineness that rivals even the spider's work, and is so delicate that a single pound of it is one hundred and ninety-one miles

acts directly to make them more pliant and quiet. It was an old idea of the business that foreign mules were as necessary for fine spinning as was a foreign climate; but the Lowell, Mass., Machine Shop, having built for this company mules that are at least the



SPOOLING-ROOM.

long, or almost the distance from New York to Boston, or more than that from New York to Baltimore. In all the rooms where the twisting and spinning are done, the thermometer and hygrodeik are consulted to keep the atmosphere of even warmth and moisture, and the electricity developed in the friction is drawn off from the cotton by the moisture, and so the fibers lose the inclination to separate that they would otherwise have, and the moisture also

equals of imported machinery, has added another to the successes of American ingenuity, and, with American machinery, in an American mill, spinning American cotton, we have in the thread a thoroughly home-made article.

The process of making the yarn has thus been hurriedly outlined. It is full of interest at every step, but a written description cannot reproduce the sight and sound of the busy rooms, with the buzz of machinery,

the rush of belts, the clatter of spindles revolving thousands of times a minute, and the men, women and children moving to and fro waiting upon the great machines and the tiny threads that they seem almost to be playing with—a thousand people dancing attendance all their lives upon these petty strands that can hardly be seen across the room. Once made into yarn the cotton in that form is twisted into thread. In old times three strands of yarn were put together and made into spool-cotton, and three-cord cotton is still in common use. But the need of the sewing-machine for a rounder thread led to six-cord spool-cotton which is made of six strands of yarn; and this is the standard thread of to-day. Take a spool and examine it. See if the strength through each length of it is not uniform. Try if possible to find any flaws or uneven spots in it. Slide it over the finger and think of all that has been done to give it this uniformity, and de-

cide then whether the product is not a success, and the sufficient proof of the process.

But still it is not only proved at the end but at every step and all the time, and only that which stands every test survives to be finished. Instruments of precision are scattered all over the mills, and each room vies with the other in its devotion to absolute accuracy. We have seen that the very first start of the cotton in the picker-room is in the scales, where a certain number of pounds are spread over a certain number of yards and a ratio between length and weight is established. Everywhere this is traced and maintained, and at every fluctuation it is checked at once by the proper contrivances.

"Why," I asked the foreman of the carding-room in the main mill, as he was reeling off a sample of roving to test, "why, when you have started the stuff right in the works and have your machinery in good order, do you keep up this constant testing?"

"Well," said he, and he answered with the sobriety of a philosopher, "cotton needs watchin' all the time.

The fact is, it's just like human nature, you know. Some days it's too thick



DYE-ROOM.

and other days it's too thin. There's no dependin' on it at all, and you've all the time got to keep your eye on it and keep makin' allowance for its failin'; I don't try to account for it, I watch it."

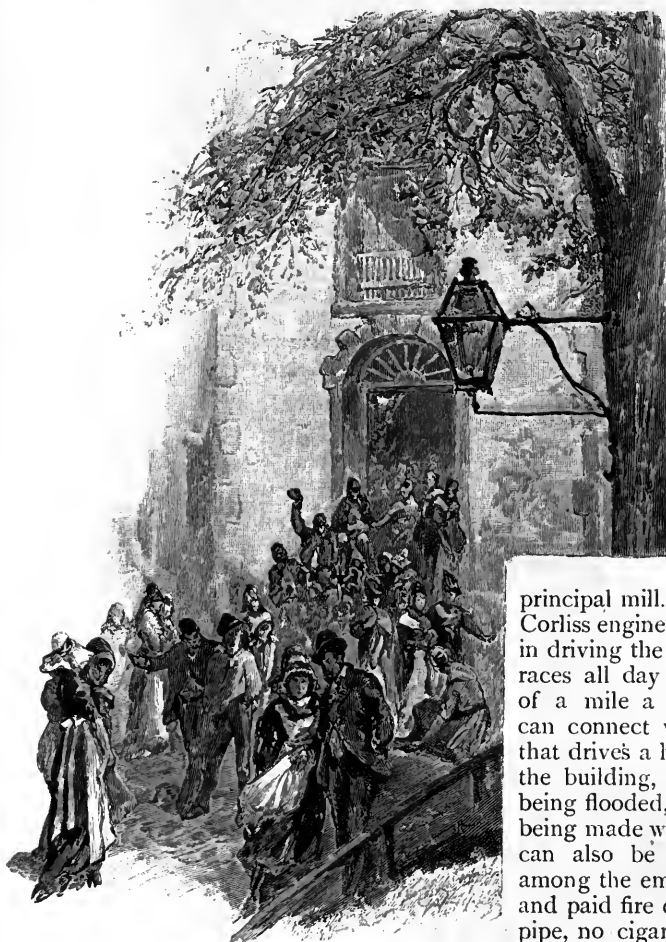
And this "watching" is the repeated trial of the success of the work. It is established by all spinners that seven thousand grains shall be a pound in cotton and that yarn of which 840 yards weigh this pound shall be number "1." Every now and then, therefore, all through the mill, a very accurately gauged reel or some similar instrument is used to measure off an even fraction of 840 yards. The measurer may be careless in taking off his sample, but that makes no matter. At exactly the right point the reel breaks the strand and calls attention to the fact by ringing its signal bell. Then this sample, say 120 yards or one-seventh of "a hank,"

is weighed on scales also gauged to show the most delicate variations. If the yarn or roving is number one and weighs one-seventh of 7,000 grains it is exactly correct, if 120 yards of No. "30." for instance, were being sampled, it should weigh one thirtieth of one-seventh of 7,000 grains. Every time a variation appears, the cotton is made to thicken up or thin out as is needed. This testing is done repeatedly and the results are recorded in books kept for the purpose, so that the course of any of the cotton on its three weeks' cruise of three thousand miles through the factory can always be traced and faults found and corrected at once. Nothing more impresses one with the wonderful accuracy of the process than to watch one of these testings, note the exact measurement of the sample and rigidly careful weighing, and see the gravity with which

the overseer marks down the pettiest variations to the 28,000th of a pound! It all tells upon the thread, and making it correct through all its processes guarantees it correct, of course, when it is finished.

But after the thread is made the work upon it is far from ended. To prepare it for market it must be inspected, washed, bleached, dried, perhaps dyed, spooled and boxed, and the spools and boxes are made in the factory too. Besides this work and the work of the machine and repair shop which so large an establishment makes necessary, there are other objects of interest to be seen before leaving the

principal mill. A double 175-horse-power Corliss engine supplements the water-wheels in driving the main shaft. The great belt races all day around its course at the rate of a mile a minute. A single movement can connect with this power a force-pump that drives a heavy stream of water all over the building, and every room is capable of being flooded,—the door-sills and belt-holes being made water-tight by guards. Streams can also be poured into any room, and among the employes there is an established and paid fire department. No matches, no pipe, no cigar, can ever cross the threshold of the mill under any pretext.



TWELVE O'CLOCK.

Taking up again the thread of our narrative, or the narrative of our thread: after the making is complete, the skeins are marked, each with a special knot, to indicate their size, and carried first before experienced women who inspect every skein carefully and reject at once any where a flaw appears. After it has passed this scrutiny it is washed and either bleached or dyed. The drying-machine is one of the curiosities of the dye-house. It is a great revolving iron bowl which whirls about with a surface velocity

the works wherever it is possible to use it. As was said, the "mule" alone, attended by one man, does the work once done by 3,600 women. And yet with all the automatic help that exists the force of working people amounts to over one thousand persons. Each day at noon the moment the reduced speed of the spindles shows that the power is being shut off, the scramble for home

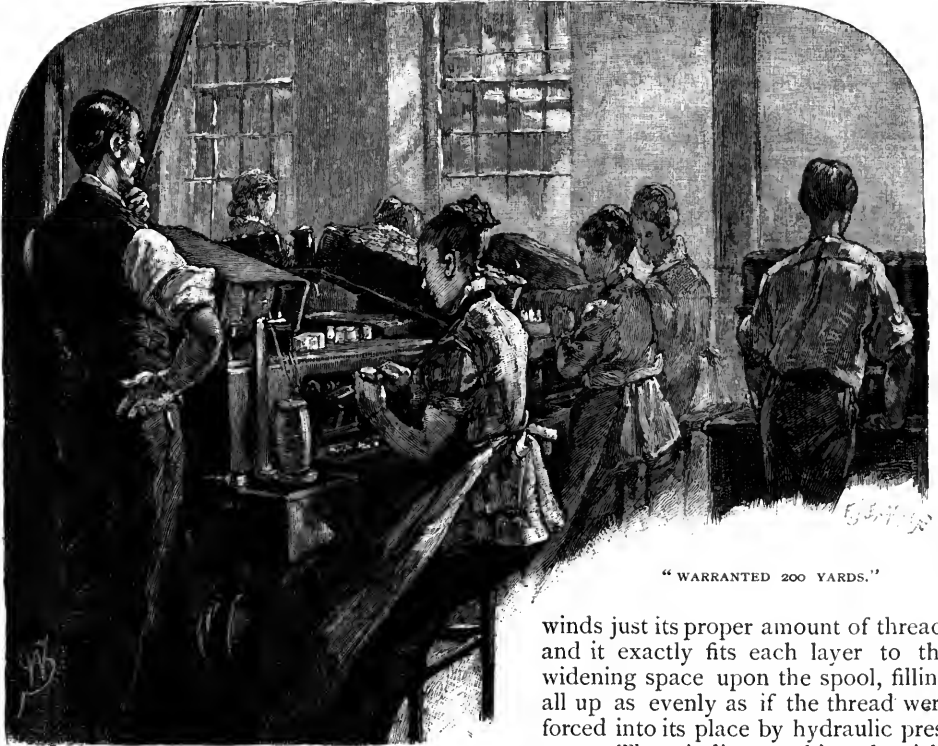


TICKETING SPOOLS.

of seven miles a minute, and the wet thread, packed around the edge of this, throws out its moisture by the centrifugal force it receives in this tremendous whirlpool. The dyeing is an especial feature of the Willimantic factory, and the dye-house with its misty atmosphere, its boiling cauldrons and its many-colored bunches of thread is a strange and truly a stirring sight. Recently, new methods have been adopted in this department with signal success.

Automatic machinery prevails all through

begins, and out through the great doors the throng start for dinner. A large part of them are girls and many of these work upon the thread after it is finished, in the necessary labor of fixing it for market. The box factory is an establishment by itself where the paste-board and the glue fly together under cunning fingers at an amazing rate. Then, before they are boxed, the spools are made up in bunches of a dozen, wrapped in paper and tied with a string. This work the girls do, and, being paid by the dozen, they rattle



"WARRANTED 200 YARDS."

together about 1,300 dozen spools each a day.

What takes every one's eye first, however, in this department, as it did at Philadelphia, is the machine for ticketing the spools. One girl supplies it with sheets of printed labels, and another feeds it with spools; it does all the rest for itself. Provided with the labels, it cuts out, pastes, and fastens the proper mark for each end of the spool, and prepares a hundred spools a minute. Formerly, the labels were cut out by hand with a stamp, and then affixed to the spools by the aid of the tongue. It was a dry, fatiguing business, and not especially attractive. Licking spools was not even so exhilarating as school-teaching, and though a triumph of industry, perhaps, it still was not a conquest to boast of. But now the machine does the work of many girls, and its health never suffers. It is a machine without a tongue. The spools, each previously covered by an almost equally adroit machine with exactly 200 yards of thread, slide down their appointed path to this spot, where they are duly marked and labeled.

The winding-machine, which puts the "Warranted 200 yards" upon each spool, does its work with marvelous precision. It

winds just its proper amount of thread, and it exactly fits each layer to the widening space upon the spool, filling all up as evenly as if the thread were forced into its place by hydraulic pressure. The winding-machine, the ticketing-machine, and the automatic spool-making machine, inventions belonging to the Willimantic Company, are so essential to the thread business that the privilege of using them is rented by other manufacturers, and they yield a handsome revenue in this way.

Everybody knows the sizes of thread. Every seamstress knows whether she wants No. 30 or 60 or 120, and knows, when she hears the number, about what is the size of the strand alluded to; but how the numbers happen to be what they are, and just what they mean, not one person in a thousand knows. It is a simple matter to explain. The standard of measurement is the same already recited. When 840 yards of yarn weigh 7,000 grains (a cotton pound), the yarn is No. 1; if 1,680 yards weigh a pound, it will be No. 2 yarn. For No. 50 yarn it



TICKETS FOR THREAD.

would take 50x840 yards to weigh a pound. This is the whole of the yarn measurement. Thread measurement rests on it. The early thread was three-cord, and the thread took



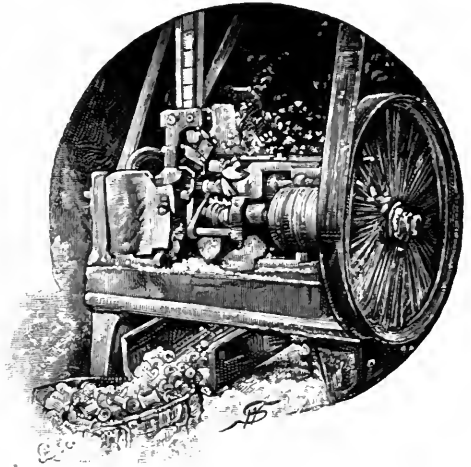
SPOOL ROUGHING MACHINE.

its number from the number of the yarn it was made of. No. 60 yarn made No. 60 thread, though in point of fact the actual caliber of No. 60 thread would equal No. 20 yarn, being three 60 strands. When the sewing-machine came into market as the great consumer, unreasoning in its work and inexorable in its demands for mechanical accuracy, six-cord cotton had to be made, as a smoother, rounder product. As thread numbers were already established, they were not altered for the new article, and No. 60 six-cord and No. 60 three-cord are identical in size as well as number. To effect this, the six-cord has to be made of a yarn twice as fine as the three-cord demands. The No. 60 six-cord would be six strands of No. 120 yarn. To summarize: yarn gets its number from the arbitrary formula that 840 yards weigh 7,000 grains. Three-cord spool-cotton is the same number as the yarn it is made of. Six-cord spool-cotton is made of yarn that is double its number.

Up to No. 60, this is true of the foreign thread also; but, beginning with this number, the foreign makers diminish the ratio in the six-cord, thus 60 is made of 110 yarn, instead of 120, 70 of 120, and so on, 100 being made of 150 yarn. In the Willimantic thread the original ratio is maintained all the way, and the size 100 is made of No. 200 yarn. The careful selection of long staples makes these numbers fully equal in strength to the parallel numbers of the

coarser thread of other makers, and the traditional mathematical ratio and exact accuracy are thus positively maintained. One of the products of the company, the "Reid's Thread," named from Mr. J. M. Reid, the superintendent of the dyeing department, is a general substitute for silk and linen thread, to which in its peculiar manufacture it is made to bear a very close resemblance. It has proved so serviceable because of the especial toughness of the cotton, which has been already alluded to, that it has met a very general demand, and already a counterfeit of it is being extensively sold as "French spool cotton," while the original is purely an American invention.

The spools that the thread is wound on are made of white birch. Years ago the "birch lot" became the by-word among farmers for worthlessness in New England. It still is so in many places, but not about Willimantic. There it is as good as any land, and there is a sure demand for its yield at the mills, where about 3,000 cords are made into spools every year. In the fall, when most of the year's supply is bought, the procession of teams, from most ordinary to nondescript, is one of the sights of Willimantic, as they come winding in from all the surrounding country, with their great loads of white birch piled up behind all the live stock of the farm that has locomotive ability. A horse, a mule and a cow will often haul together at the cart. The factory where, twenty-

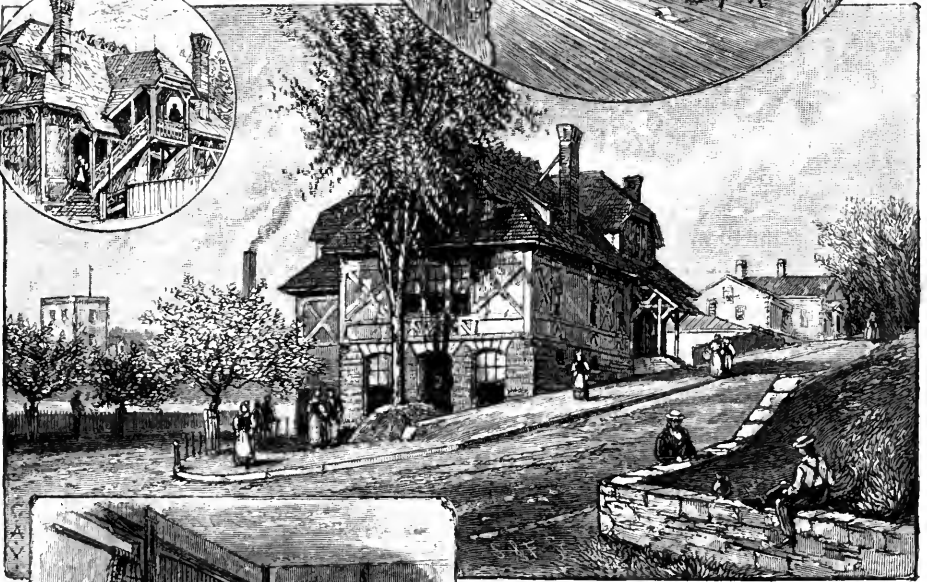
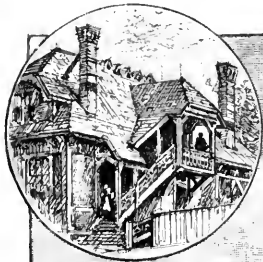
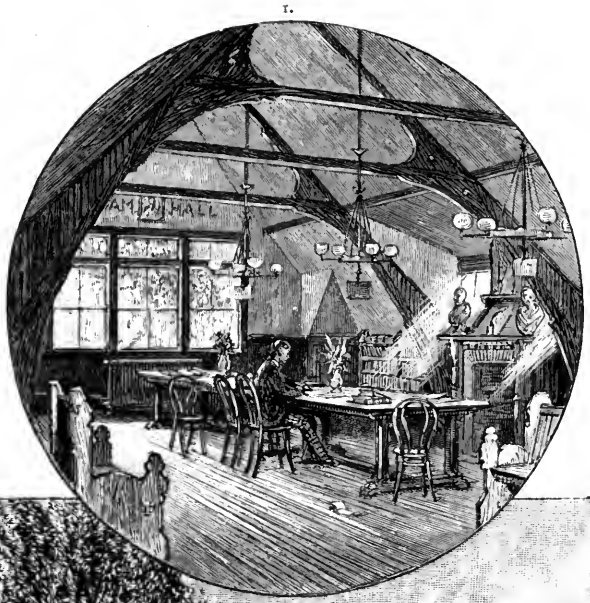


"FASTER THAN ONE A SECOND."

five years ago thread-making was begun on what was thought a large scale, is now entirely given up to making spools, and the sawdust and shavings go far to keep up the

fires in all the mills. The spool-making machinery works almost like magic. One operation turns down the wood to proper size, bores the hole in it, and cuts it off, and another takes this cylindrical block, and, with a whirl and a puff of shaving, trims it down to be a complete spool, and the spools roll into barrels faster than one every second, and all alike.

As simple a thing as thread seems to be, the Willimantic Company makes 1,200 different kinds, and it takes 10,000 dozen spools to hold each day's product. There are 200 yards to a



THE COMPANY'S BUILDING.

1, Dunham Hall (the library); 2, to the library; 3, "Modern Gothic"; 4, decorative art.

spool, and a little calculation will show that this means that, simply at the Willimantic mills, 13,600 miles of thread are made each day, or about 4,100,000 miles a year. This means more than 1,200 miles of thread an hour, or 20 miles every minute. And, as the combined work of 1,000 employes makes 13,600 miles of thread, even division demonstrates that the work of each is equivalent to $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles of thread daily. Yet it is evidently not an exhausting life. There is a look of health about the people and of content about the place.

The company has lately added much to the comfort and beauty of the place by putting up, opposite the main mill, a graceful and

out of the clouds for "Colonel Dyer" and "Elderkin, too" (two prominent men of the place). The calls were heard and the



WINDHAM FROG-POND.

attractive public building. It is of unpainted brick, in the modern Gothic style of architecture. On the ground floor are a grocery and household provision store and a meat-market, and a broad stair-way leads to the dry goods and millinery and boot and shoe departments on the next floor. The whole is fitted up in admirable taste. On the third floor is a free reading-room, with a free circulating library. The privileges of the place are thoroughly appreciated. The well-clothed, comfortable, healthy-looking people of the factories have not a dissatisfied appearance. In the twenty-five years of the company's existence there has never yet been a general reduction of wages.

The making of spool-cotton is only twenty-five years old in Willimantic; but Windham, of which Willimantic is a borough, more than a hundred years ago offered bounties for the best linen thread, and has a traditional reputation for spinning yarns. The greatest yarn in Windham is that about the "frog-pond scare." A few rods east of Windham proper is a pond of moderate size, out of which flows a small stream. It is related that one night in July, 1758, during the war, when the people slept rather uneasily for fear of attack, mysterious cries came down

people gathered, and finally the town reached a pitch of terror that only daylight could relieve. It did relieve it, and it showed the shores of the pond green with the bodies of dead frogs. Some said there had been a frog battle; others that the frogs had had a sudden plague, and had sung as they died, like their colleagues, the swans; others that the pond had been evacuated by the frogs, under some unaccountable freak, and that they had marched through the town, threading their way to Willimantic River. Some take old Samuel Peters's account of the affair, published as a specimen lie in SCRIBNER for June, and, showing its falsity, argue the falsity of the whole story. Young people joke on the matter now; but it once admitted of only sober consideration at Windham.



"ELDERKIN TOO!"

MY WOLVES.



THREE gaunt, grim wolves that hunt for men,
 Three gaunt, grim wolves there be;
 And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
 And one is Misery.

I sit and think till my heart is sore,
 While the wolf or the wind keeps shaking
 the door,
 Or peers at his prey through the window-
 pane
 Till his ravenous eyes burn into my brain.

And I cry to myself, "If the wolf be Sin,
 He shall not come in—he shall not come
 in;

But if the wolf be Hunger or Woe,
 He will come to all men, whether or no!"

For out in the twilight, stern and grim,
 A destiny weaves man's life for him,
 As a spider weaves his web for flies;

And the three grim wolves, Sin, Hunger,
 and Woe,
 A man must fight them, whether or no,
 Though oft in the struggle the fighter dies.

To-night I cry to God for bread,
 To-morrow night I shall be dead;
 For the fancies are strange and scarcely
 sane,
 That flit like specters through my brain,
 And I dream of the time, long, long ago,
 When I knew not Sin, and Hunger, and
 Woe.

There are three wolves that hunt for men.
 And I have met the three,
 And one is Hunger, and one is Sin,
 And one is Misery;
 Three pairs of eyes at the window-pane
 Are burned and branded into my brain,
 Like signal lights at sea.

MOLLY.

A SMALL clearing on a hill-side, sloping up from the little-traversed mountain-road to the forest, upon whose edge, in the midst of stunted oaks and scraggy pines stood a rude cabin, such as one comes upon here and there in the remote wilds of West Virginia. The sun, pausing just above the sharp summit of Pinnacle Mountain, threw slant rays across the rugged landscape, which spring was touching up with a thousand soft tints. A great swelling expanse of green, broken at intervals by frowning ledges, rolled off to the low-lying purple mountain ranges, whose summits still swam in sunset light, while their bases were lost in deepest shadow. Over all, a universal hush, the hush which thrills one with a sense of utter isolation and loneliness.

The man and woman who were seated before the cabin door hardly perceived these things. What their eyes saw, doubtless, was the fair promise of the corn-field which stretched along the road for some distance, the white cow with her spotted calf, and the litter of lively pigs which occupied inclosures near the cabin, and—the tiny baby, who lay, blinking and clutching at nothing, across the woman's lap. She was looking down upon the child with a smile upon her face. It was a young and handsome face, but there were shadows in the dark eyes and around the drooping lids, which the smile could not chase away—traces of intense suffering, strange to see in a face so young.

The man, a young and stalwart fellow, shaggy of hair and long of limb, had placed himself upon a log which lay beside the door-step, and was lost in contemplation of the small atom of embryo manhood upon which his deep-set blue eyes were fixed. He had been grappling for three weeks with the overpowering fact of this child's existence, and had hardly compassed it yet.

"Lord! Molly," he exclaimed, his face broadening into a smile, "jess look at him now! Look at them thar eyes! People says as babies don't know nuthin. Durned ef thet thar young un don't look knowin'er 'n old Jedge Wessminster hisself. Why, I'm mos' afeared on him sometimes, the way he eyes me, ez cunnin' like, ez much ez ter say 'I'm hyar, dad, an' I'm agoin' ter stay, an' you's jess got ter knuckle right down tew it, dad!' Lord! look at

thet thar now!" And the happy sire took one of the baby's small wrinkled paws and laid it across the horny palm of his own big left hand.

"Jess look, Molly! Now you aint agoin' to tell me ez thet thar hand is ever agoin' to handle a ax or a gun, or—or—" pausing for a climax, "sling down a glass o' whisky? 'Taint possible!"

At this juncture, an inquisitive fly lit upon the small eminence in the center of the child's visage destined to do duty as a nose. Hardly had the venturesome insect settled when, without moving a muscle of his solemn countenance, that astonishing infant, with one erratic, back-handed gesture, brushed him away. The enraptured father burst into a roar of laughter.

"I tole ye so, Molly! I tole ye so! Babies is jess a-puttin' on. They knows a heap more 'n they gits credit fur, you bet!"

Something like a smile here distended the child's uncertain mouth, and something which might be construed into a wink contracted for an instant his small right eye, whereupon the ecstatic father made the welkin ring with loud haw-haws of appreciative mirth.

Molly laughed too, this time.

"What a man you are, Sandy! I'm glad you feel so happy, though," she continued, softly, while a flush rose to her cheek and quickly subsided. "I aint been much comp'ny for ye, but I reckon it'll be different now. Since baby come I feel better, every way, an' I reckon —"

She stopped abruptly and bent low over the child.

Sandy had ceased his contemplation of the boy, and had listened to his wife's words with a look of incredulous delight upon his rough but not uncomely face. It was evidently a new thing for her to speak so plainly, and her husband was not unmindful of the effort it must have cost her, nor ungrateful for the result.

"Don't say no more about it, Molly," he responded, in evident embarrassment. "Them days is past an' gone an' furgotten. Leastwise, I aint agoin' to think no more about 'em. Women is women, an' hez ter be 'lowed fur. I don't know ez 'twas more'n I cud expect; you a-bein' so porely, an' the old folks a-dyin', an' you a-takin' on it so hard. I don't go fur ter say ez I aint been

outed more'n wunst, but thet's over'n gone; an' now, Molly," he continued cheerfully, "things is a-lookin' up. Ez soon ez you're strong ag'in, I reckon ye'll be all right. The little un'll keep ye from gittin lonesome an' down-sperited; now wont he, Molly?"

"Yes, Sandy," said the woman earnestly, "I begin to feel as if I could be happy—happier than I ever thought of bein'. I'm goin' to begin a new life, Sandy. I'm goin' to be a better wife to ye than—I *have* been."

Her voice trembled, and she stopped suddenly again, turning her face away.

She was a strangely beautiful creature to be the wife of this brawny mountaineer. There was a softness in her voice in striking contrast to his own rough tones, and although the mountain accent was plainly observable, it was greatly modified. He, himself, ignorant and unsophisticated, full of the half-savage impulses and rude virtues of the region, was quite conscious of the incongruity, and regarded his wife with something of awe mingled with his undemonstrative but ardent passion. He sat thus looking at her now, in a kind of adoring wonder.

"Wall!" he exclaimed at last, "blest ef I kin see how I ever spunked up enough fur ter ax ye, anyhow! Ye see, Molly, I'd allers liked ye—allers; long afore ye ever thought o' goin' down to Richmon'."

The woman moved uneasily, and turned her eyes away from his eager face; but Sandy failed to notice this, and went on, with increasing ardor:

"After ye'd gone I missed ye powerful! I used ter go over the mounting ter ax after ye whenever I cud git away, an' when they told me how ye war enjoyin' yerself down thar, a-arnin' heaps o' money an' livin' so fine, it mos' set me wild. I war *allers* expectin' ter hear ez how ye'd got merried, an' I kep' a-tellin' myself 'twa'n't no use; but the more I tole myself, the wuss I got. An' when you come home, Molly, a-lookin' so white an' mizzable like, an' everybody said ye'd die, it—why, it most killed me out, Molly, 'deed it did, I sw'ar!"

Sandy did not often speak of those days of his probation; but, finding Molly in a softened mood,—Molly, who had always been so cold and reticent, so full of moods and fancies,—he felt emboldened to proceed.

"Lord, Molly, I didn't hev no rest night *nor* day! Bob'll tell ye how I hung around, an' hung around; an' when ye got a little better an' come out, a-lookin' so white an' peaked, I war all of a trimble. I don't know now how I ever up an' axed ye. I

reckon I never *would* a-done it ef it hadn't been fur Bob. He put me up tew it. Sez Bob, 'Marm's afeard as Molly'll go back to Richmon' ag'in,' an' that war more'n I *could* stand; an' so I axed ye, Molly."

Sandy's face was not one adapted to the expression of tender emotion, but there was a perceptible mellowing of the irregular features and rough voice as he went on.

"I axed ye, Molly, an ye said 'Yes'; an' I aint never hed no call to be sorry ez I axed ye, an' I hope you aint, nuther,—say, Molly?" and the great hand was laid tenderly on her arm.

"No, Sandy," said she, "I aint had no call to be sorry. You've been good to me; a heap better'n I have been to you."

Truly, Molly *was* softening. Sandy could hardly credit his own happiness. He ran his fingers through the tawny fringe of his beard awhile before he answered.

"Thet's all right, Molly. I laid out to be good to ye, an' I've tried to be. Say, Molly," he continued, with a kind of pleading earnestness in his voice, "ye've done hankerin' arter the city, aint ye? Kind o' gettin' used to the mountings ag'in, aint ye, Molly?"

It was quite dark on the little hillside now, and Molly could turn her face boldly toward her husband.

"What makes ye keep a-harpin' on that, Sandy? I aint hankered after the city—not for a long time," and a slight shudder ran over her. "Just put that idea out of your head, Sandy. Nothin' could ever tempt *me* to go to the city again. I *hate* it!"

She spoke with fierce emphasis, and rose to go in. Sandy, somewhat puzzled by her manner, but re-assured by her words, heaved a sigh and rose also.

The stars were out, and from a little patch of swamp at the foot of the hill came the shrill piping of innumerable frogs, and a whip-poor-will's wild, sad cry pierced the silence. The baby had long since fallen asleep. The mother laid him in his cradle, and night and rest settled down over the little cabin.

Spring had passed into summer, and summer was already on the wane; an August morning had dawned over the mountains. Although the sun shone warmly down upon the dew-drenched earth, the air was still deliciously cool and fresh.

Molly stood in the door-way, holding in her arms the baby, whose look of preternat-

ural wisdom had merged itself into one of infantile softness and benignity. She was holding him up for the benefit of Sandy, who, as he went down the red, dusty road, driving the white cow before him, turned now and then to bestow a grimace upon his son and heir. That small personage's existence, while perhaps less a matter of astonishment to his father than formerly, had lost none of the charms of novelty. He was a fine, robust little man, and cooed and chuckled rapturously in his mother's arms, stretching out his hands toward the scarlet blossoms of the trumpet-vine which climbed around the door-way. Mother and child made a fair picture in the twining green frame touched up with flame-like clusters of bloom—a picture which was not lost upon Sandy, who, as he passed out of sight of the cabin, shook his head, and said to himself again, as he had many and many a time before:

"Blest ef I see how I ever got up spunk enough to ax her!"

Molly watched her husband out of sight, and then let her eyes wander over the summer landscape. There was a look of deep content in her face, which was no longer pale and worn. The traces of struggle and suffering had disappeared. The past may have had its anguish, and its sins perhaps, but the present must have seemed peaceful and secure, for she turned from the door-way with a song upon her lips,—a song which lingered all the morning as she went in and out about her household tasks, trying to make more trim and bright that which was already the perfection of trimness and brightness. When she had finished her work the morning was far advanced and the sun glared hotly in at door and window.

She had rocked the baby to sleep, and came out of the inner room with the happy mother-look upon her face. She turned to look back, to see, perhaps, if the fly-net were drawn carefully enough over the little sleeper. As she stood thus she was conscious of a human shadow which fell through the outer door and blotted out the square of sunshine which lay across the floor, and a deep voice said:

"I'd thank you for a drink of water, ma'am."

Molly turned quickly and the eyes of the two met. Over the man's face came a look of utter amazement which ended in an evil smile.

Over the woman's face came a change so sudden, so terrible, that the new-comer, base and hardened as he looked, seemed

struck by it, and the cruel smile subsided a little as he exclaimed:

"Molly Craigie, by all that's holy!"

The woman did not seem to hear him. She stood staring at him with wild incredulous eyes and parted lips, from which came in a husky whisper the words:

"Dick Staples!"

Then she struck the palms of her hands together and with a sharp cry sank into a chair. The man stepped across the threshold and stood in the center of the room looking curiously about him. He was a large, powerfully built fellow and in a certain way a handsome one. He was attired in a kind of hunting costume which he wore with a jaunty, theatrical air.

"I swear!" he exclaimed, with a low, brutal laugh, as his eyes took in the details of the neat little kitchen, and came at last to rest upon the woman's white face. "I swear! I do believe Molly's married!"

The idea seemed to strike him as a peculiarly novel and amusing one.

"Molly Craigie married and settled down! Well, if that *isn't* a good one!" and he burst into another cruel laugh. His mocking words seemed at last to sting the woman, who had sat smitten mute before him, into action. She rose and faced him, trembling, but defiant.

"Dick Staples, what *brought* ye here only God knows, but ye musn't *stay* here. Ye must go 'way this minute, d'ye hear? *Ye must go 'way!*"

She spoke firmly but hurriedly, glancing down the road as she did so. The man stared blankly at her a moment.

"Well, now, if that aint a nice way to treat an old friend! Why, Molly, you aint going back on Dick you aint seen for so long, are you? I'd no idea of ever seeing *you* again, but now I've found you, you don't get rid of me so easy. I'm going to make myself at home, Molly, see if I don't." And the man seated himself and crossed his legs comfortably looking about him with a mocking air of geniality and friendliness. "Why, d—n it!" he continued, "I'm going to stay to dinner and be introduced to your husband!"

Molly went nearer to him; the defiance in her manner had disappeared and a look of almost abject terror and appeal had taken its place.

"Dick," she cried, imploringly, "oh, Dick, for God's sake hear me! If ye want to see me, to speak with me, I wont refuse ye, only not here, Dick,—for God's sake *not*

here!" and she glanced desperately around. "What brought ye here, Dick? Tell me that, and where are you stayin'?"

"Well, then," he answered surlily, "I ran up for a little shooting, and I'm staying at Digby's."

"At Digby's! That's three miles below here." She spoke eagerly. "Dick, you noticed the little meetin'-house just below here in the hollow?"

The man nodded.

"If ye'll go away now, Dick, right away, I'll meet ye in the woods. Follow the path that leads up behind the meetin'-house to-morrow mornin' between ten and eleven an' I'll meet ye there, but oh, Dick, for God's sake go away now, before—before *he* comes!"

The desperation in her voice and looks produced some effect upon the man apparently, for he rose and said:

"Well, Molly, as you're so particular, I'll do as you say; but mind now, don't you play me no tricks. If you aint *there*, punctual, I'll be *here*; now see if I don't, my beauty." He would have flung his arms about her, but she started back with flaming eyes.

"None o' that, Dick Staples!" she cried, fiercely.

"Spunky as ever, and twice as handsome, I swear!" exclaimed the fellow, gazing admiringly at her.

"Are ye goin'?"

There was something in her voice and mien which compelled obedience and the man prepared to go. Outside the door he slung his rifle over his shoulder and looking back, said:

"Remember now, Molly, 'meet me in the willow glen,' you know. Punctual's the word!" and with a meaning smile he sauntered down the slope, humming a popular melody as he went.

The woman stood for a time as he had left her, her arms hanging by her side, her eyes fixed upon the door-way. The baby slept peacefully on, and outside the birds were twittering and calling, and the breeze tossed the vine-tendrils in at door and window, throwing graceful, dancing shadows over the floor and across her white face and nerveless hands. A whistle, clear and cheery, came piping through the sultry noontide stillness. It pierced her deadened senses, and she started, passing her hand across her eyes.

"God!"

That was all she said. Then she began

laying the table and preparing the midday meal. When Sandy reached the cabin she was moving about with nervous haste, her eyes gleaming strangely and a red spot on either cheek. Her husband's eyes followed her wonderingly. The child awoke and she went to bring him.

"I wonder what's up now?" he muttered, combing his beard with his fingers, as he was wont to do when perplexed or embarrassed. "Women *is* cur'us! They's no two ways about it, they *is* cur'us! They's no 'countin' fur 'em no how, 'deed they aint!"

At this point the baby appeared, and after his usual frolic with him, during which he did not cease his furtive study of Molly's face, Sandy shouldered his hoe and started for the field. As he reached the door he turned and said:

"O Molly, I seen a man agoin' across the road down by the crick; one o' them city fellers, rigged out in huntin' traps. Did ye see him?"

Molly was standing with her back toward her husband putting away the remains of the meal.

"A man like that came to the door an' asked for a drink," she answered, quietly.

"He warn't sassy nor nothin'?" inquired Sandy, anxiously.

"No—he wasn't sassy," was the answer.

Sandy breathed a sigh of relief.

"Them city fellers is mighty apt to be sassy, and this time o' year they's allers prowlin' 'round," and bestowing another rough caress on the baby he went his way.

That evening as they sat together before the door Sandy said:

"O Molly, I'm agoin' over ter Jim Barker's by sun-up ter-morrer, ter help him out with his hoein'. Ye wont be lonesome nor nothin'?"

"No—I reckon not," replied his wife. "'Twont be the first time I've been here alone."

Involuntarily the eyes of the husband and wife met, in his a furtive questioning look which she met with a steady gaze. In the dusky twilight her face showed pale as marble and her throat pulsated strangely. The man turned his eyes away; there was something in that face which he could not bear.

And at "sun-up" Sandy departed.

Molly went about her work as usual. Nothing was forgotten, nothing neglected. The two small rooms shone with neatness and comfort, and at last the child slept.

The hour for her meeting with Staples had arrived, and Molly came out and closed the cabin door behind her—but here her feet faltered, and she paused. With her hands pressed tightly on her heart she stood there for a moment with the bright August sunshine falling over her; suddenly she turned and re-entered the cabin, went noiselessly into the bedroom and knelt down by the sleeping child. One warm, languid little hand drooped over the cradle's edge. As her eyes fell upon it a quiver passed over the woman's white face, and she laid her cheek softly against it, her lips moving the while.

Then she arose and went away. Down the dusty road, with rapid, unfaltering steps and eyes that looked straight before her, she passed, and disappeared in the shadow of the forest.

When Sandy came home at night he found his wife standing in the door-way, her dark braids falling over her shoulders, her cheeks burning, her eyes full of a fire which kindled his own slow but ardent nature. He had never seen her looking so beautiful, and he came on toward her with quickened steps and a glad look in his face.

"Here, Molly," said he, holding up to her face a bunch of dazzling cardinal-flowers, "I pulled these fur ye, down in the gorge."

She shrank from the vivid, blood-red blossoms as if he had struck her, and her face turned ashy white.

"In the gorge!" she repeated hoarsely—"in the gorge! Throw them away! throw them away!" and she cowered down upon the door-stone, hiding her face upon her knees. Her husband stared at her a moment, hurt and bewildered; then, throwing the flowers far down the slope, he went past her into the house.

"Molly's gittin on her spells ag'in," he muttered. "Lord, Lord, I war in' hopes ez she war over 'em fur good!"

Experience having taught him to leave her to herself at such times, he said nothing now, but sat with the child upon his lap, looking at her from time to time with a patient, wistful look. At last the gloom and silence were more than he could bear.

"Molly," said he softly, "what ails ye?"

At the sound of his voice she started and rose. Going to him, she took the child and went out of the room. As she did so, Sandy noticed that a portion of her dress was torn away. He remarked it with won-

der, as well as her disordered hair. It was not like Molly at all; but he said nothing, putting this unusual negligence down to that general "cur'usness" of womankind which was past finding out.

The next day and the next passed away. Sandy went in and out, silent and unobtrusive, but with his heart full of sickening fears. A half-formed doubt of his wife's sanity—a doubt which her strange, fitful conduct during these days, and her wild and haggard looks only served to confirm—haunted him persistently. He could not work, but wandered about, restless and unhappy beyond measure.

On the third day, as he sat, moody and wretched, upon the fence of the corn-field, Jim Barker, his neighbor from the other side of the mountain, came along, and asked Sandy to join him on a hunting excursion. He snatched at the idea, hoping to escape for a time from the insupportable thoughts he could not banish, and went up to the cabin for his gun. As he took it down, Molly's eyes followed him.

"Where are ye goin', Sandy?" she asked.

"With Jim, fur a little shootin'," was the answer; "ye don't mind, Molly?"

She came to him and laid her head upon his shoulder, and, as he looked down upon her face, he was newly startled at its pinched and sunken aspect.

"No, Sandy, I don't mind," she said, with the old gentleness in her tones. She returned his caress, clinging to his neck, and with reluctance letting him go. He remembered this in after times, and even now it moved him strangely, and he turned more than once to look back upon the slender figure, which stood watching him until he joined his companion and passed out of sight.

An impulse she could not resist compelled her gaze to follow them—to leap beyond them, till it rested upon the Devil's Ledge, a huge mass of rocks which frowned above the gorge. Along these rocks, at intervals, towered great pines, weather-beaten, lightning-stricken, stretching out giant arms, which seemed to beckon, and point down the sheer sides of the precipice into the abyss at its foot, where a flock of buzzards wheeled slowly and heavily about. The woman's very lips grew white as she looked, and she turned shuddering away, only to return, again and again, as the slow hours lagged and lingered. The sunshine crept across the floor never so slowly, and passed at length away; and, just as the sun was setting, Sandy's tall form appeared, coming up the slope. Against

the red sky his face stood out, white, rigid, terrible. It was not her husband; it was Fate, advancing. The woman tried to smile. Poor mockery of a smile, it died upon her lips. The whole landscape—the green forests, purple hills and gray rocks—swam before her eyes in a lurid mist; only the face of her husband—that was distinct with an awful distinctness. On he came, and stood before her. He leaned his gun against the side of the cabin, and placed the hand which had held it upon the lintel over her head; the other was in his breast. There was a terrible deliberation in all his movements, and he breathed heavily and painfully. It seemed to her an eternity that he stood thus, looking down upon her. Then he spoke.

"Thar's a dead man—over thar—under the ledge!"

The woman neither moved nor spoke. He drew his hand from his breast and held something toward her; it was the missing fragment torn from her dress.

"This yer war in his hand——"

With a wild cry the woman threw herself forward, and wound her arms about her husband's knees.

"I didn't go for to do it!" she gasped; "fore God I didn't!"

Sandy tore himself away from her clinging arms, and she fell prostrate. He looked at her fiercely and coldly.

"Take your hands off me!" he cried. "Don't tech me! Thar's thet ez mus' be made cl'ar between you an' me, woman,—cl'ar ez daylight. Ye've deceived me an' lied to me all along, but ye wont lie to me *now*. 'Taint the dead man ez troubles me," he went on grimly, setting his teeth, "'taint him ez troubles me. I'd 'a' hed to kill him myself afore I'd done with him mos' likely—ef *you* hadn't. 'Taint that ez troubles me—it's *what went afore!* D'ye hear? Thet's what I want ter know an' all I want ter know."

He lifted her up and seated himself before her, a look of savage determination on his face.

"Will ye tell me?"

The woman buried her face upon her arms and rocked backward and forward.

"How *can* I tell ye,—O Sandy, how *can* I?" she moaned.

"Ye kin tell me in one word," said her husband. "When ye come back from Richmon' thar wuz them ez tole tales on ye. I hearn 'em, but I didn't believe 'em—I *wouldn't* believe 'em! Now ye've only ter answer me one question—wur what they said *true?*"

He strove to speak calmly but the passion within him burst all bounds; the words ended in a cry of rage, and he seized her arm with a grip of iron.

"Answer me, answer me!" he cried, tightening his hold upon her arm.

"It *was* true, oh my God, it *was* true!"

He loosened his grasp and she fell insensible at his feet.

There was neither tenderness nor pity in his face as he raised her, and carrying her in, laid her upon the bed. Without a glance at the sleeping child he went out again into the gathering darkness.

Far into the night he was still sitting there unconscious of the passing hours or the chilliness of the air. His mind wandered in a wild chaos. Over and over again he rehearsed the circumstances attending the finding of the dead man beneath the ledge, and the discovery of the fragment of a woman's dress in the rigid fingers; his horror when he recognized the man as the one he had seen crossing the road near the cabin, and the fragment as a portion of Molly's dress. He had secured this and secreted it in his bosom before his companion, summoned by his shouts, had come up. He knew the pattern too well—he had selected it himself after much consideration. True, another might have worn the same, but then the recollection of Molly's torn dress arose to banish every doubt. There was mystery and crime and horror, and Molly was behind it all—Molly, the wife he had trusted, the mother of his child!

It must have been long past midnight when a hand was laid upon his shoulder and his wife's voice broke the stillness.

"Sandy," said she, "I've come—to tell ye all. Ye *wont* refuse to listen?"

He shivered beneath her touch but did not answer, and there in the merciful darkness which hid their faces from each other, Molly told her story from beginning to end, told it in a torrent of passionate words, broken by sobs and groans which shook her from head to foot.

"I met him in the woods," she went on. "I took him to the ledge, because I knew nobody would see us there, an' then I told him everything. I went down on my *knees* to him an' begged of him to go away an' leave me; for I couldn't bear to—to give ye up, an' I knew 'twould come to that! I begged an' I prayed an' he wouldn't hear; an' then—an' then—" she sobbed, "he threatened me, Sandy, he threatened to go an' tell you all. He put his wicked face

close up to mine, I pushed him away an' he fell—he fell, Sandy, but God knows I didn't go fur to do it!"

She stopped, her voice utterly choked with agonizing sobs, but the man before her did not move or speak. She threw herself down and clasped her arms about him.

"Sandy! husband!" she cried. "Do what ye please with me—drive me away—kill me, but remember this—I *did* love ye true an' faithful—say ye believe that!"

The man freed himself roughly from her arms.

"I do believe ye," he answered.

There was something horrible in his fierce repulsion of her touch, in the harsh coldness of his voice, and the woman shrank back and crouched at his feet, and neither spoke or moved again until with the first twitter of the birds, the baby's voice mingling, the mother rose instinctively to answer the feeble summons. She was chilled to the marrow, and her hair and garments were wet with the heavy dew. Sandy sat with averted head buried in his hands. She longed to go to him, but she dared not, and she went in to the child. Weak and unnerved as she was, the heat of the room overcame her, and sitting there with the baby on her lap she fell into a deep, death-like slumber. She returned to consciousness to find herself lying upon the bed with the child by her side. Some one had laid her there, and drawn the green shade close to shut out the bright light. She started up and listened; there was no sound but the whirl of insects and the warbling of birds. She arose, stiff and bewildered, and staggered to the door. Sandy was gone.

The day dragged its mournful length along and as night fell steps were heard approaching. Molly's heart gave a great leap, but it was not her husband's step—it was that of Bob, her brother, who came slowly up the path, a serious expression on his boyish face. She would have flown to meet him, but she could not stir. Her eyes fastened themselves upon him with a look that demanded everything.

The young fellow came close up to his sister before speaking.

"How d'ye, Molly, how d'ye?" he said, seating himself beside her and glancing curiously at her white, desperate face.

"What is it, Bob?" she gasped; "what is it? Ye can tell me—I can bear it."

"I ain't got nothin' much to tell," he answered with a troubled air. "I war think-

in' ez you mought hev somethin' ter tell me. Sandy he come by an' said as how he mus' go down ter Gordonsville, he an' Jim Barker, on account o' the man ez fell over the ledge."

The shudder which passed through the woman's frame escaped Bob's notice, and he continued:

"He said ez how he mus' stay till th' inquist war over, an' moughtn't be back for a day or two, an' axed me fur ter keep ye comp'ny till he comes back."

"Till he comes back!" she repeated in a whisper.

She hid her face in her hands, and Bob, who, like Sandy, was used to Molly's strange ways, did not question her further.

Days, weeks and months passed away, and Sandy King had not returned. Jim Barker, who had seen him last, knew only that he had expressed an intention to remain a few days longer in the town, and all further inquiries revealed nothing more.

Bob remained with his sister, and, after the first few weeks of excitement, settled quietly down in charge of the little farm,—“until Sandy gits back,” as he always took pains to declare.

This stoutly maintained contingency was regarded by the scattered inhabitants of that region with doubt and disbelief. Sandy's mysterious disappearance excited much comment, and gave rise to endless rumors and conjectures. The current belief, however, was, that being himself a man of peaceable habits, he had found his wife's temper too “cantankerous,” and had gone in search of the peace denied him beneath his own roof, such an event having occurred more than once within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Molly knew nothing of all this. She never left her own door from the day of her husband's departure, and Bob,—warm-hearted fellow,—had stood valiantly between his sister and the prying eyes and sharp tongues which sought to pluck out the heart of her mystery or apply venom to her bleeding wounds.

That something very serious had occurred, he, more than any other, had cause to suspect, but he respected his sister's reticence, and watched with secret pain and anxiety her increasing pallor and weakness. The hopes he had at first cherished of Sandy's return died slowly out, but he hardly confessed it, even to himself.

Autumn passed into winter, and winter into spring, and in the meantime, as Molly

faded, the little boy thrived and waxed strong. He could now toddle about on his sturdy legs, and his prattle and laughter filled the lonely cabin. His mother watched his development eagerly.

"See, Bob!" she would say, "see how he walks, an' how plain he can talk! What'll Sandy say when he sees him?"

Then she would hold up before the round baby-eyes a distorted, shaggy likeness of Sandy, which he had once exhibited with great pride on his return from Gordonsville, and try to teach the baby lips to pronounce "Dad-dy."

"He'll know him when he comes, Bob, see if he don't. He'll know his own daddy, wont he, precious man? An' he'll be here by corn-plantin', Bob, sure!"

And Bob, who always entered with a great assumption of cheerfulness into all her plans, would turn away with a sinking heart.

"Ef he's ever a-comin'," he would say to himself, "he'd better come mighty soon, or——" and then something would rise in his throat, and he could never finish the sentence.

The gray-brown woods had changed to tender green and purple, the air teemed with the sounds, and the earth with the tints, of early spring. The corn was not only planted, but was already sending up sharp yellow-green spikes out of the soft red loam, and yet Sandy had not returned.

A strange woman had taken Molly's place in the household, for Molly could no longer go about—could hardly sit at the window, looking down the lonely road or over the distant hills with her eager, hollow eyes. She had never complained, and up to this time had refused to see a physician. And now when one was summoned, he only shook his head in response to Bob's questions, and hinted vaguely at mental causes beyond his reach.

She lay for the most part with closed eyes, and but for the heaving of her breast, one might have believed her no longer of the living, so white and shadow-like had she become. She seldom spoke, but not a night fell, that she did not call Bob to her side and whisper, with upturned, anxious eyes:

"I reckon he'll come to-morrow, don't you?"

One evening, after a restless, feverish day, she woke from a brief nap. Her brother was seated by her side, looking sadly into her waxen face. She started up with a strange glitter in her eyes, and seized his arm.

"Bob," she whispered, "he's comin'!" He's most here! Go and meet him quick, Bob, an' tell him to hurry, to *hurry*, mind, or I sha'n't be here!"

The wildness in her face and voice deepened.

"Go, I tell you! Quick! He's comin'!" and she would have sprung from the bed.

"There, there, Molly," said her brother, soothingly, "jess lay right down an' be quiet, an' I'll go."

She lay upon the pillow as he placed her, panting and trembling, and he went hastily out, pausing, as he went through the kitchen, to say a few words to the woman who sat at the table, feeding the little boy.

"She's a heap wusser," he said, "an' out of her head. Keep a watch over her while I go for the doctor."

He ran quickly down the slope toward the field where the horse was tethered. As he reached the road he saw a tall form advancing through the dusk with rapid strides. Something in the gait and outline set his heart to throbbing; he stopped and waited. The man came nearer.

"Bob!"

"Sandy!"

The two men clasped hands.

"Molly?" said her husband, brokenly. For answer Bob pointed silently toward the cabin, and Sandy passed up the slope before him. As he entered the little kitchen the child stopped eating and stared with wide-open eyes at the stranger.

"Dad-dy! dad-dy!" he babbled.

Sandy saw and heard nothing, but went blindly on into the inner room.

There was a glad cry, and Molly was in her husband's arms.

"I knew ye'd come!" she said.

"Yes, darlin', I've come, an' I'll never——" The words died upon his lips, for something in the face upon his breast told him that Molly was listening to another voice than his.

MISS EDITH MAKES IT PLEASANT FOR BROTHER JACK.

“‘CRYING!’ Of course I am crying, and I guess you’d be crying too
If people were telling such stories as they tell about me, about *you*.
Oh yes, you can laugh, if you want to, and smoke as you didn’t care how,
And get your brains softened like Uncle’s.—Dr. Jones says you’re gettin’ it now.

“Why don’t you say ‘stop!’ to Miss Ilsey? she cries twice as much as I do.
And she’s older and cries just from meanness—for a ribbon or anything new.
Ma says it’s her ‘sensitive nature.’ Oh my! No, I sha’n’t stop my talk!
And I don’t want no apples nor candy, and I don’t want to go take a walk!

“I know why you’re mad! Yes, I do, now! You think that Miss Ilsey likes *you*.
And I’ve heard her *repeatedly* call you the bold-facest boy that she knew;
And she’d ‘like to know where you learnt manners.’ Oh yes! Kick the table—that’s right!
Spill the ink on my dress, and then go ‘round telling Ma that I look like a fright!

“What stories? Pretend you don’t know that they’re saying I broke off the match
’Twixt old Money-grubber and Mary, by saying she called him ‘Crosspatch’!
When the only allusion I made him about sister Mary was she
Cared more for his cash than his temper, and you know, Jack, *you* said that to me!

“And it’s true! But it’s *me* and I’m scolded and Pa says if I keep on I might
By and by get my name in the papers! Who cares! Why ‘twas only last night
I was reading how Pa and the sheriff were selling some lots, and it’s plain
If it’s awful to be in the papers why Papa would go and complain.

“You think it aint true about Ilsey? Well, I guess I know girls—and I say
There’s nothing I see about Ilsey to show she likes you anyway!
I know what it means when a girl who has called her cat after a boy
Goes and changes its name to another’s. And she’s done it—and I wish you joy!”

DAYS AND NIGHTS IN CONCORD.

FROM MANUSCRIPT PAPERS BY HENRY D. THOREAU.*

[The time of year is August and September.]

I do not remember any page which will tell me how to spend this afternoon. I do not so much want to know how to economize time as how to spend it; by what means to grow rich. How to extract its honey from the flower of the world,—that is *my* every-day business. I am as busy as a bee about it. Do I not impregnate and intermix the flowers, produce rarer and finer varieties, by transferring my eyes from one to another? It is with flowers I would deal. The art of spending a day! If it is possible that we may be addressed, it be-

hooves us to be attentive. So by the dawn-ing or radiance of beauty are we advertised where are the honey and the fruit of thought, of discourse and of action. The discoveries which we make abroad are special and particular; those which we make at home are general and significant. My profession is to be always on the alert, to find God in nature, to know his lurking-places, to attend all the oratorios, the operas in nature. Shall I not have words as fresh as my thought? Shall I use any other man’s word? A genuine thought or feeling can find expression for itself if it have to invent hieroglyphics. It has the universe for type-metal.

Since I perambulated the “bounds of the

* Other extracts from this journal may be found in “Thoreau, the Poet-Naturalist,” published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

town," I find that I have in some degree confined myself (my vision and my walks). On whatever side I look off, I am reminded of the mean and narrow-minded men whom I have lately met there. What can be uglier than a country occupied by groveling, coarse and low-lived men?—no scenery can redeem it. Hornets, hyenas and baboons are not so great a curse to a country as men of a similar character. It is a charmed circle which I have drawn about my abode, having walked not with God, but the devil. I am too well aware when I have crossed this line. * * * * *

The Price-Farm road is one of those everlasting roads, which the sun delights to shine along in an August afternoon, playing truant; which seem to stretch themselves with terrene jest as the weary traveler travels them on; where there are three white sandy furrows (*liræ*), two for the wheels and one between them for the horse, with endless green grass borders between, and room on each side for blueberries and birches; where the walls indulge in freaks, not always parallel to the ruts, and golden-rod yellows all the path, which some elms began to border and shade over, but left off in despair, it was so long. From no point of which can you be said to be at any definite distance from a town. * * *

Old Cato says well,—*patrem familias vendacem, non emacem esse oportet*. These Latin terminations express better than any English I know, the greediness as it were, and tenacity of purpose, with which the husbandman and householder is required to be a seller and not a buyer; with mastiff-like tenacity, these lipped words collect in the sense, with a certain greed. Here comes a laborer from his dinner to resume his work at clearing out a ditch, notwithstanding the rain, remembering, as Cato says, *per ferias potuisse fossas veteres tergeri*. One would think I were come to see if the steward of my farm had done his duty.

The prevailing conspicuous flowers at present [August 21] are the early golden-rods, tansy, the life-everlastings, fleabane (though not for its flower), yarrow, rather dry; hardhack and meadow-sweet, both getting dry; also Mayweed, purple eupatorium, clethra, rhexia, thoroughwort, *Polygala sanguinea*, prunella and dogsbane (getting stale), touch-me-not (less observed), Canada snapdragon by road-sides, purple gerardia, horse-mint, veronica, marsh speedwell, tall crowfoot (still in flower), also the epilobium and cow-wheat.

Half an hour before sunset I was at Tupelo cliff, when, looking up from my botanizing (I had been examining the *ranunculus filiformis*, *conium maculatum*, *sium latifolium*, and the obtuse *galium* on the muddy shore), I saw the seal of evening on the river. There was a quiet beauty on the landscape at that hour, which my senses were prepared to appreciate. When I have walked all day in vain under the torrid sun, and the world has been all trivial, as well field and wood as highway, then at eve the sun goes down westward, and the dews begin to purify the air and make it transparent, and the lakes and rivers acquire a glassy stillness, reflecting the skies, the reflex of the day. Thus, long after feeding, the diviner faculties begin to be fed, to feel their oats, their nutriment, and are not oppressed by the body's load. Every sound is music now. How rich, like what we like to read of South American primitive forests, is the scenery of this river; what luxuriance of weeds, what depths of mud along its sides! These old ante-historic, geologic, antediluvian rocks, which only primitive wading-birds still lingering among us are worthy to tread! The season which we seem to live in anticipation of is arrived. With what sober joy I stand to let the water drip, and feel my fresh vigor, who have been bathing in the same tub which the muskrat uses,—such a medicinal bath as only nature furnishes! A fish leaps, and the dimple he makes is observed now. Methinks that for a great part of the time, as much as is possible, I walk as one possessing the advantages of human culture, fresh from the society of men, but turned loose into the woods, the only man in nature, walking and meditating, to a great extent, as if man and his customs and institutions were not. The cat-bird, or the jay, is sure of your whole ear now; each noise is like a stain on pure glass.

The rivers now,—these great blue subterranean heavens reflecting the supernal skies and red-tinged clouds; what unanimity between the water and the sky,—one only a little denser element than the other,—the grossest part of heaven! Think of a mirror on so large a scale! Standing on distant hills you see the heavens reflected, the evening sky in some low lake or river in the valley, as perfectly as in any mirror that could be; does it not prove how intimate heaven is with earth? We commonly sacrifice to supper this serene and sacred hour. Our customs turn the hour of sunset to a

trivial time, as to the meeting of two roads, one coming from the noon, the other leading to the night. It might be well if our reports were taken out-of-doors in view of the sunset and the rising stars; if there were two persons whose pulses beat together; if men cared for the *Kosmos* or beauty of the world, if men were social in a rare or high sense; if they associated on rare or high levels; if we took with our tea a draught of the dew-freighted, transparent evening air; if with our bread and butter we took a slice of the red western sky; if the smoking, steaming urn was the vapor on a thousand lakes and rivers and meads. The air of the valleys at this hour is the distilled essence of all those fragrances which during the day have been filling, and have been dispersed in the atmosphere,—the fine fragrances perchance which have floated in the upper atmospheres now settled to these low vales. I talked of buying Conantum once, but for want of money we did not come to terms. But I have farmed it, in my own fashion, every year since.

I find three or four ordinary laborers to-day, putting up the necessary out-door fixtures for a magnetic telegraph. They carry along a basket of simple implements, like traveling tinkers, and with a little rude soldering and twisting and straightening of wire, the work is done. As if you might set your hired man with the poorest head and hands, with the greatest latitude of ignorance and bungling, to this work. All great inventions stoop thus low to succeed, for the understanding is but little above the feet. They preserve so low a tone, they are simple almost to coarseness and common-placeness. Some one had told them what he wanted, and sent them forth with a coil of wire to make a magnetic telegraph. It seems not so wonderful an invention as a common cart or plow.

The buckwheat already cut [September 4] lies in red piles in the field. In the Marlboro' road I saw a purple streak like a stain on the red pine leaves and sand under my feet, which I was surprised to find was made by a dense mass of purple fleas, like snow-fleas. And now we leave the road and go through the woods and swamps toward Boon's pond, crossing two or three roads, and by Potter's house in Stow, still on the east side of the river. Beyond Potter's, we struck into the extensive wooded plain, where the ponds are found in Stow, Sudbury and Marlboro'; part of it is called Boon's Plain. Boon is said to have lived

on or under Bailey's Hill, at the west of the pond, and was killed by the Indians, between Boon's and White's Pond, as he was driving his ox-cart. The oxen ran off to the Marlboro' garrison-house,—his remains have been searched for. There were two hen-hawks that soared and circled for our entertainment when we were in the woods on this plain, crossing each other's orbits from time to time, alternating like the squirrels in their cylinder, till, alarmed by our imitation of a hawk's shrill cry,—they gradually inflated themselves, made themselves more ærial, and rose higher and higher into the heavens, and were at length lost to sight; yet all the while earnestly looking, scanning the surface of the earth for a stray mouse or rabbit. We saw a mass of sunflowers in a farmer's patch; such is the destiny of this large coarse flower, the farmers gather it like pumpkins. We noticed a potato-field yellow with wild radish. Knight's new dam has so raised the Assabet as to make a permanent freshet, as it were, the fluviatile trees standing dead for fish-hawk perches, and the water stagnant for weeds to grow in. You have only to dam up a running stream to give it the aspect of a dead stream, and in some degree restore its primitive wild appearance. Tracts are thus made inaccessible to man and at the same time more fertile,—the last gasp of wildness before it yields to the civilization of the factory; to cheer the eyes of the factory people and educate them,—a little wilderness above the factory.

As I looked back up the stream, I saw the ripples sparkling in the sun, reminding me of the sparkling icy fleets which I saw last winter; and I thought how one corresponded to the other,—ice waves to water ones; the erect ice-flakes, were the waves stereotyped. It was the same sight, the same reflection of the sun sparkling from a myriad slanting surfaces; at a distance, a rippled water surface, or a crystallized frozen one. We climbed the high hills on the west side of the river, in the east and south-east part of Stow. I observed that the walnut-trees conformed in their branches to the slope of the hill, being just as high from the ground on the upper side as the lower. I saw what I thought a small red dog in the road, which cantered along over the bridge, and then turned into the woods; this decided me, this turning into the woods, that it was a fox, the dog of the woods. A few oaks stand in the pastures, still great ornaments. I do not see any young ones springing up to supply their places, and will there

be any a hundred years hence? We are a young people and have not learned by experience the consequences of cutting off the forest. I love to see the yellow knots and their lengthened stain on the dry, unpainted pitch-pine boards on barns and other buildings, as the Dugan house. The indestructible yellow fat, it fats my eyes to see it, worthy for art to imitate, telling of branches in the forest once.

From Strawberry Hill we caught the first, and but a very slight, glimpse of Nagog Pond, by standing on the wall. That is enough to relate of a hill, methinks,—that its elevation gives you the first sight of some distant lake. The horizon is remarkably blue with mist; looking from this hill over Acton, successive valleys filled with this mist appear, and are divided by darker lines of wooded hills. The shadows of the elms are deepened, as if the whole atmosphere were permeated by floods of ether, that give a velvet softness to the whole landscape; the hills float in it; a blue veil is drawn over the earth. Annursnac Hill had an exceedingly rich, empurpled look, telling of the juice of the wild grape and poke-berries. Noticed a large field of sunflowers for hens, in full bloom at Temple's, now—at six P. M.—facing the east. The larches in the front yards have turned red; their fall has come; the Roman wormwood (*ambrosia artemisiifolia*) is beginning to yellow-green my shoes, intermingled with the blue-curls in the sand of grain-fields. Perchance some poet likened this yellow dust to the ambrosia of the gods.

Do not the songs of birds and the fire-flies go with the grass, whose greenness is the best symptom and evidence of the earth's health or youth? Perhaps a history of the year would be a history of the grass, or of a leaf, regarding the grass-blades as leaves. Plants soon cease to grow for the year, unless they may have a fall growth, which is a kind of second spring. In the feelings of the man, too, the year is already past, and he looks forward to the coming winter. It is a season of withering; of dust and heat; a season of small fruits and trivial experiences. But there is an aftermath, and some spring flowers bloom again. May my life be not destitute of its Indian Summer! I hear the locust still; some farmers are sowing their winter rye; I see the fields smoothly rolled. I see others plowing steep, rocky, and bushy fields for rolling. How beautiful the sprout-land! When you look down on it, the light-green of the maples shaded off with the darker red, enlivening the scene yet

more. Surely this earth is fit to be inhabited, and many enterprises may be undertaken with hope, where so many young plants are pushing up. Shall man then despair? Is he not a sprout-land, too, after never so many searings and witherings? If you witness growth and luxuriance, it is all the same as if you grew luxuriantly. The woodbine is red on the rocks. The poke is a very rich and striking plant, cardinal in its rank, as in its color. The downy seeds of the groundsel are taking their flight; the calyx has dismissed them and quite curled back, having done its part.

When I got into Lincoln Road [September 11] I perceived a singular sweet scent in the air; but, though I smelled everything around, I could not detect it. It was one of the sweet scents which go to make up the autumn, which fed and dilated my sense of smell. I felt the better for it. Methinks that I possess the sense of smell in greater perfection than usual. How autumnal is the scent of wild grapes, now by the road-side! The cross-leaved polygala emits its fragrance as at will; you must not hold it too near, but on all sides and at all distances. The pendulous, drooping barberries are pretty well reddened. I am glad when the berries look fair and plump.

Windy autumnal weather is very exciting and bracing, clear and cold after a rain. The wind roars loudly in the woods, the ground is strewn with leaves, especially under the apple-trees. The surface of the river reflecting the sun is dazzlingly bright; the outlines of the hills are remarkably distinct and firm, their surfaces bare and hard, not clothed with a thick air. I notice one red maple, far brighter than the blossom of any tree in summer. What can be handsomer for a picture than our river scenery now? First, this smoothly shorn meadow on the west side of the stream, looking from the first Conantum cliff, with all the swaths distinct, sprinkled with apple-trees casting heavy shadows black as ink [9 A. M.], such as can be seen only in this clear air, this strong light,—one cow wandering restlessly about in it and lowing; then, the blue river, scarcely darker than, and not to be distinguished from, the sky, its waves driven southward (or up the stream), by the wind, making it appear to flow that way, bordered by willows and button-bushes; then the narrow meadow beyond, with varied lights and shades from its waving grass, each grass-blade bending south before the wintry blast, as if looking for aid in that

direction; then the hill, rising sixty feet to a terrace-like plain covered with shrub-oaks, maples, and other trees, each variously tinted, clad all in a livery of gay colors, every bush a feather in its cap; and further in the rear the wood-crowned cliffs, some two hundred feet high, whose gray rocks project here and there from amid the bushes, with its orchard on the slope, and the distant Lincoln Hills in the horizon. What honest, homely, earth-loving houses they used to live in, so low you can put your hands on the eaves behind!—the broad chimney, built for comfort, no alto or basso rilievo! The air is of crystal purity,—both air and water so transparent, the fisherman tries in vain to deceive the fish with his baits. Walden plainly can never be spoiled by the wood-chopper; for, do what you will to the shore, there will still remain this crystal well. The intense brilliancy of the red, ripe maples, scattered here and there in the midst of the green oaks and hickories on its hilly shores, is quite charming. Alternating with yellow birches and poplars and green oaks, they remind one of a line of soldiers, red-coats and riflemen in green, mixed together.

From Ball's Hill [September 26th], the meadows, now smoothly shorn, have a quite imposing appearance, so spacious and level. There is a shadow on the sides of the hills surrounding (it is a cloudy day), and where the meadow meets them it is darkest. Now the sun in the west is coming out, and lights up the river a mile off so that it shines with a white light, like a burnished silver mirror. The poplar-tree on Miss Ripley's hill seems quite important to the scene. The patches of sunlight on the meadow look lividly yellow, as if flames were traversing it. It is a day for fishermen. The farmers are gathering in their corn. The climbing hemp-weed (*mikania scandens*), and the button-bushes and the pickerel-weed are sere and flat with frost. We fell into the path printed by the feet of the calves. The note of the yellow-hammer is heard from the edges of the fields.

Sitting by the spruce swamp in Conant's woods, I am reminded that this is a perfect day to visit the swamp, with its damp, mistling, mildewy air, so solemnly still. There are the specter-like black spruce hanging with usnea lichens, and in the rear rise the dark green pines and oaks on the hill-side, touched here and there with livelier tints where a maple or birch may shine,

—this luxuriant vegetation standing heavy, dark, somber, like mold in a cellar. * * *

Has one moon gone by unnoticed? It is peculiarly favorable to reflection,—a cold and dewy light in which the vapors of the day are condensed, and though the air is obscured by darkness it is more clear. Lunacy must be a cold excitement, not such insanity as a torrid sun on the brain would produce. But the moon is not to be judged alone by the quantity of light she sends us, but also by her influence on the thoughts. No thinker can afford to overlook her influence any more than the astronomer can. Has not the poet his spring-tides and his neap-tides, in which the ocean within him overflows its shores and bathes the dry land—the former sometimes combining with the winds of heaven to produce those memorable high tides which leave their mark for ages, when all Broad street is submerged and incalculable damage done the common shipping of the mind? I come out into the moonlit night where men are not, as if into a scenery, *anciently* deserted by men; the life of men is like a dream. It is three thousand years since night has had possession. Go forth and hear the crickets chirp at midnight. Hear if their dynasty is not an ancient one and well founded. I feel the antiquity of the night; she merely repossesses herself of her realms, as if her dynasty were uninterrupted, or she had underlaid the day. No sounds but the steady creaking of crickets, and the occasional crowing of cocks. I go by the farmer's houses and barns, standing there in the dim light under the trees, as if they lay at an immense distance, or under a veil. The farmer and his oxen are all asleep, not even a watch-dog is awake. The human slumbers; there is less of man in the world. To appreciate the moonlight, you must stand in the shade and see where a few rods or a few feet distant it falls in between the trees. It is a "milder day," made for some inhabitants whom you do not see. I am obliged to sleep enough the next night to make up for it (after being out)—*Endymionis somnum dormire*—to sleep an Endymion's sleep, as the ancients expressed it.

The fog on the lowlands (on the Corner Road) is never still. It now advances and envelops me as I stand to write these words before sunrise, then clears away with ever noiseless step. It covers the meadows like a web,—I hear the clock strike three. The light of Orion's belt seems to show traces of the blue day through which it

came to us. The sky at least is lighter on that side than in the west, even about the moon. Even by night the sky is blue and not black, for we see through the veil of night into the distant atmosphere. I see to the plains of the sun where the sunbeams are reveling. The crickets' song by the causeway is not so loud at this hour as at evening, and the moon is getting low. I hear a wagon cross on one of the bridges leading into the town. I smell the ripe apples many rods off beyond the bridge. Will not my townsmen consider me a benefactor if I conquer some realms from the night, if I can show them that there is some beauty awake while they are asleep; if I add to the domains of poetry; if I report to the gazettes anything transpiring in our midst worthy of man's attention? I will say nothing here to the disparagement of Day, for he is not here to defend himself.

I hear the farmer harnessing his horse and starting for the distant market, but no man harnesses himself and starts for worthier enterprises. One cock-crow tells the whole story of the farmer's life. I see the little glow-worms deep in the grass by the brook-side. The moon shines dim and red, a solitary whip-poor-will sings, the clock strikes four, a few dogs bark, a few more wagons start for market, their faint rattling is heard in the distance. I hear my owl without a name, the murmur of the slow approaching freight-train as far off perchance as Waltham, and one early bird. The round red moon is disappearing in the west. I detect a whiteness in the east. Some dark, massive clouds have come over from the west within the hour, as if attracted by the approaching sun, and have arranged themselves raywise across the eastern portal as if to bar his coming. They have moved, suddenly and almost unobservedly, quite across the sky (which before was clear) from west to east. No trumpet was heard which marshaled and advanced the dark masses of the west's forces thus rapidly against the coming day. Column after column the mighty west sent forth across the sky while men slept, but all in vain.

The eastern horizon is now grown dun-colored, showing where the advanced guard of the night are already skirmishing with the vanguard of the sun,—a lurid light tinging the atmosphere there,—while a dark-columned cloud hangs imminent over the broad portal untouched by the glare. Some bird flies over, making a noise like the barking of a puppy (it was a cuckoo). It is yet so

dark that I have dropped my pencil and cannot find it. The sound of the cars is like that of a rushing wind; they come on slowly; I thought at first a morning wind was rising.

The whip-poor-wills now begin to sing in earnest about half an hour before sunrise, as if making haste to improve the short time that is left them. As far as my observation goes they sing for several hours in the early part of the night, are silent commonly at midnight,—though you may meet them sitting on a rock or flitting silent about,—then sing again at just before sunrise. It grows more and more red in the east (a fine-grained red under the overhanging cloud), and lighter too, and the threatening clouds are falling off to southward of the sun's passage, shrunken and defeated, leaving his path comparatively clear. The increased light shows more distinctly the river and the fog. The light now (five o'clock) reveals a thin film of vapor like a gossamer veil cast over the lower hills beneath the cliffs, and stretching to the river, thicker in the ravines, thinnest on the even slopes. The distant meadows to the north beyond Conant's grove, full of fog, appear like a vast lake, out of which rise Annursnac and Ponkawtasset like wooded islands. And all the farms and houses of Concord are at the bottom of that sea. So I forget them, and my thought sails triumphantly over them. I thought of nothing but the surface of a lake, a summer sea over which to sail; no more would the voyager on the Dead Sea who had not the Testament think of Sodom and Gomorrah and cities of the plain. I only wished to get off to one of the low isles I saw in the midst of the sea (it may have been the top of Holbrook's elm) and spend the whole summer day there. Meanwhile the redness in the east had diminished and was less deep. And next the red was become a sort of yellowish or fawn-colored light, and the sun now set fire to the edges of the broken cloud which had hung over the horizon, and they glowed like burning turf.

It is remarkable that animals are often obviously, manifestly related to the plants which they feed upon or live among, as caterpillars, butterflies, tree-toads, partridges, chewinks. I noticed a yellow spider on a golden-rod,—as if every condition might have its expression in some form of animated being. I have seen the small mulleins in the fields for a day or two as big as a ninepence; rattlesnake grass is ripe; a stalk of purple eupatorium, eight feet, eight inches high, with a large convex corymb

(hemispherical) of many stories, fourteen inches wide, and the width of the plant, from tip of leaf to tip of leaf, two feet, the diameter of its stalk one inch at the ground. Is not disease the rule of existence? There is not a lily-pad floating in the river but has been riddled by insects. Almost every tree and shrub has its gall, oftentimes esteemed its chief ornament, and hardly to be distinguished from its fruit. If misery loves company, misery has company enough. Now at midsummer find me a perfect leaf or fruit. The difference is not great between some fruits in which the worm is always present and those gall-fruits which were produced by the insect. The prunella leaves have turned a delicate claret or lake color by the road-side [September 1st]. I am interested in these revolutions as much as in those of kingdoms. Is there not tragedy enough in the autumn? The pines are dead and leaning red against the shore of Walden Pond (which is going down at last), as if the ice had heaved them over. Thus by its rising it keeps an open shore. I found the succory on the railroad. May not this and the tree primrose, and other plants, be distributed from Boston on the rays of the railroads? The feathery-tailed fruit of the fertile flowers of the clematis are conspicuous now. The shorn meadows looked of a living green as we came home at eve, even greener than in spring. This reminds me of the "*fenum cordum*," the aftermath "*sicilimenta de pratis*," the second mowing of the meadow, in Cato. I now begin to pick wild apples.

I walk often in drizzly weather, for then the small weeds (especially if they stand on bare ground), covered with rain-drops like beads, appear more beautiful than ever,—the hypericums, for instance. They are equally beautiful when covered with dew, fresh and adorned, almost spirited away in a robe of dew-drops. The air is filled with mist, yet a transparent mist, a principle in it which you might call flavor, which ripens fruits. This haziness seems to confine and concentrate the sunlight, as if you lived in a halo,—it is August. Some farmers have begun to thresh and to winnow their oats. Not only the prunella turns lake, but the *hypericum virginicum* in the hollows by the road-side, a handsome blush, a part of the autumnal tints. Ripe leaves acquire red blood. Red colors touch our blood and excite us as well as cows and geese. We brushed against the *polygonum arcuatum*, with its spikes of reddish-white flowers,—a

slender and tender plant which loves the middle of dry and sandy, not-much-traveled roads; to find that the very stones bloom, that there are flowers we rudely brush against which only the microscope reveals. The dense fog came into my chamber early, freighted with light, and woke me. It was one of those thick fogs which last well into the day. The farmers' simple enterprises! They improve this season, which is the driest, their haying being done, and their harvest not begun, to do these jobs,—burn brush, build walls; dig ditches, cut turf, also topping corn and digging potatoes. Sometimes I smell these smokes several miles off, and, by their odor, know it is not a burning building, but withered leaves and the rubbish of the woods and swamps. Methinks the scent is a more oracular and trustworthy inquisition than the eye. When I criticise my own writing I go to the scent, as it were. It reveals what is concealed from the other senses. By it I detect earthiness.

The jays scream on the right and left as we go by, flitting and screaming from pine to pine. I hear no lark sing at evening as in the spring, only a few distressed notes from the robin. I saw a pigeon-place on George Heywood's cleared lot, with the six dead trees set up for the pigeons to alight on, and the brush-house close by to conceal the man. I was rather startled to find such a thing going now in Concord. The pigeons on the trees looked like fabulous birds, with their long tails and their pointed breasts. I could hardly believe they were alive and not some wooden birds used for decoys, they sat so still, and even when they moved their necks I thought it was the effect of art. I scare up the great bittern in the meadow by the Heywood brook near the ivy. He rises buoyantly as he flies against the wind, and sweeps south over the willow, surveying. I see ducks or teal flying silent, swift and straight, the wild creatures! The partridge and the rabbit, they still are sure to thrive like true natives of the soil, whatever revolutions occur. If the forest is cut off many bushes spring up which afford them concealment. In these cooler, windier, crystal days the note of the jay sounds a little more native.

I found on the shores of the pond that singular willow-herb in blossom, though its petals were gone. It grows up two feet from a large woody horizontal root, and drops over to the sand again, meeting which, it puts a myriad rootlets from the side of its stem, fastens itself and curves upward again to

the air, thus spanning or looping itself along. The bark, just above the ground, thickens into a singular cellular or spongy substance, which at length appears to crack nearer the earth, giving that part of the plant a winged or somewhat four-sided appearance. The caducous *polygala* is faded in cool places almost white; knot-grass or door-grass (*Polygonum aviculare*) is still in bloom. I saw the lambkill in flower (a few fresh blossoms), beautiful bright flowers, as of a new spring with it, while the seed-vessels, apparently of this year, hung dry below. The ripening grapes begin to fill the air with their fragrance.

I hear the red-wing blackbirds and meadow-larks again by the river-side [October 5], as if it were a new spring. They appear to have come to bid farewell. The birds seem to depart at the coming of the frost, which kills the vegetation and directly or indirectly the insects on which they feed. As we sailed up the river, there was a pretty good sized pickerel poised directly over the sandy bottom close to the shore, and motionless as a shadow. It is wonderful how they resist the slight current, and remain thus stationary for hours. He no doubt saw us plainly on the bridge,—in the sunny water, his whole form distinct and his shadow,—motionless as the steel-trap which does not spring till the fox's foot has touched it. In this drought you see the nests of the bream on the dry shore. The prinos berries are quite red, the dogwood by the Corner Road has lost every leaf, its branches of dry greenish berries hanging straight down from the bare stout twigs, as if their peduncles were broken. It has assumed its winter aspect,—a Mithridatic look. The black birch is straw-colored, the witch-hazel is now in bloom. The little conical burrs of the agrimony stick to my clothes; the pale lobelia still blooms freshly, and the rough hawk-weed holds up its globes of yellowish fuzzy seeds, as well as the panicked.

The reclining sun falling on the willows and on the water, produces a rare soft light I do not often see—a greenish yellow. The milk-weed seeds are in the air; I see one in the river which a minnow occasionally jostles. The butternuts have shed nearly all their leaves, and their nuts are seen black against the sky. The white-ash has got its autumnal mulberry hue. It contrasts strangely with the other shade-trees on the village street. It is with leaves as with fruits, and woods, and animals, and men,—when they are mature, their different characters appear. The elms are generally of a dirty or brownish yellow now. Some of the white pines have reached the acme of their fall; the same is the state of the pitch-pines. The shrub-oaks are almost uniformly of a deep red.

The reach of the river between Bedford and Carlisle, seen from a distance, has a singularly ethereal, celestial, or elysian look. It is of a light sky-blue, alternating with smoother white streaks, where the surface reflects the light differently, like a milk-pan full of the milk of Valhalla, partially skimmed; more gloriously and heavenly fair and pure than the sky itself. We have names for the rivers of Hell but none for the rivers of Heaven, unless the milky way may be one. It is such a smooth and shining blue, like a panoply of sky-blue plates.

Some men, methinks, have found only their hands and feet. At least, I have seen some who appeared never to have found their heads, but used them only instinctively. What shall we say of those timid folks who carry the principle of thinking nothing, and doing nothing, and being nothing, to such an extreme? As if in the absence of thought, that vast yearning of their natures for something to fill the vacuum, made the least traditionary expression and shadow of a thought to be clung to with instinctive tenacity. They atone for their producing nothing by a brutish respect for something.

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.

CHAPTER III.

NORDERUD.

NILS AMUNDSON NORDERUD was the oldest settler in Hardanger. His history, simple and unromantic as it may seem, still carries a wider significance from the fact that it possessed certain features in common with that of thousands of his countrymen who have since followed in his footsteps, and with that of thousands who are yet to follow.

Nils Norderud's father had been a houseman in the district of Hardanger and the son had early felt with some impatience the narrowing conditions of his birth. In his twentieth year he had married the woman of his choice, and when three sons had been born to him in quick succession the forecasting care for the future of his progeny had led him to ponder more deeply over the hopelessness of his lot, and finally determined him to accept the risk of transplanting his already well-matured life rather than to eke it out in a soil which promised nothing but dependence and penury. Accordingly in the year 1848 he set sail for the New World, and, after a brief sojourn in Michigan, took land under the homestead law in the wild backwoods of Minnesota. There was a vastness of scope in the pioneer's solitude upon the broad breast of this huge new-born continent, a refreshing sense of illimitable freedom, a constant appeal to all the larger faculties of his soul, and like a seed-corn which after a long entombment in an Egyptian sepulcher is planted in fertile soil, he felt the hidden energies of his being shooting forth with a lusty superabundance of strength and his hitherto cramped manhood developing its stature in the scale of dimensions according to which Nature had originally designed it.

Flocks of immigrants of various nationalities followed annually in Norderud's footsteps; his land rose rapidly in value, and a succession of liberal harvests removed the possibility of want for many years to come. Gradually as the comparative security of his position relaxed the strain upon his nerves, he began to feel more keenly the disadvantages of his isolation and to yearn

for a wider companionship. The home memories were aroused within him, and he resolved to lay aside an annual amount for the benefit of countrymen who might wish to tread the same road to fortune which he had trodden. By his aid several of his acquaintances from Hardanger were enabled to take land in his neighborhood, and before long the valley resounded with the tinkling of Norse bells and with the echoes of the Norse cattle-calls.

The new settlers, with an impulse common to their race, sought to gather their own kith and kin about them, and thus it happened that for many years the paths of Norsemen, whose aspirations had been strong enough to conquer their natural *vis inertiae*, were seen to converge toward this isolated little settlement where the clasp of eager hands and the sound of familiar voices were always ready to greet them. With every passing month the pioneer's ax broke an ever widening pathway for the sunlight into the heart of the primeval forest, the little green clearings with their improvised log-cabin grew into large farms with roomy barns and solidly timbered houses, and Norse speech and Norse memories bound all this widely scattered neighborhood together as by a strong invisible tie. The Indians, who had at first assumed a very hostile attitude toward the fair-haired invaders and even deprived them of two or three scalps, now became scarce and the few who remained, with the innate magnanimity of the noble savage, gradually changed their policy in proportion as the settlers grew in numbers.

It was a day of joyful triumph to Norderud when in the seventh year after his emigration, the farmers, at his suggestion, determined to organize into a congregation, to build a church and call a Norwegian minister to preach to them. They had felt themselves little better than heathens hitherto, with their youngest children unbaptized and themselves cut off from the sacraments; although, to be sure, they had been zealous enough in their attendance upon the meetings for prayer and worship which Norderud had held at his own house every Sunday, since the earliest days of the settlement. They had all been accustomed to look upon

him as a leader, and he had, without arrogance or undue assumption of superiority, naturally come to regard himself as a man whose voice was weightier and whose opinions, founded upon a large experience, were entitled to a greater respect than those of the herd of his fellow-creatures. Whenever his deep bass voice was heard in their primitive councils the farmers sat listening to him with a solemn gravity and with a sort of brooding attention which were in themselves an evidence of the significance they attached to his words. Now Norderud advised that they should call the Rev. Marcus Falconberg to become their pastor, and as no one knew of any objections to urge against Mr. Falconberg, the call was tendered and promptly accepted. Within six months the church was completed. It was a square wooden structure, surmounted by a disproportionately small bell-tower, externally barren of ornament but displaying within a half-patetic attempt at a reproduction of the Norse arrangement of choir, nave and galleries.

About this time a new epoch began in the history of the settlement. As civilization pushed its intenser life ever farther westward and the impetuous spirit of the century made itself felt in the hurried din and rush of locomotives, the fertility of the Hardanger valley could of course no longer remain hidden, and from all sides, foreign farmers, artisans and tradesmen poured in, in an ever thickening current, mingling their noisy and discordant lives with the primitive peace and simplicity of the Norsemen. About the spot where Norderud's farm was located the population gradually centered, and within two or three years, a thriving village, counting some twenty-five hundred souls, had climbed more than half-way up the hill-side, and had sent forth two long antennæ in the shape of unbuilt, but indefinitely prolonged, streets up toward the wall of the ever receding forest. Norderud had had the opportunity to sell part of his land in lots, and had gained a very considerable fortune by the transaction; he had a large, handsome, though architecturally unpretentious, mansion built right by the side of the old farm-house, erected a business block in the town, called "The Norderud Block," and began to be agreeably conscious of that added dignity which wealth and influence give to native skill and merit. As the years advanced, however, and the aspect of the town changed, Norderud's ambition grew, and he was at times haunted by a suspicion that in municipal affairs his voice no longer

carried the same weight as it did in earlier days. He was frequently aware that his Yankee neighbors, by dint of their far-sightedness and swiftness of thought, outwitted him, and he saw with a slow-growing irritation that their farms on the same area yielded nearly double what his had ever produced. He had of course, like the stanch old Norseman that he was, looked with a smile of contempt upon their strange new-fangled plows and sowers and reapers, and had only clung the more tenaciously to the stout, old-fashioned Norse implements which his father and his father's father had handled before him, and the excellence of which a long succession of centuries had tested. At last, however, when his neighbor, Tappan, a very good-natured and harmless man, proposed to lend him his plow and afterward his harrows, Norderud, not liking to be unneighborly and regarding the thing rather as a good joke, laughed his skeptical laugh and accepted the offer. The next year (there was no need for indecent haste) when he was once more in his jocose mood he bought a similar plow himself, and slowly but surely, harrows, sowers, reapers and other "destructive innovations" followed. The next logically inevitable step in Norderud's career was to send his younger children to the public school, which the village at its first organization had established. His pastor, Mr. Falconberg, gave him an emphatic warning, and at length attempted to use his authority, as a shepherd of souls, to hinder so disastrous a step. He called the common school godless, demoralizing, "a very hot-bed of all manner of abomination," and threatened his parishioner with eternal damnations, if he did not remove his sons from these pernicious influences. But Norderud did not belong to that genus of men which grasps with hot-headed zeal after innovations and then with equal haste retires. He had taken this step after mature deliberation, and was not to be moved. Many of the other Norse farmers whose confidence in him the years had strengthened, in this instance, too, thought it quite safe to tread where he had trodden; and within another year the clumsy agricultural implements of antediluvian make were exchanged for slender, bright-painted contrivances—"the latest results of time." English speech mingled with, and soon became predominant over, the Norse, and blue-eyed and flaxen-haired children thronged the school-house of the village.

This gradual change of base on Nor-

derud's part was evidently charged with even graver results than he himself had anticipated. But he had once honestly taken his position, and he did not shrink from the consequences. He did once believe that Norway held the foremost rank among civilized nations, and that what people in Norway did not know could hardly be worth knowing. It had never entered his head to doubt that they were in a sense a chosen people and therefore a more direct object of God's care than Englishmen, or Turks, or Frenchmen, or other remote nations who spoke unintelligible and barbarous tongues. But the incident with the plow and the harrows had pierced the hard crust of his mind and made it accessible to the planting of new convictions. For Norderud, though quite deaf to oral arguments, had a great keenness of vision for the interpretation of facts; and the knowledge gained from these wrought its slow way into his mind and in due time stirred it to action. He was well aware that there were those in the congregation who, with the pastor, were inclined to ascribe sordid motives to whatever he did, but suspicions of this kind never disturbed him. This Americanizing process, with him as with thousands of others, was at first but a half-conscious one; it was a tangled and hidden growth, which like young spring-flowers, peeping forth from under the cover of last year's dead leaves, surprise us by their sudden bloom and perfection. Thus in the end Norderud, too, knew where he stood. He had chosen to follow the current of time rather than to strive vainly against it and at length be thrown up like useless dross or barren deposits upon its shores.

Such was the man into whose hands Einar's good fortune had led him.

The sun was near its setting and its long rays fell slanting through the young leaves of the orchard and sprinkled the grassy lawn in front of the house with little quivering bits of subdued light. The spring had been late in its coming; the dead petals of apple and peach blossoms still covered the grass with a thin carpet of intermingled pink and white, and the air was thick with the odors of blooming locust and hawthorn.

"It is a very beautiful garden you have, sir," said Einar, as they walked down through the sunlit avenue.

"The women-folks have been too busy in the kitchen-garden," replied Norderud, walking out upon the lawn to cut off the broken branch of a cherry-tree. "They

haven't had time yet to look after the orchard."

They ascended the steps to the piazza and the host opened the door to a large, airy and clean-swept hall. While putting down his valise and giving a hasty touch to his toilet, Einar heard in the room on the left, which was the sitting-room, the rhythmic strokes of what he at once knew to be a hand-loom, and, on entering, he saw a tall blonde woman with a snowy white cloth bound about her head seated at a large Norse loom near the window and plying the shuttle deftly. As her eye fell upon the stranger she arose quietly, shook the front of her dress, brushed it with her hands and advanced toward him.

"This is Mr. Finnson, Karen," said Norderud, "a young man lately from Norway. He will be our guest for some time."

The matron, whom Einar at once concluded to be Madame Norderud, wiped her right hand carefully with the back of her apron and extended it to the guest.

"You are very welcome, Mr. Finnson," said she. "Guests from Norway have been scarce here of late years."

"You are very kind, madame," replied Einar, with a polite bow. "It is a very long time, too, since I was welcomed anywhere in my native tongue."

Mrs. or Madame Norderud, as she was usually called by the farmers, was a woman in the neighborhood of fifty, and her dress and manner showed far less deference to the customs of the land in which she lived than did those of her husband. She wore a tight-fitting waist of blue cloth, fastened in front with hooks, and a skirt of the same stuff which reached but a little below the ankles; a large bunch of keys depended from her belt. There was a quiet air of housewifeliness about her which was very winning and her calm blue eyes seemed to diffuse a kindly light over everything they rested on. Her features, although covered with a net of minute wrinkles, were of a very pure mold and gained quite a new beauty when lighted up by her rare smile. Einar felt gratefully the effect of this hospitable smile, as he emerged from the chill atmosphere of Norderud's silent criticism into the warm radiance of her presence. He was conscious of having made a favorable impression upon her and could not suppress a childlike gratitude to her for consenting to like him.

Einar, in the meanwhile, at Norderud's request, had seated himself in a large, leather-

cushioned sofa, which covered half the length of the wall between the southern windows. Madame Norderud had retired for a moment to the kitchen and now returned with a large bowl filled with milk which she offered to him.

"You have walked far," said she. "You must be thirsty. Drink this first and I will bring you more."

He took the milk and, yielding to her friendly urging, drank it to the last drop. It seemed so delightfully strange to him that this quaint Norse custom should have survived so long in the heart of a foreign civilization.

Norderud, who was anxious to learn what social and political changes had taken place in Norway during the last decade, once more questioned his guest concerning the tendencies of the Storthing, and especially manifested a lively interest in Bjornson and Sverdrup, for both of whom he entertained the warmest admiration. While they were talking the door suddenly burst open and a young girl, very much flushed and out of breath, rushed in and, to Einar's great relief, interrupted their political discussion.

"Mother," cried she, "Princess was in the rye-field and I chased her out."

"You did well, child," said the mother quietly. Then turning to Einar, "This is our youngest child, Ingrid. Shake hands with the gentleman, Ingrid."

Ingrid, on discovering the handsome young man on the sofa, blushed crimson and in an embarrassed and greatly subdued manner wheeled toward him and hesitatingly extended her hand. Having successfully accomplished this, she made a sudden dash for the door and disappeared. The father, forgetting the momentous political question which had occupied him, laughed and looked up with an air of quiet amusement, while the mother turned a grave countenance toward Einar and said apologetically:

"She is only fifteen years old, Mr. Finnson—not out of school yet."

This little scene, insignificant though it seemed, long remained fresh in Einar's memory. Norderud's parental indulgence was a human trait which he distinctly understood; it revealed an untold wealth of tenderness in this rugged man's bosom, and made Einar suddenly feel at his ease with him. The sight of this fair-haired daughter naturally suggested some allusion to Norderud's family, which, he was informed, included five sons, three of whom were born in Norway while two were native

Americans. The two eldest were married and had bought farms in the neighborhood; two were engaged in business in the town and lived at home, and the youngest was away studying at an eastern college.

CHAPTER IV.

A MUSICAL BATTLE.

EINAR had not remained very long in Norderud's house before his suspicion was confirmed that his host did not cherish a very cordial regard for his native land and its institutions. He was fond of conversing about Norway and displayed a startlingly accurate statistical knowledge of the relation between exports and imports and other problems of political economy; but he had no hesitation in pronouncing his decisive judgment upon the actions of the ministry, principles of government and other profound mysteries which Einar had been accustomed to regard as too deep for common comprehension and had looked upon from afar with a neutral content or with ignorant admiration.

"The Norwegians are a very good sort of people," Norderud said, "but they are hardly out of their swaddling clothes yet. But mark my word, young man, the time will come when they will kick through the useless rags and throw them away. For there is the right sort of stuff in them and they can't be kept in eternal babyhood."

Einar usually listened in silence to these and similar prophecies and contracted his brow with an air of meditation, as if he had suddenly been stimulated to deep thought. The truth was that he found it hard to reconcile this apparent lack of patriotism, on Norderud's part, with his sturdy common sense and his undeniable benevolence and goodness of heart.

In the meanwhile, as the days passed by, the young exile began to feel with some discomfort that the problem of his destiny was as far from a solution as ever. He was aware that he must be the object of much secret comment among the members of this busy and rigidly regulated household, to whom an agreeable young gentleman like himself, of a pleasure-loving temper and unused to toil, must be a very anomalous phenomenon. With the same amiable hopefulness with which he had formerly kept his creditors at bay he had now succeeded in staving off the unpleasant problems; but he soon discovered that the

atmosphere of this crude village with its bustling activity was not congenial to the kind of life he had laid out for himself, and the new-kindled glow of hope within him grew paler as the impetuous season advanced. There seemed to be no comfortable vacant niche here into which he might drop easily, without taking the trouble to fill out the wide *lacunæ* in his previous training. And still, as an academical citizen and a gentleman of culture, with a vast store of miscellaneous knowledge at his disposal, he could not but feel his imagined superiority to these toiling mortals, absorbed in sordid cares and unable to rise into a serene contemplation of scholarly abstractions, while at the same time he secretly envied them and vaguely yearned to be one of them.

It was one pleasant afternoon, as Einar was sitting on the piazza, trying to blow away his restlessness in vigorous puffs of cigar-smoke, that Norderud, having just returned from the village, took a seat at his side and addressed him in his usual blunt fashion.

"What can you do, Mr. Finnson?" said he. "It is time now that we should find some occupation for you, and you know I am ready to do what I can to help you."

Einar's thought skimmed rapidly over the list of his accomplishments, but the impartiality of his tastes prevented him giving preference to any one calling, as there were at least twenty other things which he would like equally well to do.

"I can do almost anything," he answered at last, hesitatingly; "or, rather, I am willing for the moment to try any thing you may select for me."

"That is to say that you can really do nothing," rejoined Norderud, harshly. "Judging from your case, I should be inclined to believe that the effect of university training in Norway was to unfit a man for everything."

Einar felt something akin to wrath kindling within him; but seeing the imperturbable gravity of the farmer's countenance and his evident solicitude for his welfare, he checked his rising indignation, and, with forced self-control, answered:

"I do not wonder that indecision in a man of my age must appear strange and even unpardonable to you, Mr. Norderud. But if you knew the circumstances of my past life you would perhaps not judge me so harshly."

Norderud leaned forward, rested his

elbows on his knees, and fixed his grave, testing glance upon the student.

"It is not my business to judge men," began he, with a slow, measured intonation. "I leave that to God, who alone has the right to judge. I only want to help you, but you make it deuced difficult to me, that is all I have to say. Still," added he, rising, "tell me, have you ever learned to play the organ?"

"Yes; I have had some practice in playing both the organ and the piano."

"If you had told me that at once we might both have been spared this discussion."

He walked rapidly toward the gate, and Einar lapsed once more into profound absorption, striving vainly to find a key to this new enigma. He hardly knew whither to turn, but it mattered little if he could but once more regain his sorrowful liberty.

It was in this state of mind that Norderud found him when a few days later he requested him to bear him company to the church, where he would have an opportunity to show his skill as a musician.

"I have bought an organ for the church, lately," said Norderud, as they started out together. "And I thought that I ought to have the right, too, to appoint the organist. I proposed you, but the pastor had another candidate, and we had some unpleasant squabbling about it in the trustees' meeting yesterday. The end of it was that another meeting was appointed for to-night, and a competition between the candidates will decide the result. The salary is not much, but it is enough to give you a fair start. The trustees and part of the congregation are probably waiting for you now."

Einar felt a sudden flutter running through him at this startling announcement. He stopped abruptly under one of those green-stemmed elm-trees whose crowns, like colonnades with interlacing arches, lined the street, and gazed excitedly at his companion.

"But why have you not told me before?" exclaimed he. "I may only disgrace you now. I have had no time to practice."

"Never mind," answered the other, in his imperturbable bass. "You said you had had considerable practice. If you do your best, it is all that will be expected of you. If this fails, we shall have to find something else."

It was useless to expostulate with one so inaccessible to reason. Norderud appeared to him like a creature of a different

genus, whose modes of thought were utterly alien to his own. He heard the church bells calling the people together, and their clear, strong notes vibrated through the summer air and through his own nerves, calling up to his Norse fancy all manner of solemn associations from the days of his childhood, when other bells had drawn his reluctant feet to the house of worship in a distant land, or on week-days had stirred him with vague apprehension as they gathered the black throngs of mourners about some freshly opened grave. With this dim agitation filling his mind, Einar made his way through the groups of blonde-headed men and women who had gathered on the front steps of the church, and in Norderud's company entered the plain, square edifice.

Hardanger, since the boundary of civilization had long passed it on its westward way, was at present a place where stirring events were of rare occurrence, and where, consequently, so slight a thing as the contest between two aspirants for an organist's place assumed an air of grave significance. The Indian fights had long been forgotten, the Vigilance Committee, with its brief and dramatic existence, had already passed into mythical history, and the settlement was either too civilized or not civilized enough to have matrimonial scandals to feed the public need of excitement.

Einar, blindly following Norderud's guidance, passed rapidly up the aisle of the church, throwing, as he went, a hasty glance at the simply attired men and women who filled the pews. He was, in spite of his agitation, dimly conscious that he must appear like a very distinguished figure amid this rustic crowd.

The structure of the church was the plainest possible imitation of the venerable basilica style; a long rectangular nave with uncarpeted floor and two rows of somber-tinted pews, an apse hedged in by a rudely carved wooden railing, and containing a square altar covered with a red velvet cloth, and on the wall opposite a gallery above which the organ loomed up toward a white stuccoed ceiling.

Norderud stopped and talked in a low voice to a gray-haired man in one of the pews and his protégé remained standing in the aisle, feeling somewhat uncomfortable under the noiseless bombardment of critical glances which were leveled at him from all sides of the church. A white mist hovered before his eyes and even the nearest objects appeared indistinctly remote. It was a great

relief when finally his guide, whose whispering seemed to have no end, took his arm and led him up the winding staircase to the organ. He sat down and opened at random a book of sacred music which was placed on the stand before him. Glancing at the fly-leaf he read the name "Helga Raven" written in a clear feminine hand. He turned over a couple of leaves until his eye was arrested by the words, "As the Hart pants after the Water-Brooks." It was a simple arrangement by Spohr; an air with which he had long been familiar. He struck the first chords and all the volume of latent excitement which had been laboring confusedly within him seemed to shoot in a clear, swiftly gathered current through his nerves and to be tingling out through the tips of his fingers. The melody rolled away in great free waves, filling the air or transforming it into living and pulsating masses of sound. And it filled Einar's soul, too; with every new measure, as the tones poured out their intense life upon him, he lost all sense of dependence upon the composer and sailed along rapturously upon the strong tide of melody which seemed to be rising from some deep well-spring of his own being. As he reached the bottom of the page and flung forth the last full-toned chords in a triumphant staccato, he threw a quick glance behind him and saw a throng of eager upturned faces gazing up to him in breathless wonder. His fingers half unconsciously lingered on the keys, then wandered away with rapid transitions into a fervid minor movement, touching the theme remotely, and again gathering it with tender gradations into a full-swelling focus of sound. Thus he sat—he knew not how long—wrapt in this joyful melodious monologue, merely obeying the tuneful promptings of his own nature, when the thought suddenly struck him that his rival, whom he had quite forgotten, was probably awaiting with impatience the end of his improvisations. So he dropped one by one the more complex accessories of thought in the variations, turned on the full force of the organ and ended with a slow, full movement of simple solemnity.

As he arose he saw Norderud standing at his side looking down upon the audience below with an air of triumphant satisfaction.

"If you will play like that to us every Sunday," said he, turning to Einar, while his slow smile spread over his features, "I will add a hundred dollars to your salary, and

say 'thank you' in the bargain. There is no man in this town, or woman either for that matter, who can beat you, and the little Raven might just as well throw up her hand at once."

Einar hardly gathered the full meaning of this allusion to "the little Raven," and in the joyful agitation of the moment did not think of connecting it with the name he had read on the fly-leaf of the music-book. He tried hard to show an unperturbed countenance, but could not, in spite of all his efforts, prevent the pleasure he felt at this first manifestation of approval, on Norderud's part, from imparting a vivid flush of animation to his mobile features. He was dimly ashamed of the emotion he experienced, and in the momentary need of some outward movement to give vent to his inward tumult began to stroke his thick blonde beard which he had allowed to grow unchecked since the day he left his home.

"I shall wait until Miss Raven has played before introducing you to the pastor," whispered Norderud. "Look, there they are both coming! You needn't mind, if he shows you his teeth and growls a little at you. His humor is probably somewhat overcast. He is aware beforehand that he is defeated."

Einar turned his head quickly and saw at the top of the stairs a burly, middle-aged gentleman with a large massive head, cold gray eyes and close-trimmed grayish side-whiskers. His broad form moved aside slowly as if it were a somber back curtain in a theater revealing some warmly flushed scene of beauty behind; for following close in his footsteps came a tall, slenderly built young girl. Einar strained his eye and could hardly suppress an exclamation of wonder. She sprang upon his vision like a sudden rush of mellow, fragrant air on a chill spring day; her very apparition seemed to be a mysterious appeal to some higher, darkly divined plane of his being, and a quick pang darted through him at the thought that his own late triumph must be her defeat, and perhaps a cruel frustration of her long-cherished and well-founded hope. The sight of youth and beauty naturally awakens all the generous impulses of a man's heart; and Einar, to whom the love of gain had been utterly alien as a motive of action, now felt his joy blended with bitterness. He inwardly reproached Norderud for not having told him that his rival was a lady, and he reproached himself, too, for having heedlessly and ignorantly rushed

into a contest which his sense of chivalry would have shown him to be unequal.

The young lady, in the meanwhile, had taken her seat at the organ, and Einar had, from where he stood, a good opportunity to admire her at his leisure. She crossed her hands listlessly in her lap, and as the pastor stationed himself behind her, raised her large, candid eyes to his with a look of irresistible appeal. But the pastor shook his head and raised his hand deprecatingly, then bent down and whispered something in her ear.

"It would be a mere farce, Mr. Falconberg," she replied, in an intense undertone; "all I could do would be to furnish a somber background upon which his magnificent performance would stand out in more brilliant relief. And you will admit that would be rather an extraordinary generosity toward an enemy."

"Don't be a goose, Helga," grumbled the pastor, impatiently. "Not this excessive modesty, pray. Remember it is a serious affair both to you and your mother, and it is a Christian duty on your part to put your foolish pride in your pocket."

Einar stood near enough to hear every word that was said, and he swore in his heart that his reverend uncle was a brute. How could he assume this censorious tone of reprehension toward a creature so marvelously complete, so absolutely adorable? His generous indignation, however, made him quite forget that his own attitude was becoming every moment more conspicuous, and that hundreds of curious eyes were just then directed toward him. His gaze dwelt upon Miss Raven with a full unthinking intensity, of which she was instinctively conscious, although her own eyes were staring with a dimmed intentness at the opening bars of the fugue she had selected to play. The superb lines of her head, with all its sunny northern splendor, recalled vividly to Einar the image which his boyish fancy had created of Ingeborg when he read Tegnér's "Frithjof's Saga." Her lustrous yellow hair was gathered behind in a single massive knot, from which the bright curls rippled downward with a lusty luxuriance of growth. The clear brow, the delicate, sensitive nose, the line of whose bridge approached the parallel to that of the forehead, the pure curves of the lips, and the finely balanced chin, were all in their way magnificent pieces of modeling, but nevertheless seemed unimpressed with the stamp of any strong,

or, at least, easily legible individuality. In their capacity for expression, Einar thought, they were positively boundless; in their plastic completeness they were simply divine. Imagine this countenance breathed upon by some vivifying passion, and—what need afterward of declaiming about ideals? They were once for all within reach. Thus ran the Norseman's reflections; he had hitherto conscientiously disbelieved in love at first sight, but he found in this instant that he had come to the end of his philosophy.

Miss Raven raised her hands from her lap—they were hands of a firm, delicately-lined purity—and put her fingers on the keys of the organ. She began abruptly, traveling with a cold precision of touch through the long, solemn avenues of tone, following the often intricate unfolding of the musical phrase with a delightfully distinct articulation, and with here and there a flush of warmer coloring, when the composer rose above his common key of deep, devout meditation into a more impassioned strain of entreaty. The pastor stood frowning behind her, and could hardly restrain his growing impatience. Again and again he pulled his red-and-yellow silk handkerchief from his pocket and wiped the perspiration from his forehead with a greater elaboration of gesture than so simple an operation seemed to demand, and when Miss Raven had at length finished, apparently as abruptly as she had begun, he once more bent over her, and said quite audibly and with a touch of irritation in his voice:

"My dear, I certainly credited you with more sense than you have shown on this occasion. Do you suppose these peasants have the patience to follow you on these mile-long, rambling tirades? What do they understand of Bach and all his long-winded sentiment? You might with equal profit talk Hebrew to a babe. Well, you certainly cannot blame me. I warned you beforehand. I told you not to try to shoot over their heads."

"No one will ever think of blaming you, Mr. Falconberg," answered she, lifting again that simple, earnest glance of hers to her officious persecutor. "I thank you for your good advice, but prefer to bear the responsibility for my own actions."

"You are a very headstrong little creature," murmured the pastor, with a somewhat forced attempt at playfulness. "Come, let me conduct you out through this crowd. You will probably not care to stay and listen

to the deliberations of the board of trustees."

She pulled up the light summer shawl which she had allowed to glide down below her waist while she was playing, gave one grand toss of her golden coronet of locks and let them shower down on the outside of the shawl. The simple, unconscious grace of her motions as she arose, took the music-book from the stand and departed leaning on the pastor's arm, impressed Einar even more than the marvelous beauty of her face. He stood still, gazing with a supreme heedlessness of appearances toward the staircase where she had vanished, when Norderud came up and grasped him somewhat ungently by the arm.

"Come," said he, "I want you to talk to the pastor, before the meeting of the board. No one knows what effect that may have."

"Mr. Norderud," began Einar, feeling in the afterglow of his excitement equal to anything in the way of heroic self-sacrifice, "I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that I cannot consent to accept the position which possibly your generous efforts have procured me. My sense of chivalry——"

"Oh, bosh!" interrupted the farmer gruffly. "If you are determined to act like a fool don't imagine that you can make me one. And I warn you not to talk to Mr. Falconberg about your sense of chivalry and that sort of twaddle. To-morrow you may do and say what you choose, but to-day I insist upon your doing as I tell you."

Einar made no answer; a wide gulf seemed suddenly to separate him from his imperious benefactor, who would force his services upon him against his will; and at the same time he could not suppress a sense of pity as for a creature made of coarser clay who was incapable of comprehending the loftier motives which inspired his actions. It would, no doubt, have surprised him if he had known that Norderud from the height of his practical intellect felt a very similar stirring of paternal compassion for him, as a young enthusiast who was too hopelessly deficient in common sense to understand what was for his own interest.

In the vestibule which divided the body of the church from the street, they found the portly pastor looming up beside a small, bald-headed gentleman with a thick blonde mustache and a pair of mild blue eyes peering forth through his round horn-bowed spectacles.

"Ah, my young friend," broke forth the pastor, extending his hand to Einar with-

out awaiting an introduction; "What miracle of heaven can have induced a youthful Orpheus like you to emigrate from his Thracian home and take up his abode in this unmelodious wilderness? Allow me to make you acquainted with my friend Doctor Van Flint. Mr. Finnson—Doctor Van Flint. The doctor was just growing dithyrambic at the prospect of pressing your musical eloquence into the service of religion and humanity, and I confess I was doing my best to restrain him."

A slight shiver ran through Einar's frame at the sound of his uncle's voice. A host of remote memories rushed back upon him, and the past seemed to lift its warning finger against him threatening disclosure and inevitable disgrace. The pastor bore a very strong resemblance to his father, of whom, indeed, he seemed to be a somewhat coarser and cheaper edition. He did not possess the bishop's cautious refinement of bearing, and the capacious comfortableness of his attire was far removed from the scrupulous elegance which distinguished his more prosperous brother. But his large massively hewn features, although lacking as it were the finishing polish, were still molded after the same type, and his ponderous frame rejoiced in the same imposing development of front and the same sacerdotal pompousness which the Evangelical prelates of Norway have inherited from their Catholic predecessors. He talked with a certain sonorous magnificence and with an over-conscientious articulation as if he delighted in the sound of his own voice and was determined to make the most of it.

Einar hardly knew how to define the impression his uncle made upon him. He disliked the patronizing unceremoniousness with which he treated him, but still felt vaguely drawn toward him by a mysterious sense of kinship which he dared neither admit nor openly deny. He therefore silently shook his hand and then turned toward Doctor Van Flint, whom he briefly thanked for his good opinion of his music.

"My dear sir," said the little doctor in a low contented voice which fell very pleasantly upon the ear, like the gurgling of hidden waters, "there was a wealth of rhythm and melody in your play which fairly startled me. Brage* must have showered his gifts upon your cradle. All the time while I listened to your play I was haunted

with visions of St. Peter's with the papal choir, and Leipzig with its Gewandhaus concerts—in short, all the tuneful memories of my youth came rushing in upon me."

"Our doctor, you will observe, is given to hyperbole," remarked Falconberg, giving his friend a patronizing pat on the shoulder. "But I do admit that even the young David playing to the original Philistines could not have made half so favorable an impression as you, beleaguering the ears of these modern representatives of that worthy race. But, permit me as a friend to whisper something in your ear—*purgatam aurem* as Horace calls it. Don't be too confident. Musical impressions are proverbially evanescent. And now I believe we have exhausted two mythologies besides the Bible in order to express our admiration of your performance. Even if it brings you no further advantage, you ought to be satisfied."

"I deeply regret, Mr. Pastor," replied Einar, gravely, "that in spite of your kind words you are half forced to look upon me as a very inconvenient if not positively hostile phenomenon. I assure you that if I had known that my rival for this position was a young lady and besides a protégée of yours——"

"Mr. Finnson means to say," peremptorily interrupted Norderud, whose presence the pastor had hitherto ignored, "that if I had not deemed it best to say nothing about this whole affair to him he might have had time to practice and might consequently have done still better."

"Well, well, young man," said Falconberg without heeding Norderud's interruption, "we will not quarrel about that. Every one is nearest to himself and in your case I should probably have acted very much as you have."

Once more he shook his nephew's hand and retired to the vestry followed by Norderud. The doctor and Einar walked down the street together, both warming up gradually to a consciousness that they were mightily pleased with each other.

"If you have nothing better," said Van Flint, when, after fifteen minutes' walk they reached a garden where tulips, crocuses and other flowers of fervid bloom flung forth a great blaze of color toward the pale-tinted sky, "I hope you will do me the honor to spend this evening with me. A cup of tea, a cigar—well, you must know by this time what our wilderness has to offer."

The doctor opened his gate and they

* The god of music and poetry in the Scandinavian mythology.

sauntered along the graveled paths toward a small house built in the Swiss cottage style, which seemed to be struggling like a Laocoön in the leafy embrace of two huge woodbines.

Late in the evening Norderud called and announced that the organist's place belonged to Einar.

CHAPTER V.

A SCHOLAR IN THE WILDERNESS.

THREE days after Einar had made his début as an organist, he was pleasantly surprised by an offer from Doctor Van Flint, whom he had seen daily in the intervening time, to take at a very moderate rent a couple of furnished rooms in the upper story of the latter's house. He cordially expressed his sense of obligation to the Norderuds and henceforth became an inmate of the doctor's family.

Among the many riddles which the young settlement had been called upon to solve in the process of its growth, the case of Doctor Van Flint was not the least exasperating. It seemed very hard to conjecture what could have induced a man whose tastes and the whole tenor of whose mind had manifestly fashioned him for a life in a large and intellectually animated society to take up his abode among the crude pioneers on the western border of civilization. The village matrons, among whom the voice of Mrs. Falconberg, the pastor's wife, was the loudest, asserted that an unrequited passion had turned all the sources of his being into bitterness and made him seek oblivion far away from the scenes which must have stung his heart with their ever fresh memories and kept open the wound of his sorrow. The pastor, and many other male skeptics with him, laughed at this beautiful theory, which would have been plausible enough if the doctor had at all been that compound of condensed bitterness which romantic matrons fondly believed him to be. He was, it is true, somewhat pessimistic in his views of women and politics; both of which, however, exerted a potent fascination over him, and were his favorite themes of conversation.

The doctor was understood to belong to a very prominent family in the East which had played a not unimportant part in the revolutionary history of the country. His father had been a genuine type of the provincial patriot who believes in home patronage, political as well as industrial.

He had delivered many a stirring apostrophe to the American eagle on the anniversaries of the national independence; had dressed himself and his family in home-manufactured goods, and had disbelieved with equal vehemence in Old World despotism and Paris millinery. His active patriotism had made him a stanch defender of the protective tariff system and the possessor of a large calico-printing establishment. He had spent his days in excessive toil, laboring with a breathless eagerness for the extension of his business, and had died a premature death, leaving a very handsome estate to his three sons, who, in their turn (with one exception) grew rich and dyspeptic, and promised fair to transmit, incased in hard-earned gold, the sad lesson of their lives to a new generation of descendants.

Hiram Van Flint, although reared in an atmosphere so uncongenial to scholarship, had early contracted a love of reading, a strong distaste for what his father termed "practical life," and a reverence which almost amounted to a religion for the abstract pursuit of knowledge for its own sake. He had been born with the tastes and instincts of a scholar, and had, from his bookish seclusion, passed his silent criticisms upon the blindly zealous and hurried lives of those, who, from their imagined elevation, had pitied him as an impractical enthusiast and dreamer. He had long looked with eager eyes toward that land of promise beyond the sea, and as soon as his father's death gave him pecuniary independence, he immediately embarked for England, and after a sojourn of several years in Italy, France and Germany, took up his residence at one of the Swedish universities, where he discovered a new and then almost untrodden field of research in the ancient literature of the Scandinavian race. Having reached the age of thirty he returned to Germany with a very extensive plan for a work on old Norse literature, and had just taken his degree of *Philosophia Doctor* at the University of Leipzig when pecuniary embarrassments forced him to turn his face once more toward America. He managed to save enough of his fortune to enable him to live without excessive economy, and having by this time become thoroughly possessed with the idea of the work which was to sanctify to a nobler purpose a hitherto aimless existence, he came to look upon all other issues as merely accessory to this one absorbing purpose. With a view to supplementing his fragmentary knowledge by the constant study

of customs, manners and modes of thought among the modern representatives of the Viking race, he made frequent journeys through the Norse settlements in the West, and, liking the people well, was at last induced to take up his permanent abode among them. He then built his vine-sheltered little cottage in the town of Hardanger, and, while dividing himself with impartial zeal between the pastor's autocratic ecclesiasticism and Norderud's extreme democracy, gathered up golden stores of material for his "History of Old Norse Literature." A maiden aunt who, in her unlettered simplicity, had always looked up to him as the shining light of the family, had followed him into his Western seclusion, and in the capacity of a house-keeper stealthily removed from his path those little perturbations which are apt to mar the happiness of a scholarly bachelor.

Einar's arrival had been a perfect God-send to Dr. Van Flint, and the doctor's companionship was no less welcome to Einar. An erudite and agreeable young Norseman, and, moreover, a university man, was the very thing which the doctor had always felt the need of, as a kind of ideal representative of his future public, by the light of whose sympathetic knowledge he might test his more daring theories, and whose cooler judgment might restrain him when he was tempted to soar above the solid earth of fact. To Einar, apart from any material advantage, the newness of Van Flint's personality and the rich, mellow evenness of his temper, made it easier to begin that ideal career which in the first moment of reviving strength he had marked out for himself; with him it seemed easier to forget the somber background of life and to build a fair structure of hope into a cloudless future.

One afternoon, as the young exile returned from the church where he had been practicing, he found his host kneeling on the ground before one of the flower-beds with a large paper spread out before him. A curly wreath of light hair which encircled the back of his head from one temple to the other fell in straggling locks beneath the brim of his white Panama hat, and his round, good-natured face wore an air of profound abstraction.

"If I am not disturbing you, Doctor, is that a map of Iceland you have there?" asked Einar, pausing, with his thumbs in his vest pockets, before his eccentric friend.

"Finsson, ah?" exclaimed Van Flint, after having gazed at the Norseman for some moments with a look of but partial

recognition. "No, it is not a map of Iceland. It is, on the contrary, a map of this flower-bed; but, as you will observe, its shape is exactly that of the Saga-isle."

"Not exactly symmetrical, I should say, for a flower-bed."

"No; I admit it is not a thing of beauty," replied the doctor, rising and whipping the dust off his knees with his handkerchief—"that is, as far as the form is concerned. It was originally merely a whim of mine, but it proved more fascinating than I had anticipated. Here you see all the localities mentioned in that broad-breasted, storm-voiced, large-molded tragedy, 'Njals-Saga,' marked out and symbolically indicated. I am not naturally over-fond of symbolism, but in this case, you will find that it has its excuse for being. There you will notice, for instance, the plains of Thingvalla, bounded by four carnations—two white, and two scarlet. It was there where the quarrels of Norsemen were settled, either by the white passionless verdict of the law, or by the more deep-tinged decision of the sword. Here at Lithend grows Halgerda, —a fiercely flaming tiger-lily, in her baleful beauty,—and I have for want of anything better made the sage, cool-headed Njal at Bergthorsknoll a hoary, bloomless, everlasting, thrown into picturesque relief by his crimson-petaled wife, Bergthora, in whom the blood runs with more passionate vigor. Here is Fiddle Mord in the Rangriversvale, here Hauskuldstede, etc. Now, if I read that Skarpheddin rode from Bergthorsknoll to Fleetlithe, I know exactly what road he took, I know what houses he passed, and knowing his feuds and friendships, I can imagine, with tolerable correctness, what was Skarpheddin's state of mind on this or that point of the journey, and I can conclude very nearly how he looked. *Ecce*, I have spoken."

Einar had not learned yet that the doctor was capable of soliloquizing in the most picturesque phraseology and with a kind of absent-minded vehemence, which, somehow, made him very attractive upon any theme touching the history of the ancient Norsemen. Neither had he learned that his friend always took interruptions good-naturedly, remembering for the moment nothing beyond the vivid visions which inspired his eloquence; if suddenly checked, he would throw puzzled glances about him, and then as his actual consciousness overmastered the arctic visions, laugh retrospectively at his own ardor.

"Who but you, Doctor," remarked Einar, "could have invested a dry, bloodless science like geography with such a brilliancy of color?"

"My friend," rejoined the other, with energy, "the geography of the Saga is, literally speaking, anything but bloodless. You cannot point to a single place which has not its legend of blood. Look over there! There is the scene of the Orkneyinga Saga, with its brother-feuds and the murders of the Earls; over yonder I have a similar illustration of the Fareyinga Saga, the scene of the life and death of that large-souled hero, Sigmund Bresteson. If all this is child's play, as you may possibly think, it has at least the advantage that it gives me the exercise I need, and, moreover, keeps my favorite study before my mind, when otherwise I should be bored."

The doctor rolled up his chart with a most affectionate touch, and marched at Einar's side to the piazza, where they lighted their cigars and sat down in the large leather-cushioned easy-chairs. The piazza was open toward the north, but on the western side a steel-wire net gave support to a semi-translucent hedge of morning-glory vines, which with an eagerness of aspiration, quite disproportionate to their strength, climbed upward to the ceiling, threatening a total eclipse of the broad landscape which lay, bathed in the evening sun, in the valley below.

"Did you know," began the doctor after a few minutes' pause during which he had been blowing rings of cigar-smoke, "that we have an embryonic Halgerda in this town—as exquisite a combination of the angel and the devil as any Saga heroine you could name?"

"No," retorted Einar with sudden animation. "I should like to see her. What is her name?"

"Her name is Helga Raven, but I should rather advise you not to see her, at least not until you have girded yourself with a more solid armor of Philistinism like your compatriots in this place. To an ardent young temperament like yours she is positively dangerous. But, by the way," he added with a flash of memory in his eyes, "you have seen her, my boy. You saw her in the church. You inflicted upon her the first defeat she has probably ever known, and possibly the last she is ever destined to experience. But beware! I have warned you. I should not be surprised if she revenged herself by conquering her conqueror.

The instinct of vengeance runs deep in the Norse blood."

"Doctor," broke forth Einar, with a visible effort at self-mastery, "I don't like to disagree with you; but I do think it is outrageous in you to call such a woman a devil. I don't mind telling you that I never saw a fairer vision of womanhood in all my life."

"Bravo," cried the doctor, with a flourish of his cigar. "I could have foretold it! You have gone the way of all flesh. But you are mistaken about my calling her a devil. On the contrary, I admit that the angel is at present predominant in her. And for that matter, you know that there is a substratum of devilry in all womanhood, which, however, the repressive influences of our tyrannical civilization prevents from coming to the surface. Barbarism is more transparent. Imagine, if you can, Miss Raven transplanted into a more barbaric age, where there are no despotic proprieties to choke up the volcanic undercurrents of her nature, and if my psychological insight is not all chimerical, you would see bursts of wilder heroism than any history has as yet recorded. Have you noticed, for instance, that gaze of hers? Did you ever see a larger gaze in a woman? Her gravity has a luminous depth which baffles the sturdiest sense with its bewildering suggestions of vast, unknown regions beneath. Her gayety, which is rarer, is, in spite of its occasional grotesqueness, essentially of the same kind. It is not the airy, shallow ripple of common feminine mirth, but the irresistible up-welling of strong forces within—a rich, full-toned murmur, like that of warm springs which have their sources deep in the earth's breast, and listen to its passionate heart-beats. Therefore, judge her not by the vulgar standards of society. So pure a phenomenon as she is worth all and more than all society put together. Behold, I have spoken."

This was Van Flint's favorite phrase with which he usually ended his more impressive harangues. Einar had sat listening in astonished silence. The doctor's vehement eloquence had awakened a sudden fear in his mind that it might have a deeper cause than he had hitherto suspected.

"If I may judge by your language, Doctor," said he at length, while a vague jealousy flushed his words with something resembling irritation, "you must have penetrated deep into the hidden sanctums of Miss Raven's heart. So profound an analysis can hardly

be the result of a mere hasty acquaintance. I too rejoiced in the subdued richness of her personality—something like a closed rosebud, showing through its green calyx deep streaks of crimson, and promising a great glory of color when the warm breath of love shall have disclosed all its hidden fervor. But of the latent barbarism you speak of I could discover no trace."

Poor Einar had secretly gloried in this simile, and had been perpetually haunted by it ever since it invaded his mind, at that first meeting in the church. It was almost a relief now to be able to utter it. He looked fixedly at the doctor, to observe the effect, but the latter sat gravely gazing at the cigar smoke which rose in blue, vanishing lines into the clear air, and seemed absorbed in some inward contemplation.

"Finsson," he said at last, suddenly collecting himself, "we are both growing poetical, and that is a bad sign. I told you it was a dangerous subject. I know Miss Raven well. She has been my pupil for four years. I have taught her French and German since she was a little girl. She has served me as a capital Saga study, and I am profoundly grateful to her for it. She and Ingrid Norderud used to come here together twice a week, and very satisfactory pupils they were. I refused to take any pay, but Norderud insisted upon paying for both, and I had to yield. Ingrid, as you know, is a good deal younger than Miss

Raven, and if you would take the lessons with her for the future, I should regard it as a favor. Miss Raven will probably not continue next year. At present we have a vacation."

"There is time enough for discussing that, later," replied the Norseman. "But tell me, have you any objection to introducing me to your pupil? There is something which I am very anxious to tell her."

"Objection? Not at all. It is inevitable that you should meet her. In this place everybody meets; and you may just as well meet your doom to-day as to-morrow. If you are ready, we will start after supper."

The doctor struck a match and lighted his cigar, which, in the heat of his eloquence, he had neglected; then walked briskly over to the Icelandic flower-bed, but presently returned, laid both his hands on Einar's shoulder, and looking at him with his warm, winning smile, said:

"You are jealous, my boy. Don't deny it. You can't conceal that kind of malady from me. I know the symptoms from bitter experience. But how can you fear an old, dusty mummy like me as a rival? Don't you see, it is too preposterous?"

The young man could not but respond to that appealing smile. He took his friend's arm, and as the bell just then rang in the dining-room, they walked out together to supper.

An hour later they were both on the way to the nest of the dangerous Raven.

(To be continued.)

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Terrible Congress.

We do not remember a time within the last twenty-five years when the people of the country regarded Congress with so much distrust as they did during the last session. Had it not been so sad, it would have been exceedingly ludicrous to see the public funds go up, as they did, the moment Congress adjourned. Congress in session was a constant menace to the public credit and the business of the country. When Congress was scattered, a great power of mischief was felt to be removed; and people could buy and sell without the apprehension that something might be done any day to bewitch the tariff, or disturb the currency, or "Mexicanize" the government. There has been no popular faith, either in the wisdom or the patriotism of Congress. Congress seems to have been busy criticising and watching the President, entirely unconscious that the people were watching their representatives with much of uneasiness and very little of approval.

If we inquire into the causes of this distrust of Congress, we do not need to look far for the principal ones. The Congressional leaders have made a personal business of the session. The men of prominence who were sent to Washington to do the business of the country have been solely engaged in doing their own. It would be difficult to tell how many candidates for the Presidency we have in Congress, but the names of a small number of them are just as well known as if they had advertised their candidacy over their own signatures. These men were watched from the beginning of the session. They were not insignificant men. They were men whose influence would have been felt in the decision of every important question, if they had chosen to exercise it. They were men whose astuteness in the comprehension of public affairs, and whose power in debate were needed by the best interests of the country, again and again, during the session, but who basely shrank from speaking a word or per-

forming an act which might injure their prospects for the Presidency. They sat in their seats, or skulked in the lobbies, entirely with reference to their private affairs. There were great emergencies during the session, but these men were dumb. Their wisdom was needed, their eloquence was needed, their action was needed; but they had nothing to spare for their constituents or the country. It was their business to take care of themselves, and they devoted themselves simply to that. Nothing more shamefully patent, or more shamelessly confessed, than this devotion to a self-nominated candidacy for a high office was ever seen in this, or any other, country. It ought to condemn them forever to private life. Such pusillanimous, contemptible, self-serving and time-serving demagogues as these, playing the rôle of statesmen, were quite enough to breed the distrust of Congress which the rank and file of that body nourished to its commanding growth.

If base motives governed the leaders, could anything better have been expected of the great body? And how did the great body conduct itself? What was the grand business of Congress during the entire session? It was simply a party business. It was simply a party fight. How the Democratic party should best manage to circumvent or overcome the Republican party, and how the Republican party should best circumvent or overcome the Democratic party—these were the grand questions, involving the great purposes, of the two opposing powers. There was no popular faith in the power or the disposition of Congress to treat any public question wisely and competently. If it was a question of finance, it was time for banking-house committees and delegations from chambers of commerce to visit Washington to teach the legislators the evil they were doing, and the good they might do. If it was a question of tariff, every manufacturer and every merchant was called upon to write to Washington, or personally to go there, to keep our law-makers from ruining the country. They have been watched like a parcel of mischievous boys, whom accident had clothed with power; and when, at length, they had instituted an investigation as purely in the interest of a party as it was possible for them to do, whose only practical result to the country at large would be the upsetting of the President's title to his office, they were obliged to vote—for the pacification of the people,—that they did not intend to disturb the President. The vote itself was a tacit acknowledgment that the investigation was instituted for the sake of making party capital.

Personal and party advantage and aggrandizement were recognized as the controlling motives of Congress during the session, and it was quite natural that the people should regard that body with profound distrust. Everybody was glad when it adjourned. There was not a merchant, or a manufacturer, or a banker, or a business man of any sort, who did not breathe more freely when our law-makers adjourned and went home; and we have no doubt, whatever, that they feel that they would have a better chance for the future if Congress would not

meet again within the next five years. Congress in session has come to be regarded as a threat. The men whom we select to advance and conserve the great material interests of the country, are the men whose counsels we distrust and whose power we dread. We have no faith in their ruling motives, and none in their wisdom. We write this down as a well-known and universally conceded fact. Congress is regarded as a sort of plague, disturbance, nuisance. If it would only let things alone, we could adapt ourselves to them, and rely upon them; but nothing is safe from its meddling hands for a year at a time. We beg our legislators to believe that this is simply true. They trouble the people when they should give them peace and security. They disturb and do not compose the material interests of the country; and when they rise and scatter, there is a sigh of relief, and an immediate advance in the public funds!

Have the people any responsibility for this state of things? Have they anybody to blame but themselves? A selfish, partisan Congress is elected by their votes, and kept in power and place by the great machine to which they lend themselves. There was a time—and, notwithstanding all our theories of progress, it would seem to have been a better time than this—when even in party warfare there was gallantry; when there was a genuine seeking for the public good; when personal supremacy was sought through wise leadership, rather than by the cunning of the artful dodger; when the country relied upon Congress to relieve it of its difficulties, and honored its members when they returned to their homes. We suspect that the people were wiser and better then than they are now, and that that fact has something to do with the difference discernible between the earlier and later Congresses.

Goodness as Literary Material.

WE can hardly imagine anything more curious as a subject of inquiry than the difficulty experienced by every writer of fiction in the attempt to paint a very good man or woman. It seems to be very easy to depict wicked people. The villains of the play and the novel appear in great variety, with no lack of types of the finest interest. Wickedness seems to be perennially fresh, as it is proverbially engaging. For instance: it would have been quite impossible for John Hay to write an acceptable or an impressive poem about a sweet Christian fellow, who had sacrificed his life to save a boat-load of passengers; but he could paint Jim Bludso—a bad man—with a few touches that can never be forgotten. If he had undertaken to describe a good young man, who did not "chew," or drink, or swear, who taught a class in the Sunday School, and who lived virtuously with his one wife, and rose at last into an act of heroism, he would not have found ten readers; but the rough, coarse, profane wretch, who had one wife at Natchez-under-the-hill, and another one up in Pike, becomes at once a memorable hero in his hands. With all that may legitimately be said against Bret Harte's heroes and

heroines, there is no question that many of them are made marvelously interesting by the forms of wickedness they represent. This much is true at least, that, as literary material, the rough, low types of life and character to be found in California and on the border, are much superior to the best types to be found there.

Perhaps the inquiry into the reason of this should go deeper, or start further back. It might be well to ask why it is that some of the most interesting people we ever met were scamps. It might be well to inquire why some of the best men we know are the least interesting. It might be instructive to learn why it is that a company of virtuous girls will be attracted by a man whose virtue they have reason to doubt, in the presence of those who are known to be men of purity and honor. These inquiries might show us that goodness is not only less interesting to men as literary material than wickedness, but is less interesting in itself. It is undoubtedly true that we should rarely go among our best men and women for our most interesting characters. Certainly we should not go among the membership of our churches. There are churches the dead level of whose tasteless and flavorless Christianity is not only uninteresting but repulsive. Dr. Eggleston, in some of his Western Methodist types, gives us people who are interesting, but their flavor does not come from their Methodism, or their goodness, but from nature and character, formed under unusual circumstances.

There are, undoubtedly, sufficient reasons for the unlovely character, or the unattractive character, of many types of Christian goodness. There are brawling types, abject types, fashionable types, childish types, that of course are disgusting to all healthy minds. Then there is the type of goodness that is framed upon the moral law—built up upon the "Thou shalt not"—a goodness that is based upon repression of the bad rather than the development of the good. There are many types of Christian goodness which betray themselves as unnatural or superficial, as having their basis, not in a living principle, but in a mechanical plan or a scheme of policy. Of course all these are as far from being interesting as they can be. It is undoubtedly true that a character can only have the power to interest us when it is alive, positive, aggressive. Any life that is interesting must have a center—not extraneous—but in itself. No life inspired and conducted by outside rules can possibly be interesting to any other life. What this or that man, whether good or bad, will do of his own motion, in the circumstances that occasions bring around him, is what we are interested in. If we know that he is guided by a set of rules, that he is the subject of some compact or organization, and that certain penalties hang over him if he fail in any respect, we have no interest in him. The eagle caged is a most uninteresting bird; but the eagle in a cloud, or on a crag, will hold the eye like a star. It is the free man who attracts us, and we are not sure that a good deal of the unattractiveness of goodness is not attributable to the impression that it is constrained.

Every wicked man has his own private principle of wickedness. He is endowed with certain appetites and passions,—he entertains, privately, certain purposes, desires, ambitions,—and we feel sure the moment we come into contact with him, that he will be sincere and consistent with himself. What he will do—how he will work out, on the plane of his individual nature, the evil that is in him—is what interests us. What the good man will do we already know. We understand the rule by which he conducts his life. If he is simply a moral man we understand his law. If he is a religious man, we not only understand his law, but we understand all the persuasives and dissuasives which lie around him in the institutions and creeds to which he has subjected his will, so that he only becomes particularly interesting to us when he breaks away from his laws and defies the institutions to whose yoke he had bent himself. We can never be particularly interested in the man whom we can calculate upon.

It is quite likely that some will say that we are interested in wicked people because we are wicked,—that the wicked engage our sympathy in a perfectly natural way, but the facts will not sustain the theory. Whenever goodness becomes apprehended as a vital, independent force in a man, working its way naturally out in all relations and all conduct, when it becomes aggressive and ingenious in its beneficence, and is incalculable in its sacrifices and heroisms, it will become good literary material, and not before. Whenever goodness crops out in a bad character, as it often does in one of Harte's heroes,—when it appears as a spontaneous human growth that could not at all have been calculated upon,—how marvelously engaging it is! But when it is made to order; when a novelist sets out to make a good man or a faultless woman, how sure he is to fail! What sorry muffs are all the particularly good men and women whom the novelists have presented to us! They cannot possibly be made in the ordinary way. All art demands a following of nature. Uncle Tom can be interesting as a Christian because he has taken his Christianity like a child, or as a child takes its mother's milk. He has imbibed it. He knows little or nothing of dogma, but the heart and life of Christ are in him, working sweetly out through natural channels into acts and effects that are picturesque and engaging. Raphael painted some of the sweetest of his Madonnas from peasant mothers, and he at least understood that wherever he found the best human type of mother and child, it best represented the divine.

One thing is at least sure: goodness in the hands of a literary man must not be of the type that is formed by creeds and institutions, if he would make it interesting. Whether there can be any true goodness outside of these we leave the dogmatist and casuist to decide. With that matter we have nothing to do in this article. We simply say that art can never be effective in engaging the interest of those who study its works, if it strays from the natural fountains of feeling and life. The goodness it would depict must be innate and spontaneous,

working incalculably and through natural channels, a law unto itself, or it can never be made to appear attractive and picturesque. So long as it is in any way identified with well-known laws and creeds and institutions, it is not good literary material. We do not mean by this that beautiful Christian characters cannot be painted so that Christian people shall be sympathetically interested in them; but we mean that the art instinct rejects them, and that they cannot be so painted that they will secure the interest of the universal literary mind.

The Ornamental Branches.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER'S views of education, as contained in his book on that subject, now for some years before the public, ought by this time to have made some impression, and worked out some practical result. We fear, however, that it has accomplished little beyond giving to a wise man or woman, here or there, a shocking glimpse into the hollowness of our time-honored educational systems. It is equally amusing and humiliating to those of us who live in this boasted civilization of the nineteenth century to see this philosopher pick our systems in pieces, and show how they are founded on the instincts of savagery. Decoration of the body precedes dress, and dress is developed out of the desire to be admired. In all savage life the idea of ornament predominates over that of use, and Mr. Spencer says that we who are civilized think more of the fineness of a fabric than its warmth, and more about the cut than the convenience.

He then goes on to say that like relations hold with the mind. Here also the ornamental comes before the useful. That knowledge which conduces to personal well-being has been postponed to that which brings applause, especially in the case of women. So far as women are concerned, all this goes without saying, but Mr. Spencer goes farther than this, and asserts that in the education of men the rule holds in only a less remarkable degree. Here we can do no better than to quote his own words, which are enough to make the blood of a college president run cold:

"We are guilty of something like a platitude when we say that throughout his after career, a boy, nine cases out of ten, applies his Latin and Greek to no practical purpose. The remark is trite that in his shop or his office, or managing his estate or his family, or playing his part as director of a bank or a railway, he is very little aided by this knowledge he took so many years to acquire—so little that, generally, the greater part of it drops out of his memory; and if he occasionally vents a Latin quotation, or alludes to some Greek myth, it is less to throw light upon the topic in hand than for the sake of effect. If we inquire what is the real motive for giving boys a classical education, we find it to be simply conformity to public opinion. Men dress their children's minds as they do their bodies, in the prevailing fashion. As the Orinoco Indian puts on his paint before leaving his hut, not with a view to any direct benefit, but because he would be ashamed to be seen without it, so a boy's drilling in Latin and Greek is insisted on, not because of their in-

trinsic value, but that he may not be disgraced by being found ignorant of them—that he may have 'the education of a gentleman,'—the badge marking a certain social position, and bringing a consequent respect."

Now, if a smaller man than Mr. Spencer had said this, his words might be passed by as of no moment whatever, but they are spoken deliberately by one of the masters of the age. We are told distinctly that the study of Latin and Greek is almost purely for ornamental purposes, that these languages are of no practical use in any of the ordinary affairs of life, and that when they are used it is chiefly for show. He has not a word to say of their disciplinary effect upon the mind, of their usefulness in exhibiting the sources of modern language, of their being the repositories and vehicles of ancient valuable literatures. No; it is all for ornament. Latin and Greek are ornamental branches, and to these the best years of the life of our youth are given. If the stock arguments in favor of these studies were offered, it would be quite in order for him, or any one, to answer that the disciplinary effect of the study of German and French—not to speak of the English which it is the fashion to neglect altogether—can hardly be less than that of Greek and Latin; and that the ancient literatures exist in translations easily read by all who find either knowledge or nutriment in them. Is it true—this which Mr. Spencer so deliberately asserts? Is it true that the precious years of tens of thousands of young men are thus thrown away?—for that is the amount of his assertion. Is it true that fathers and guardians are spending their money for naught?—that widowed mothers are pinching themselves that their sons may acquire useless knowledge?—that homes are left by thousands of young men when homes would be of incalculable use to them for nothing but the acquisition of knowledge without value? Is all this half true?

We very strongly suspect that Mr. Spencer is right, or at least half right, and that the whole civilized world, among the highest forces of its civilization, is squandering the best years of its young men—sacrificing them to a fashion. It ought not to be difficult at this day to establish a curriculum of liberal study which should embrace mainly useful knowledge. The realm of science has been so greatly enlarged, and the relations of science to life have been so widely discovered and recorded; the importance of a familiar knowledge of German and French is so great now, that original scientific researches are largely published in those languages, and the intercourse of the most advanced nations is so constantly increasing, that it would seem as if Latin and Greek must, perforce, be pushed out by the common sense of the people and the conscious lack of time for the study of them.

We have in these days a great deal of crowding of young men. To fit for college now is to do almost what many of our fathers did to get through college. The greatest care of health has to be taken to keep from breaking the boys down. They prac-

tice physical exercise, and we study dietetics for them, and manage, in all the wise ways we know, to keep the poor fellows up to their work, and yet, with every sort of "ponying" and cramming, it is all they can do to get through. And when they get through, what have they on hand or mind that compensates them for their tremendous expenditure? As Mr. Spencer elsewhere says, in this same book, most things that a boy learns which are of any real use to him he learns after leaving college. The truth is, that all this crowding to which the boys are now subjected results from the attempt to add to the old curriculum from the ever-growing repertory of "knowledges." When, some years ago, the talk of "relieving Broadway" was the fashion, the stage-drivers struck for higher wages, and every line of omnibuses was stopped. It was at once discovered that getting rid of the omnibuses "relieved" Broadway, and that without them it would be a very pleasant street. Indeed, if the relief had been long enough continued, it is quite probable there would have been a movement made to prevent their return. Greek and Latin have only to be removed from the principal street through which our educational processes pass to relieve it, and make it one in which our children can walk with freedom and delight.

This may be deemed somewhat sweeping doctrine, but we are in good company, and are quite content

with our backing. That something should be known of Latin and Greek—enough to aid us in understanding the form and meaning of scientific nomenclature—is evident enough; but that every liberally educated man should be made to know enough of those languages to teach them is absurd and cruel. We rejoice in the scientific schools, and the scientific "courses of study" connected with academic institutions. They mark the beginning of a better system of things, and, in the long run, they will confer such superior advantages upon young men in preparing for the practical work of life that they will absorb most of the students, or compel classical studies to take a lower and subordinate place in the average college curriculum. But it is not a pleasant thing to reflect upon that, with boys as with girls, time and effort are mainly spent upon "the ornamental branches" of education. We are accustomed to having girls spend years upon the acquirement of arts of music and drawing that are never practiced, and upon French that is never spoken, and that could not be understood if it were; but when we are told by the highest authorities that the Latin and Greek which our boys spend all their youth upon are of no use, it is rather discouraging, and we begin to wish that our universities would take counsel of common sense rather than of fashion and precedent, so that we may spend money and life no more for that which is not bread.

THE OLD CABINET.

THE effect of a great idea upon a great mind is tranquilizing,—upon a small mind disturbing. The former it ballasts; the latter it sinks.

ONCE I heard an artist say of a critic that he had not praised him, to be sure, but that he had made such an outcry against his pictures that he was well satisfied; for the critic had thereby at least acknowledged that there was power in the pictures. It is true that, judging from superficial appearances, there is nothing that the world despises so much as it does originality; and it is evident that obloquy is the compliment paid by the little to the great. But it does not follow in art, literature or politics that a person's power is to be judged by his prominence. Any object, no matter how trivial, if it gets into the wrong place, may have an effect upon things out of all proportion to its size, or to its merits: as, for instance, a bad picture on the line at the Academy; an imbecile in the Senate; a weak man in the President's chair; a bully at the head of a newspaper. A pebble will do as much damage in a delicate piece of machinery as a diamond. At Wallack's one night a poor old gentleman from the country suddenly became the object of more attention and

remark than Mr. Montague himself, simply because he happened to sneeze at an unfortunate moment.

WE hear the expressions, "hard facts," "facts are stubborn things." But for hardness and stubbornness commend me to a good, solid, stupid theory. You can get around, or get over, or accept, or subdue a genuine and honest fact; but beware when a man opposes you with a theory, especially if it be the pet theory of a life-time, accidentally acquired and consistently held through the ignorant experiences of a score or two of summers! If it accords with his theory to believe that you are a Hard-shell Baptist, it is in vain to present in opposition the fact that you and your ancestors have always been high-church Episcopalians. For him:

"Baptiss, Baptiss is your name,
And Baptiss you will die."

If it is his theory that Mrs. Sigourney is your "ideal poet," it is in vain that you state the fact of your preference for Burns and Shakspere. If it is his theory that no woman can attain to eminence as a writer, he will refuse to accept the fact that Mr. Lewes is

not the real author of "Romola." Yet it is the proudest boast of the man of theory that all his theories are based upon "solid facts."

THE difference between a major and a minor poet is the difference between the ocean and a lake. I went down to the shore of the lake yesterday. It is a great lake—even as lakes go in America. There had been a heavy blow, and there were white-caps as far as the eye could reach. The breakers followed each other up along the rock-strewn beach with a noise resembling that of the ocean. There was a mist on the waters; the nearest shores opposite were dim, and in places utterly lost to sight. It was beautiful—almost grand. But there was no salt and bitter spray; there were no sails of vessels hurrying through the storm; no drift-wood from wrecks or from distant countries; there was nothing mysterious and terrible in the sound of the breakers.

I READ somewhere lately that a certain famous poet had not only strength but sweetness, and the writer spoke of it as an unusual thing that such sweetness should have proceeded from the same source as the strength. With the libraries of the world at hand, this is a remarkable statement for a writer to make. How long, then, is it since power and tenderness, force and delicacy, have been divorced in poetry! It must have been since the time of the greatest of the Sanskrit, the Persian, the Hebrew, the Greek and the Latin poets; since Dante, Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspere and Milton; since Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats; since Victor Hugo, Browning and Emerson. The riddle of the lion and the honey is the riddle of the poets. There is no strength without sweetness, and the sweetness that exists without strength is poor stuff and cloyes quickly upon the palate.

LAST night we climbed through the wild forest of maples and hemlock, over ledges and ridges of mossy rock to a "sheer and skyward promontory" that gave a sudden and surprising view of the lake. There

was a ridge beyond, upon the actual shore, and this side it an interval of newly mown meadows. The gigantic red disk of the sun was just sinking out of sight beyond the low hills of the opposite coast, and broadening as it sank. The sky was full of gold. The sun dropped out of sight, and the clouds changed from yellow to red, and then to purple. The waters of the lake were almost white, reflecting the bluer and clearer reaches of the sky. A long and narrow wooded cape ran far southward from the northern shore, giving glimpses between the trees of the white waters beyond. As the sun went down a bevy of swallows flung themselves up against the sky from the shadows at our feet. Dimmer and dimmer grew the interval, with its elms and maples, and winding road, and fields of stubble which glowed in rich and deepening streaks of brown and green and red.

THE minor, as well as the major, poetry—are they not both poetry? The lake and the ocean are a part of the same nature. We may not despise the lesser, but we may prefer the greater. There are beauty and sweetness, as well as majesty, in the lake; but the ocean, with its illimitable power, has sweetness no less delicate, no less penetrating.

Congress: 1878.

'Twas in the year when mutterings loud and deep
From the roused beast were heard in all the land,
And wise men questioned: "Can the State with-
stand

The shock and strain to come? Oh, will she keep
Firm her four walls, should the wild creature leap
To ruin and ravish? Will her pillars, planned
By the great dead, lean then to either hand?

The dead! Would heaven they might awake
from out their sleep!"

Haply, I said, our Congress still may hold
One voice of power—when lo! upon the blast
A sound like jackals ravening to and fro.

Great God! And has it come to this at last!—
Such noise, such stench, where once, not long ago,
Clay's lightning flashed and Webster's thunder
rolled.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Boys of the Family.

I. THE BOY WHO WANTS TO BE A SAILOR.

THE boy in the family who wants to be a sailor is usually a source of more trouble in the present and of more anxiety for the future than all the other boys who are reconciled to mercantile or professional pursuits on shore, put together, even though there are half a dozen of them. He is what Mark Twain would call an example of the composite order of human architecture,—a contradictory being, positive in some ways and negative in others, blending in his

effusive disposition a varied assortment of vices and virtues; the merry plague of all who surround him, annoying and coaxing in a breath; of whom many are ready to predict evil, while, perhaps, only his mother, with clear, tender, affectionate discernment, penetrates the reserve of goodness that lies below the rough surface of his rebellious nature.

Few homes have not known such a boy, and few mothers and fathers who possess many boys have not been put to their wits' ends in the endeavor to place him where he should be as exempt as possible from the temptations and hardships of his chosen

profession. If he is earnest in his purpose and physically adapted to so arduous an occupation, it is as difficult to dissuade him as it is foolish to tell him that a sea-faring life is degrading, unremunerative, and unworthy of his best efforts. He can never be made to believe *that*,—he whose brain is rife with the glowing remembrances of Drake, Nelson, Perry, Lawrence, and Farragut, all of whom, with at least a hundred others, are ineffaceably enshrined in his heart; no lover ever loved his mistress with more longing tenderness than this boy loves a ship, and the breath of the sea widens his nostrils and lends the sparkle of awakened enthusiasm to his eyes.

But with the best intentions in the world, and sometimes with the worst results, many parents try to make a landsman of him by conjuring up, not only the real disadvantages of sea-faring, the tyranny and brutality of some captains and mates, the wretched pay, the slow promotion and the limitations of success, but also imaginary or exceptional miseries, of which they may have acquired a knowledge by reading without sufficient discrimination such a philippic as "Among Our Sailors," by J. G. Jewell. That well-meaning little book certainly contains enough of horrors committed on the high seas to deter any one who believes in it, and who is not a born seaman, from launching into the profession which it describes. In some instances it would prove a valuable supplement to parental opposition. We grant that much of it is unhappily true, for young relatives of the writer have suffered from the cruelty of the captains and officers, who take advantage of their despotic positions at sea to over-punish their men; but we are considering a boy who is bound to go to sea, and it is a pitiable mistake to start him in the world with a discouraging view of his prospects. Having found out his determination, his guardians would do better by him in frankly recognizing that the sea is an honorable profession.

A certain youngster, with an ineradicable predilection for salt water, came once upon a time under the care of the writer; he was a warm-hearted, impulsive, mischievous lad, who as an infant gave his nurse and mother no peace through his acrobatic propensities, which left him with as many scars at the age of fourteen as a veteran of Balaklava, and no inducements proved strong enough to keep him ashore. He is now on his way home from the Philippine Islands; and in the present paper we desire to smooth the course of those parents who have sons like him, by describing the opportunities there are for training and placing them.

The Naval Academy at Annapolis offers an excellent education, practical training and good treatment, and the youth who is admitted to it may thank his stars, for there is no other way so pleasant and advantageous of becoming a sailor and an accomplished gentleman. Candidates are nominated as often as vacancies occur, by the members and delegates of the House of Representatives, each of whom has the privilege of appointing one; ten others are appointed at large by the President of the United States, and one other by the District of Columbia. A sound constitution, a fair moral

character, and a thorough knowledge of the English branches are essential in the applicants, who must be over fourteen and under eighteen years of age. The examinations are held on June 21st and September 12th at Annapolis, where the applicants are required to report in person, traveling from their homes at their own expense, which in the case of boys living at a distance is so great that many families cannot afford it, and the benefits of the Academy are thus partly restricted to the wealthier and influential classes. Having successfully passed the examination, however, the cadet-midshipman, as the candidate is now called, finds himself in the arms of a most liberal *alma mater*; he signs articles binding himself to serve the United States Navy for eight years, including his probation in the Academy; he is comfortably lodged and well fed; five hundred dollars are paid to him as salary, and a month after his admission his traveling expenses are restored to him. We believe there is no school, college, or workshop in which apathy or indolence is so little tolerated as at Annapolis; a boy must work earnestly and with all his strength to succeed; he must be honorable in his dealings, courteous in his manners and clever in mathematics,—so clever that before graduation he will see not a few of his class-mates retiring on account of their inability to cope with the elements of differential and integral calculus, despite their proficiency in seamanship and other branches. Vacancies and nominations are usually announced in the local newspapers of the Congressional districts in which they occur.

Besides the midshipmen, there are three classes of cadet-engineers, who are instructed in marine engineering, chemistry, mechanics, and the manufacture of iron, and are generally qualified for positions as engineers of United States steamers.

All cadets are required to deposit two hundred and twenty dollars for books and clothing on entering, which, when it is added to the traveling expenses, makes a total amount beyond the means of some persons, who are forced to seek other openings for their sons. A large number of boys, determined to follow the sea, and having all the elements of excellent sailors in them, are unfitted for the Academy on account of insufficient scholarship.

A few years ago, training-schools for sailors were opened on three United States vessels, one of which, the "Minnesota," stationed at New York, has now four hundred boys on board. The boys are enlisted between the ages of sixteen and seventeen years, to serve until they are twenty-one, and must be accompanied by their guardians at the time of enlistment. They are paid ten dollars and fifty cents per month, and, if they are honorably discharged at the age of twenty-one they receive three months' extra pay. At the age of eighteen, they are transferred from the training-ships to sea-going vessels, previous to which they are sent out on brief preparatory cruises in small sailing-vessels fitted out by themselves under the supervision of the officers. The commanding officers of the sea-going

vessels to which they are transferred continue the course of instruction begun on the training-ships, which is divided into three departments, viz.: seamanship, gunnery, and studies. The first embraces practical and theoretical seamanship, signals, boats, and swimming; the gunnery embraces exercises with the howitzer (afloat and ashore), the Gatling gun, the pistol and broadsword, besides infantry tactics in accordance with the army code; and the studies embrace spelling, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history, and the Bible. A commendable regulation is to the effect that the boys cannot be detailed as attendants on the messes of officers, nor as messengers, nor as permanent cooks of messes; this prevents them from drifting into the menial condition which some who enlist ordinarily fall into, and which is fatal to the true sailor-spirit.

Enlistments are made in New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, and if the parent or guardian cannot accompany the son or ward to one of these cities on account of infirmity or distance, printed forms of declaration in reference to the boy's age and their consent will be supplied by the Navy Department at Washington, which will enable him to be enlisted without the presence of the parent or guardian. Eligible candidates must be of robust frame and vigorous constitution, and they must be able to read and write. Their traveling expenses from their homes to the port at which the training-ship is stationed are not returnable; but if they are accepted, they are provided with the necessary outfit without making a deposit, the items being charged against their wages.

While nearly all the cadets of Annapolis are the sons of well-to-do people, and are destined to be officers, the boys on the training-ships are mostly of the poorest class, and the education they receive simply qualifies them to be sailors under the graduates of the former. They have chances for advancement; if they are energetic, there is nothing to prevent their holding an admiral's or commander's commission, although heroic effort is necessary to obtain one; but the training-ships are not adapted nor intended for boys of refinement and gentle parentage, and the difficulty of placing such of these as are unable to enter the Academy may be easily settled if their guardians have the good fortune to know some captain, officer, or merchant of trustworthy character. Hundreds of crews are shipped in the larger sea-ports from California to Maine every month; "able-bodied" seamen, "ordinary" seamen, and even "green-horns" are in constant demand, both for American and foreign ships; but it is necessary to make a selection. If the parents have no knowledge of the captain with whom they send their son to sea, the boy is in danger of contamination by association with a dissolute crew and of ill-treatment at the hands of the mates, to say nothing of the perils of an unseaworthy vessel. If unable to do so themselves, they should engage the interest of some friendly broker or merchant, who will look out for a stanch ship and an intelligent captain; and if the broker or

merchant is not at hand, they should put themselves in communication with such an organization as the Seaman's Friend Society, Wall Street, New York City, the secretary of which will afford gratuitous information. There are some captains afloat whose vessels are manned by the lowest and most dangerous classes, whose authority manifests itself in systematic brutality (such as may be unavoidable in dealing with the sort of men over whom it is usually exercised, though it is monstrous to a boy), and whose example is baneful in all things. If he survives it at all, the boy returning from a voyage with a commander of this kind is sure to be discouraged, and may be ruined. There are other captains, however, who take an interest in the welfare of their crews and treat them with kindness, forming classes for their instruction at sea, and providing them with sensible reading-matter and other amusements,—captains who gladly become preceptors as well as employers of the respectable, well-behaved boys placed under them. But these are nearly always in requisition by personal friends and do not often have a vacancy for the son of a stranger.

Aside from the indisputable fact that a "green-horn" is not considered a desirable addition to a crew, a boy should not be sent from home to sea without some preliminary training, and that is offered by the New York Nautical School on board the "St. Marys," of which we have deferred mention until now because it is the final resort of many parents who are perplexed by this troublesome young fellow who wants to be a sailor. The "St. Marys" is a United States vessel, loaned by the government to the New York Board of Education, by whom a school is maintained for the education of young men who desire to serve in the merchant navy. The training is excellent, the expenses are small, and the regulations are not severe. It is simply required that candidates shall evince a positive inclination and aptitude for sea life; that they shall not be under fifteen years of age, and that they shall be in robust health. The course lasts two years, and includes reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, grammar and history, navigation and all the duties of a seaman, such as boxing the compass, knotting and splicing, the strapping of blocks, reefing and furling, heaving the lead, using the palm and needle, the handling of boats, swimming, and the various other accomplishments that are looked for in every thorough Jack Tar. During the winter months, the ship is stationed at the foot of East Twenty-third street, and the boys whose friends or relatives reside in the city are allowed to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday ashore. During the summer, she makes pleasant little cruises, which are invaluable in enabling the boys to see the practical application of what they have learned in their classes. Holidays lasting several weeks are granted at Christmas, and though the course takes two years, a boy can retire at any time he chooses within the first year. By graduation, however, he secures a certificate that will obtain a berth for him in almost any ship, English or American, and as a committee of the

Chamber of Commerce, including the largest ship-owners of the port, co-operate with the Board of Education in the management of the school, he has any opportunity of demonstrating his proficiency to its members and obtaining employment through them.

The expenses are trifling, as we have said, for the only outfit necessary is such as nearly everyone possesses,—strong boots, woolen underwear, a blue overcoat and toilet materials being essential. The ship supplies two suits of uniform, a cap, a hammock, bedding, etc., to each boy, for which thirty-seven dollars are charged, and if at the end of the first year he is willing to bind himself for the second, the thirty-seven dollars are placed to his

credit, so that this amount covers the entire cost of the two years' training, excepting that of the renewal of boots and underclothing, and pocket-money.

The boys of the "St. Marys" belong to a respectable class and a good moral tone prevails among them. The commander is a graduate of, and was formerly an instructor at, Annapolis, and all the officers bear commissions in the United States Navy. The government of the school seems to combine discipline with reasonable forbearance, and I advise all parents who have a salt-water sprite of a son to consult with Captain R. L. Phythian, U. S. N., ship "St. Marys," New York City.

WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

"Bryant's Popular History of the United States." Volume II.*

THE first volume of this important work was published in 1876. The appearance of the second volume, now just issued, has doubtless been awaited with some impatience on the part of subscribers, though that impatience has not caused the work to be hurried in the least. The preface to this volume says: "The writing of history is one of the things that is not necessarily well done because it is done quickly. Rather the converse of that proposition is true, and our readers should thank us that we have not been tempted into haste." The preface further explains that by the use of the term "Popular" in the title of the book, it was not meant to imply that it was to be a superficial work, a mere compilation from other general histories of the United States. It was meant by its method, its treatment and the historical aspects to be presented, for the popular reader rather than for the merely literary class; but it was not intended for that end to sacrifice either accuracy or comprehensiveness in the attempt to be merely entertaining. "There is an implied promise of thoroughness and care on our part which we do not mean to break by undue haste." The death of Mr. Bryant, it is announced, will make no difference in the progress of the work, nor yet in its character.

The first volume of the work covered the period extending from the discovery of the Western Hemisphere to the establishment of the several English colonies along the Atlantic and the beginning of their colonial career. The second volume begins with the Pequot war in 1636, carries the history of New England down through the troubles with the Quakers and other disturbers of the Church, through

Philip's war in 1675, and to the end of the Salem witchcraft delusion in 1692. It includes also the history of New Netherland from the beginning of the administration of Governor Stuyvesant to the final conquest of the colony by the English in 1674; the history of Virginia, Maryland, and of North and South Carolina from 1635 to the end of the seventeenth century; and, finally, the early history of the extreme South and West; of the Spanish and French explorations and settlements in Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico and California, is told in four chapters at the end of the volume by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, which brings the narrative down to 1744, or nearly to the middle of the eighteenth century.

It will be seen from this brief sketch that the second volume has not the romantic and picturesque interest of the first. That volume comprised a long account of pre-historic man, giving a clear summary of all that archaeological research has disclosed, even to the latest investigations of the character and habits of the early inhabitants of the earth, especially of the mysterious Mound-builders of our own country, the chapter on whom is one of the most intelligent and satisfactory essays that has ever appeared on that interesting subject. Very full details also were given about the Northmen and the other pre-Columbian voyagers to America, as well as of the voyage of Columbus himself, and of the early Spanish, French and English explorers and settlers. The second volume deals necessarily with more prosaic matters and in the soberer light of authentic history. But what is lost in romance and picturesqueness is well made up in historical accuracy. We believe that in this most important point the work is not surpassed, nor even equaled, by any history of the United States that has yet appeared.

The aim of the historian has been to dwell most prominently on events that had results rather than on those which, however conspicuous at the time, were subsequently fruitless; and also to illustrate

* A Popular History of the United States, from the first discovery of the Western Hemisphere by the Northmen to the end of the First Century of the Union of the States. Preceded by a sketch of the Pre-historic Period and the Age of the Mound-builders. By William Cullen Bryant and Sydney Howard Gay. Volume II. Fully illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

the character and the institutions of the people who made the events. For this purpose much space is given to the doings of the early settlers of New England, and to the apparently petty contests between the Boston Puritans and the Quakers, and other heretics who troubled their Israel, and especially to the dissensions and quarrels between them and the schismatics who settled Rhode Island, of the proceedings toward whom a detailed account is given, not uninteresting in itself, but which will doubtless seem needlessly prolix to many who do not perceive its bearing and the strong light it throws on the character, the temper and the subsequent history of the New Englanders. So far as we can judge, these transactions are narrated with singular accuracy, with entire justice to both sides, and in a kindly and generous spirit. In a similar spirit the history is given of the Pequot War in 1636-7, and of the still more formidable contest with the savages in 1675-6, commonly called King Philip's War, of which a graphic and vivacious account is given.

To the witchcraft delusion, which broke out in 1692 and flourished for a while at Salem, Mass., an interesting chapter is devoted, relating clearly and fully the details of the tragedy, its rise and decline, and showing also what has been so often overlooked by writers on the subject—that this terrible delusion was by no means a result of the Puritan theology or of the Puritanic temperament. On the contrary, it is a delusion common to human nature in every clime and of every race, under all forms of religion, and lurks even now in the habits and practices of the most cultivated nations whenever the combination of credulity and ignorance invites it. The modern animosity against reputed witches was first fomented by the Bull of Pope Innocent VIII. in 1484, in consequence of which forty-one old women were burned in 1485 in one Italian province, and in the same century one hundred persons were condemned to the same fate in Piedmont, and forty-eight in a single town in Germany. In 1515 five hundred persons were executed for witchcraft at Geneva in the space of three months, and this, it will be recollected, was before Geneva became Protestant. In England, from the twelfth century, and perhaps earlier, there had been executions for witchcraft down till the eighteenth century. In Scotland, in 1597, twenty-four persons were burned for witchcraft in the town of Aberdeen alone. In the same place twenty-seven women were burned in 1617. In 1645 about ninety witches were hanged in England after trial before Sir Matthew Hale, who was a devout believer in witchcraft, as were also Dr. More and Sir Thomas Brown. In 1693 there were many trials in England for witchcraft held before Chief Justice Holt, who was the first judge that protected the accused. The last capital trial in England occurred in 1712, and the last witch was burned in Scotland in 1727. The delusion lasted still longer in France, Italy, Spain and Germany. It is therefore not to be wondered at that it raged for a few months in the year 1692 in a little corner of the colony of Massachusetts.

Cotton Mather, who took an active part in the matter, said after it was over: "I know not that ever I have advanced any opinion in the matter of witchcraft, but what all the ministers of the Lord that I know of in the world, whether English or Scotch, or French or Dutch, are of the same opinion with me."

The sixth and seventh, and the tenth and eleventh, chapters contain a highly interesting narrative of the trials and tribulations of Peter Stuyvesant, the last Dutch governor of New Netherland, from his advent in 1647 to his downfall in 1664, when, after a stormy reign of nearly twenty years, the energetic old potentate with the silver leg was forced to surrender New Amsterdam to the English, though he would rather, as he said, "be carried a corpse to his grave." These chapters rehearse at sufficient length, and with much animation, his contests with his refractory subjects, and with the wily New Englanders, who were constantly encroaching on his dominions from one side, and with the Swedes, who had audaciously founded New Sweden on the other, and over whom he finally won a bloodless, though by no means inglorious, victory by the capture of Forts Trinity and Christina. The fourteenth chapter describes the quiet beginning of the English rule in the province after it had become New York, the administrations of Governors Nichols and Lovelace, the sudden, but transient, reconquest by the Dutch in 1673, and the final cession to the English in 1674 by the treaty of Westminster. It also gives a history of the settlement of New Jersey.

The ninth chapter relates the history of Virginia and Maryland during the period of the English commonwealth, and the thirteenth contains the history of Virginia after the royal restoration during the administration of Governor Berkeley, and includes a good account of Bacon's rebellion. The history of the Carolinas, North and South, is detailed in the twelfth and fifteenth chapters, from the first patents granted by Charles II. in 1663 and 1665 to the beneficent government of the Quaker, Archdale, at the close of the eighteenth century.

In the twentieth chapter the history of the colonization of West Jersey and Pennsylvania by Friends, or Quakers, is narrated, with a good biography of William Penn, and an account of Pennsylvanian affairs down to the year 1699, when Penn made his last visit to America.

The last four chapters of the volume, treating of the early history of the extreme South and West, are written, as we have already stated, by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who seems to have followed for the most part in his treatment of the subject the highest possible authority on French and Spanish colonization in North America, namely, that of Francis Parkman, though his own long and careful study of original materials has been abundantly exhibited in his previous writings. Mr. Gay announces in his preface that to prevent delay in the completion of the work he shall call to his aid the help of other writers as well as of Mr. Hale. He acknowledges the valuable assistance he has had in laborious

research, and in the collection of material, and in the selection and arrangement of illustrations from the Rev. John Weiss, and especially from Mr. Edward L. Burlingame, who has been connected with the work from its very beginning. With the aid of these and other competent gentlemen, the whole work, we understand, will be pushed to a rapid conclusion.

Warner's "In the Wilderness."*

AMID a mass of what is called "American humor," the writings of Charles Dudley Warner and Bret Harte are conspicuously the best. They continue to fortify one's dissent with the dictum of Mr. Lowell that "the antiseptic of all literature is imagination," and convince one that it is fully as much humor. While it is the province of imagination to elevate objects or actions into types, it is that of humor to make them widely interesting; so that humor may be said to go farther, though in the end it fare worse. In Mr. Warner's work there is some such combination of the two as the imitative of humor, to express it chemically—a salt which possesses remarkable antiseptic properties. Mr. Warner's genius has not, to be sure, the literary cast of Charles Lamb's, nor is his quality so subtle, incisive or permanent, but it has the same quiet and natural surprise and the same charm that comes from the philosophical treatment, or generalizing, of local material by a keen, gentle and refined mind.

Mr. Warner's little volume will surprise those who expect to find it another catch-purse guide to the Adirondacks, with the same decrepit and unreliable statistics, and the same ragged and traditional fictions, coming around again like the chorus in "The Beggar's Opera." It is simply a half dozen papers on general themes relating to the Northern Wilderness, with an additional paper on "How Spring Came in New England." A surprise is in store too for those who have an idea that Warner is a "mere humorist." (Recall Channing's reply to the charge of "mere morality.") The present volume shows him to possess a wide range of literary faculty, including fancy, wit, pathos, satire and travesty. Sometimes these elements might have been "kindlier mixed," as in the sketch of "Spring in New England," in which Mr. Warner shows himself capable of that clever burlesque of other men's styles which amounts to legitimate criticism. We cannot but think this experiment incongruous: the reader is constantly reminded by the fortunate recurrence of the author's own delightful style that the subject is one which we would more willingly intrust to Warner than to Hugo. The sketch "A-hunting of the Deer" is open to the same objection of incongruity. Nothing could be more pathetic or more to the purpose than the straightforward story of a deer-hunt from the stand-point of the deer,—but the reader would mistake the nice art of this who should read only the introductory

philippic against the deer-slayer which, after reading the narrative, his own heart would willingly indite. And yet, apart from its connection, what capital satire is this!—

"The American deer, in the free atmosphere of our country, and as yet untouched by our decorative art, is without self-consciousness, and all his attitudes are free and unstudied. The favorite position of the deer—his fore feet in the shallow margin of the lake, among the lily-pads, his antlers thrown back and his nose in the air at the moment he hears the stealthy breaking of a twig in the forest—is still spirited and graceful, and wholly unaffected by the pictures of him which the artists have put upon canvas."

And what a fine turn of wit is this!—

"Some of our best sportsmen, who desire to protract the pleasure of slaying deer through as many seasons as possible, object to the practice of the hunters, who make it their chief business to slaughter as many deer in a camping-season as they can. Their own rule, they say, is to kill a deer only when they need venison to eat. Their excuse is specious. What right have these sophists to put themselves into a desert place, out of the reach of provisions, and then ground a right to slay deer on their own improvidence? If it is necessary for these people to have any thing to eat, which I doubt, it is not necessary that they should have the luxury of venison."

Often, Mr. Warner's humor, always suggestive, reaches a depth of suggestion that must surprise even the most serious-minded reader in the keenness of its generalization. The "Character Study" of Old Mountain Phelps, the pioneer guide and primeval man—which shows Warner's genius in its most comprehensive and charming mood, contains many examples of this:

"If ever man was formed to sit on a log, it was Old Phelps. He was essentially a contemplative person. Walking on a country road, or anywhere in the 'open,' was irksome to him. He had a shambling, loose-jointed gait, not unlike that of a bear. His short legs bowed out, as if they had been more in the habit of climbing trees than of walking. On land, if we may use that expression, he was something like a sailor; but, once in the rugged trail or the unmarked route of his native forest, he was a different person, and few pedestrians could compete with him. The vulgar estimate of his contemporaries, that reckoned Old Phelps 'lazy,' was simply a failure to comprehend the conditions of his being. It is the 'unjustness of civilization that it sets up uniform and artificial standards for all persons."

"When the appreciative tourist arrived, Phelps was ready, as guide, to open to him all the wonders of his possessions: he, for the first time, found an outlet for his enthusiasm, and a response to his own passion. It then became known what manner of man this was who had grown up here in the companionship of forests, mountains, and wild animals; that these scenes had highly developed in him the love of beauty, the æsthetic sense, delicacy of appreciation, refinement of feeling; and that, in his solitary wanderings and musings, the primitive man, self-taught, had evolved for himself a philosophy and a system of things. And it was a sufficient system, so long as it was not disturbed by external skepticism. When the outer world came to him, perhaps he had about as much to give it as to receive from it; probably more, in his own estimation, for there is no conceit like that of isolation."

"Phelps was the ideal guide: he knew every foot of the pathless forest; he knew all wood-craft, all the signs of the weather, or, what is the same thing, how to make a Delphic prediction about it."

In accounting for the popularity of the Tri-bune in the Adirondacks, Mr. Warner says:

"The Greeley of the popular heart was clad as Bennett said he was clad. It was in vain, even pathetically in vain, that he published in his newspaper the full bill of his fashionable tailor (the fact that it was receipted may have excited the animosity of some of his contemporaries) to show that he wore the best broadcloth, and that the folds of his trousers followed the city fashion of falling outside his boots. If this revelation was believed, it made no sort of impression in the country. The rural readers were not to be wheedled out of their cherished conception of the personal appearance of the philosopher of the Tri-bune."

* In the Wilderness. By Charles Dudley Warner. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

Phelps's uncouth idiom is refreshing:

"The first time we went into camp on the Upper Ausable Pond, which has been justly celebrated as the most prettily set sheet of water in the region, we were disposed to build our shanty on the south side, so that we could have in full view the Gothics and that loveliest of mountain contours. To our surprise, Old Phelps, whose sentimental weakness for these mountains we knew, opposed this. His favorite camping-ground was on the north side,—a pretty site in itself, but with no special view. In order to enjoy the lovely mountains, we should be obliged to row out into the lake; we wanted them always before our eyes,—at sunrise and sunset, and in the blaze of noon. With deliberate speech, as if weighing our arguments and disposing of them, he replied, 'Waal, now, them Gothics aint the kinder scenery you want ter *hog down!*'"

"'Boys!' he once said; 'you can't git boys to take any kinder notice of scenery. I never yet saw a boy that would look a second time at a sunset. Now, a girl will *sometimes*; but even then it's instantaneous,—comes and goes like the sunset. As for me,' still speaking of scenery, 'these mountains about here, that I see every day, are no more to me, in one sense, than a man's farm is to him. What mostly interests me now is when I see some new freak or shape in the face of nature.'"

In a dramatic story, Mountain Phelps would be sure of literary immortality. We are not prepared to say that he will not take place in contemplative writing with John Tipp, of the South Sea House, and Mrs. Conrady.

Mr. Warner's book may be confidently recommended to that large class of Adirondack visitors who desire to kill a bear or catch a trout in the most original and picturesque manner. We should strongly suspect his judgment in less important matters who would not rather be safely lost in the woods with this volume than set adrift on the main road with any so-called "guide."

Bret Harte's "Drift from Two Shores." *

MR. HARTE is distinguished from Mr. Warner by all the difference between the dramatic and the contemplative methods. With perhaps a narrower range of themes and characters at his command, he has that firm, comprehensive grasp of them which is essential to their combination in a story, but not to the purely impressional writing of which Mr. Holmes and Mr. Warner are the best American representatives. In characterization, invention, and dramatic force,—the preparation of the mind for an unsuspected climax,—in short, in all that we call art, the California sketches (with one exception, which we shall note) will fully sustain Mr. Harte's reputation. If in those papers which deal with Atlantic themes he has not succeeded so prominently, the cause is to be sought in the superior dramatic resources offered by a pioneer country, and not in any want of conscientiousness or defect of skill on the part of the author.

Of the seven Western sketches, the best is "Two Saints of the Foot-hills,"—a masterpiece of invention not excelled in cleverness by anything else of Mr. Harte's. Whisky Dick's gallant championship of Mammy Downey's pies is one of the most laughable passages in fiction. "A Ghost of the Sierras" is remarkable for powerful narration where everything depends on the narrative. The hero of "Roger Catron's Friend,"—yclept "The Frozen Truth,"—is one of the most individual and fortunate of Mr. Harte's

creations; while the hilarious fun of "Jinny" will make it a favorite, despite the excess of sentiment at the close. As for "The Man on the Beach," the longest of these sketches, we do not see why it should have been placed first in the collection (unless it was to justify more amply the title of the volume), for it is certainly the least interesting and skillful of all. The author has undertaken one of the most difficult of literary tasks, the reconciliation of antipodal types of character; and, although he has furnished plenty of motives for the final marriage of North and Bessy,—so that if the constituents of the problem were chemicals, he would, without doubt, have the desired result,—yet the sensibilities of the reader are so frequently violated in the course of the story, that he refuses to be reconciled to that climax. Mrs. Burnett has been criticised for the conclusion of her novel, but there is no such gulf between Joan and Derrick as Mr. Harte has here attempted to bridge. "The Hoodlum Band" is a roaring burlesque of the "Jack Harkaway" stories for boys. It is so difficult, however, to out-prodigy this literature, that we should not be surprised to hear of this story being read in stealthy good faith behind the spelling-books and geographies. Mr. Harte could have increased the obligation here conferred upon the public, if he had added the assurance in a foot-note that the story is one which any boy may read to his parents without fear of injuring them, and with a lively prospect of their (and his) literary improvement. The author is not content with a bald burlesque of his original, but improves the opportunity for broad satire in passages like this:

"It was a quiet New England village. Nowhere in the valley of the Connecticut the autumn sun shone upon a more peaceful, pastoral, manufacturing community. The wooden nutmegs were slowly ripening on the trees, and the white pine hams for Western consumption were gradually rounding into form under the deft manipulation of the hardy American artisan. The honest Connecticut farmer was quietly gathering from his threshing floor the shoe-pegs, which, when intermixed with a fair proportion of oats, offered a pleasing substitute for fodder to the effete civilizations of Europe. An almost Sabbath-like stillness prevailed. Doemville was only seven miles from Hartford, and the surrounding landscape smiled with the conviction of being fully insured."

With regard to "The Man whose Yoke was not Easy," we can only differ with the physician who sent him to the author as good literary material out of whom "something ought to be made." "A Sleeping-Car Experience" is full of human nature and fun. "The Office-Seeker" is valuable as an exposé of the ins and outs of the toilsome road to a government position. The demoralizing effect (like that of gambling) which Washington life has upon a certain class of countrymen is faithfully and pathetically conveyed. The sketch of "My Friend the Tramp," describes with humor and without prejudice a prominent type of vagrant,—lazy, mendacious, witty, imperturbable and bold. Of the outline sketches in this volume, the following of a Boston lawyer with whom the author discussed the tramp question is one of the best. He found his acquaintance

"*** replete with principle, honesty, self-discipline, statistics, aesthetics, and a perfect consciousness of possessing all these virtues, and a full recognition of their market values. I think

* Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

he tolerated me as a kind of foreigner, gently but firmly waiving all argument on any topic, frequently distrusting my facts, generally my deductions, and always my ideas. In conversation he always appeared to descend only half way down a long moral and intellectual staircase, and always delivered his conclusions over the balusters.

"I had been speaking of my friend, the Tramp.

"There is but one way of treating that class of impostors; it is simply to recognize the fact that the law calls him a 'vagrant,' and makes his trade a misdemeanor. Any sentiment on the other side renders you *particeps criminis*. I don't know but an action would lie against you for encouraging tramps. Now, I have an efficacious way of dealing with these gentry.' He rose and took a double-barreled fowling-piece from the chimney. 'When a tramp appears on my property, I warn him off. If he persists, I fire on him—as I would on any criminal trespasser.'

"Fire on him?" I echoed in alarm.

"Yes—but with powder only! Of course he doesn't know that. But he doesn't come back."

"It struck me for the first time that possibly many other of my friend's arguments might be only blank cartridges, and used to frighten off other trespassing intellects."

"The Cossacks," by Tolstoy.*

MR. EUGENE SCHUYLER, recently prominent as a diplomat at St. Petersburg and Constantinople, introduces another Russian author to a public which has given Tourguéneff a most hearty reception. Count Leo Tolstoy, he informs us, is now the most popular novelist in Russia, and, after Tourguéneff, incontestably the best. Tolstoy has written a number of works. His two most popular novels are "War and Peace," published in 1868, and "Anna Karenina," published in 1877. Judging from "The Cossacks" alone, we find the gap between Tourguéneff and Tolstoy very great. Tolstoy may have more original force than the other, but Tourguéneff is a far more subtle artist. There are strong points of resemblance between the two styles. There is the same minute, apparently over minute, description of the sayings and doings of each character. Many phrases, many passages do not affect the story in one way or another, although they may have some good effect in a general way; they may add to the vividness of the impression by teaching the unimportant, as well as the important things which go to make up a character. The aimlessness of much of the talk, much of the description, is greater in "The Cossacks" than in Tourguéneff's novels. A passage occurs which seems to be leading up to some action, some character sketch, some point of importance; we read on and find that nothing comes of it. Perhaps this is part of the comedy. Perhaps Tolstoy is satirising, more clumsily than Tourguéneff, a national Russian characteristic: that of always intending, or seeming to be about to do something, without summoning the energy to do it.

If (as one would infer from the preface) Mr. Schuyler expects that Tolstoy's description of the Cossack of the Terek in his home will change the opinion which the world has formed of him, he is greatly mistaken. According to this novel, the modern Cossack may not be so brutal as his forefathers, but he is mean-spirited and foolish, gross and cowardly. His women are beautiful, because Circassian blood has mixed with his; the women are also the

workers of the community, and far surpass the men in intelligence and spirit. "The Cossacks" is a story no one will care to lay aside unfinished. The very photographic reality of the scenes gives one the pleasure which is sure to flow from an accurate account of a journey, interwoven with that unflinching point of interest, a love affair. But it will not raise the poor Cossack out of the low grade assigned him in the eyes of the world; on the contrary, his repulsiveness will be changed from something vague to something unfortunately definite.

The novel does not deal with Cossacks alone. The hero is Olenin, a young man of good birth who expatriates himself and joins the army in the Caucasus. His real grief is that the world spoils him; he is restless at his own uselessness. His apparent grievance is that he cannot love. Brought in contact with the Cossacks in their village, he finds a strange pleasure in their hardy life, and falls in love with a beautiful Cossack girl, the daughter of his host. If the Cossacks are in general lumpish and awkward, this Russian hero is scarcely less so. He is always saying aimless things, talking wildly, acting in an aimless way. He seldom knows his own mind. The interest he excites is that of a child. He is a child; they are all children together, but rather stupid children. But all, save Olenin, have the vices of adults. This may furnish us with a key to Tolstoy's characters, as well as to many of Tourguéneff's.

"Scratch a Russian," says the proverb, "and you find a Tartar." Consciously or unconsciously, Tolstoy has written a novel on that text. Olenin in Moscow is nothing but a good-natured, rather thick-witted Tartar; and when he gets to the Tartar-Circassians—that is to say, the Cossacks—it is no wonder that he feels himself at home. He spends his days in hunting, his leisure hours in brooding. He knows that the play at civilization and its peculiar vices, the bad French and the witlessness of his old life are worse for him than the frank vices and positive rural virtues of the dwellers on the edge of the steppes. He resolves at last to ask Marianka to be his wife, to settle down and turn Cossack. At the last moment, Marianka's love for a brave Cossack—who is a poor creature, but still the best of the village—turns her willingness into scorn. She sends him off with the rudeness of a peasant, and he goes. They are all on the same original mold. Cossack or Russian, it is much the same thing at bottom; the only difference consists in the various degrees of education. Tourguéneff does the same thing only more delicately, more artistically. The turn of phrase and habit of thought of Tolstoy has been repeated, with much beside, by Tourguéneff. But he always draws the Russian as a transformed Tartar, who is liable at any moment to revert to the instincts of the old race that overran Russia. This partially accounts for the disagreeable resultant character which we get of Russians from the novels of their distinguished countryman.

But there is still another reason for the unflattering portraits of Russians presented by Tourguéneff and others. Russia gets her ideas and her educa-

* The Cossacks. A Tale of the Caucasus in 1852. By Count Leo Tolstoy. Translated from the Russian by Eugene Schuyler. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

tion chiefly through Germany. Auerbach's "Ein Neues Leben," says Mr. Schuyler, has instigated Tolstoy to attempt popular education on his estates. Tourguéneff, although he has learned his art in France, got his first ideas from German novelists. We, who regard Germany as peculiarly lacking in novelists, hardly understand this strong influence. But the Germans, in spite of a strong mutual antipathy, are really nearer to Russians in character and habit of mind than any other race. Besides that, geographical neighborhood and the large number of Germans holding responsible positions in Russia contribute an overwhelming force to the influence. Now in Germany the dominant tone is positivism and pessimism. Spielhagen and Auerbach describe the peasants and other classes just as they see them—foibles, vices and all. The Russian novelists add to this positivism a pessimism as dreary as the steppes, but, like the steppes, not without a melancholy charm of its own.

As a novel, "The Cossacks" cannot be classed among the exciting or the sensational; it has superior attractions. As an introduction to a strange people, it is of philosophical value; as a study of a mind that works out the problem of what people are put into the world for, it has higher qualifications yet. A civilized youth, with western ideas of passion and refined love, is brought in contrast with Marianka, who, though the pick of the Cossack village, regards marriage as a thing of fact rather than sentiment. Olenin discovers, yet will not believe, that personal beauty does not always mean a refined soul. She is to be married to the young Cossack, Lukashka; yet she receives Olenin's advances, and gives him hope that he may marry her. This is not coquetry so much as inability to see the harm. If her parents say so, she will marry him.

"Why should I not love you? You are not crooked," answered Marianka, laughing, and pressing his hand with her firm and muscular fingers. "How white, how very white and soft your hands are!—just like clotted cream!"

But then a fight occurs between the Cossacks and their brave enemies and despisers, the Abreks, or hostile Mohammedan Circassians of the mountains. Lukashka is mortally wounded while Olenin looks on, and after that Marianka will have nothing more to do with her rich wooer. Olenin has indeed learned by brooding over things that the only happiness consists in doing good to others; but otherwise nothing comes of it all. He goes back to civilization, but we do not know how he turns out. This is being true to nature. This is the way in which such situations are apt to be solved. But it is depressing in the extreme. So ends a most remarkable novel.

Maurice Thompson's "Witchery of Archery." *

THIS pretty little volume is one of the few for which there is a genuine and not a fictitious "de-

mand." When an author receives five hundred letters of inquiry regarding one or two magazine papers, it is safe to infer that he will not have to beat about for readers of any thing he may write on the subject. The audience in this instance has sought the author in advance, and to satisfy the various demands of those to whom archery is becoming a pastime or a sport, he has wisely enlarged the scope of the published papers, putting into his treatise not only the enthusiasm of the hunter and the *dolce far niente* of the poet, but even the most practical knowledge of the bow-maker and the target-shooter. Mr. Thompson accounts for the charm of the sport, as follows:

"We are nothing better than refined and enlightened savages. The fiber of our nature is not changed in substance; it is polished and oiled. The wild side of the prism of humanity still offers its pleasures to us, and it is healthful and essentially necessary to broad culture that we accept them in moderation. Sport, by which is meant pleasant physical and mental exercise combined,—play in the best sense,—is a requirement of this wild element, this glossed-over heathen side of our being, and the bow is its natural implement."

Two of the author's poems,—

"The joy is great of him who strays
In shady woods on summer days,"

and "The Death of the White Heron,"—which are included in the volume, have such freshness and savoriness as to make us wish he had found companions for them among the other felicitous poems he has written on similar themes. Several poems on archery are also quoted, but not the "Robin Hood" of Keats, which has the roving, wildwood spirit in a remarkable degree. The volume is full of incidental glimpses of nature which show the author to be an alert observer, and a bold, vigorous, and poetic writer. The romantic as well as the technical part of the book will find a host of readers. To many who will never string a bow, the witchery of archery will still exist in the magic of Mr. Thompson's buoyant style, and to these he may confidently look for his audience in more uniformly literary work.

Saxe Holm's Stories (Second Series).*

OF the five stories which compose this volume, one at least can be said to be equal to the best of the first series in concentration of interest and in keenness of insight, while in restraint of statement and in literary finish it is perhaps superior to any in that series. This one, "Farmer Bassett's Romance," is a study of New England rural life, which shows a genuine knowledge of several widely different types, and more complicated interplay of character than is usual with Saxe Holm. John Bassett, the hero, is a New England pagan:

"There are a few of these in every New England county. They are the offspring of the Westminster Catechism. Apply enough of the Westminster Catechism to a meditative, clear-witted, logical, phlegmatic boy, in his youth; let him spend most of his days out on sunny hill-sides, thinking it over in silence, and asking nobody any questions, and the chances are that, when he is twenty-one, he will quit going to church, and be a high-minded pagan. He will have absorbed much that is grand and ennobling; but he will have thrown away, in his slow-growing hatred of the cruel husk, part of the sweet kernel

* The Witchery of Archery: A complete manual of archery; with many chapters of adventures by field and flood, and an appendix containing practical directions for the manufacture and use of archery implements. By Maurice Thompson. Illustrated. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

also, and will be a defrauded and robbed man all his days, for lack of true comprehension of the Gospel of Christ, which is loving, and of Christ's Father, who is love."

Satire is not a characteristic of Saxe Holm, but the following paragraph has a "sting in its tail."

"'I swanny' does such universal duty as an oath through-out New England, that the expression merits some attention as a philological curiosity. No one can sojourn among rural New Englanders for any length of time without being driven to speculate as to the origin of the phrase. Could it have come down through ages of gradual elimination from some highly respectable Pagan formula, such as, 'I will swear by any of the gods,' for instance? This seems a not wholly incredible supposition, and lifts the seeming vulgarity at once to the level of a 'condensed classic.'"

The story opens vigorously and continues strong to the close, which is remarkable for a pathos that is not overwrought, but comes from a strong contrast naturally conceived and simply depicted. Molly (New England simplicity) and Mrs. Susan Thatcher (New England thrift) are good examples of what

Saxe Holm can do by the process of understatement; Fanny Lane shares with some of the other heroines the author's tendency to over-analysis. The first two represent the kind of characters with whom Saxe Holm best succeeds; unspeculative, simple-minded country people, with native vigor of speech and action. "A Four-Leaved Clover" and "My Tourmaline" are examples of original themes injured by something which, no matter how foreign from the author's intention, certainly gives the effect of sentimentalism. In the former this seems to have been suspected, else, why the assurance that Margaret "had not a touch of sentimentalism in her nature,"—an assertion not borne out by the story? This blemish is not an irremediable one, but it is likely to make the critic forget that Saxe Holm has in a rare degree that perception of the sources and action of human motives which is so vital a part of all fictitious writing.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

NOTE.—It being the aim of this department of the magazine to make each month a record of the latest and most important applications of science to industry that have proved of real value, the editor of the department spent several weeks in careful examination of the Paris Exposition, and in this and other numbers may be found notices of several novelties there exhibited. The Paris Exposition is not equal in mechanical interest to the American Centennial Exhibition, and owing to its bad arrangement, is less striking and impressive. In art, and in art applied to industry, as might be expected, it is far in advance of the Philadelphia Exhibition.

Machine for Feeding Poultry.

THE artificial hatching and rearing of poultry, ostriches and other birds has already become a science, and a profitable and important branch of business, and the further treatment of ducks and capons for market has created a demand for machinery for artificial feeding and fattening. The most important machine of this class consists of a circular cage of wood about 4.57 meters (15 feet) in diameter and 6.10 meters (20 feet) high, and containing 210 coops or nests for ducks and chickens, the cages being all on the outside. A chick three months old is put in each nest, and by means of a band of skin or rubber fastened to a light chain is secured so that it cannot escape. In these nests the chicks, pigeons, ducks, turkeys, quail or other birds are kept till they are ready for market, each bird being artificially fed three times a day. The birds can move about and sit down, but cannot walk or fly, and this enforced rest causes them to fatten quickly. A chick having been placed in each nest, the apparatus for feeding

is loaded with a mixture of barley meal, Indian meal, milk and water, and is brought up to the cage. Each fowl has been carefully examined, and the amount of food it will comfortably digest is marked plainly on the front of its nest. The operator then takes a chick by the neck and by a gentle pressure compels it to open its mouth. A rubber tube is inserted in its mouth, and by means of pressure on a pedal, the semi-fluid food is forced into the creature's throat. A gauge on the machine records the quantity of food given to each bird, and by watching this indicator just the right amount can be supplied. Ducks are at the same time given a drink of water, the other fowls not requiring water at any time. The cage containing the birds is mounted on rollers, and when one bird is fed the cage is moved round and the next bird is brought opposite the feeding machine. When the cage has been turned round once the feeding apparatus is placed on an elevator, and the machine and the operator are raised to the next row. In this manner every chick is in turn fed, the operation requiring about one minute for each bird. Another form of cage is made with only two rows of nests, one over the other, and with the nests disposed in lines. This apparatus does not move and the operator carries the feeding machine, by means of a truck, from bird to bird. The feeding machine may be a simple pump that can be moved by a treadle, or it may have a reservoir in which a constant pressure may be maintained by means of weights. In this case, the supply of food given to each bird is controlled by a stop-cock. Contrasted with the barbarous methods of artificially feeding poultry that have been practiced for so many thousands of years in some parts of Europe, this method of machine-feeding has the advantage of neatness, dispatch,

and the entire absence of cruelty to the birds. Ducks can be fattened in perfect safety and entire comfort by this method in fifteen days, and chickens in twenty days, and the loss from disease and accidents rarely exceeds two per cent. The fowls thus treated are uniformly healthy, and the quality of the dressed meat is excellent. Artificial incubators, artificial mothers, and this appliance are exhibited at the Paris Exposition. The incubators are all founded on the familiar plan of making a large reservoir of hot water and placing the eggs in a circular box in the middle. The American incubators are, in some respects, superior to the French machines, as a permanent fire is maintained, regulated by automatic governors. The artificial mothers or "hydromères" shown at Paris, do not differ materially from those used in this country, and are all based on the same general plan of using a large mass of hot water as a means of obtaining the necessary warmth.

New Portable Blow-pipe.

A NEW form of blow-pipe combining the pipe and lamp in one apparatus is shown at the Paris Exposition. The tube is of the usual shape, except that the point carries a metallic cup containing an asbestos wick or sponge kept in place by a wire netting spread over the open end of the cup. The pipe for the blast passes through the wick and ends in a small nozzle in the center of the netting. Naphtha, alcohol, spirits of wine, or any light oil not weighing over 700 grammes per liter, is poured into the cup till the wick is well saturated, and, on applying a blast to the pipe, a slender blue flame about eight centimeters ($3\frac{1}{4}$ inches) long springs from the pipe. This flame lasts from five to twenty-five minutes, according to the size of the apparatus, and under a good blast is strong enough to melt copper, gold, brass, silver, zinc or glass. The best way to use the blow-pipe is to supply a blast from an air-compressor through a rubber tube, as this saves the labor of blowing and makes the pipe more convenient. When the supply of oil is exhausted the pipe may be quickly refilled by pouring more oil into the open end of the cup. By using oxygen under pressure in this form of blow-pipe an intense flame is produced that may prove useful in testing alloys and in performing experiments demanding a high temperature, or in some branches of metal work. Oxygen can now be bought in iron cylinders under any reasonable pressure in New York, and, used in connection with this blow-pipe, may prove cheaper and more convenient than a furnace. Used with an ordinary blast, this blow-pipe is said to be less expensive than any of those now in use.

Riveting-machine.

THE fastening together of sheets and plates of iron by means of rivets has always demanded the expenditure of a good deal of manual labor, three men and a boy being needed to drive a single rivet; and though the work is done very quickly by hand, inventors have long tried to bring machinery to the aid of the boiler-maker and bridge-builder. Of the

riveting-machines already in use, all employ steam or hydraulic pressure to squeeze the hot rivet into place, and, as a necessary result, the machines must be massive and firm, and the work must be brought to the machine, instead of the tool to the work, as in hand-riveting. A new form of riveting-machine departs from the previous designs by employing a hammer, striking a great number of quick and powerful blows, instead of a continued pressure. The machine consists of two arms, or tongs, pivoted near one end, very much in the manner of a pair of scissors. At the rear end is a circular iron case containing a movable diaphragm. At the end of one tong is a die and a heavy weight, and at the end of the other tong is a cylinder having a piston carrying on its piston-rod a rivet-hammer. The cylinder is designed to be operated by compressed air, and is automatic in its action, regulating the stroke for each blow as the rivet is driven down, and giving the hammer a partial turn between each blow. The cylinder and diaphragm at the end are united by a pipe for supplying the compressed air by which the machine is driven. To support the apparatus an arm is inserted at the juncture of the two tongs, so that it may be suspended by a rope or chain from a rod or traveling-pulley overhead in any position desired. In operating the machine, it is connected by means of hose with a compressor and brought up to the work to be riveted. The tongs are long enough to reach over any ordinary boiler-plate, and the boy, having inserted the hot rivet, brings the die against the rivet-head. The operator, standing outside of the boiler, pulls a light rod and admits the air to the diaphragm, which immediately expands, pushing the rear ends of the tongs apart and pressing the die against one end of the rivet and the foot of the cylinder against the other. The operator may then deliver one or many blows from the hammer, and will, or may, set the machine to run automatically, the hammer delivering from 300 to 400 blows a minute. Twenty blows are sufficient for one rivet, and the work is done in about six seconds. For bridge and girder work, the machine is made in a somewhat different form, the tongs being shorter and being placed wider apart, so that they can be passed over the edges of wide angle irons and bars. It will be observed that this riveting-machine employs only one man and a boy in place of three men and a boy. It is easily moved from place to place, and, when suspended on a long rod, will put in every rivet in a boiler, whatever its shape or size. The pressure required varies from 7 to 10 kilos (15 to 20 pounds), and at steady work will secure four rivets a minute. Accompanying the machine is an apparatus for supporting boiler-shells and feeding them up to the work without extra labor. By using both machines, one man and a boy can erect and rivet a boiler, or with the riveting-machine alone put in rivets in ship and bridge work at the rate of 1,500 rivets in ten hours. This machine is at work in the American department of the Paris Exposition and besides attracting universal attention does much to give novel interest to the department.

New Brick-Kiln.

A KILN for burning bricks, based on the general principles of the tempering furnaces used in glass-works, has been recently erected which both in theory and practice seems likely to change materially the present system of brick-making. The kiln is of brick and is built in the form of an arched tunnel or long oven. It is 32.94 meters (108 feet) long, and the opening of the tunnel is 2.44 meters (8 feet) wide and about 3 meters high. A track is laid from the brick-yards through the tunnel, and at each end the kiln is closed by heavy doors. Fire-places are arranged in the middle of the kiln at both sides, the back of the fire-places opening into the oven. The chimney for the two fires is placed just inside the door at the front or above the entrance of the kiln. By this arrangement the heat and flame from the fires pass through one-half of the kiln over the track and thence up the chimney. Iron platform-cars just wide enough to fit into the tunnel without touching the sides and covered with a flooring of fire-brick are fitted to the rails, and when the kiln is ready for the burning, a car is loaded with about 5,000 bricks, piled loosely on the car. Empty cars are then run into the kiln till it is full. As they touch one another, the opening of the tunnel is reduced by the height of the cars, and there is no escape of the heat below the platforms of the cars. The fire-places are on a level with the tops of the cars, and thus the cars are protected from the heat. A current of cold air is also allowed to flow over the track under the cars. When the fires are in full blast the doors are opened, and the first car-load of fresh bricks is drawn into the kiln by attaching it to the train and withdrawing one empty car. The doors are then closed, and the bricks are left to bake for six hours. Then another load is added in the same manner, the first load being drawn nearer the fire. In the same way load after load is added till the first car reaches the hot place between the two fires. Here the burning of this load is finished, and at the next movement of the train the load passes on toward the cold end of the kiln. Thus each new load moves the first car away from the heat till it reaches the door at the end, and then it is withdrawn fully burned. When full, the kiln holds nine cars, or about 45,000 bricks; and when once filled, the operation may be kept up continuously, a fresh car-load being added every few hours, according to the kind of brick to be burned. The bricks are finished and ready for use in one passage through the kiln, and it is reported that the burning is performed thoroughly and at a material saving of labor and fuel.

Mé moranda.

PÂTE-SUR-PÂTE work. This style of art pottery is exhibited at the Paris Exposition in the form of a number of vases in light browns decorated with flowers and foliage in white, black, and shades of brown, yellow, and other colors. The vase to be decorated in *pâte-sur-pâte* is first turned on the wheel in the usual manner and then left to dry till it is sufficiently hard to be handled without injury.

If the ground color is to be left, nothing more is done till it is ready for painting. If other colors besides the natural color are to be used, they are put on first, and the after decoration is laid over this. A thick paste of clay is then prepared, and colors are mixed with it till it has the consistency of thin, semi-fluid clay. These colors are then laid, or penciled, on the vase in such a manner as to leave the work in high relief. When the decorating is finished, the vase is baked quickly at a high temperature. The result is a roughened surface, every stroke of the pencil being plainly visible and the work standing out sharp and clear. The ware also may be glazed if desired.

In tile-making, a new article of manufacture is shown at Paris in tile signs. The tiles are of any desired size, tiles 31.5 centimeters (12 inches) square being preferred. A single letter, usually in white on a blue ground, is put on a tile, and as the letters are made in quantities, any sign may be made from them. Inserted in the walls of stations, public buildings and stores, such tile signs are at once clear and distinct, clean and durable. Such tile signs have the advantage over the iron enameled signs that, as they are thick and heavy, they are not easily broken; there is no iron to rust and stain the wall, and if a letter is injured it is easily replaced without removing the whole sign.

A new application of terra cotta and earthenware work has been found in constructing ornamental boundary walls and parapets. The wall is erected with posts of stone or brick at intervals, and between these posts are laid up, one over another, pieces of terra cotta formed into variously shaped cylinders, or short tubes. This ware is made in pieces, each as long as the wall is to be thick, and by a proper treatment of the design, is laid piece over piece precisely as if short lengths of drain-pipe had been inserted in the wall. The effect of this work is both light and graceful, and for practical purposes the wall is strong, solid and durable. The single pieces are formed into shapes that admit of a variety of positions, so that one pattern of ring will make a variety of figures in the wall.

The pneumatic clocks designed to supply a large number of dials that may be placed in various places in a city, and all controlled by one central clock, have already been described in this department. This pneumatic system has now stood the test of more than a year's trial and has proved to be reliable and uniform in its action. It is on exhibition at Paris, where one clock-work controls more than thirty dials of every size, from a mantel clock to a dial two meters in diameter, and is soon to be introduced upon a large scale into two of the leading cities of Europe. The cost of maintaining a system of clocks suitable for a city of thirty thousand inhabitants has been found to be only \$2.50 per year per dial, and the power needed to drive the air-compressors is only one and a half horse power. The description of the apparatus on page 724, volume XIV. of the magazine answers for the machine shown at the Paris Exposition.

BRIC-À-BRAC.



GREAT EXPECTATIONS.

Plutarch's Lives.
Vivit post funera virtus.

DEEP in the legends of the storied past,
 Across the centuries, her heart has fled,
 With flushing cheek, and pulses beating fast,
 She reads the heroic annals of the dead.

Nor recks the downfall of the tinted leaves,
 Snatched by the vandal breeze from shrub and tree:
 Nor web the sunshine with the shadow weaves,
 Beneath the boughs in golden tracery.

But marvels that the circling years have swept,
 Since lived the heroes of her musty tome,
 It seems but yesterday that Remus leapt,
 Across the trivial barriers of Rome;

But yesterday, Virginia's tripping feet
 Bore her, unconscious, to her funeral pyre;
 And haughty Tullia, in her chariot fleet,
 Dashed o'er the body of her slaughtered sire.

For beats not still the human heart the same,
 Though empires rise and flourish and decay?
 Is truth a symbol, honor but a name,
 And love the ephemeral growth of yesterday?

Then, whence this subtle thrill that stirs her frame,
 To read of him, who, chained before the king,
 Held his right hand unflinching in the flame
 To prove his purpose still unwavering?

And he, that other, Curtius, whose great heart,
 When all Rome's treasures nothing could avail
 To close the chasm yawning in the mart,
 Held his own life a trifle in the scale;

And from detaining hands of those who wept,
 Turned to the fatal gulf, with horrors rife,
 Into its fearful depths, all headlong leapt,
 And paid his country's ransom, with his life.

"Do men like this live now?" I hear her sigh,
 While on the artless cheek there gleams a tear.
 "Who dare to act, to suffer and to die,
 And hold that life is, less than honor, dear,—

"To win a smile from such an one were sweet—
 (Ah, gladly would I learn if such there be!)
 Since by his side, or even at his feet
 To live or die, alike were ecstasy."

Stay, golden sunlight waning in the West,
 And you, ye giant shadows of the trees;
 Stay, chilling breezes that so late caressed
 This student small of world-worn histories.

Efface the lesson from her heart and brain,
 Conned from these ancient tales of days of yore.
 The web Romance has wove, unweave again,
 Else soon the child will be a child no more.

LUCY LEE PLEASANTS.



KILLING TIME.

The Triumph of Oliver Bumm.

BY QUIPPLE YARROW.

'Twas the Board of Directors of Library Hall
Who, instead of the usual annual ball,
For reasons financial, resolved to declare
They'd conduct in the hall a magnificent fair,
Where, with innocent smile,
And many a wile,
Sweet maids should the masculine victims beguile.

Now the Board of Directors, with laudable zeal,
Knowing features less common would add to their
weal,

Thought to offer a premium to any one who
Should pronounce most correctly the Russian name
Tsczoo—

Tsczoo—a Russian commander,

You quite understand—ah—

Tsczoo—bpjwhandhir.

And this Board of Directors, exceedingly wise,
Would permit every nation to try for the prize,
The Russians excepted, well knowing that none
But a Russian could win it, e'en could it be won.

And the gentlemen, hence,

To induce the more pence

To the door-keeper's box, made the prize quite
immense.

At last, in due time, came the eve of the Fair,
And the Board was in smiles, the whole city was
there.

The contest announced, at the end of the hall
Stept in regular line, big, middling, and small;
From all quarters they came,
To win lucre and fame

By putting to flight the redoubtable name.

To the right of this line the Directors all sit,
And in front, the majestic judges, to wit:
Two learned professors, imported from college,
And a solemn old Russian, personified knowledge.

While beyond, in their rear,

Press the audience near,

Hilarious and eager the trial to hear.

On a blackboard is written the wonderful word,
'Tis time to begin; now the first must be heard:
So his collar he feels, clears his throat at the sign:
Starts out, stumbles, stops, and slinks out of the
line.

Thus they vanish, each one,

Midst uproarious fun,

Till they reach the last man, who seems ready to
run.

It is Oliver Bumm: he prepares for the test.
Firmly braces his legs, and unbuttons his vest;
Then exclaiming "We'll try!" opes his mouth,
works his jaws,
And a sound like the screams of a thousand dull
saws!

Oh! ne'er did the ear

Of poor mortal hear

Such a nondescript discord of shriek, wail, and
jeer!

'Tis the name! 'Tis the name! The professors
arise,

And hand clasping hand, smile the smiles of the
wise,

And the solemn old Russian, no longer now
solemn,

Is dancing a waltz with a cast-iron column;

While the Board, one and all,

Look as blank as the wall,

And the shouts of the people resound through
the hall.

It is done. 'Twas a feat ne'er accomplished
before,

And the name of its hero shall live evermore;

But this Board of Directors, in order to pay

The prize they had offered, could find ne'er a way,
Than to sell the great hall,

Library and all,

Where they never again gave an annual ball.

Would you know how this hero, brave Oliver
Bumm,

Was enabled so mighty a word to o'ercome?

He stood near the window, left open for air,

Out-of-doors were nine urchins, instructed with
care.

At his signal, "We'll try!"

Every lad, in reply,

Dropped a previously provided cat into an empty
flour-barrel, placed under the window, into which
barrel was also thrown a lighted pack of fire-
crackers, and that's how and why.

The Hysteriad.

BY IRWIN RUSSELL.

(It is thought proper to premise: that a poem of
the period, or periodical poem, is a thing that is alto-
gether emotional, and is not intended to convey any
idea in particular. This fact is well known to all
who are familiar with the canons of our reconstructed
Art of Song; but it seems not yet to be fully recog-
nized [or, at least, sufficiently admired] by the un-
canonical class of readers, who fail to see that High
Art is identical with High Jinks, and have the bad
taste to want but little ear below, etc., etc., etc.)

Let us laugh, haw! haw! with the ass:¹

Let us weep², oh! oh! with the thistle—

Oh! oh! haw—wohaw—where goest thou, poet?

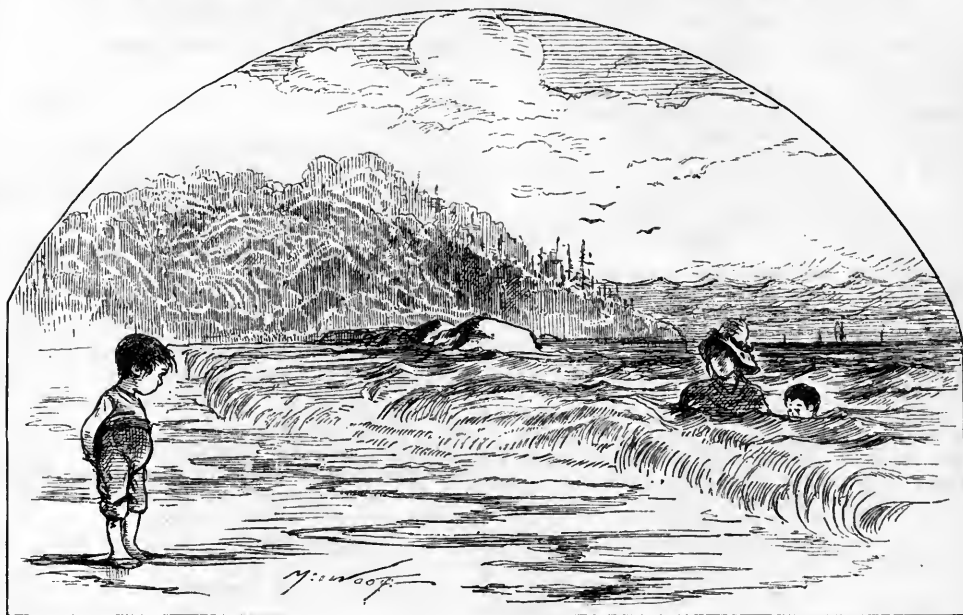
I go it

To the muses' singing-class,

To whistle, whistle, whistle.

Notes:—1. Herodotus has nowhere observed that
this animal ever laughs, or that he has any jocund
impulses whatever. Poetic license, however, is
pleaded in this behalf. 2. There is indeed no special
reason why we should weep; but the first and second
lines have to be made anti—anti—antispas-
modic. (Antispasmodic is good.)

N. B.—Objections to the brevity of this poem
are not in order, although as to other points—for
instance, its lack of adjectives and new compound
words—a demurrer might be well taken. Short
poems are now fashionable; and the petty formalities
of rhyme and reason having been lately declared
by authorities to be mere useless embroideries
on the fusian of stylish verse, it is quite probable that
the poetry of the future will be briefly expressed in
gestures—like the philosophic discussion between
Thaumast and Panurge. With these few remarks,
etc.



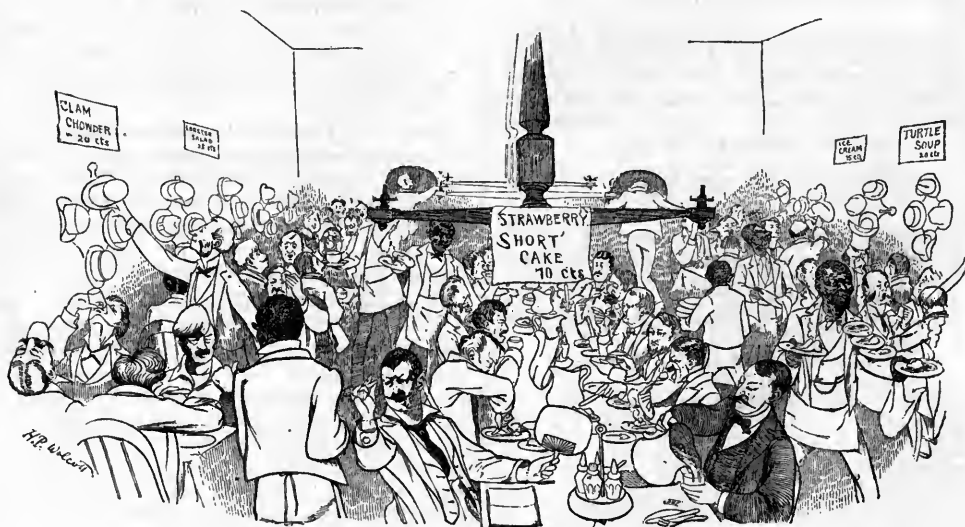
MOTHER:—"Come in, Tom, don't you see your little brother isn't afraid?"
 TOM:—"What's he got to be frightened of? AINT I HERE?"

Wherefore I Sing.

WHEREFORE I sing—ah! sweetest friend,
 How can I reason with thee wrong?
 I think it must be thou dost lend
 Thy tuneful echo to my song;
 One says that where there is no ear,
 There is nor song nor sound to hear.

So if I sing, and if there may
 Some melody or music be,
 Be sure it is a heart-felt lay—
 My song, that struggles unto thee;
 And while thou lendest me thine ear,
 I sing, sweet one, that thou mayst hear.

CHARLES STUART WELLES.



NOONDAY DOWN TOWN.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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THE ART-SCHOOLS OF NEW YORK.



STILL-LIFE STUDY IN OIL BY MISS MARY E. COOK, PAINTING CLASS, SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN, COOPER UNION; R. SWAIN GIFFORD, TEACHER.

I.

SO FAR as this country's hundred years of existence may be divided into historical periods—and the attempt so to divide it is less fanciful than it would be if we had not had so excellent a start, and if we had not lived so fast—the period through which we

are now passing may be described as a kind of intellectual awakening in a small way. In matters æsthetic, certainly there seems to be evidence of this. Ten years ago there was very little attention paid to æsthetics upon the part of what is known as the general public. The general public has

had its attention very thoroughly occupied hitherto about matters quite foreign and indeed quite hostile to æsthetic matters—the election of presidents and selectmen, the settlement of the slavery question, settlement of the Genesis and geology question, the keeping up the somewhat singular interest in the lyceum, as such, and in its deliverances upon all the concerns of the political and ethical universe, from teetotalism to the emancipation of woman and what not. But the public has not thought very well of art. Many gentlemen of means have made for themselves excellent collections of paintings; some books have been written; some admirable work has been done—by Copley, and Stuart, and Allston, to take no more recent example; but popular feeling has stood aside and looked askance. And now if any one were to mention the one thing which popular feeling is deeply stirred about, it would be art. Very likely, in mentioning it, one would need to use some sonority of utterance, and to pronounce the word with a kind of ecstatic unctuousness and circumflex accent, in order to indicate the reverent ardor with which it has come popularly to be worshiped. Elsewhere than in America, affectation would be about the very worst thing that could happen to art. But here we have so long had no art at all in a national sense, that anything—affectation even—that will keep alive the general subject with which it is concerned, is of benefit and should be grateful. It is not edifying, of course, to witness persons making up their minds at a moment's notice upon matters in regard to which Mr. Ruskin and Mr. Taine, let us say, are at opposite poles, and delivering themselves in “conversational circles” of suddenly acquired views upon the comparative excellence of different schools of painting; to listen to expositions of the principles of art—subtle and elusive as those whom they elude and escape in so airy and sprite-like a manner know them to be—made by young men who spell badly and young maidens who cook worse; to behold the furniture of Elizabeth or of the Queen Anne age and the china of Nankin, the relative values of the imitation of nature and the idealization of it, truth, beauty, ethics even—to behold all these things discussed with ease and emptiness, not as if they were vital and real, as they must be acknowledged to be, but as if they were properly the shuttle-cocks of fashion and the subjects of a craze. It gives one the feeling toward art that Voltaire expressed concern-

ing Jesus when he said, “I pray you, never let me hear that man's name again.” This, to be sure, is not edifying. Nevertheless, in a country so conditioned as this, it is a good thing;—because the more its people are thinking of æsthetic things and talking about them, and, it may be, dabbling in them, the better it will certainly be for the country as a country, the sooner shall we arrive at a point where we need no longer ask considerate charity for our æsthetic accomplishment from contemporaries to whom some of us are wont to extend the same for their presumed inferiority to us in other matters—in license to “do as one likes,” for example. And it may be assumed that this will be a good thing; for, despite the admiration that we all feel for Puritanism for its moral seriousness, and for what it has done to strengthen the sense of conduct, we are in America swinging clear of its claims to include all of life, and showing appreciation for the importance of other things, recognizing that to complete development go, besides morals, art, for example, and letters and science. We have not, as yet, made much progress in culture, at least in true culture, such as Mr. Matthew Arnold exemplifies, but we are altogether ready to admit the value of such culture as he preaches. In New England there is certainly a vehement readiness to admit this, Puritanism having there lost the completeness of its hold. In New York, very practical evidence has for several years been shown of our interest in æsthetic things—evidence furnished, to quote but two instances, by the loan exhibition of paintings at the Academy of Design two years ago, and by the exhibition last winter in aid of the Society of Decorative Art. Those exhibitions surprised many people extremely in their indications of the æsthetic wealth possessed by the people of New York—possessions which in amount and in merit also, were indeed justly surprising to persons unacquainted with private galleries here. Every one must have noted the similar, though of course less important, disclosures made by the numerous and extraordinarily successful sales of private collections of paintings here a year ago last winter. And some such evidence has been furnished in other places, Philadelphia, and Boston, and Chicago,—even in Davenport, Iowa, there was a “loan collection” in full blast, not many months ago. So it seems quite unnecessary to insist upon the reason why art is a good thing. Along with all our politics and our industries, our practical



SKETCH CLASS, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN ; PROF. L. E. WILMARTH, TEACHER. DRAWN BY MISS JENNIE BROWNSCOMBE.

attitude toward all sorts of matters wholly unæsthetic, from rapid transit to public charities ("Business and Bethels," as some one remarked once of the English middle class), goes increasing evidence that beauty and poetry are not wholly displeasing to us, and that we are glad that it is so.

What concerns us now is to secure that this æsthetic awakening, which is unmistakable however feeble, shall acquire and preserve a true direction,—that it may tend to quicken whatever æsthetic spirit already exists, and not at all toward the perfecting of material forms, methods, schools. In no other way can affectation, which is the bitterest foe (except utter neglect) of art, be avoided. Academic influence is the very last thing that we need in this country—that is to say, so far as our art is to be individual, and to be the expression of whatsoever national æsthetic feeling now exists, or may be developed. Rules are not made, of course. They are the formulations of principles, of natural laws. And, however absolutely an individual's instinct must be his guide in the search for, and apprehension of, natural laws, it is the sum of these individual

apprehensions, which may be called experience, that must be the guide of a society, whether in manners, in government, or in art. And, that it may be serviceable, experience must have two conditions: it must have variety and it must have duration. Even then it must be taken as a guide only—never as a leader. Genius makes ducks and drakes of it every now and then; shows that its canons are incomplete, that its apprehensions of natural laws are mistaken. But in this country æsthetic experience has had neither the condition of variety nor the condition of duration, comparatively speaking. And to attempt to formulate æsthetic rules just now would be absurd. Academic influence of any sort of material strictness, such as the Academic influence that prevails in France, we cannot seriously expect for some time yet. Expecting the contrary is the cardinal error that the National Academy of Design has committed, in whatever effort it has made for æsthetic progress. "We ought to have here," I remember hearing one of the most influential of the Academicians say—"We ought to have here the same authority for the Academy that is recognized



DRAWING FROM LIFE BY P. O. DICKENSON, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN;
L. E. WILMARTH, TEACHER.

in Paris." We ought to have, at present, nothing of the kind. The Academy never has seen—it does not see now—that its mission for a long time to come must consist in quickening whatever æsthetic spirit already exists, and not in offering material guidance of any strictness for it. Undoubtedly, Academic influence has been a good thing in France. It has furnished for France what Sainte-Beuve called a "sovereign organ of opinion," and M. Renan calls a "recognized authority in matters of tone and taste," and is, in large measure, the cause of what Mr. Arnold points out: "A Frenchman," he says, "has, to a considerable degree, what one may call a conscience in intellectual matters." But it is to be remembered that France under Richelieu in 1635, even, was a very different country, so far as regards intellectual life, from what we may hope to be in 1935, even; so far as regards intellectual life, it was riper. And yet, even in France, Academic influence has had its disadvantages, its depressing effect and its distorting effect upon genius. Mr. Arnold himself notes that it has been hostile to the production of great poetry, despite its prodigious accomplishment for prose. It has unduly fixed the attention of Frenchmen upon Shakspeare's lack of *bienséance*, for example. While it has

been making it impossible for any Frenchman to write like Mr. Hepworth Dixon, or talk like Mr. Joseph Cook, it has made it possible for a Frenchman to attempt the remodeling of "Hamlet." It has prevented—that is, it has tended to prevent—the existence of any French analogue of Milton, say, by its direct and depressing effect upon genius; and, by its indirect and distorting effect upon genius, it is responsible for the intellectual excesses of Victor Hugo, say. And it is not a century since David was treating with fine contempt the forerunners of Théodore Rousseau and Millet. At all events, here we are not ripe enough just yet for Academic influence of any sort of material strictness. And the Academy—the tone of which is provincial, and which does not see this—will soon either come to see it, or will cease to have the importance that it now possesses. One of these things will certainly

happen, unless it be a mistake to recognize what have been already mentioned as the signs of an æsthetic awakening. It is to be hoped that the former will happen, and that the Academy will come to appreciate that its mission consists of a quickening of whatever æsthetic spirit already exists here. How is this fine thing to be accomplished? Well, it is not at all the purpose of this essay to suggest the framing of a resolution to be presented to the Academy council. To say to that august and exclusive, but not very flexible, body: "Gentlemen, you must be aware that, æsthetically, this country has not hitherto cut a very resplendent figure; you must be aware that the serious intellectual average of the members of your guild is not such as to warrant your prescribing, with any sort of material strictness, how a painter shall paint; what you should do is to foster, by every means in your power, the general æsthetic awakening that is indisputably taking place before your eyes; to that end, suppose you arrange for a course of free lectures upon art,"—to say something of this sort, something practical, would plainly be ludicrously out of place, besides being in bad taste by reason of its laic presumption. But it is proper to suggest certain things that will retard the fulfillment of



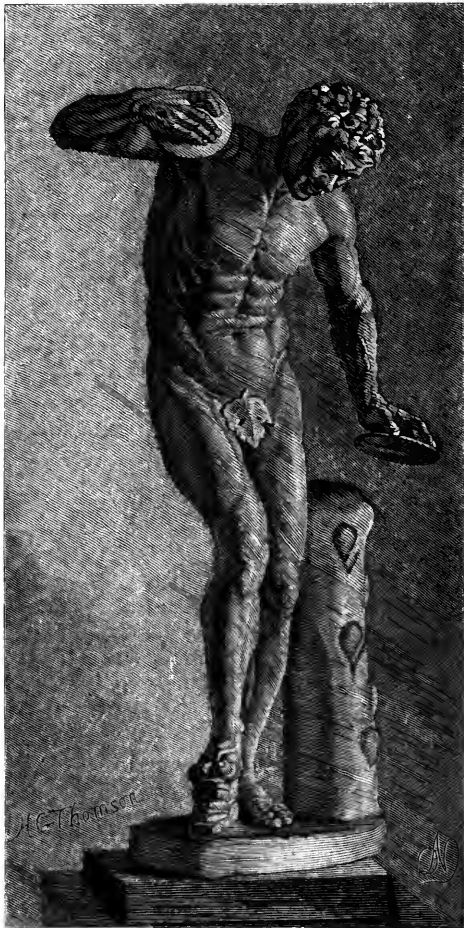
ANTIQUE CLASS, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN; L. E. WILMARTH, TEACHER. DRAWN BY F. LATHROP.

the real mission of the Academy. The exhibition of rancor will retard it,—such as violent hostility to such a hanging committee as that of 1877. The exhibition of provincialism will retard it,—such as an order that every Academician should have eight feet of the line whereon to display his wares with advantage. The exhibition of exclusiveness will retard it,—such as giving the best show to pictures by certain artists because they are by certain artists.

After all, it is possible to offer a practical suggestion, not only to the Academy, but also to all American painters and all Americans interested in the progress of plastic art in America. It is this: *Take care of the art-schools.* It is to these schools that one looks, both for accomplishment of good work and for the dissemination of æsthetic taste. Out of these schools should come,

not only artists, but æsthetic evangelists. Indeed, it is prudent to insist only on their less difficult function, and to confine oneself to trusting that the students of the schools—some account of which is herewith given—of the Academy, the Cooper Union, and the Art Students' League may prove an æsthetic leaven of importance. Of artists of importance there will not be many among them, it is probable. We shall still have to look to Paris and Munich—well, to Düsseldorf, if Mr. Whittredge pleases—for the education of such painters as are to accomplish

our national glory in art. Even Mr. William Hunt's Boston pupils will probably continue to be the better for a year under Gérôme. But something of good must surely come from the 400 or more students to whom Mr. Wilmarth, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Shirlaw were teaching drawing in this city last winter,—something in the way of popular æsthetic evangelization. An appreciable breach in that national rawness and intellectual barrenness which caused one of the keenest of modern critics to ask what were the United States “but a colossal expression of the old English middle-class spirit,” must be made by these



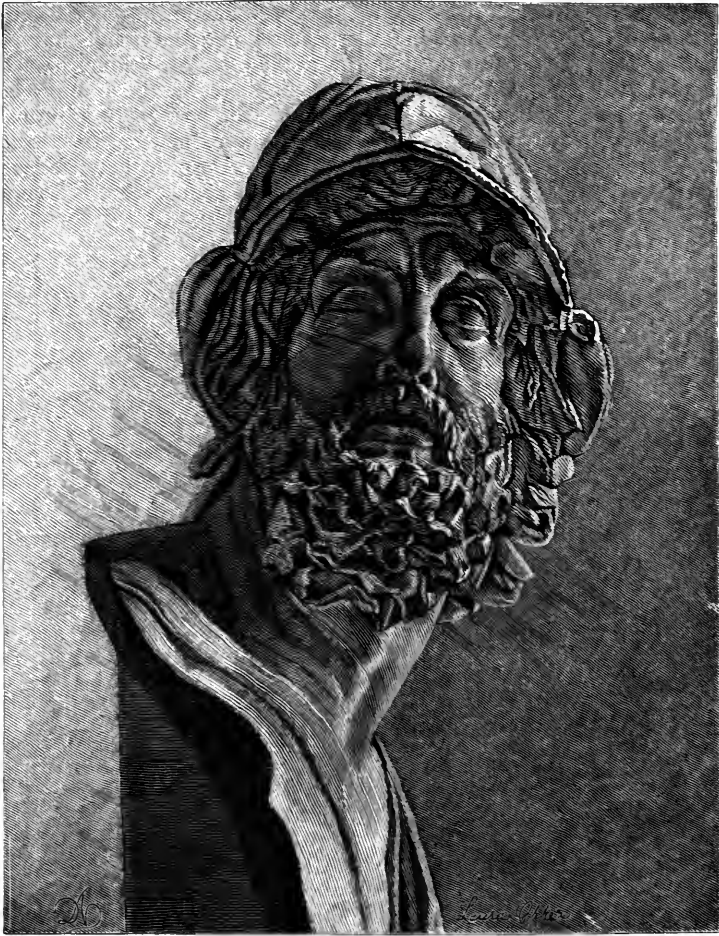
DRAWING OF "DANCING FAUN," FROM THE ANTIQUE, BY H. G. THOMSON; ANTIQUE SCHOOL, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN; L. E. WILMARTH, TEACHER.

young men and women. Suppose we only get better colored photographs, or less vulgar house decoration and furniture; suppose we only get better teaching in the public

schools; suppose we only secure—well, say, the impossibility of a recurrence of such a hanging as that of last spring's Academy exhibition; it will be a good deal to be grateful for.

II.

TO THIS end it becomes the National Academy of Design, at all events, to labor. Its schools were probably never better than they are now. But Mr. Wilmarth would certainly be the first to say that they might be even better, might profitably receive more attention at the hands of National Academicians. Still, though the Academy is, as it has been implied, not exactly what one would call a flexible and progressive institution, there is a contrast to be noted between the present and the days when a group of students used to assemble at the corner of Thirteenth street and Broadway, because there were casts and easel-room to be had there, and because an occasional chapter out of Haydon read from a sort of dais by an Academician was found rather agreeable than otherwise,—at least no hindrance, Haydon being always pleasant and to a degree instructive to listen to. After the present Academy was built, in 1860 or thereabouts, the schools became of somewhat more account. The Academicians began to take some real interest in them. Two or three days in the week before the diligent young draughtsmen copying drawings or sketching from the antique casts, would appear Mr. Page or Mr. Baker, with advice of more or less value, but in the aggregate perplexing. “Get as far away from the gas as possible” on Tuesday, “Get as near the gas as you can” on Thursday, and as diverse directions as may be imagined, if the difference between Page and Baker be thought of for a moment. Page excepted, there was no one among the Academicians, probably, who had any very vital and comprehensive theory to impress upon the students, and so there was little danger of their getting mannered as Couture's and Kaulbach's pupils are supposed infallibly to do. Still, it must have been confusing to the minds of ardent but docile young enthusiasts to be told one thing about the machinery of drawing, easel arrangement, kind of paper, use of point, or stub, or what not one day, and something different the next. Possibly it now and then occurred to some of them that this matter of machinery was not of the last consequence in art,



DRAWING OF "HEAD OF AJAX," FROM THE ANTIQUE, BY LAURA OPPER; ANTIQUE SCHOOL, NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN; L. E. WILMARTH, TEACHER.

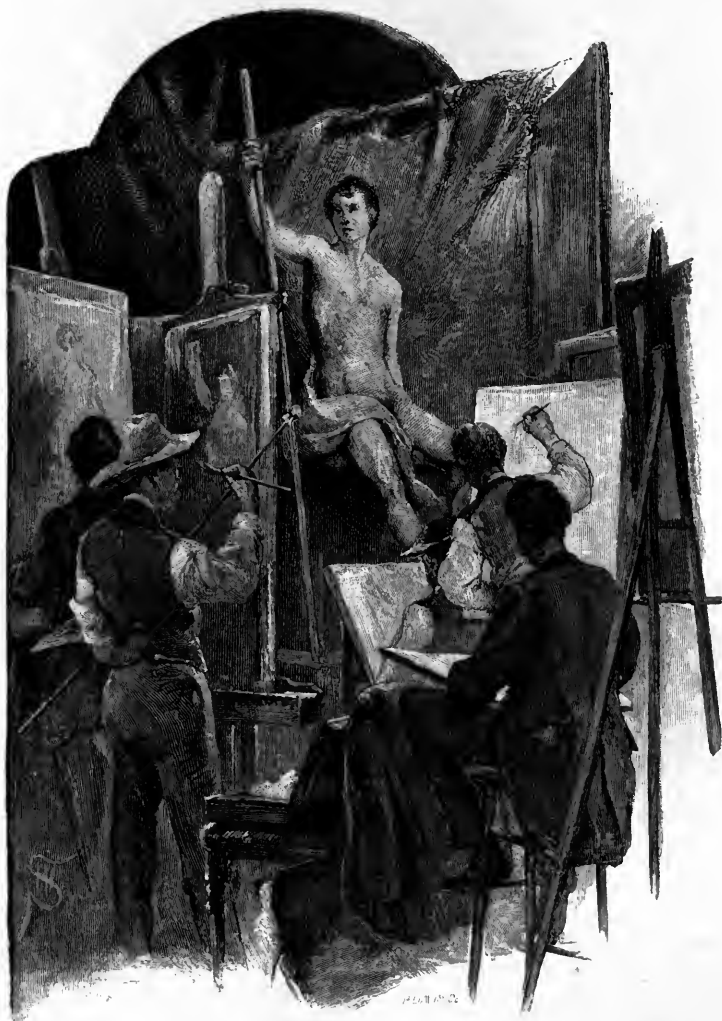
of however humble a kind. Possibly one or two of the most listless—lazy Lawrences there are even among art students—occasionally went so far as to reflect that Haydon could be read in private to equal advantage, in spite of the loss of authoritative comment. At all events, the net results were never over-satisfactory. To a man like Page, with a real interest in the Academy (of which he was president at that time, perhaps), and in the substantial progress of its students,—a specific interest, born of an absorbing universal interest in æsthetics,—such results as this slipshod and accidental system of teaching could boast of, must have been exceedingly unsatisfactory,—to Page himself, and to some others, in point of fact, were exceedingly unsatisfactory. The Academy built, on a scale of some sumptuousness, a feeling of benevolent munificence gener-

ally prevalent among the Academicians; students "from all over the country," not exactly flocked, but steadily came to enjoy, without money and without price, the benefit of casts, models, and spasmodic instruction, and yet any real good done "for art" obstinately refused to appear visibly. A quicker interest in the purpose and end of æsthetic work of any kind, improvement, development of better taste and better skill among all the persons within the scope of the Academy's influence, better spring exhibitions,—of these things not a hopeful showing was to be made. But in due course of years, one thing finally got itself settled to the good of the students, at all events. The Academy employed a teacher regularly, and there was an end to spasmodic instruction of a diverse and contradictory order. Moreover, the teacher

it hit upon had pretty decided, very well settled and consistent theories of æsthetic matters,—at least, what he had to say was easily understood, and not perplexing by reason of advice on Tuesday to get near the gas and on Thursday to get away from it. Some of the more active and interested Academicians discovered that Mr. L. E.

has been made has not been in any respect revolutionary, but has been directly in the line of Mr. Wilmarth's teaching.

And there has been improvement, so far as one can learn. It is probable that the schools were never either better or more popular. Despite the defection of the Art Students' League, there is a very busy scene



LIFE CLASS FOR MEN, ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE. DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW, TEACHER.

Wilmarth was doing what seemed to them an admirable thing in the way of instruction in Brooklyn, and forthwith he was made the teacher of drawing in the Academy schools. This was about eight years ago, and substantially there are the same conditions at the schools to-day. What improvement

to be witnessed morning, afternoon and evening in the Academy crypt when the schools are in session. The rooms are not precisely what it would be natural to desire for their purpose, unless anything so near to levity or even cheerfulness be inconsistent with the grave earnestness which should



CHARACTER HEAD, DRAWN FROM LIFE BY MISS F. E. MANCHESTER, ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE; WALTER SHIRLAW, TEACHER.

characterize the beginner with paper and crayon, especially the beginner under Mr. Wilmarth. One fancies that out of these catacombs must come painters of dread subjects, if such painters as do in the end issue from them are highly sensitive to subtle influences of a material sort; though of this there is perhaps little danger, healthfulness of feeling having become a habit at the Academy, and anything morbid being quite foreign to the spirit of the institution. Still when there are forty or fifty young men and women with varying degrees of intentness and industry at work here, there is enough humanity around one to destroy in great part what otherwise would seem like the depressing chilliness of a vault. Not rarely it is possible to catch some glow of enthusiasm of a well-tethered order, and it is easy to imagine how that counts in such a place. Nothing but drawing is taught, though Mr. Wilmarth, so far from objecting to painting, encourages it if a student is not too manifestly a beginner to attempt it and if he has a liking to do so. On the roll of students are some one hundred and seventy-five names, rather more men than women. Of

course in many respects they offer a strong contrast to students in European schools. When one reflects that the Grand Prix de Rome is given only to a person under twenty-five years, it can be easily inferred how young he must have been when he began to draw. And the five or eight or ten years which a Parisian student spends in drawing, only, are naturally much earlier years than those which are thus spent at the Academy. The students here are, most of them, in the twenties; more over twenty-five than under, and though the extremes of age are, say, sixteen and forty, there are very few as young as sixteen. The average attendance is about eighty. Tuesday and Thursday mornings and afternoons, and Monday and Wednesday evenings, Mr. Wilmarth is with them. At first they draw from casts of the antique the figures with which every one is familiar. Competition decides membership in the life-class, drawings of a full-length figure by competitors being examined by a council of Academicians who select the best. The evening life-class comprises twenty-four, all men. In the day-time there are two life-classes, the men's numbering ten and the



ONE-HOUR SKETCH, BY W. J. HARPER; ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE; WALTER SHIRLAW, TEACHER.

women's eight. The Academy furnishes nude models, and has thus one advantage over the Cooper Union, where the life-class draws from the draped figure only. Besides these, Mr. Wilmarth has two portrait classes, as he calls them, twelve members in each, which are in effect life-classes, the model being the head and shoulders, and Mr. Wilmarth's idea being to afford some release from the dullness and heaviness that drawing from a cast inevitably acquires before long. The best work is done by the night life-class perhaps, the majority being men who have some employment in the day-time, more or less remotely connected with æsthetics,—engraving of various sorts, for example.

III.

TWENTY years ago or thereabouts a little knot of young women used to assemble

in a Broadway room, which would now be far down-town, to avail themselves of the advantages of models and studio-room which co-operation made possible for them. When the Cooper Institute was built they repaired thither, where Mr. Cooper had made ample provision for them. They waxed strong and prospered, and the eighteenth annual report announces that "the Woman's Art School during the last year (1876-7) has received more pupils and registered more applicants than ever before." It is not to the purpose of this paper to note the various excellences of the Cooper Union, or to describe in any detail the work that is there done. But so much of it as may be separated from industry and allied to fine art is certainly as well worth attention as anything of the kind that is getting accomplished in New York just now. Of this Mr. Swain Gifford and Mr. Wyatt Eaton have direc-

tion. Mr. Gifford teaches painting and Mr. Eaton drawing. Under the former there are ten pupils who have had the advantage of Mr. Eaton's instruction in drawing and who paint still-life only,—a porcelain vase or jar, say, with a wisp of straw or a bunch of violets therein, standing on some yellow satin or other drapery. Every autumn there are a number of applicants for admission to Mr. Gifford's class. Of these a selection is made by the joint judgment of Mr. Gifford and Mrs. Carter, the principal of the schools, and those whom a generous criticism can assume to be sufficiently advanced are allowed to make trial in painting. Perhaps the first month of the term is occupied in determining the class; it takes four or five weeks to decide whether or no in each instance instruction in painting is time wasted for both teacher and pupil. Some come to grief early, finding out speedily the difference between painting and drawing, and return wiser, if sadder, to crayon and paper. Ten or twelve are left, never more, and of these the majority do little through the year beyond making good their title to be instructed—not over two or three, indeed, giving promise of becoming *Rosa Bonheurs*. All receive adequate attention from Mr. Gifford, however, who sows his seed diligently and cheerily and no doubt tries to think it all falls on good ground. Naturally the first thing he endeavors to inculcate is the difference between painting and drawing. "You can do a good deal by instruction," he says, "even for the pupils of the most talent and the best feeling. You can help them to help themselves. Beyond teaching the technicalities you cannot go of course directly. But reflect how much technicalities mean. No European artist thinks of neglecting the most apparently trivial of them; he has them all at his fingers' ends. It is absurd to affect to despise them, they include so much. For example, unity in color may be called one of them; avoidance of a thin, slimy, shiny finish is another. Untrained painters make mistakes in these matters which a painter with ever so little talent but with training would not think of doing. I group some still-life objects for a model,—some grasses, stuffs, a bit of Haviland porcelain. I try to show why they are so grouped, that in so grouping them harmony of color is not outraged. Then I try to get them painted with regard to their mutual and interdependent relations; then to have the texture, the quality of each element preserved. That



"THE VISION," DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH, COMPOSITION CLASS, ART STUDENTS' LEAGUE; W. SHIRLAW, TEACHER.

piece of Haviland ware, for instance, I want painted so that it will look as if it were

brittle and a blow would break it, not indent it. After technicalities in their widest sense, I don't know what can be taught. After that—indeed before, for that matter—success with a pupil depends very much upon the instructor's personality, not upon his theories of painting. If he is himself interested and earnest and can inspire earnestness and interest, of course his success is likely to be greater—*ceteris paribus*—than if the contrary be true." The work of at least two of Mr. Gifford's pupils during the last year indicates his ability to stimulate the interest of which he speaks.

Under Mr. Eaton's charge are 107 young women who make the regular cast-drawing class and sixty others who, at a nominal cost, form an amateur class averaging in attendance about fifty, and coming for an hour or so in the afternoon,—an arrangement rendered possible by the exertions of Mrs. Carter, in her anxiety that some means should be contrived of giving instruction to those whom earlier applicants had of necessity crowded out of the regular class. Of the whole number, Mr. Eaton has about thirty in a life-class who draw from

the draped model. To these naturally he devotes most of his attention, having an assistant, Miss Eleanor Richardson, who instructs the elementary class in the morning, and another, Miss Huntington, who assists him with the amateur class in the afternoon. Altogether the west and north sides of the upper story of the Cooper Institute are interesting to visit any bright morning; light and air are everywhere and it is the next thing to being out-of-doors. After passing through the reception-room and an area well-stocked with plaster casts, one enters a corridor running the whole length of the building on which open different studios brimming with young women whose industry and interest in their work are evident,—in different degrees of course, but a good deal of quiet enthusiasm does very generally prevail. First, on the left is the most elementary class of all, drawing the simplest forms of all: conventionalized flowers or even examples of solid geometry; next, the face in outline with the features indicated only; next, the simpler casts from antiques, and so on, till one gets to the north-west corner, where Mr. Gifford's class



ANTIQUE ALCOVES; SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN, COOPER UNION; WVATT EATON, TEACHER. DRAWN BY FRANCIS LATHROP.



PLASTER CAST, RENAISSANCE, DRAWN BY MISS M. Y. BLOODGOOD, SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN, COOPER UNION; WYATT EATON, TEACHER.

is painting flowers and blue china. Rounding the corner brings one face to face with a phalanx of photograph painters "retouching positives" under the direction of Mr. Carl Hecker and his assistant Miss Poy, among whose reefs of easels one pilots himself (stopping possibly once or twice before some unusually good work) to the room in which the life-class draws. The light comes in a flood through the north windows, striking directly and full the model who sits on a low platform facing it, the background colorless and her own drapery white. Between the model and the light are some twenty-five young women arranged in irregular semicircular ranks, their easels before them and their crayons busy. They make an interesting study and an interesting picture. One or two are perched on high

stools drawing with extended arm freely and rapidly, with results of a certain and unmistakable order. Contrariwise, some are on ottomans, apparently measuring carefully and over and over the features of the model, working minutely, elaborating detail. Every variety of attitude and of individual whim one notes in them. But they are alike in one respect; they are all hard at work, each one doing her best according to her lights, often intently and never listlessly. Very hasty observation of the work on the different easels discovers the same variety and individuality, even more pronounced, that is noticeable in personal manner and method.

This is a little singular, is it not?—would not be gratifying to South Kensington instruction, whose standard has the credit of being

absolute and perfect to that extent that approximation to it is the sole measure of merit. Certainly Mr. Eaton has not impressed himself, as the phrase is, upon these pupils with any vehemence or tyranny. Somehow or other, whatever else he may have accomplished or failed in, he has contrived to leave these students their individuality; has not smoothed its rough edges, chained it in any inflexible way, and given it a circumscribed and specified round to pace back and forth in. On the contrary, it seems evident that he has stimulated it—released it from some of the shackles that sluggishness of mind had riveted, probably with some firmness. At all events, there is the model, not particularly stimulating so far as form goes, but amazingly interesting in a curious character expression, which gets interpreted in as many different ways as there are draughtswomen before her who can interpret anything at all, or suggest an interpretation,—not two of the better drawings, though evidently of the same subject, really alike. In all the best work of these young women—and some of it as drawing is much better, probably, than many of our most

popular painters could do—these two qualities are evident: individuality on the one hand and fidelity on the other. The first must come from the general, and very possibly unconscious, influence of Mr. Eaton's teaching, his way of looking at things, his whole attitude toward art; the second, plainly, from the care and diligence by which his specific instruction is characterized. Insistence upon accuracy and fidelity is the key-note of this specific instruction. Any idealization of the model Mr. Eaton would look upon as an æsthetic sacrilege. With very little else than accuracy does he apparently occupy himself. But to his mind there are at least two kinds of accuracy—one of them æsthetic and the other mechanical. That the exact impression which the model made upon the pupil may be conveyed in the drawing, is what he tries to secure in each instance. And then he endeavors to secure that the impression shall be a 'pictorial one'—shall be the impression of an effect, not of physical phenomena; for one example, that the fingers shall be treated as part of the hand, and not portrayed in a microscopic, mechanical way. This kind of accu-



PORTRAIT CLASS, SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN, COOPER UNION; WYATT EATON, TEACHER. DRAWN BY F. LATHROP.

racy is evidently very different from the accuracy which, in painting a tree, picks out each leaf, or, in painting a wood interior, has a view to botany. And the effect of its inculcation is manifestly good. So long as it is kept clear from mechanical accuracy, there is no danger from it of woodenness. So long as it is insisted on, as accuracy, there is no danger of error. The pupil learns how to use his tools, in the first place, and in the second, what use to make of them. Mr. J. Alden Weir is to be associated with Mr. Eaton during the coming year, and, as he is in entire sympathy with Mr. Eaton's method of instruction, the schools are to be congratulated.

IV.

THE Art Students' League is over three years old. It is co-operative in character, and so as an art school it is novel, and might be called, *a priori*, amateurish. And yet it is not amateurish at all, but full of a seriousness and sincerity that give it a position of dignity as well as a unique position among its contemporaries. Neither the Academy schools nor those at the Cooper Union would admit it, probably, but the League makes emphatic claim to further advance in art than any other institution here displays. At all events, almost all of the students came from the Academy schools, where they had spent more or less time,—years, some of them,—and they are considered beyond casting-drawing, upon which some of the best pupils at the Cooper Union are engaged. It may be, also, that since the other schools are free—or nominally free—the League gets fewer mere dabblers. The origin of the League is familiar to most persons interested at all intimately with practical æsthetic progress here. There was a good deal of apathy manifested at the Academy of Design, no doubt; possibly there was too great indignation and intractability shown by the students. One never learns the exact truth, and never cares to know anything, concerning to the question of praise and blame in these matters. The money at the Academy had given out, and paid instruction having been



DRAWN BY MISS S. MARTINACHE.



DRAWN BY MISS M. B. PLATT.



DRAWN BY MISS A. HUNTINGTON.



DRAWN BY MISS R. HEISER.

DRAWINGS FROM PLASTER CAST, ANTIQUE STATUETTE; SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN, COOPER UNION; WYATT EATON, TEACHER.

tried, and, despite its success, discovered to be a violation of the Academy's charter, the schools were closed in 1875, and almost two hundred students found themselves without instruction, free or otherwise, and without prospect of getting any. Mr. Wilmarth shared their distress, and June 2d, 1875, a meeting of the persons concerned was held in his studio. "The Art Students' League" was formed, and a circular issued, announcing that instruction would begin again in the following September, quite independent of the fostering influence of

the Academy. Mr. Wilmarth offered to take charge of the life-class gratuitously until the League was able to pay him, or until the experiment—it was an experiment of the most hazardous sort at its inception—should have been proved a failure. It was not proved a failure. A room twenty feet by thirty was engaged, on the top floor of the

either oil or water-colors. For admission to these classes a drawing, either from the antique or from life, sufficiently good to satisfy the instructor's scrutiny, was necessary. But before long a "sketch-class" was instituted, which any one—that is to say, any gentleman or any lady—could join upon payment of a small sum monthly. This



DRAWING FROM LIFE BY MISS ELLA M. MARTIN, NOV. 24TH, 1877; SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN, COOPER UNION; WYATT EATON, TEACHER.

building at the corner of Fifth avenue and Sixteenth street. It was soon enlarged to the dimensions of thirty feet by forty, and skylights were put in. October 27th, Mr. Wilmarth was formally elected president. As instructor, he visited each class twice a week. There were at first three classes: a men's life-class, held every morning from nine o'clock till noon; a women's life-class, every afternoon from one o'clock till four; and an evening class for men from seven o'clock till nine. There was a new pose given every week, the model being engaged for a fortnight, and paid at first from seventy-five cents to one dollar an hour. Crayon and charcoal were at first used almost exclusively, very few of the students painting in

class is one of the pleasantest circles of the kind to be found anywhere, it may be imagined. Its hours are from four o'clock till five every afternoon. Each member in turn poses for the rest, and "mutual criticism" is practiced to an extent which is serviceable, but which stops short of intrusion, it is probable; and this serves, beyond doubt, one object of the League—namely, "the cultivation of a spirit of fraternity among art students," as its constitution has it. The idea of a "sketch-class" originated at the Academy five or six years ago, I believe, where a class precisely similar to that at the League has been kept up ever since, with the exception of a year or two after the League's secession. And the notion has found favor

in Paris, by the way, where some American students have formed a class which is entirely successful.

All this was done during the first year of the League's existence. So the second year began auspiciously. The experiment had manifestly not yet failed, nor shown signs of failure. The Board of Control established several improved arrangements. A membership fee of \$5 per annum was charged. May was added to the year's study, making eight months, from Oct. 1 to June 1. Fifty lectures were given by Mr. James Steele Mackaye, the dramatist and actor, on "The Scientific Basis of *Æsthetics*." There were a hundred and twenty-five members. Upon the National Academy this success meantime had acted as a stimulant. The Academy, moreover, had got some twenty thousand dollars, or thereabouts, from the loan exhibitions of 1876, and it decided to open its free schools again. Mr. Wilmarth, always a devoted and active member of the Academy, decided to return thither. Part of the League students returned with him. The prospect for the League as such began to look blue,—whatever the prospect for art students in New York might seem. I believe the statement will not be contradicted by well-informed persons if I say that the strenuous and unselfish exertions of a very few enthusiastic members at that critical time saved the League, and add, that easily chief among them were Mr. Frank Waller, the present president of the society, and Mr. F. S. Church. Their exertions were, however, not only strenuous but successful. A meeting was held to discuss the advisability of continuing the school. The decision was in the affirmative and was unanimous. Mr. Walter Shirlaw, whose contribution to the Academy exhibition of the preceding spring had revealed his merit as an artist, and whose dozen years of study under such different men as Lindenschmit and Ramberg were witness of his acquaintance with methods of art instruction, was engaged as professor of drawing and painting. The standard of admission was raised. Several professional artists joined the classes; and now most of the draughtsmen of the better illustrated papers spend much of their time at the pleasant rooms of the League. The number of students never was so large. The list enumerates 147 persons as follows: members of the League, ninety; of the sketch-class, not members, forty-one; of the portrait class, not members, seven; of the life-classes, not

members, four; retired members five. In the life-class there are sixty-five, fifty men and fifteen women. In the portrait class forty, somewhat more men than women. During the past year (1877-78), the portrait class has outnumbered the life-class, and there are more students in painting, though Mr. Shirlaw says he generally convinces his pupils—or rather allows them to convince themselves by a few weeks of effort—that they can yet learn something more of drawing than they already know in order to begin painting with advantage—not always, but generally. Mr. Jonathan Hartley, the sculptor, lectured weekly on anatomy, during the season, to each of the three divisions of the life-class. There is a composition class in which Mr. Church takes a great deal of interest which any member may join by presenting a satisfactory sketch illustrating a subject propounded by the Art Committee. There is already the respectable nucleus of an art library. Some of the students embrace the privilege which membership in the League affords of working in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, though there will probably be less and less need of leaving their rooms for such opportunities, for the Art Committee promises diligence in collecting photographs, etchings and engravings of the work of old masters, and of the different modern painters who have won distinction. There have been thirty-eight models employed up to the present time, and 158 different poses given. The schools are open for nude study eight and a half hours a day; the portrait class has seventy-two hours a week, and the sketch class six. Philanthropists and economists, as well as æsthetic laymen, may be interested to know that masculine models cost sixty cents an hour and feminine forty cents. This account of course describes the League during the past year. Several new arrangements have been made for the season of 1878-79, which begins September 30th. Of these the most important is in the instructorship of drawing and painting, wherein Mr. William M. Chase, just returned from Munich, will take the place of Mr. Shirlaw, who will take personal charge of the composition class,—an arrangement by which the League thus loses nothing and gains the services of one of the most thoroughly trained and vigorous of the painters whose work has within a year or two excited so much remark and interest here. Mr. Hartley, who has been made professor of modeling, will give a course of lectures at the beginning of the

school-year, and will be present in each life-class during the season "to criticise the work and explain the anatomy of the figure from the living model." Mr. Frederick Dielman will give instructions in perspective every fortnight. Also a preparatory class in drawing from casts will be instituted, under the direction of one of the advanced students, for the benefit of students who wish to enter the League school.

Allusion to the Metropolitan Museum of Art suggests a word as to what work by old masters New York possesses which art students may have the benefit of studying or copying. It is not more abundant and important than it is commonly supposed to be. At the Museum there are several examples of the Dutch school that repay examination. One does not put overweening confidence in the canvases labeled Murillo, Tintoret, and Leonardo. But in the north room there has hung for several years a view on the Moerdyck, by Jan Van Goyen, the delicate clearness and softness of which surpass the qualities of most marine pictures, old or modern, that have been seen in this country. And in the main room there are a "Panorama View of Haarlem," by the same painter; a wonderfully strong portrait of a woman by Franz Hals (or by the cleverest of copyists, certainly); a portrait by Vander Helst of a Dutch burgomaster that is not only life-like but alive; one or two Solomon Ruysdaels; several careful, but not altogether inspiring *genre* pictures by the younger Teniers; an Isaac Van Ostade, several landscapes, and one of the many studies which Greuze made for the head of his central figure in his picture "The Father's Curse." Those who have seen this canvas in the Louvre will hardly fail to wonder at the rejection of this study, or will attribute it to other reasons than any individual unsatisfactoriness in this. Greuze abounds, and is, indeed, utterly overshadowed in the collection of the New York Historical Society, a collection virtually public and by far the best collection in this country, so far as old masters are concerned. It is a little singular that so few people know of the treasures which hang, ill-lighted, on the walls of the upper story of the Society's building at Second avenue and Eleventh street. After skepticism has been sated in an inspection of the catalogue, one experiences a sufficiently strong revulsion in looking at many of these pictures to kindle his enthusiasm and delight. They tell you at the rooms to-day

with much satisfaction of Signor Castellani's unaffected surprise at meeting so many and such excellent paintings by old masters, so far from where he had innocently supposed them all to be. There are six hundred and twenty-four pictures in all. Naturally they include many atrocities; but one does not mind Benjamin West's conception of "The Parting of Hector and Andromache at the Scaean Gate," or the famous panorama entitled "The Course of Empire," if he can look off a few feet and see a Salvator Rosa of "Monks at their Devotions,"—a picture full of wild weirdness and a phase of the Middle Ages which no modern painter's brush is competent to depict,—if there are in the same room portraits by Van Dyck, heads by Velasquez, figures and landscapes by Watteau, and sacred and profane subjects from the hands of Rubens, Murillo, Giorgione, Leonardo, Titian, Paul Veronese, Del Sarto, Rembrandt and half a score of other masters. The authenticity of some of them is doubtful, of course. Most of them are in the collection which the Society owes to the generous public spirit of Mr. Thomas J. Bryan, and they are described by him in the catalogue. They depend chiefly upon his authority for authentication, and in many instances Mr. Bryan seems to have depended upon his own critical judgment of their intrinsic evidence. Of "The Birth and Resurrection of Christ," for example, he says: "The donor wishes it to be understood that in his opinion and in that of some of the most accomplished and practiced experts in Europe, there is not the slightest doubt of the authenticity of these pictures. Only the inexperienced and uncultivated fail to trace in them the pencil of the divine Raphael." And some of them, if authentic, are not by any means the best examples that exist. But after all that may be said or felt by the experienced and cultivated, even, there remains a surprising gallery of pictures, many of which need nothing more for their justification, than the internal evidence they carry with them. To the student it is the quality of the picture, rather than the name of the painter, that is the vital thing about it. Parenthetically, too, one may remind art students of the Lenox gallery—open to the public on Mondays and Fridays—which contains no Renaissance pictures, but some admirable canvases, nevertheless, chiefly of the English school. There are three portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds,—“Miss Kitty Fisher,” “Mrs.

Billington as 'Saint Cecilia,' and one of Sir Joshua's latest, and, by himself, best liked works, a boy in a red dress,—all of them good illustrations of Reynolds's manner. Stuart's large full-length Washington is here, and works by Copley, Peale, Trumbull, and others. Gainsborough, Constable, Collins, Morland, Wilkie, Turner and Landseer also, afford here an interesting contrast to the work of the Continental painters, of which recently we have seen so much in New York.

v.

It is difficult to judge of the comparative merits of the different theories of teaching exemplified in these three schools, for several reasons. In the first place, it is difficult to ascertain them. Nothing can be more unlike, for example, than the work done at the Academy schools and that done at the Cooper Institute, unless it be the individual work of Mr. Wilmarth and Mr. Eaton, which every one who knows both will readily see is as diverse as it well can be. And yet nothing can be more identical than the principles which both instructors, so far as a layman can perceive, proclaim. Both studied under Gérôme, and both thoroughly believe in Gérôme's teaching. Concisely summed up, that teaching is: "Draw the model exactly, after disposing it artistically." Perhaps the difference in the practical application of that maxim by the two men may find an explanation in this: Mr. Eaton believes that it is a maxim which formulates the teaching of drawing, and Mr. Wilmarth that it is applicable to every department of the practice of art, and should govern the accomplished artist as well as the amateur and the student. This may be a misconception, but I suspect it is true to this extent at least, namely: that Mr. Wilmarth would prize a picture by Gérôme as a work of art, for which Mr. Eaton would care very little. And if this be true, it explains in some measure the difference in the painting of the two artists and the difference in the work of their pupils. Whatever a teacher's theory of teaching, his attitude toward art in its broadest sense must exert an influence upon his teaching, not the less strong because it is unconscious. Mr. Shirlaw's theory—whether or no it is held by Mr. Chase remains to be seen, of course—is not so difficult to ascertain and to separate from that of Mr. Wilmarth and Mr. Eaton. He teaches as he paints, speaking

broadly. It is not to be supposed that his teaching is not elastic,—that it does not vary with the varying short-comings and excellences of his pupils, that it does not use both the spur and the bit, endeavor to infuse fire and secure boldness here, and to insist on temperance and fidelity there. But he teaches a pupil somewhat as he would advise an artist, I imagine. That is the general quality of his instruction, which distinguishes it from that just mentioned.

And this broad distinction suggests the second difficulty that one encounters in judging of the theories of teaching exemplified in these schools; and that is the necessity of bearing in mind that the work therein produced is not the work of artists but of persons who are to become artists. This it is necessary to remember, whether Mr. Shirlaw's method be correct or not. It may be well to instruct a pupil as one would advise an artist; all the same, the work of the pupil must be judged in its relation to the work which the pupil will do when he has ceased to be a pupil; that is to say, it must be judged as a promise, not as a performance. And this is why it is so difficult for any one unacquainted with technique and inexperienced in the development of a student's faculties to judge of it. For an instance: the Art Students' League had a reception some months ago at which the work of the members was exhibited. And a very creditable exhibition it was. There were some study-like portraits, a panel of flowers, a portrait bust in plaster very cleverly generalized, and some paintings and drawings from the nude that would by no means have suffered by the juxtaposition of the average Academy exhibition canvas. Faults, both of the nature of positive blemishes and of short-comings, were easily recognized. But there was almost everywhere an entire lack of that most depressing attribute of a picture, insipidity. Vigor and vitality, and a genuine impulse toward artistic expression, it was impossible not to notice. And yet any attempt to judge of the promise of these things, except in the general way of appreciation that the qualities just mentioned are always promising,—any attempt to forecast the future of one of these students would have been impossible to any layman. There was an especially striking drawing in the life-class exhibit of a nude woman whose back was turned toward the observer, and who was sitting down on a bank, bending forward a little, and throwing one leg from the knee backward. It was sculpturesque

in its fullness and rotundity. It was as graceful in position, as delicate and soft in handling, as skillful in modeling and in movement as one could wish. Still one felt that one was judging it as a performance, and not thinking of its promise. There was no certainty that an experienced instructor would not say of it something as follows: "Your admiration of that drawing, my ingenuous sir, is of a rather cheap order. The person who made it would not paint, and if he goes on in this way never will be able to paint, a recognizable portrait of you. He—or it may be she, probably is she—makes a pretty picture very likely. I don't care for it myself, but that is as you choose. You do, evidently. What I insist on is that that has nothing to do with it. That person's business was to draw the model; and she has not done it. I know every model in New York, and I can't tell which that is. It hasn't an individual look. Glance at that man leaning heavily on one leg and pushing against a wall with uplifted arm. Horribly ugly, black; the leg looks like a post, you say? I admit it; but it has a merit that makes it infinitely better than the thing you admire—it is like the model. The model was ugly; after he has been leaning on one leg for an hour and a half, a man's leg does look like a post, and the draughtsman didn't at all concern himself about making a pretty picture to win your unprofessional and somewhat ignorant approval, but confined his attention altogether to drawing what was before his eyes. So, in after years, when he comes to paint your portrait, or to paint a landscape, he will know how to do it with fidelity at least. If he is without feeling, he will be of no value in any event; I grant that. But if he has feeling, oceans of it, he will be of no value as a painter unless he possesses the ability to draw with fidelity." I say there was no certainty that one's laic admiration was not subject to such correction at the hands of professional experience.

Whether the professional experience which would proffer such correction is altogether right, or only half right, or altogether wrong, I don't pretend to say. It is a case of the disagreement of the doctors. I am sure that Mr. Eaton would call it altogether right with enthusiastic emphasis. I am sure that Mr. Wilmarth would assent to it, throwing in some elaborations concerning "gradation" and the relation in light and shade of the model to the background, and the chiaroscuro of the whole, and perhaps

illustrating his meaning by an eloquent reference to De Hooghe, for whom he cares a great deal. He said to me the other day of De Hooghe with fervor, something like this: "He knew his business so admirably; crudity and cheapness and all manner of theatricality were utterly foreign to his masterly fidelity; he was, you might say, not a poet but an artist."

"That is, not an artist so much as a painter?"

"Precisely," he rejoined.

This is significant when one thinks of Mr. Wilmarth as a teacher of drawing. I fancy that on the other hand Mr. Shirlaw would say it was only half right,—very well so far as it went perhaps, but not comprehending enough. Gradation, light and shade, color and so on,—elements to which Mr. Wilmarth attaches great value; absolute fidelity, which Mr. Eaton thinks of vital importance;—upon these qualities Mr. Shirlaw does not, I take it, place an exalted estimate. He teaches a pupil as he would advise an artist—as I said. It is probable that he would say to a young draughtsman: "Study your model well before you make a stroke. Never mind anything but this figure before you. Try to get a pictorial idea of it. Think of it as if you were a sculptor. Understand that it is round,—that it has form as well as figure,—that it is not a silhouette. Pay no attention to lights and shadows and chance color. These things vary, you should know. A tree looks differently as regards these things at sunrise and at sunset. And if you are drawing a tree, don't bother yourself about how it looks at certain times, but try to draw the tree—the objective reality, as you might say. But before all else remember this: if it is characterless,—I don't say ugly, but characterless, unpicturesque,—help it out. Don't copy in your drawing anything but merits,—let defects alone, they had best not be reproduced. Where they exist, these latter, in your model, supply something of your own. Take nature as a suggester, not as an absolute model. That man's arm is unconscionably short—lengthen it; draw it as it should be. How it should be you can tell if you have any artistic sense. If you haven't, you would be better employed in other work; instead of crayon and paper you should have a camera."

This at all events is the idea one gets of Mr. Shirlaw's teaching from examining his own pictures and the work of his pupils. The reader may draw his own conclusions. One may say in a general way that accu-

racy cannot be too much insisted on in the direction of a beginner's efforts ; it is only direction after all that can be given ; no one can be treated as the "passive bucket," which Carlyle says Coleridge made of his worshipping listeners, a disposition which, Carlyle adds, "can in the end be exhilarating to no creature." So distinguished an artist as Mr. George Inness, in a recent interview, it may be remembered, placed a very low estimate upon the possibility of giving any really effective instruction whatever beyond the indication of palpable errors and the insistence on a few principles. And a prominent painter—as original an artist as we have in America—remarked the other day : "About all you can tell a pupil is how to arrange his palette,—to begin at white and get along down to black ; except of course to tell him when he makes a glaring error. He must do the rest himself." To stimulate the æsthetic impulse of a student, to interest him in his work, to make it seem serious to him, to excite, it may be, his enthusiasm is undoubtedly an important if not the chief part of an instructor's function. In this Mr. Shirlaw is certainly right. But art begins only where accuracy leaves off. An artist must have the science of his art at his fingers' ends in order to play with it unconsciously,—as an architect for example plays

unconsciously with his engineering. And to that end fidelity must precede vigor, and accuracy picturesqueness. No good painter ever regrets the years spent in drawing,—in learning how to use his tools, in acquiring the ability to look on the elementary principles of art as axioms,—and he knows pretty well that there are some of these in learning which his keenest intuitions may be assisted by experience very profitably. This I think Mr. Eaton's teaching is aimed to secure. Whatever his philosophy of instruction, he illustrates admirably what has just been said ; he is in effect an artist who inspires enthusiasm at the same time that, as a teacher of drawing, he is insisting on fidelity. At the Cooper Union, at all events, it will not do to instruct pupils as you would advise artists. At the Academy, Mr. Wilmarth would certainly make the same statement. At the Art Students' League, where painting is taught, and where the students are presumed to be beyond cast-drawing and that state of progress synchronous with cast-drawing, it is a question of degree rather than of principle. Certainly there can be no institution of the kind in this country which displays more life and enthusiasm, which is a better evidence of the æsthetic awakening with mention of which this article began.

NEOPHONOGRAPHY.

ABOUT twenty years ago, the writer began to study and use the system of short-hand writing invented by Pitman, and known as phonography. At first sight the system seemed wonderfully simple and attractive ; but experience soon proved it to be quite as wonderful for its complexity. The number of hooks, crooks, and contractions, made necessary by the awkward and unwritable word-forms resulting from an ill-arranged and inflexible scheme of consonant signs, together with the necessary omission of vowel signs, soon destroyed in it all semblance of alphabetic writing. As a system of stenography, it was most excellent ; as a system of writing adapted to every-day needs, it was a complete failure, and not to be compared with ordinary long-hand for practical usefulness.

Very early the question arose, as it has no doubt to thousands, "Would it not be possible to re-arrange the characters of phonog-

raphy so as to make the writing more direct and fluent,—so that the sounds of any and every English word might be expressed cursorily, and yet compactly ? And would it not be possible to write the vowels, the emphatic vowels at least, connectedly with the consonants and in their proper order ?"

The questions were more easily asked than answered. The only way to tell was to try and to keep on trying ; to arrange and to re-arrange the available signs, and give the resulting systems of writing a long and critical trial. In this tedious yet fascinating work, probably not less than a hundred different combinations have been devised and practiced with, until facility of writing with them was acquired and their short-comings thoroughly demonstrated : this in addition to a critical study of every published system of short-hand that could be procured.

More than once all hope of success has

been given over in despair, from a forced conviction that relief from the drudgery of long-hand would have to come through the improvement and simplification of mechanical devices of the type-writer sort. But the problem would not down; the impulse to try and try again was irresistible, asserting itself at every leisure moment.

The difficulty was not so much to devise a system of writing at once simpler, clearer, and more rapid than ordinary script, or even than phonography, or its latest modification, takigraphy; a dozen such had been devised and discarded. The real trouble was to make a system so manifestly superior that there could be any reasonable hope of its general adoption; that should be so easy to learn, so easy to remember, so easy to write and read, that it could possibly overcome the prejudice of writing people for a system already in general use. Certainly, phonography can no longer hope to do that, nor can its well-tried offspring, takigraphy. The German system is still less adapted to meet the exacting vowel requirements of English speech. The script of Bell's most philosophic and accurate "Visible Speech" is far too cumbrous for the purpose in hand, while his short-hand, though excellent in many respects, lacks the capacity of expression and the distinctness of word-form necessary in every-day writing.

Whether the system bearing the provisional name Neophonography, or the new phonography, will meet with any better popular success, remains to be seen. The author does not profess to be over-sanguine on that score; nevertheless he offers it with confidence as perhaps the best result that can be attained in this direction with an alphabet of single-stroke characters.

The requirements of an ideally perfect system of writing are more numerous and exacting than is commonly supposed. The practical impossibility of meeting these requirements with absolute completeness is frankly admitted; nevertheless the writing reformer is not thereby absolved from the duty of making, or striving to make, the closest possible approximation to perfect success. Our time-tried, useful, and by no means unphilosophic, long-hand is not to be displaced by anything short of practical perfection.

To be absolutely perfect, a system of writing must be—

1. Alphabetic: the alphabet to furnish a complete and sufficient key to the writing.

2. Phonetic: each vocal element to have

one, and only one, distinct sign, absolute in value.

3. Cursive: all the sounds of each word to be written connectedly, in order as spoken.

4. Simple: each character to require but a single impulse of the pen to make.

5. Straightforward: the writing to flow freely and distinctly from left to right.

6. Compact: the writing to occupy the least space consistent with easy writing and reading.

7. Labor-saving: the complete writing to be much briefer, simpler, and more rapid than long-hand.

8. Flexible: to secure individuality in word-forms and the easy avoidance of awkward combinations.

9. Distinct: the written words to differ in form not less than the spoken words do in sound.

10. Physiological: the signs to indicate not only the sounds of the language, but, rudely at least, the organic relations of those sounds.

In addition, it is highly desirable that—

11. Character-value should be independent of position as regards the line of writing.

12. Character-value should be independent of the mode of writing or direction of stroke.

13. Consonant signs should chiefly determine the outline or general form of the written word.

14. Characters should be so grouped and classified with relation to the sounds they represent as to reduce to the minimum the danger of illegibility from blurred or badly written forms.

15. The alphabet should furnish a good basis for a system of stenography, yet stenographic hooks, crooks, and contractions should form no essential part of the regular writing.

Our common script fails, more or less completely, to meet the requirements numbered 1, 2, 4, 6, 7, 9, 10, 13, 14 and 15.

Phonography fails to meet 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 15.

Takigraphy fails in 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 14, 15.

Neophonography aims to meet, and practically does meet (with, at the worst, close approximation), each and every one of these requirements. It is strictly alphabetic, phonetic and cursive. In simplicity, directness, and flexibility it is, compared with other systems of complete phonetic writing, unapproached. It is several times more com-

pact, easy and rapid than common script, and superior in these respects to phonography or takigraphy, taken as systems of writing, not as forms of stenography. And it has borne repeatedly the crucial test of easy decipherment by means of the alphabet alone. Given the alphabet, as shown below, and half a dozen lines of explanation, and even those who have had no training in phonetics have been able to read the writing correctly and with great facility.

The material elements of neophonography are dashes, curves, waves and loops, standing horizontal, oblique or perpendicular to the line of writing, to denote respectively front-mouth, middle-mouth, and back-mouth sounds. All but the loops (which denote nasal sounds exclusively) are in three lengths, full for consonant sounds, half-length for intermediates, quarter length for vowel sounds; and light and shaded to distinguish cognate sounds like *p*, and *b*, *s*, and *z*, etc. Thus quality of sound is denoted by form; and quantity, or vocal stress, by shading. All sounds made in the fore part of the mouth, like *b*, *f*, *w*, *ōō*, *ē*, etc., are represented by horizontal signs; all middle-mouth characters, like *t*, *s*, *ā*, *ō*, *l*, etc., are oblique; while those made in the back part of the mouth are represented by upright signs, as for example *k*, *g*, *ū*, etc. And the relationships of sounds are still further indicated by the forms which represent them, as will be seen by reference to the alphabet below. This classification of signs and sounds not only greatly facilitates the learning of the system, but reduces to the minimum the liability to misreading and illegibility in case of hurried or careless writing.

Flexibility, and, incidentally, compactness, clearness, ease and directness, are secured by a principle first introduced and partially carried out by the author of "Visible Speech," namely, that of writing curves over or under at pleasure, thus, for example by making \sim or \frown = *f*. This principle has been greatly developed in neophonography. For instance in this system the sign for *s* is the oblique light curve. No other sound is represented by this sign, and *s* is represented in no other way. Now the oblique light curve may be struck in six ways,—two, from left to right *down*, thus \backslash and \swarrow ; two from left to right *up*, thus $/$ and \searrow ; and two from right to left *down*, thus \swarrow and \nwarrow . These are not six different characters, as in other systems of short-hand, but six ways of making one sign, *the oblique light curve*. This principle, and the device of represent-

ing the most frequently recurring sounds by oblique signs, give the system its superior flexibility, and make it easy to avoid the unyielding stiffness and the sprawling combinations incident to other phonetic alphabets.

The use of half-length characters for the semi-consonant *h*, *l* and *r* series is theoretically objectionable, but not to be avoided without introducing compound characters, to the sacrifice of ease, speed and brevity. The vowel classification may seem at first sight to be over-nice; but a more careful examination will prove its logical correctness and practical utility. Each pair of signs, as in the consonant series, represent one and the same organic position, and substantially the same sound; they are organically the long and short of each other.

Alphabet.

$\sim p \sim b \sim f \sim v \sim th \sim th$
 $\swarrow t \swarrow d \swarrow s \swarrow z \swarrow sh \swarrow zh$
 $| k | g (ch (j \dots \dots$
 $\sim wh \sim y \sim w \sim m$
 $\sim h \sim l \sim r \sim n$
 $| qu \dots \dots \sim ng$
 $\sim \ddot{a} \sim \ddot{a} \sim \ddot{i} \sim \ddot{e} \sim \ddot{o} \sim \ddot{u}$
 $\swarrow \ddot{o} \swarrow \ddot{a} \swarrow \ddot{e} \swarrow \ddot{a} \swarrow \ddot{o} \swarrow \ddot{o}$
 $\swarrow \ddot{u} \swarrow \ddot{u} \swarrow \ddot{e} \swarrow \ddot{e} \swarrow \ddot{o} \swarrow \ddot{a}$
 $\sim \ddot{u} \sim \ddot{i} \sim \ddot{o} \sim \ddot{u}$

EXPLANATION.—In the writing, every sound is expressed phonetically, and in the order of speech. Horizontal signs are usually struck from left to right; perpendiculars downward: but the direction of stroke may be reversed if the word-form is made simpler, more distinct or more compact by so doing. Oblique characters (as in the case of *s*) are struck down or up, from left to right, or from right to left, as may be most convenient, the choice of direction being determined by the succession of characters and the desirability of keeping the writing as nearly in line as may be consistent with legibility and ease. With a little practice the hand learns to take almost automatically, in any instance, the direction of stroke best suited to give a good word-form. To bring the lines within the width of a column, the specimen of the script shown below had to be written much finer than is advisable in practice; still it will not be found illegible.

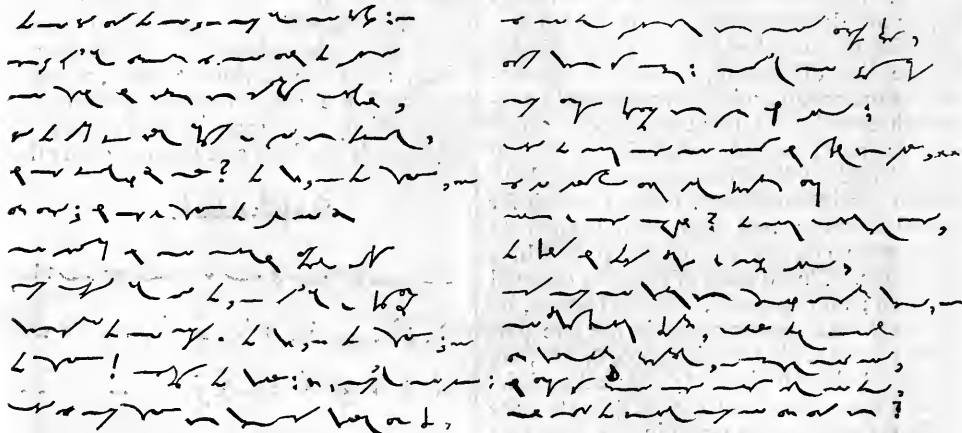
Consequently no confusion or serious error can arise in consequence of accidental shading or its omission. The quality of the sound is in every case clearly shown by the form which represents it.

The sounds represented are those heard in the following key-words: Consonants: *pie, by, fie, vie, thigh, thy; tie, die, sigh, zion, shy, vision; pick, pig, larch, large.* Intermediates: *when, yet, wen, men; hot*

lot, rot, not; queen, thing. Vowels: *bat, bass, bit, beet, book, boot, pure; bother, father, bait, bail, boat, bold, bind; bun, burr, bet, bell, born, ball, bound.* Nasals always blend with allied consonants thus: *n* with *d* or *t*; *m* with *p* and *b*; *ng* with *k*, etc.

When unaccented vowels are omitted in hasty writing, they may be inserted afterward, if necessary, near the junction of the consonants they come between.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY IN NEOPHONOGRAPHY.



WHAT THE RIVER SAITH.

I RUN toward the north,
 O river running south,—
 Running south forever,
 No fear save fear of drouth;
 I sigh for your sweet life as still we sever,
 And I run toward the north.

I run toward the north,
 Where the trees stand stiff and stark,
 And the gloomy ice-fields whiten,
 And days and nights are dark;
 And only stars and meteor gleams enlighten
 My course toward the north.

I run toward the north,
 Yet O river running south
 Through wonderful rich floras,
 Warm seas to meet your mouth;
 Shall I repine while still my great Auroras
 Shine on me from the north?

I run toward the north,
 Yet brief and sweet and bright
 Summers come to me
 With song and bloom and light;
 And who knows but I may reach at last the open sea
 As I run toward the north!

ARTEMUS WARD AT CLEVELAND.



"A. WARD, AND HIS GRATE SHOW." (FROM THE ORIGINAL SKETCH BY GEORGE HOYT.)

CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE ("Artemus Ward") began his journalistic career as a reporter for a Tiffin, Ohio, paper, some time during the year 1856. After a short residence in that place he removed to Toledo, where he became one of the staff of the "Commercial." In this city he resided for about two years. While employed on the "Commercial" as a reporter, he acquired the reputation of being a clever paragrapher, and his reputation soon became something more than local. About this time, the late J. W. Gray, then proprietor of the "Cleveland Plain-Dealer," hearing of young Browne, made him the offer of a situation as local editor of that paper. This offer was promptly accepted, and in the fall of 1857, Browne took up his residence in that city. He was then twenty-three years of age, and his salary, on his accession to the "Plain-Dealer" staff, was twelve dollars a week, a sum which two years later was increased to fifteen dollars a week. For three years he conducted this department of the paper with signal success, and his reputation soon became national. During the latter portion of the time he was connected with the "Plain-Dealer," he found opportunity to

make occasional, and always acceptable, contributions to "Vanity Fair," a New York humorous paper which flourished at that time, and which promised to be a reflex of the best American humor.

Browne's growing reputation as a humorist, and the small amount he was realizing from his productions, together with a dislike he had always felt for routine newspaper work, were the occasions of his entering the lecture field, in the year 1861. At first he was not very successful, but after his peculiar merits were better appreciated, he became one of the most popular of lecturers.

Browne was by no means a good reporter for routine work, and was inclined to be indolent. The duties of a local editor in those days were rather complex, and comprehended that which is now usually divided into several distinct departments. His work comprised the preparation of marine and commercial news, dramatic and musical criticism, and all kinds of current local news; but his column was read less for the newsy information embodied in it than for the bright witticisms which the reader was sure to find in almost every issue. When compelled to go out of town, he had a peculiar

Presented to Geo. Hoyt—
 as a slight
 Evjence
 of my regard for his
 Talenks
 as a
 Sculptist.
 A. Ward.

Nov. 18, 1860.

AUTOGRAPH OF CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE.

habit of instructing his substitute minutely as to the amount of matter to be prepared during his absence. He would measure off a piece of string or paper, the length of the required amount of copy, and would insist on the full quota. He had a great fondness for illustrations, and whenever the occasion offered would use them in his department. There was in the office at this time a young boy, who had considerable talent for drawing, and upon him Browne always depended for the cuts. This was George Hoyt, now one of the editors and proprietors of the "Plain-Dealer." When Browne wanted his services he would take him to his room, where the two would work together, Browne making the letter-press and Hoyt the designs to set it off. A series that appeared the day before Browne left the "Plain-Dealer," represented a burlesque political procession, which created a great deal of merriment, and for a long time was famous in that section of country. In recognition of his assistance, Browne presented his young friend with a copy of "The

Woman in White," on the fly-leaf of which was inscribed:

"Presented to George Hoyt, as a slight Evjence of my regard for his Talenks as a Sculptist.

"A. WARD."

The sketch given on page 785 was made by the young artist in 1859. It pleased Browne so much that he had a large copy of it made and framed, and for years it hung where he placed it, directly over the desk where he worked. The sketch on page 789, made on the spot by Hoyt, in this same year, represents Browne in the position which he usually occupied while writing. The chair and table used by him are the property of the "Plain-Dealer" Company, and are kept on deposit in the rooms of the Western Reserve Historical Society. The only bust of Browne—so far as I know—in this country, belongs to Mr. Hoyt, and is one of ten that were made for the London Savage Club, of which the humorist was a member.*

* It was presented to Mr. George W. Howe, while a resident of London, by John Camden Hotten, and was given by Mr. Howe to Mr. Hoyt.

In repartee Browne had scarcely an equal among the journalists of his time, and his pen was held in wholesome fear by rival members of the fraternity. He had always a ready answer for any that attacked him, and he used his power of ridicule in reply to his assailants. One day he found a neat package on his desk, which, on opening, he discovered was a jack-knife. A reporter of a morning paper—a notoriously homely man—heard of it, and made a paragraph to the effect that Browne richly merited the knife. That evening Browne retorted by naming this person, and saying:

"He is the homeliest man in America. He has broken five cameras in endeavoring to get a picture of himself to send to the children of a bitter personal enemy, maliciously intending to frighten them to death. He has been offered a good salary to stand up in a corn-field as a scare-crow. He is compelled to get up three times every night and *rest his face*. In his courting days he was utterly unsuccessful until he had procured a mask. He has a gait like a saw-horse, and when he walks the sidewalks the very bricks recoil in horror."

Not content with this chastisement, in the next issue, under the guise of a special dispatch from Charleston, where Ossawatimie Brown was on trial for treason, he said:

"The jury in the case of Ossawatimie Brown, charged with murder and treason, brought in a verdict of guilty at ten o'clock this morning, and at eleven o'clock he was sentenced by Judge Barker. The judge, after dwelling with great force on the enormity of the prisoner's crime, sentenced him to *sleep one night with — — —* [naming the rival reporter], 'and,' said the judge in a trembling voice, 'may God have mercy on your soul!' The prisoner fell with an agonizing shriek to the floor, and there was not a dry eye in the vast concourse of spectators. An effort will be made to get his sentence commuted to hanging."

A writer who could use his pen with such wit was a dangerous person to attack, and his antagonists soon learned to handle him with great circumspection. The laugh was almost invariably turned on themselves, and no matter how carefully the weapon was aimed, it usually came back with the force and effect of a boomerang.

In the dramatic department of the paper, Browne was very successful, and his serious criticisms were intelligent, while his burlesques were unusually rich. In criticising Shakspeare's plays, he made some of his best hits. Waller, the tragedian, was once spoken of by him, as having acted the part of "Mr. Richard the III." The dignified player was very angry, but having met Browne, his anger was immediately molli-

fied. When introduced, before Waller had time to say anything, Browne, in a tragic tone said to him, "What do you drink?"

His reading embraced a wide range, and with the standard literature of the day he was quite thoroughly familiar. His favorite author, naturally enough, was Dickens, and from his books he quoted very frequently. He had a strong dislike for sensational literature and the yellow-covered trash which was then flooding the country received frequent and merited rebukes from his powerful pen. He was especially happy in burlesquing the weak novels of the day. His "Roberto, the Rover," and "Moses, the Sassy, or the Disguised Duke," are admirable examples of his power of burlesque.

Browne's large heart and quick sympathies prompted him ever to take the part of those who were oppressed or misused. If all the generous acts which marked this man's daily life were recorded before the eyes of the world, it would be seen that underlying his humor there was a vein of pathos and kindness that entered deep into his nature. The paragraphers of that time often depended upon wholesale abuse for their stock in trade, and, as in our day, one was often accustomed to copy servilely another. If some prominent journal attacked any public man, all the petty papers throughout the country took up the hue-and-cry, and the object of their abuse was hounded to the death. Among those whose reputations it was thus sought to shatter, none suffered more than the unfortunate Poe. It was in indignant answer to these repeated attacks that Browne wrote:

"A writer in the 'Philadelphia Ledger' has discovered that Edgar A. Poe was not a man of genius. We take it for granted that the writer has never read Poe. His lot in life was hard enough, God knows, and it is a pity the oyster-house critics, snobs, flunkies, and literary nincompoops can't stop snarling over his grave. The biography of Poe by Griswold—which production for fiendish malignity is probably unequalled in the history of letters—should, it would seem, have sufficed. No stone marks the spot where poor Poe sleeps, and no friendly hand strews flowers upon his grave in summer-time, but countless thousands, all over the world, will read and admire his wildly beautiful pages until the end of time."

One of his most intimate friends was Jack Ryder, who was his room-mate during the time he lived in Cleveland, and who afterward traveled with him in different capacities. Ryder himself was a sort of practical joker, and Browne found in him a genial companion. His favorite name for

Ryder was Reginald (he was in the habit of calling his friends by almost any names but the ones with which they had been christened). He never liked to sleep alone. He was fond of lying awake and talking, and some of his wittiest sayings were made during

On one of these excursions, while with his friend Ryder, he stopped at a sort of half-way house, a few miles out of the city. The proprietor was a portly, good-natured old lady, whose ideas of the city and city people were rather meager.



Faithfully Yrs. A. Ward

PORTRAIT OF CHARLES FARRAR BROWNE.

these hours of the night. Frequently his friend would wake up in the night and find him in dishabille, writing at his desk. Whenever he wrote anything particularly amusing, he would vent his mirth in a low, chuckling laugh. One of his whims was to waken Ryder at some unseasonable hour of the night, and tell him that he wanted to see something funny. No protest could move him from this determination, so that his bedfellow invariably had to dress and accompany him in a search about the streets after something funny. Together they would often wander about in the early hours of the morning, until something had been seen that satisfied his craving. A hearty laugh seemed to act upon his system like a sedative, and after one of these excursions he would return to his room and sleep as soundly as a child.

A favorite diversion with him was to take long drives into the country on the Sabbath.

"What kind of victuals do you cook, madam?" asked Browne, when they had alighted.

"Almost everything," was the reply.

"What do you think of hens, madam?" said Browne. "A good tough hen is not a bad thing, is it? Have you one already murdered, madam?"

"I don't murder them," she answered. "I wrings their necks."

Accordingly the old lady went out to the barn and secured the poultry. Shortly after she had left them Browne slipped away, and after his continued absence was noted, Ryder went in search of the truant. He found him standing over a fire in the kitchen, his person adorned with a huge calico apron and his face aglow with the heat from the stove. When Ryder entered the kitchen, Browne looked at him in a comical way, and said:

"We're just cooking this hen, Reginald."

When the banquet had been prepared to

Browne's satisfaction, all three sat down to enjoy it. Before carving the fowl, however, he insisted on the landlady bringing him a piece of pie. This odd request provoked her curiosity, and in reply to her question, he explained:

"Madam, I never sit down to a meal without a piece of pie before me. For, when I was a boy, my mother could never get me to chop wood without promising me a piece of pie, and I got so accustomed to having it that without it I am never happy and contented."

When they came to settle their bill, the old lady said she thought that three shillings each would be about right. The price was small, even for those days, but Browne, determined to tease her, put on an injured air, and said to her in an indignant tone:

"Madam, do you take me for a Rothschild?"

And then, after insisting that she ought to make some allowance for his assistance in cooking the hen, with his usual generosity he paid her double the amount she had asked.

Returning home on this occasion, Browne gave way to one of those freaks of which he was constantly being guilty, and which made his genius deserve the credit of eccentricity. The ride had grown rather monotonous, and while passing along an elevated portion of the road, Browne, suddenly turning the horse's head, and saying, "This thing, Reginald, is growing monotonous," plunged deliberately down the steep embankment. Fortunately, neither of them was injured, and the only damage was a broken wheel. A fence rail was made use of to prop the broken vehicle, and in this plight the two slowly made their way to town.

Browne and Griswold, "the Fat Contributor," were on newspaper work at the same time in Cleveland, and were very intimate friends. One day there came to the city a dramatic reader, a man of some note, but of a very timid disposition. These two worthies in some manner discovered that he was a person easily to be imposed upon, and shortly after his arrival they paid him a visit. It was an early hour in the morning,—long after the man had retired,—and they found it difficult to arouse him. They told him they were editors, and wanted to hear him read before writing him up. They invited him to step into a hall adjoining the hotel and give them a specimen of his powers. At first the man refused to go with

them, but when they told him sternly that they were editors, and would crush him if he did not comply, he felt compelled to go. Nor would they allow him to put on his clothes, but forced him to go in night-dress to a cold and dreary hall, where they complacently smoked their cigars while they listened to him declaim, with chattering teeth and trembling voice, for several hours. When they finally permitted him to go, they told him, by way of consolation, that they had always thirsted to hear a dramatic reader in night-dress, and that they were very much gratified with his performance.

Browne was a great lover of a practical joke. One of his maddest pranks was in New York City, in 1863. He had been at some benefit performance with Dan Bryant and Nelse Seymour, and at its conclusion he induced these two to join him on a lark. Accordingly, they went to Bryant's property-



BROWNE AT WORK. (FROM SKETCH BY GEORGE HOYT.)

room, and each donned a complete suit of armor. Then they armed themselves with broadswords, and in the still hours of the night went forth in search of defenseless citizens. Up and down the streets in grim

array they marched, and whenever they found a man alone and unarmed, they would make him down on his knees and pray for mercy. Then, after having frightened him almost out of his senses, they would permit him to go on his way. Their fun, however, after a while was brought to an abrupt termination by the police, who marched them off to the Tombs. They entered fictitious names; but the judge next morning recognized the culprits, and discharged them with an admonition. On the same night they visited the house of Tom Jackson, who had just brought to this country the famous Swiss bell-ringers. In response to their violent ringing of the bell, Jackson came to an upper window, and not knowing who his visitors were, asked them in tones of thunder what they wanted.

"We want an engagement," said Browne. "We are the original bell-ringers."

Jackson then recognized them, and, appreciating the joke, invited them in.

Browne's personal appearance was anything but prepossessing, and he is remembered by Clevelanders as one of the most verdant-looking youths that ever set foot within the city. He wore a slouch hat, from beneath which protruded a mass of straight and unmanageable yellow hair. He had long limbs, and was lean and lank. His features were prominent, and set off by a nose that was decidedly Tennysonian, and was an oddity in itself. His clothes were seedy and ill-fitting. The ends of his coat-sleeves coquetted with his elbows, while his trousers made vain endeavors to reach the tops of his shoes. His stockings lapped over and gave him a slovenly appearance. He walked with a loose, shambling gait, and a person unfamiliar with his appearance would naturally feel inclined to laugh at the spectacle. After he had been in the city some time he began to pay more attention to his toilet, and at last even became foppish. When he began lecturing he became more particular than ever, and his fondness for dress and display developed into a weakness. He even took with him a hair-dresser to curl his hair,—which nature intended should be worn uncurled,—and affected a large diamond pin and an immense diamond ring.

Those who became acquainted with the eccentric local editor soon learned to forget his verdancy and grotesque appearance, and having once become his friends they always remained attached to him. He was one of the most sociable and engaging men

in the town. He was of a most affectionate disposition. Whether on the street, in the office or the home circle, he was always the same kind, jovial, witty person. He seemed constantly overflowing with animal spirits, and his wit came in a torrent that was spontaneous, and seemed to rise from its source without the least apparent effort. His command of language was wonderful, and he frequently surprised his friends with the elegance and correctness of his diction. For a self-educated man, he displayed considerable familiarity with scholarly lore.

Browne had a most extraordinary fear of death, and would brood for hours, with the most unhappy thoughts oppressing him. One night, when he had been unusually depressed, and had walked the floor for several hours in the most abject and pitiable frame of mind, he said suddenly to his room-mate, "My God! friend, this thing almost makes me wild!" The look upon his face was one never to be forgotten, and was the stare of a man seemingly bereft of reason. He appeared to have a passion for dwelling on the subject, and it was a favorite topic of conversation with him. And yet, though he trembled at the thought of death, and shrank back in horror from a contemplation of its realities, he traveled east in a stage-coach from California, in the dead of winter, with a bag of gold, through a region infested by Indians and robbers, without showing the least hesitation or expressing the slightest fear or alarm.

Browne had no conception of the value of money, and was loose and careless in his business habits. At one time, having accumulated a hundred dollars, while on the "Plain-Dealer," he thought he had the foundation of a fortune, and he amused his friends by telling them of large projects which he had in mind. He made money rapidly while lecturing and dispensed it as freely as it came. He actually supported for months some of his Bohemian friends in New York City, who found him easy to impose upon. Before leaving the "Plain-Dealer" he offered to stay providing his salary was raised to \$1,200. The proprietor did not feel warranted in accepting his proposition, and Browne accordingly left. On the day before his departure from Cleveland a reception was given him at one of the hotels and he was made the recipient of an elegant diamond pin. The parting from his friends was an affecting one and made a deep impression upon the many who

were present. On the day that he left Cleveland he published the following card in the "Plain-Dealer":

"The undersigned closes his connection with the 'Plain-Dealer' with this evening's issue. During the three years he has contributed to these columns he has endeavored to impart a cheerful spirit to them. He believes it is far better to stay in the Sunshine while we may, as the Shadow must of its own accord come only too soon. He cannot here in fit terms express his deep gratitude to the many—including every member of the Press of Cleveland—who have so often manifested the most kindly feeling toward himself. But he can very sincerely say that their kindness will never be forgotten.

"The undersigned may be permitted to flatter himself that he has some friends among the readers of newspapers. May we meet again.

"CHARLES BROWNE."

On his return to the city to lecture, several years after, he was made the object of a public ovation in the principal hall of the city. There were present on this occasion hundreds of the prominent business and professional men of the city, and speeches were made of a pleasant and congratulatory character.

The productions of Artemus Ward will always retain a high place in humorous literature. He is even more popular with the English than with the American people. The English traveler generally carries with him but one humorous American work—"The Letters of Artemus Ward." His wit is irresistible and bubbles up like water from a perennial spring, surprising the reader with

the freshness, originality and unfailing quantity of the supply. It never made him an enemy because he never sacrificed a friend for the sake of a witticism. He was in a great measure the founder of the American school of humor which has won for itself a distinctive and national character. Like all successful writers he has been followed by a host of imitators, but not one has been found to fill worthily the place which his untimely death made vacant.

As an example of Browne's serious work we quote the following:

"Humorous writers have always done the most toward helping virtue on its pilgrimage, and the truth has found more aid from them than from all the grave polemicists and solid writers that have ever spoken or written. It was always so, and men have borne battle for the right, with its grave truth fully in mind, with an artillery of wit, that has silenced the heavy batteries of formal discussion. They have helped the truth along without encumbering it with themselves. They have put it boldly forward and stood behind it and hurled their fiery javelins at their opponents till they have either fled ingloriously or been entirely silenced. Rabelais—vile fellow as he was and revolting to modern propriety and taste—did immense work for the reform that began contemporaneously with him; and from Rabelais down, the shaft of ridicule has done more than the cloth-yard arrows of solid argument in defending the truth. Those who bolster up error and hate the truth are still men and slow; men with no warm blood; men who hate levity and the ebullitions of wit; who deprecate a joke of any kind, and run mad at a pun. Like Dominie Sampson, they can fire point-blank charges, but the warfare of flying artillery annoys them. They can't wheel and charge and fire, and the attack in flank and rear by the light troops drives them to cover."

THE INVISIBLE LAND.

THERE was a land that lay beyond my sight
 For which I vainly searched the great earth through.
 Thither, right often, my companions flew
 At day-break, or at noontide, or at night,
 And never came again. I took my flight,
 Explored all portions of the globe, yet grew
 No nearer where that mighty retinue
 Had fled into the stately fields of light.
 But once, when evening her dusk sails had spread,
 And I was sleeping, a swift dream came o'er
 My spirit, and in it I rising said,
 "Now is the country mine, long sought before!"
 And one I heard lament that I was dead;
 And lo! the land stretched just beside my door!

ROXY.



"THE NEXT DAY, SUNDAY, SHE TOOK HER PLACE IN THE METHODIST CHURCH."

CHAPTER LIII.

ROXY'S RETURN.

AFTER Whittaker's night visit to Mark the latter had been busily engaged in adjusting his affairs that he might leave the country. On that very Thursday morning his brother-in-law Barlow had called, partly to see Mark, chiefly in hope of buying the Bonamy poplars at half price. And all day Friday and Saturday Mark had kept himself busy. It was at night when business cares relaxed that a returning sense of wretchedness came upon him. When Sunday came he sank into extreme dejection. A young and ambitious man lives in his future, a self-indulgent man in his present. Mark's future had been suddenly annihilated and

his imagination was not yet able to discern a new one; his present was too uncomfortable to be dwelt upon. It was in this mood of restless dejection that he started out after night-fall on Sunday to walk through by-ways and back streets. The more he walked the more he felt himself a wanderer shut out from the world about him. Of course, he might have known that in time the village would cease to concern itself about him. But the wretchedness of his present conspicuousness and exclusion bore too heavily for him to forecast possibilities of human forgetfulness. People were gathering in the churches, but he could not enter one of them without being stared at as the Esau who had sold his birthright. It was with such melancholy reflections as these that he came

in sight of Adams's old-fashioned hewed log house, standing in the midst of its garden-plot in a lonesome part of the village. A sudden desire to see Roxy seized him. A sudden and sharp remembrance of the welcome she used to give him overcame all his caution, and he resolved to see her once again. The honeysuckles were growing over the window as they had grown three years ago. Some fascination of memory made him choose that front window. He looked eagerly in at the window—she was before him, listless and heart-broken. And though remorse smote him sore he could not withdraw his eyes, but pressed his face closer and closer to the window that he might get a clearer view of her,—it was to be the last. He longed inexpressibly and blindly for some recognition or forgiveness. At last she turned full toward him and gave a shriek of fright and surprise, and fell fainting to the floor. Aroused now, Mark had bounded over the fence and hurried homeward like a fugitive. He was smitten with the idea that Roxy had an utter horror of him. All his old remorse revived and again suicide looked tempting to him. Sometimes the suicidal mania moved him toward a life of reckless intemperance and moral self-destruction. When morning came he had little heart for business arrangements. He could not get rid of Roxy's terrified look and her cry when she saw him the night before. As the day wore on he wavered between suicide, intemperance, and a sudden absconding from Luzerne and all the associations it held with his old life. In this conflict of impulses he resolved at any rate to go away from the house never to come back. He put on his hat and went out toward the gate, not turning to get a last glimpse of the old home now grown so hateful to him.

Bob, when he had given Roxy the horse that morning, had been in some doubt whether it were better to tell Mr. Bonamy or not. White folks quar'ls was more'n he could git de hang of, 'peared like. And of course he could not know whether or not Mark Bonamy would censure him for letting Roxy have the clay-bank colt. But Bob had noticed with apprehension Bonamy's uneasiness during the night, and had kept a watch on him the next day. His great dread was that Mark should go away and so fail to see Roxy when she should bring Dick home in the evening. He set great store by this visit. Something in Mark's manner aroused his suspicions, and

when about midday he saw him going out of the gate in haste Bob ran after him calling out:

"I say, sah, Mass' Mauk, I wants to say sumpin to ye."

Mark stopped impatiently. What did he care about giving Bob directions in regard to planting?

"I see Miss Roxy dis mo'nin', sah."

"Oh, you did!" Mark was attentive now.

"Yes, sah, and she borried Dick from me. 'I couldn't say she shouldn't have de clay-bank colt, ye know."

"She took Dick, did she?" asked Mark, with eagerness.

"Yes, sah, but she said she'd fotch him he'se'f 'long 'bout dis evenin' sometime. I didn't know whedder ye'd want to be heah or not when she comes."

"Of course I want to be here," and Mark went back again into the house.

For hours he walked up and down the front porch, trying to guess what use Roxy could make of the horse; where she could have gone, why she was coming to see him, and what it all meant. From time to time he called Bob and questioned him about the whole transaction. But it was still a mystery to him.

At last about four o'clock he saw across the tops of the vines in the vineyard, a woman riding toward the front gate. When he was sure that it was Roxy, he trembled from head to foot, and retreated inside of the house, sending Bob to open the gate.

When Roxy rode up to the horse-block he went out himself, silently holding the horse while she as silently dismounted. Then giving the reins to Bob he stretched a trembling hand to Roxy standing there on the block and said, with eyes downcast:

"May I help you down?"

Roxy gave him her hand and he assisted her to the ground and walked a little way behind her to the porch. He did not invite her in but left her free to go where she would in her own house, if she chose to make it hers. Roxy went into the sitting-room and sat down in the rocking-chair that Mark set for her, while Mark took a chair on the other side of the room.

"I have come back, Mark," she said, with effort.

Mark sat stock-still. He was shaken by contrary emotions. He put his head down between his hands and sat thus in grief and shame.

"Have you come back to your house to stay?"

"No. I've not come back to my house. I've come back to my husband. I'm going to stay if you will let me."

"O God!" said Mark. But he said no more.

Roxy could see the shaking of his whole frame. After a while she spoke again.

"You haven't told me whether I am to stay or to go."

"I'm not fit to have you stay. You know that, Roxy. I ought to have killed myself long ago. If you will only stay here I will go. I'm not fit to stay with you."

"What should I stay for, if you go. I've not come back to the house, I tell you. I've come back to you. If you go I will go, if you stay I will stay—unless you tell me you don't want me."

"You know, Roxy, that I'm likely to be prosecuted by the Kirtleys." Mark said this after a long time. "How can I involve you in any way with myself while such a prosecution is pending!"

"But I've been to see Nancy Kirtley to-day and I've had a long talk with her and I've arranged the whole matter with her. She is satisfied and glad to have things as I've fixed them, and there'll be no prosecution."

"You've been to Kirtley's!" Mark raised himself up and looked full in her face. "You went to see that creature that plotted in cold blood to bring this harm on you? And all for my sake!"

"No, not *all* for your sake. Partly for your sake, partly for Nancy's sake, partly for my own sake; for this is an affair that can't be settled by halves. I had to settle it on all sides, you know. Besides," Roxy spoke rapidly, "I am to blame, too, you must remember. And now I've set myself to see what good can come out of this evil for all of us."

"What a woman you are! There's no man in the world fit to be your husband. I'm sure I'm not." And he leaned his head upon a table and was silent.

Then, after a while, he said: "What kind of a settlement did you make with Nancy?"

"It's not best to discuss that now, Mark. Can't you leave that to me?"

"I will leave everything to you."

"Now, Mark, the whole matter is arranged, if you can be forgiving."

"I forgive!"

"Yes, you must forgive me for being so severe with you as to help the temptation rather than to help you."

"Don't say that again. If you talk about my forgiving you, you'll drive me mad."

"You must forgive Nancy, then."

"I can forgive her all I have suffered easily enough, for that is about even, I'm afraid. But it's awful hard to think of her plotting against you, of all women in the world. But then, what's the use of my talking that way? I'm not the one who has a right to hold any grudge against any sinner in God's world. I could forgive the Devil for being the Devil after what I've been through."

"But you must forgive yourself. You and I can't build up our life together again if you keep in this mood. You must hope for the best, or it will be only a wretched kind of living we shall have. I've thought it all over to-day. I want you to try to forgive yourself for my sake."

Mark made no reply.

"Here, I've been sitting a good while, my husband, with my bonnet on, and you haven't given me a kiss or any other welcome home again. Don't you love me, Mark?"

After a pause Mark answered slowly:

"No, Roxy, I'm not fit to say I love you, but God knows I worship you. I could get down on my knees to you. I would like to be your slave."

"But I don't want that," said Roxy, almost impatiently. "Unless you can forgive yourself enough to be something more than that, I'd just as well not have come." Roxy rose up, and came and stood on the side of the table opposite to Mark. With his head still bowed upon the table, he reached out his hand and took hold of the tips of her fingers, and, drawing them to him, kissed them over and over again.

. CHAPTER LIV.

THE CLOUDS RETURN AFTER THE RAIN.

JUST at this moment Bob, who was eager to do all in his power to facilitate a reconciliation, came and stood in the door.

"I 'spects likely you haint had no dinah to-day, Miss Roxy. 'Pears like 's if you'd had a mighty pow'ful long ride. I's jist got some suppah on de table, ma'am, ef you'll come and git some."

Mark started up at these words of Bob and said:

"Come, Roxy, you are faint. How pale you are!" at the same time leading her, as he held yet the tips of her fingers, toward the supper-table which sat invitingly on the back porch. But his thoughtfulness and

Bob's ministration had come late. The fatigue of the day, added to Roxy's exhaustion from the days and nights of trouble that had preceded, were too much for her strength. Now that her hard ride was over and her last terrible task of reconciliation accomplished, the stimulus that upheld her was removed; her head swam, she grew faint and Mark caught her insensible in his arms. For one minute he stood stunned with grief and surprise, a statue of despair, holding what seemed to him the lifeless form of the wife he had slain.

"On de bed, Mass' Mark,—on de bed, sah. She on'y fainted, sah."

Recovering himself a little, Bonamy laid her upon the bed and set to work desperately to restore her. As soon as Roxy returned to consciousness she showed signs of fever and delirium. Mark sent the negro for the doctor, while he stood watching alone with his wife.

The doctor came and, soon after, Twonnet and Jemima. But Bonamy would allow none of them to minister to Roxy. During the week that followed, he stood over and about her bed, filled with a remorse that nothing he could do served to ameliorate. He gave Roxy with his own hands her food and medicine; no other was allowed to hand her so much as a spoonful of water. He rejected offers of relief with so much fierceness that after a while all thought of any one taking his place was given up. Twonnet and Jemima and Rachel Adams and Amanda Barlow would sometimes stand in a row, helpless spectators, at the foot of the bed, with the glowering Adams in the background, while Mark alone administered to Roxy's wants. Even when the hands of two were necessary he accepted help with reluctance.

As for sleep, he scarcely had any in seven days and nights. Yielding to entreaties, he threw himself two or three times on the hard seat of a settee in the room and slumbered, awaking, however, at the slightest sound that Roxy made. He scarcely ate at all. He was a strange sight, standing there with wan visage, sunken eyes and unkempt hair, turning fiercely upon every one who proposed that he should rest, utterly unwearied in his care of Roxy. No mother could have been more tender, no devotee more worshipful than he was in his treatment of the sufferer. The physical penance of his awful days and nights of watching relieved the torture of his mind and was the only thing that could have

kept him alive and sane—if indeed he were sane! Twonnet watched him sometimes in his wild devotion and wondered whether he were quite himself or not. He had neither eyes nor ears for anybody else than Roxy. All the force of his intense and impulsive nature drove him madly to his pathetic task.

Worst of all, Roxy talked a great deal in her delirium. She went over and over every stage of the great trouble. Now she was defiantly angry at Nancy Kirtley, now she was refusing to wear this or that article, of apparel.

"I will not wear anything that was bought with *his* money," she would cry, and then Mark, standing in a state of fascination like a man listening to his own doom, would shake and shudder in a kind of horror.

"Yes, I will kiss you, poor girl," Roxy would say. "You tried to kill me. You stabbed me in my heart. But there's Jesus Christ standing there by you. Poor wicked Nancy! Come, I'll forgive you. I'll kiss you. I must. But—oh—what a—sinner you are! Never mind, it's Christ. It's Christ. He wanted me, too. But it's hard, so hard."

Then she would slumber awhile and break out with:

"Oh, that's Mark! He's looking in the window. Great black lines under his eyes! Oh, what a face! Go 'way, I can't stand it! Poor fellow! Poor fellow! I'm so sorry for him! Get out of my way! Let go of me! I'm going back to Mark! I'm going to Mark! Here I am, I've come back, Mark! Here I am! Here I am! I'm going to stay—to stay—to stay till I die! Why don't you kiss me, Mark, and say you're glad? Oh dear, I feel so tired."

When Roxy talked in this way, Mark would get down on his knees and bury his face in the bedclothes. But while all the rest wept he did not shed a tear.

From two people he would take a little secondary help sometimes. Bobo stood by him a great deal of the time. To make Bobo his companion seemed in some way a sort of propitiation. He had always felt a dislike to the lad, and now Bobo should help him. It would please Roxy. Bobo would bring him the water or the medicine. And when his sister Janet, hearing of Roxy's sickness, came back he permitted her to assist him a little.

If anybody hinted a fatal result of the sickness Mark turned on them with the

glare of a savage. Even from the doctor he would not hear any unfavorable prognosis. He was resolved that she should get well. He was determined that the symptoms were ever those of improvement. And all that looked on agreed that if Roxy died Mark might die also.

At last the fever burnt itself out. The eyes, so full of an unwholesome brightness, lost their luster and were dull. The end seemed not far off. The doctor said that the strength of the patient was too far gone for her to recover. It fell to Whittaker to tell her that she had not long to live.

"Mark," she said, in a voice so faint that it was hardly audible.

Mark heard her where he knelt by the bed-foot and came round by her, wan, wild and desperate.

"Good-bye!" and Roxy smiled faintly. "Good-bye! poor Mark,—good-bye!"

But Mark said nothing. He stood transfixed in a speechless and tearless despair.

Roxy essayed to say good-bye again, and sank into a swoon. Mark saw it, and groaned.

"She has gone!" he cried, and turning round, he went slowly out of the room, to the porch. It was growing dark. He paused awhile, and then rushed from the house toward the river. He walked rapidly along the pebbly shore. Mile after mile he traveled in a blind desperation, saying to himself, "I ought to die for that! I ought to die for that!" But whenever the suicidal impulse seized him and he felt driven to rush into the water, he was restrained by some thought that Roxy, up there whither she had gone, would perhaps be rendered unhappy by such an act. Then he would say, "I'd better serve out my time. I must serve out my time." Some thought that he was doomed to self-punishment had burnt itself into his half-crazed brain.

About nine or ten o'clock, he reached Craig's Landing. Here he sat down upon a log under the bank. The packet-boat, called "Lady Pike," was coming down the river. With a dazed sort of feeling, Mark sat there bareheaded, for he had brought no hat, and watched the steamer's approach. She came up to the landing, and the roustabouts, aided by much swearing from the mate, put ashore the little stock of goods purchased in Cincinnati by the "store-keeper" in the back settlement known as Braytown. When the last article of all, a keg of New Orleans molasses, had been landed, and the roustabouts were running

back up the "walk-plank," Mark, obeying a sudden impulse, ran after them, saying to himself, "I'll serve out my time." The second clerk, seeing a bareheaded man coming aboard, demanded whether he had anything to pay his passage or not. Bonamy took a half dollar from his pocket, and with it paid for a deck passage to Louisville.

When the boat was slowly pushing out from the shore, Mark ran forward, and, recognizing by the light of the boat's torch Bill McKay, the stalwart man who lived near the landing, called out, "Bill! when you go to town, tell my folks I'm coming back as soon as I've served out my time." But the light was not on Bonamy's face, and Bill could only see that it was a bare-headed and crazy-looking man who had called to him.

As the boat moved away, Mark went aft, and climbed up on a pile of sacks of shelled corn, and in the midst of the rude and regular clatter of the boat's engines and the hissing of the steam-pipes, he sank exhausted at last into a troubled slumber.

CHAPTER LV.

SERVING OMPHALE.

SO INTENT were the rest on the condition of the sufferer, that it was not until the night was half gone, and their hope of Roxy's living had slowly revived, that the long-continued absence of Bonamy excited alarm. A search of the farm was instituted, and when morning came, inquiries were made about the village, and plans were even talked of for dragging the river in search of the body, on the supposition that he had drowned himself. But Bill McKay, full of curiosity about the mysterious bareheaded man who had promised in this wild fashion to return "when he had served out his time," resorted early to town, that he might find out about him. Bill's story and Mark's disappearance were soon fitted together, and it was generally agreed that Bonamy had "gone crazy." A man was sent to Louisville to search for him, but he was not tracked farther than his landing from the "Lady Pike" in the morning; for Bonamy's mental aberration had settled down into a mania for self-punishment. He had gone to Louisville, partly because the Louisville boat happened to come along at the moment, and partly because the Indiana

state-prison was at Jeffersonville, on the opposite bank of the river from that city. But when his wits were cleared a little by the sleep of the night, he remembered that however guilty he might be, there was no place for an unconvicted criminal in the penitentiary. Already the mania was taking a milder form, and he contented himself, after having bought a rough hat at a Jew's shop in Louisville, with walking along the canal bank through Shippingsport to the wretched village known in that day as Portland, where two or three boats from the lower country were lying. He succeeded in hiring himself out to the mate of the "Sultana" as a deck-hand, a term applied then to the men who are now called roustabouts, or, in strict steamboatmen's parlance, "roosters." He could not have chosen a more severe punishment, outside of the penitentiary, for the roustabout, as the lowest man in the steamboat hierarchy, was subject to the kicks and cuffs of everybody, from the captain down to the third mate. But there was something of dignity in Bonamy's speech and manner that procured him much immunity from the insults heaped upon his fellows, while his rugged frame and great physical strength made him the equal of the rudest of his companions in carrying sacks of corn and coffee, or in rolling off sugar hogsheads. Perhaps, also, his physical strength and the fire in his eye had something to do with the mate's unwonted respect for him. Doubtless the hard work was the best cure for his brain. The weariness of lifting and carrying made him sleep, and the sleep brought a gradual mental recuperation. By the time the "Sultana" had reached Evansville, he began to wonder at his own abruptness in leaving Luzerne, without even waiting till Roxy's funeral was over, and he began to reflect that there would be search made for him. So he posted a note to his brother-in-law, in which he simply said: "I'm serving out my time. I'll come home when I'm through." This idea of penal servitude for a definite time was fixed in his mind.

The letter did not reach Luzerne until Roxy was far on her way to recovery and had been informed of all the incidents of her sickness and of Mark's departure. Letters were immediately sent to Evansville, but of course no trace could be found of Bonamy. Advertisements were inserted in Louisville papers but without avail. There were neither telegraphs nor railroads. But Roxy, when she recovered, made use of

the best means within her reach. Since the whole trade of the village by flat-boat was with the "lower country," she wrote letters to every flat-boat pilot and flat-boat hand whose address she could get at every point up and down the Mississippi, asking them to keep a lookout for Mark. There were also a certain number of old inhabitants of the village who were doing business in New Orleans, and to these Roxy sent word. That he was serving on flat-boat or raft, or on the deck of a steamboat, came to be the general impression. And when a second letter came from Memphis, saying: "The work is hard, but I can stand it till my time is out," there seemed no doubt that he was on a steamboat; the time from Evansville to Memphis was too quick for any other mode of travel. In her eagerness to find him, Roxy even visited the coal-boats and salt-boats that touched the village landing and had interviews also with the boatmen who came ashore in skiffs for supplies, giving them a careful description of Mark's person.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE GABLE WINDOW.

WHITTAKER had long ceased to feel the old temptation to think too much about Roxy, not only because he had found it to be improper and unprofitable, but because of changes in his own mode of thinking. Roxy's heroism had made her more an object of admiration to him. But a man does not always love most what he admires. Such a man as Whittaker—serious, earnest, scrupulous—may worship the heroic, but he does not readily love a heroine. As a heroine *in esse*, Roxy seemed to him too great to be loved. She was not a woman to be petted or cherished, she was a woman born to suffer and to achieve. He could have written a book about her, but he would not have written a love-letter to a woman of such a mold. He no longer regretted that she had not loved him. One who has a spice of the heroic does not mate well with heroism. As Whittaker stood now and then in Roxy's sick-room he felt himself in the shrine of a saint. But nobody wants to live always in a temple. And dimly he came to understand that Roxy could not have been for him.

He understood this more from his curious liking for Twonnet which grew in spite of him. Not that he had distinctly ad-

mitted to himself that he loved the lively Swiss girl. How could he, a scholar, love a girl who couldn't get a grammar lesson and who couldn't understand what in the world a square root might be? How dared he, a minister, love a girl so entirely volatile as Twonnet? And yet this very volatility was a great delight to him. Twonnet's merry laugh was to his prevailing mood like a field of green wheat in the bleak winter, or a burst of sunlight in a somber day.

"What a girl she is!" Whittaker would say as he remembered how she had pelted him that day when she leaned out of the garret window, and how she had rebuked him behind her grandmother's spectacles. But all the time he felt like a truant. Thoughts of Twonnet seemed wrong to him, and her merry face invaded his imagination even in his prayers.

Sometimes he resolved that he would not think about Twonnet. It was hardly safe for a man to allow his mind to dwell so much on a person whom he must not love. But a forbidding resolution is worst of all. For by way of strengthening his resolve he would recall reasons for not thinking of Twonnet. He had to think about her to get arguments for not thinking about her. She was too light. There was that day in the garden, for instance, when she stood, playfully, tray in hand, and sang with mock pathos:

"I've come across the sea
From Swissland a stranger,
For a brother dear to me
From Swissland a ranger."

But just here his stern logic stopped and he fell into a reverie. The logic had evoked the image of Twonnet, and his heart stood and looked at her there. He saw the dark curls, the clear brown eyes, the ruddy brunette cheeks full of laughter, the red lips singing in such half-pathetic impersonation:

"A little toy, a little toy
Of poor Rose of Luzerne."

Somehow this struggle did not put out the flame,—fanning never does put out fire. The more he wouldn't think the more he did.

It was while Roxy was at the worst that Mr. Highbury, having noticed the increase of the congregation for two Sundays, and having concluded that Whittaker would not be easily removed, decided to make friends, and at the same time magnify his office of

elder. So, taking with him his fellow elder,—a dapper little man, cipher to Highbury's unit,—he called on Whittaker, and, after much preliminary parley, advised him to marry. To which view Mr. Wingate, the minor elder, cordially assented. He thought so, too.

"But whom shall I marry?" said Whittaker, puzzled.

"Well," said Highbury, "you ought to marry a church-member."

Mr. Wingate said he thought so, by all means.

"And a person of seriousness and piety, one who can visit the sick, and get up female prayer-meetings and sewing circles," said Highbury.

"To be sure," said Wingate. "That is very important—the seriousness and piety and the sewing circles especially."

"I think," said Highbury, "that a minister's wife should not talk too much. She ought to be quiet and grave."

"Grave, by all means," coincided the sprightly but deferential Mr. Wingate.

"A minister's usefulness, you know, depends so much on his wife. She ought to be a helpmeet."

"You never said anything truer than that, Mr. Highbury," echoed the earnest Wingate. "A minister's usefulness, you know, is a most useful and important thing, Mr. Whittaker." Mr. Wingate here subsided into placidity, with a consciousness that he had made one original observation.

Mr. Whittaker very readily promised to consider the advice of his elders. And after that he walked up and down the porch, and tried to think. But he could not think of anybody but Twonnet. Her he observed closely, trying to imagine that there was more seriousness about her than he thought. And, indeed, she was serious enough. Here was Roxy's illness to make her solemn. And there came a consciousness that Whittaker was observing her, which produced a constraint and reserve he had never seen in her before. In proportion to his interest in her, she showed a coldness toward him. A certain fear that she had been too free, and a dread of revealing herself produced self-constraint that made her seem other than she was.

When Whittaker's school was out, on the Friday afternoon following Mark's departure on Monday evening, he walked home, thinking more intently of Twonnet than ever before. It was now four or five days

since the members of his church session had bidden him to marry. But Twonnet certainly was not the kind of person Mr. Highbury had in mind when he described the stock ideal of a parson's wife. Grave in demeanor she was not. Whittaker laughed to think of her presiding over a "female prayer-meeting." She could not always keep a serious face in meeting. He remembered how she had mimicked the elder at the time of his remonstrance about Roxy. "Then," he said in his thoughts. "I wish she were as solemn as she ought to be to be a minister's wife." But Whittaker would not have loved her half so well, if she had been a minister's wife of the dried sort. It was the very joyousness and child-likeness of her heart that was such a fountain of delight to him.

When the minister in this mood reached the gate of the Lefauvre yard, he felt like a school-boy deciding on truancy. He'd a mind to try for Twonnet anyhow, and let the consequences come. But though he did not fear the elders, he feared his own conscience, for he remembered, as Wingate expressed it, that "a minister's usefulness was a most useful and important thing." And then, too, he dreaded Twonnet's ridicule. She had made all the young men of her acquaintance afraid of her by her remorseless laughing at their foibles, and Whittaker feared that he would be made a fool of, if he made love to her.

He found Twonnet the only occupant of the house beside himself. The children were gathering periwinkle shells on the river shore, Mrs. Lefauvre was away, and Twonnet had come home from Roxy's to take charge of the house.

Whittaker's first inquiry was about Roxy, and about Roxy Twonnet could talk freely with him, provided he did not look at her scrutinizingly, as had been his habit of late. About Roxy they talked, how rapidly she was convalescing, where Mark had gone, whether he would ever come back, and what effect his leaving would have on Roxy.

Twonnet sat in a rocking-chair on the porch, sewing, and Whittaker had seated himself on the edge of the porch. After a while the conversation lagged, because Whittaker had fallen again to looking closely and searchingly at his companion. She, on her part, had immediately ceased to talk. It made her cheeks warm to be looked at in that fashion. But Whittaker presently broke out in half soliloquy, repeating three lines from Petrarch. His Italian

studies had been revived since he was thinking of Twonnet by a new interest in Petrarch. Now he came out with :

"O aspettata in Ciel, beata e bella
Anima, che di nostra umanitate
Vestita vai, non come l'altre carca!"

"What does that mean?" asked Twonnet.

"Those lines have been in my head for a week," said Whittaker. "I couldn't keep from applying them to Roxy, while she was so sick. 'O looked-for in heaven, thou blessed and beautiful soul, clothed with our humanity, in a way not like the rest of us!' That is not quite it either, but that is what it seemed to me to be when I saw Roxy so sick. She is a most wonderful woman."

Why did Twonnet sigh and look vexed? Why did it always make her glad to hear anybody praise Roxy excepting Whittaker? The old jealous feeling arose again, and she said to herself, "He is always praising Roxy. He can't see anybody but Roxy." Finding tears of vexation rising in her eyes, she hastily left the porch.

Whittaker sat a long time waiting for her return, with an undefined sense of having somehow offended her, and that kind of wretchedness which a lover always feels at recognizing the fact that a man, even a lover, has but a blundering knowledge of a woman's heart. After a while, despairing of Twonnet's return, he got up and went to his own room. But he became more and more uneasy. The more he thought that he had wounded her, the more was he intent on apology. Would she never come back to the porch? After a while, he heard the voices of her mother and the children in the hall, and his opportunity for explanation was gone. He sat down at the window under the gable, and tried to guess why she seemed so offended, but he succeeded no better than men usually do in such a case. Remembering the time when the girl had pelted him with paper balls, he looked up toward the garret window and saw her fingers clasped around the window-sill. A powerful impulse seized him.

"Twonnet!" he cried, with that joy of daring which a cautious man feels when he has thrown the despotic cautiousness to the whales.

She answered with a simple "Sir?" that is *de rigueur* in the politeness of the country, but she did not look out. It was an old boyish trait of Whittaker's when playing a

game, to make the most aggressive movements, to carry everything at the last by a daring *tour de force*, which always surprised those who knew his habitual caution. Now he was piqued by Twonnet's reserve, and he was carried away by the old venturesomeness.

"I'm coming up there, Twonnet."

He waited a moment. The hand was withdrawn from the sill, but there was no word forbidding him. He went directly to the attic stair, which he had never ascended before. When he got to the top, he found the garret wholly unfurnished, except by a few decrepit chairs and other invalids, put away for storage. But at the end where Twonnet kept her doll, and where she had surreptitiously held on to her childhood long after she was too nearly grown up to confess to childish amusements, there were gathered two cracked chairs, a piece of rag-carpet, a piece of an old looking-glass on a box turned upside down for a bureau, a doll's bed and other junk and toys. Of late, Twonnet had mostly given up the place to her younger sisters, but she still resorted to this gable window when she was in trouble. Whittaker found her in the midst of this strange *ameublement*, sitting on the floor against the light, which just touched with a rim of brightness her brown head—as fine a Rembrandt piece as one would wish to see. She did not say a single word as he approached, stooping under the rafters, but when he came close enough he saw that she had been crying. Behold another great mystery! Why should a woman cry? Glad or sorry, pleased or vexed, loving or hating, why has a woman always to resort to this one escape for all emotion?

When Whittaker essayed to sit down on one of the chairs, he saw something of the old familiar twinkle in her eyes, and when the hypocritical chair gave way and precipitated him to the floor, he understood the meaning of her smile.

"It's too bad, Mr. Whittaker," she said, in the midst of her laughter. "I ought to have told you, but it's so funny to see you fall over."

A little disconcerted, Whittaker picked himself up, and then gently pitched the chair into a corner, inwardly saying that she had set it there, or at least left it there, on purpose for him. Then he, too, tried to sit down on the floor, cutting a very awkward figure, as a man not educated to the tailor's trade is sure to do in such an attempt.

His final adjustment of himself brought him at last into a half-kneeling attitude, before her. But if his physical position was an awkward one, his mental posture was even more so. He had brought himself face to face with a merry, mischievous girl, who was a shrewd and prudent woman besides, and who had been his confidant in a former love affair, three years before. He had, so far as deliberation was concerned, made up his mind to nothing. He only knew that he loved this girl, good as she was mischievous, and that she was now making game of him, having completely upset his dignity by a broken-legged chair, left in cold blood as a trap for him. He had nothing to say. But he must say something. Naturally, under the circumstances, he began at the wrong end. After gaining time by trying to talk about the arrangements of her play-house, he said:

"Mr. Highbury and Mr. Wingate were here on Monday, to advise me to get married. What do you think of that?"

"That would do very well, if Roxy were not married yet," said Twonnet, half poutingly, taking the old doll into her lap, and pretending to have great difficulty in adjusting a pin in its clothes. By this means she let her curls fall down around her face, and screened herself a little from Whittaker's too intent gaze.

"Roxy!" said Whittaker. "I shouldn't marry Roxy if she were Roxy Adams yet."

"Why, you said just awhile ago that she was 'looked-for in heaven,' and was a 'blessed and beautiful soul.'"

"So I did. But a man can't love an angel, however much he may admire her. There is no rest to Roxy's goodness."

Twonnet was going to tell him that he was just as good himself, but she didn't. What she did say was that this doll had got its broken nose by falling out of this very window six years ago.

"Highbury and Wingate gave me a recipe for the compounding of a parson's wife," he said. "She was to be half angel and half sawdust."

Twonnet laughed outright at this, and Whittaker was a little shocked at himself; but he had cut loose from his usual decorum of speech and action, and he enjoyed talking in what seemed to him a reckless and abandoned way.

"For my part, I think you would make the best wife I know," he said, awkwardly.

"Yes," said she, looking up. "Think of me leading a prayer-meeting. I'd set a

broken-legged chair for old Mother Tartrum, and I'd give Mrs. Highbury a rocking-chair with one rocker off. See how solemn I can be." And Twonnet drew her face into a queer pucker, and said, in a dry, hard voice, "Sing the twenty-first psalm, second part." Whittaker was just about to remonstrate with her for her light treatment of sacred things, when the comical pucker on her face gave way, and she began to cry.

He did not know what to say to anybody crying. So he waited until she leaned her head on the window-sill and grew more quiet. Then he spoke again, this time vehemently.

"I don't want a wife for a church. I don't ask you to marry the female prayer-meeting or the sewing circle. I am a man, if I am a minister. I don't love you as a parson. I love you, Antoinette Lefaire, and I want to know if you can love, not a parson, but me, Charles Whittaker?"

Twonnet did not speak, or raise her head. After a while, Whittaker timidly took hold of her hand. He could not bear to see her cry, so presently he took her handkerchief from her lap and wiped her eyes. Then she smiled a little.

"Is it all right, Twonnet?" he said, trying to look in her eyes, which she turned away.

"Mr. Whittaker," she said, with a trembling voice, "my mother's calling me. I'll have to get you to let go of my hand, if you please."

Whittaker relaxed his grasp. The mother was still calling "Antoinette!" but Twonnet did not seem in a great hurry to go. Whittaker leaned forward, took her face between his hands, and kissed her on the cheek, as he might have kissed a child. And then Twonnet cried again. And then he had to wipe away the tears, and kiss her again to comfort her.

"Qu'avez vous? What have you been crying about?" asked her mother, when she came down-stairs.

"Mr. Whittaker's been talking to me. He's been telling me all about a love affair of his."

"What a foolish child you are to cry over Mr. Whittaker's love affair!"

"I couldn't help it," said Twonnet, meekly.

CHAPTER LVII.

THE STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION.

ROXY, as she rapidly recovered, found herself the principal topic of discussion in the town. It was clearly wrong in the

opinion of some of the strictest people for her to return to her husband. It was contrary to Scripture, or what is of more consequence than Scripture, to wit, ingenious inferences from Scripture. Logical inferences are like precious stones, valuable in proportion to the distance from which they are fetched and the difficulty one has in getting at them. The great strainers agreed also with the camel-swallowers that it was a violation of law for Roxy to buy off Nancy's prosecution as she must have done. It was compounding a felony and protecting a man that deserved to go to penitentiary.

And then there were those of a Rosa Matilda turn of mind who talked loudly about the sacredness of the romantic sentiments that had somehow been outraged in Roxy's forgiveness. And there were a few who approved in a cynical fashion. Roxy was no fool. A whole loaf was better than half, and when she came to think of it she must have seen that it was better to go back. But the greater number of people have a romantic love for heroism, all the more that they are quite incapable of emulating it. Those who heartily admired her course soon had things all their own way.

But one day, as the Fourth of July drew on and the air was made lively by fire-crackers, the whole town was thrown into consternation and excitement by the intelligence that Roxy had taken a step more startling than her return to her husband. Indeed nothing so awful had ever been heard. Some people thought Roxy's actions a disgrace to the Christian religion, an outrage on civilization, and what was worse, a shock to good society. For people whose minds act but slowly and in grooves, there is small distinction between an action that is "out of the common run" and an act that is essentially immoral. They only knew that Roxy had surprised them, this time beyond endurance.

For Roxy had gone to Kirtley's cabin and taken Nancy's child.

Mrs. Tartrum issued extras on the subject every hour giving all the details down to the date of going to press. She even interviewed Roxy. She had actually seen the baby with her own eyes!

Among the items in Mrs. Tartrum's budget was the announcement that Mrs. Amanda Barlow was dreadfully afflicted. She was mortified beyond all expression. She had a right to be, poor thing! To have the family disgraced right under her

nose and eyes in that way was too much for a Christian woman to stand. And even Janet had left Roxy. She loved Roxy, but a sensitive young girl reared in boarding school,—could she live in the house with such a child without contamination? True she had read, with the approval of her teacher, "The Vicar of Wakefield," and Walter Scott's novels, and, surreptitiously, she had read some older novels than Scott's; but to read of such things in novels is quite another thing to enduring them in one's own family. Even Roxy's new hired girl, not to be behind Janet in delicacy, sought another place; but the loyal Jemima notified Mrs. Rachel that she was going to live with Roxy. Jemima had an innate spirit of opposition to shams, and this popular spasm of virtue aroused all the rude chivalry of her nature. She 'lowed they was only one rale downright Christian in creation and that was Roxy. Ez fer the Pharisees an' the Phylacteries that didn't like a poor innercent little creetur that hadn't done no harm itself, it was her opinion if the gates of New Jerusalem ever opened fer sich folks the hinges would squeak and screech awfully. Roxy had married fer better an' fer wuss and when wuss come thicker and faster and more of it, she took the wuss and done what she could with it.

About this time, however, the town was diverted from its discussion of the merits of Roxy's action and from speculation about the chance of Mark's returning, by the awful intelligence of a steamboat explosion, but a few miles away. The "Red Rock," an opposition packet-boat, trying to keep ahead of the "Lady Pike" of the regular line, had put on a full head of steam and in making a landing on the Kentucky side had been blown in-shore by the wind. The engineer was quite unwilling to allow any of the steam to escape;—it had been made by a prodigious expenditure of tar and soap-fat and other inflammables thrown into the furnaces. In vain the pilot tried to back out, the wind drove the stern of the boat ashore, in vain he tried to run ahead, the steamer had as yet no steerage way and the bow lay flat against the sandy bottom. At last poles and spars were resorted to, the steam still carefully hoarded. The passengers stood on the guard, a young Baptist minister with his bride who had just come aboard stood half-way up the stairs waving his handkerchief to the friends on shore, when in an instant the boat flew into a thousand pieces. People were hurled into the air,

dropped into the water, on the bank, everywhere. They were scalded, drowned, destroyed, torn to atoms. It was told that a piece of the boiler crossed the river, and cut down a black locust-tree, six inches in diameter. The first clerk went into the air, fell feet foremost into deep water, and swam ashore. The bar-keeper alighted on the inverted roof of his bar, away in the stream, and was saved. The young Baptist minister and his wife were never found. A mile away from the place of explosion, in a tree-top, there was found a coat-collar, which his friends thought belonged to him.

As all this happened but four miles below the town, Luzerne was thrown into a state of agitation such as only a village can know. Many in the village had friends and acquaintances on the boat. The passengers least hurt were brought to Luzerne to be cared for. The firemen, standing near the boilers, were all killed, and but one of the roustabouts was saved. This roustabout, Bob Olcott, was laid, bruised and maimed, in the village hotel. In a few days he was able to sit in the bar-room and regale the stock company of loafers with a full account of what he saw, and heard, and felt of the explosion, though in fact he knew nothing about it until he found himself lying, bruised and stunned, in the sand of the shore, some minutes after the boilers had burst. But as the story grew in wonderfulness, many resorted to the bar-room to talk with "the feller that had been blowed up." And as nearly every stranger who came felt bound to "stand treat" after the story was ended, the roustabout did not take especial pains to keep it strictly limited to actual observations of his own. In truth, Bob Olcott embroidered the account of the explosion of the "Red Rock" off Craig's Bar with various incidents, real and imaginary, taken from other explosions in the great river system of the West, which traditional stories he had picked up from his fellow-roustabouts when they lay resting on coils of rope, and piles of barrels, and sacks of coffee, whiling away the time between landings and wood-yards with pleasant accounts of disasters and assassinations.

Bob did not lie from any purpose; it was no more than an act of good-fellowship and kindness for him to satisfy the craving of his audience. They would have gone away disappointed if Olcott had told them that when the explosion took place, he was sitting with his feet dangling over the guard,

just in front of the cook-house, and that he did not know anything more until he came to himself in the sand-pile, full of aches and bruises. No good-hearted fellow could stick to the barren truth under such circumstances. The temptation appealed to Bob's better nature and he kept on remembering things. Far be it from me to reprehend so generous a trait! Bob Olcott belonged to my own profession. He was a novelist, in his way, and his tales had a great run. Mother Tartrum interviewed him every day,—she was the News Company,—and she handed over his stories in job lots to the small dealers, who retailed them on every street corner and over all partition fences. There were skeptics who sat on salt-barrels and store-boxes in the shade of brick walls, and shook their heads over these stories. They knew better; the thing didn't hang together. But I shall not take their side of the question. These are the critics. They were to Bob Olcott what the young fellows who write book notices are to the rest of us. Down with the people who pick a story to pieces as a botanist does a lily! Long live those sympathetic readers who enjoy a tale in simplicity! Did not Washington Irving declare that he never doubted anything that he found pleasant to believe?

One day Olcott, whose story increased in length, and breadth, and thickness, as he regained his physical strength, noticed that, as the steamboat explosion acquired staleness by the lapse of a week of time and by incessant repetition and discussion, there was an older topic that came back to the surface of bar-room and street corner talk. Mixed with exciting discussions of the relative merits of Henry Clay and James K. Polk, he heard mention of Mark Bonamy's affair, and of the curious action of his wife in forgiving her husband and adopting his child. He heard with curiosity, but with something of the jealousy a novelist is supposed to feel when his rival's book is in everybody's hand, the conjectures about Bonamy's return, the story of his flight, the guess that he was at work on the deck of a steamboat.

"What kind of a 'pearin' feller was this yer Bonnermy?" he asked, one day.

Mark was described.

"He wont never come back," said Bob, with a melancholy air and an oracular mysteriousness.

"Why?"

"He was on the 'Red Rock' when she

busted,—that very feller. Told me all about things that very day. Comin' home to look about, he said. Tuck deck passage to keep from bein' seed by old friends."

This story, told over and over and commented on by different hearers, became more and more particular and circumstantial. The description of Mark grew more explicit and unmistakable.

The story came to Lathers's ears, and, with his innate love of mischief, he went to Barlow. There was property at stake, and Barlow was not insensible to property. Mark had no will, and neither Roxy nor her adopted child could inherit of the estate, beyond what was Roxy's "dower right." The matter was quite worth looking into.

Roxy, on her part, was alarmed by the story as she heard it. She went to see Bob, and the poor fellow, who was a kind-hearted liar, admitted to her various doubts that he had, as to whether the man "moughtn't be somebody else." Whittaker went to see the man, and cross-questioned him until the imaginative fellow was somewhat disconcerted "in what he called his mind," and made several amendments and adjustments in his story. But, notwithstanding Whittaker's unbelief and Roxy's own skepticism, she was in greater and greater uneasiness about Mark, as the time went on and she had no further intelligence.

Lathers had many private talks with Olcott, and under the sheriff's tutelage he became more guarded, and his story became perceptibly less inconsistent with itself. Lathers paid his board for a week in order to retain him in the village, and Olcott thought it about the easiest run he had ever had in his life.

One evening Major Lathers had a long interview with the roustabout. Then, as he drank with Olcott at the bar, he said to the landlord: "Barlow'll apply fer letters of administration on that, and the judge'll grant 'em, too."

"I don't hardly think so," said Peter Raymond, who had just come in. Raymond was an eccentric fellow, French by his father's side and Kentuckian on his mother's. He was thought to be a simpleton by strangers, but those who knew him better considered him more of a wit.

"Why wont he?" responded Lathers, with a knowing twinkle in his eyes.

"Well, your evidence is mighty slim, it 'pears like, and then Mrs. Bonamy's got the

best lawyer in the country on her side," answered Pete.

"We know what the evidence is better'n you do, and ez fer lawyer, I'd like to see you muster a better than Barlow."

"Well, she's done it. He come up on the mail-boat jest this minute, and has gone straight to her house."

"Joe Marshall of Madison, I suppose," said Lathers, with a look of despondency. "He's an all-fired speaker, but he's lazy, and he wont work up the case like Barlow."

"Taint Joe Marshall, neither," said Pete. "It's a long sight better man than him."

"Who in thunder is it?"

"Oh, it's Mark Bonamy himself! He was dressed rough, as a deck-hand, and in the dusk didn't nobody on the w'arf-boat see him. He jest jumped off away aft, and crossed the lower end of the w'arf. I happened to meet him as he was goin' up the bank, and I says: 'Go to thunder, Mark Bonamy!' says I. 'I'm that glad to see you!' An' he says, 'Hello, Pete! Is that you? How's my wife?' An' I says, 'All well, last I heerd,' says I. An' he never hardly stopped, but went catacornered acrost Slabtown, steerin' straight fer home, and walkin' a blue streak, like. Now I don't know what you think, Major, but, in a case like this 'ere, in which he takes a interest, I'll put Bonamy in this case ag'in all the Barlows you can git. Mrs. Bonamy's——"

"Got high and low, Jack and the game," said the major, striding out of the door into the fresh air, and saying, "Well! that beats *me*."

Bob Olcott's easy run came to a sudden termination at the end of the week. No longer able to live as a novelist, he had to carry coffee-sacks and roll whisky-barrels once more. He is not the only man in the profession who has failed from overdoing things.

CHAPTER LVIII.

JIM AND NANCY.

ON the evening preceding this conversation in the bar-room, and the report of the return of Mark, Roxy had had a visitor. She had agreed to give Nancy Kirtley enough money to carry her to some distant country, and to "set her up" when she got there. For Nancy was resolved to have nothing more to do with Rocky Fork. She had come by appointment now to conclude the matter with Roxy. She had a dim, half-human sense of the immense

goodness of Roxy—such a sense as prompts a dog to caress the bountiful hand of his master.

"Jim and me was married to-day," said Nancy, with a little exultation. "Jim's a good feller to come back to me after all, now, haint he?"

"Yes, he is. You must be good to Jim."

"Lawzy! It haint in me. I can't help bein' a leetle bad, ye know."

Roxy settled her account with Nancy, giving her what was a large amount of money for that time.

"It'll buy Jim a farm, and a hoss, and two cows, and may be more," said Nance, as she prepared to go.

On the steps she stopped, looked down, and hesitated a minute.

"They's one thing more," she said.

"What's that?"

"The leetle baby. If you'd jest as lieve, I'd kinder like to take one last look at him afore I go. He's yourn now, but somehow I'm his own nat'ral mother. Ef you'd jest as lieve."

"Yes," said Roxy, reluctantly, and with a feeling of jealousy.

When Nancy saw the child, she said:

"Well, now! you have fixed him up, haint you? An' he's so purty. But then he'll never know nothin' about his own flesh and blood mother. I sha'n't trouble him. It's better he's yourn. But,"—here she wiped her eyes,—“but when he gits to be a gentleman and all, he'll never know 'at he's got another mother.” She stooped and kissed the baby. Then she went out to the door, and when she parted with Roxy, she seized her hand and kissed it, saying: "You're awful good. You're awful good. I 'low they haint no more sich as you."

That night, she and Jim McGowan took boat for the Missouri River. They were absorbed into the community of Pikes, and Rocky Fork knew them no more.

CHAPTER LIX.

THE PRODIGAL.

ONE can never have done admiring the beauties of a late afternoon on the Ohio. In a village like Luzerne, where every house was bowered in apple-trees, and rose-bushes, and grape-vines, and honeysuckles, it was always a delight. That is a lazy climate, and a town like Luzerne is a place, in which half the people seem, to a stranger, to have nothing much to do. At

some seasons of the year, when onion buying and hay shipping were active, the town had some appearance of life; but it was never so peaceful and sleepy-looking as about the first of August. In mid-afternoon, the clerks in the stores sprinkled the floors to keep them cool, and then sat themselves down on shoe-boxes or counters to loaf away the hot and idle time, rising with reluctance to sell a half pound of eightpenny nails to some unlucky villager, into whose garden an industrious hog had forced his way, and who was obliged to exert himself enough to nail on a few palings. The roses have long since ceased blooming. The red seed-vessels look bright among the green leaves of the rose-trees. One can hear everywhere, on such a day, the voices of the red-bird and the twittering of the martins and the chatter of chimney-swifts. The grapes are hardly reddening yet, but you can hear at this season the thud of the ripe summer apples, as they fall from time to time upon the ground. Nobody does anything. The boys find it too warm to play. They are up in the apple-trees, filling their hats and shirt-bosoms with the too abundant fruit, or they are prowling about some garden-patch, waiting their opportunity to "hook" a great ripe water-melon. They know a good place in some retired orchard, or under a drift-pile of the river-side, where they can carry their booty, and find out how sweet are stolen melons. A little later, when the rays of the sun are less fiery, the whole village full of boys will be swimming in the tepid river, shouting, diving, splashing one another, for hours at a stretch.

It is a beautiful climate on this beautiful river, where the winters are never stern, and where, in the hot summer, one is absolved from responsibility and care. Nowhere is the "sweet doing nothing" sweeter than here. Lie down under a cherry-tree and sleep, stretch yourself near an open door-way and read, with the sound of cow-bells, and the far away cawing of crows, and the cackling of hens, and the scarcely heard and lazy hammering of the village smith floating to you out of an air full of stillness and peace. Put away your book at last. The world is too comfortable for exertion. The repose in the sky and in the faint breeze is too exquisite. It is happiness enough to be.

It does not matter that you come of an energetic race cradled in the rocky hill-sides of New England. This air is too much for you. Why be ambitious? The

poorest man is rich enough here. Sit down, sad soul, or lie down and slumber.

Even a conscientious, energetic, studious Yale man, such as Whittaker, cannot quite resist this enervating air of Southern Indiana. The river is so beautiful, reflecting the blue of the sky and the banks of white clouds, and the air is so refreshing that Whittaker does not study much. His dictionaries are all unopened. He needs rest, he says, and he rests. All the hot afternoon he sits on the upper back porch and talks with Twonnet. There is something so stimulant in her droll speeches, that he has forgotten to study. He is trying to prepare her to be a minister's wife. Sometimes a suspicion crosses his mind that after all she has more tact and practical wisdom than he has. But for the most part he flatters himself that he is teaching her and she amuses herself as she always has done by making sport of her teacher.

"I think it would be a good plan for us to correct each other's speech, my dear, don't you?" he said to Twonnet one afternoon.

"I think it would be right good to be corrected by you," answered Twonnet.

"You oughtn't to use the word *right* instead of *very* or *quite*," Whittaker began. "All Western* people do. They say, 'It's a right cold day,' 'He's a right good man.' This is improper."

"It's in the Bible," answered Twonnet, roguishly. "I think I remember the expression, 'and that right early.'"

It had never occurred to Whittaker before that these provincialisms were archaic forms—no one had given attention to the fact then. But Twonnet's reply confused him. He assured her, however, that it was hardly proper English nowadays, if it was in the Bible.

"It's right strange it should be there—I mean it's mighty strange it should be there," she said.

"Yes, it is. Another thing that is bad in Western speech is that you will say *mighty* for *very*. 'It's *mighty* good,' and 'I'm *mighty* cold' sound very rough."

"I suppose they wouldn't be rough to you if you were used to them," rejoined Twonnet, with mischief in her eyes. "I'm *mighty* sure they wouldn't."

"Why, yes, they *are* rough in themselves."

* This is not true of the northern belt of the West, in which New England usage predominates.

"Yes, but you don't think the same expression rough in French. We often say *fort* for very in French."

"That is so," said Whittaker, thrown into confusion by this analogy. He had to fall back on good usage in the English language as the only authority. Then he begged Twonnet to point out any mistakes of his own.

"W'y," said she, "all of you people from the East will pronounce 'wholly' as though it were not sounded just like 'holy.'"

Whittaker could not admit that the two words were the same. "All the Yale professors softened the 'o' in wholly. It was only when he conquered his indolence enough to get the dictionary and when the dictionary had shown him that this 'o' was not the French 'cough sound,' that he began to suspect that he himself had a local dialect. For no man measures his own distance from the standard. But he did not care to what result these debates came. They made talk between him and Twonnet. And if she could not learn much from books the paradoxical young woman was a very keen observer of life.

When at last supper is over, Whittaker remembers how much Roxy is in trouble, and as it is a call that is better made in company he gets Twonnet's sun-bonnet and puts it on her head, and as they walk together along the river bank Whittaker is like a man in a trance. Life has become genial and joyous to him.

The slender Bobo, who lives with Roxy all the time now, is at the gate, and he is always glad to see them. He goes down to the gate every evening. For Roxy has taught him to say in his prayers every night and morning: "O God, send Mark home to Roxy again." She believes superstitiously that the prayers of children and innocents have a peculiar efficacy. And Bobo in his unquestioning faith is quite disappointed when evening after evening he waits at the gate and finds no answer to his request.

Just now he skips along in front of Whittaker and Twonnet, for he knows that their coming will bring some cheer to the anxious face of his madonna.

And, indeed, the assurance with which Whittaker spoke of Mark's return did cheer Roxy a little that evening. The air was too balmy for anybody to believe in catastrophe. The happiness of Whittaker and Twonnet, too, was somehow infectious.

When the darkness deepened, and the

mail-boat, with its two tall chimneys flying banners of fiery sparks, came in sight, Roxy got up and strained her eyes at the boat as it passed. The whizzing beat of its paddle-wheels in the water, and the glare of its furnace fires on the smooth river, set her heart beating wildly. Not a boat had passed in a month that she had not gazed at it, in this eager fashion. For, though doing was easy to her, waiting was hard. The boat rounded to the wharf, and she sat down again, hoping against hope that this would be the night on which Mark should come back.

And indeed Mark Bonamy was standing just forward of the wheel-house on the lower deck of the boat, straining his eyes at the red house, and wondering and wondering. Some weeks before, in New Orleans, as he was helping to carry a grindstone ashore on a hand-barrow, he was thinking of home and debating whether he should not return. His severe physical fatigue had brought health to his brain, and the old lingering impression that he was to serve out a given time, had grown faint.

"Ez it you, Mr. Bonamy?" spoke up Chauvier, a French merchant, who had passed one or two summers in Luzerne. "Ze lettares I haf had from Madame Bonamy about you!"

"From what?"

"From Madame, your wife."

"My wife is dead."

"I do not like to tell you dat you do not speak de trute, but pardi, Madame has recovered herself, and she wants very much to zee you."

"Get to work, there! None of your foolin'!" called out the mate to Mark.

"I guess I wont work any more," said Mark, putting down his end of the barrow.

"You wont, eh?" And the mate bristled up to him. The only means of discipline among the deck crew of that day, was the brutal blow with the mate's fist armed with metal knuckles. But when Mark, irritated by all he had borne, and all the oppressions he had seen put on weaker men, squared himself off, the mate, noting his size, and remembering that he might get in the first blow, contented himself with saying:

"You wont get any pay for the time you've worked over your month."

To this Bonamy made no reply, but pursued his wondering inquiries. Guided by Chauvier's information, he found Luzerne people about the levee, who confirmed the Frenchman's intelligence.

That night he started home, taking deck passage to avoid observation. With every mile that the slow-paced boat traveled, he became more and more impatient. At Louisville he changed to the mail-boat. Hardly had the "Ben Franklin No. 2" touched the wharf, when he leaped upon the lower end of the wharf-boat, where there were no people, and ran across, jumping ashore. He met Pete Raymond on the bank, and then took the near and lonesome cut across the grassy common of the lower terrace.

When he arrived at his own gate, in his tatterdemalion costume of deck-hand, he was kept back by hearing voices on the porch. He could not go in while strangers were there.

So it happened that, when time enough had elapsed for Mark to have reached home and he came not, Roxy gave up, saying:

"Well, Bobo, Mark didn't come this time, did he?"

And it seemed to her that he would never come.

When Whittaker and Twonnet passed out of the gate, Mark recognized them, but he concealed himself until they had gone. Then he approached the gate where Bobo had stopped when he had accompanied Whittaker and Twonnet thus far. The lad was gazing through the palings and wondering why God did not tell Mark to come home.

"Is that you, Bobo?" said Mark, gently.

Recognizing the voice, Bobo gave a great cry of delight and ran wildly into the house.

"God sent Mark back to Roxy!" he cried.

Mark had walked up under the old poplars, trembling with he knew not what emotion, until he was half-way to the house, when he saw Roxy coming toward him.

He stopped there, ashamed, for the first time, of his appearance, and in some strange trepidation about the reception he would have.

Roxy could not recognize him in the darkness. She paused, and then said, interrogatively:

"Mark?"

"Yes, Roxy."

Mark had not long to doubt of his wel-

come then. What were soiled and ragged clothes or bitter and guilty memories? He was at home, forgiven, kissed, embraced, wept over, loved as of old. When Roxy had embraced him over and over, and wept upon his neck, she led him into the house in triumph. She had conquered at last.

The next Sunday, she took her old place in the Methodist church. Mark staid at home, because Roxy did not like to have him subjected to any humiliation from the looks or words of those about him. But she sat again in the Amen corner, among the sisters who were active in the church. There was the old look of gladness in her face. There was more than the old gladness, now, in her heart—there was blessedness. It was the quarterly meeting, and when the venerable elder read with emotion, "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled," tears of joy were in her eyes, and a fullness, as of God, in her heart. And when he read, "Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy," many in the congregation turned their eyes toward her. But when the white-haired old man read, "Blessed are the peacemakers," his voice quivered, and he involuntarily looked at Roxy; then he slowly finished: "for they shall be called the children of God." Every word dropped like a benediction into the heart of Roxy. She bowed her head upon the back of the seat in front of her and wept, while sighs and sobs were heard from the demonstrative people all over the house. And of all who knelt by the rude benches in that old church that day to eat and drink the blessed bread and wine, there were none who took the secret sacrament as did the woman who had dared to give her heart to suffer for others, after the pattern of the Master of self-sacrifice.

The people said that Roxy was her old self again. But she was not. A great experience transforms. We must ever be more or less than our old selves. Roxy was not now the zealous and restless young woman seeking a mission, and longing for hard tasks. Her work was in her hands, and she was easily master of it. The victory of paradise was already in her heart, for she had overcome the world's tribulation.

COLLEGE JOURNALISM.

It was a hundred and ten years after the first newspaper was published in America that, as far as I can discover, the first college journal appeared. In 1800 the Dartmouth students issued a paper called "The Gazette," which is chiefly memorable as containing in 1802-3 numerous articles by Daniel Webster, then a graduate of one year's standing. They were signed "Icarus," a pseudonym at the time unacknowledged, but which a few years later Mr. Webster confessed belonged to himself. Yale, in the course of the present century, has had several journals, the majority of which, for pecuniary and other reasons, have enjoyed but a short life. The first was "The Literary Cabinet," an eight-paged fortnightly, whose first number appeared in 1806. The publisher announced that it was his "unalterable resolve to appropriate the pecuniary profits to the education of poor students in the seminary," but, unfortunately for the poor students, "The Cabinet" died in less than a year after its birth. It was followed by "The Athenæum," "The Palladium," "The Students' Companion," "The Grid-iron," and other papers which, failing each in turn to receive the literary and pecuniary support of the students, seldom lived for more than a twelvemonth. But in 1836 was established "The Yale Literary Magazine," which is the oldest living, as it is generally recognized to be among the best, of college journals. It was and is issued monthly during the college year, and each number consists of about forty pages of the usual magazine size. Its table of contents is made up of essays chiefly upon literary and educational topics, of paragraphs called "Notabilia," and of brief notes upon Yale and its affairs, styled "Memorabilia Yalensia." This latter admirable department was established by Mr. D. C. Gilman—now president of the Johns Hopkins University—during his editorship. It is a daily bulletin, published monthly, of doings at Yale, written in a terse and graphic style, and is one of the most interesting features of an interesting college journal. Its five editors are usually considered the best literary men of the senior class, and an election to the "Lit. Board" is justly esteemed one of the highest honors of Yale life. In the course of its forty years, not a few of those who have won distinction by literary and educa-

tional work have served an apprenticeship on the "Lit." Secretary Evarts was one of the founders of the magazine, and Donald G. Mitchell, of Yale's class of 1841, Doctor J. P. Thompson, of 1838, Senator O. S. Ferry, of 1844, President A. D. White, of 1853, and others not less distinguished have been among its editors. It is still an important factor in Yale life, and together with a similar journal published by the Princeton students, is usually regarded as of the best of college publications of its type.

At the present time Yale has, besides its "Literary Magazine," two fortnightly papers, the "Courant" and the "Record." Edited by boards selected from and in part by the students, they are devoted to the discussion of college affairs and to the communication to graduates and the public of Yale news.

Although Harvard's papers have been less numerous than Yale's, they indicate (considered as a whole) greater literary ability and have had greater influence on college opinion. The first, the "Harvard Lyceum," appeared in 1810, with Edward Everett among its eight editors. It was a semi-monthly literary magazine, but had, as Mr. Everett remarks in his "Autobiography," no permanent literary value. Dying a natural death before the close of the year, it was succeeded in 1827 by the "Harvard Register," a monthly journal of both a serious and a humorous character. Among its editors were the late President Felton, George S. Hillard, who wrote over the name of "Sylvanus Dashwood," and Robert C. Winthrop, whose pseudonym was "Blank Etcetera, Sr." But, as in the case of its predecessor, the financial and literary remissness of the students digged for it an early grave. In 1830 appeared the "Collegian," the brief career of which is made historical by the contributions of Oliver Wendell Holmes, then a student in the Harvard Law School. Young Holmes wrote over the signature of "Frank Hock"; and in the "Collegian" appeared "The Spectre Pig," "The Dorchester Giant," "The Height of the Ridiculous," and other papers which have not been included in the standard editions of his works. The "Collegian" was, after a short life, buried with its fathers, and was succeeded by "Harvardiana," on which the founder of the "Atlantic," and editor of the "North American Review" first employed his edi-

torial pen; but Mr. Lowell's wit and wisdom were not sufficient to lengthen its life beyond four years. About fifteen years after its decease, appeared, in 1854, the "Harvard Magazine." It lived with varying fortunes for a decade, and numbered among its editors several who have won distinction by subsequent literary work. Frank B. Sanborn and Phillips Brooks were two of the three members of its first board. But in 1864 its publication ceased; and in May, 1866, the first number of the "Harvard Advocate" appeared as a fortnightly. For more than twelve years the literary taste manifested in the "Advocate's" editorial management, the brightness of its sketches, and the intrinsic merit and wit of its poetry, have given it a pre-eminent place among college journals. In 1873 a rival appeared in the "Magenta," since changed, with the name of the college color, to the "Crimson"; and these two papers are now pursuing in generous rivalry a most successful course of college journalism.

Although few colleges have been as prolific in newspaper children as Yale and Harvard, yet the history of journalism at these two colleges represents in general its history at Princeton, Williams, Brown University, and the older colleges. Within the last decade the number of college journals has greatly increased. At the present time, it is estimated that at least two hundred papers and magazines, devoted to college interests and conducted by college students, are published. The usual pattern of the college journal is a sheet of twelve pages, of the size of "The Nation," well printed on tinted paper, and published either fortnightly or monthly. It has a board of from six to ten editors, elected either by the preceding board or by the students, and its literary support is derived from the members of the college as well as from the editorial pen. Its subscribers number about five hundred, and are usually equally divided between the college students and the graduates. Perhaps a few journals print a thousand copies, but so large a subscription list is rare; and two hundred and fifty copies is as low a limit as is commonly reached. The usual price of a fortnightly is \$2.00 for the college year, and from the proceeds of its subscriptions and its advertisements it usually succeeds in meeting the expenses of publication. But a college journal seldom is, as it is seldom intended to be, a source of pecuniary income.

There are certain peculiar developments

in the history of college publications which deserve notice. One of these developments is the "University Quarterly." The "University Quarterly" was undoubtedly the most important venture, both in its intrinsic importance and in the high anticipations it awakened, ever undertaken in college journalism. It was a quarterly of two hundred pages started at New Haven in 1860 by Joseph Cook and other Yale men, and was intended, says the author of "Four Years at Yale," "to enlist the active talent of young men in American, and so far as possible in foreign, universities in the discussion of questions and the communication of intelligence of common interest to students." Made up of "news, local sketches, reformatory thought and literary essays from all the principal seats of classical and professional learning," its chief purpose was to unite "the sympathies of academical, collegiate and professional students throughout the world." Its management was vested in editors and correspondents chosen from the students of different colleges, and the board at New Haven, the place of publication, served as a sort of managing editor. At one time no less than thirty-three colleges and professional schools were represented by the "Quarterly," among which were, of the foreign universities, those of Berlin, Halle, Heidelberg and Cambridge. But the difficulty of controlling so large and heterogeneous a body of editors, and the breaking out of the war, absorbing every bit of undergraduate enthusiasm, necessitated the "Quarterly's" suspension. The last of its eight numbers appeared in October, 1861. In its brief career it was of much value in uniting the sympathies of different colleges and in communicating intelligence regarding the higher education in this and foreign countries. The interest taken in, and the amount of work done for, the journal by different colleges was most diverse. Yale was undoubtedly the most enthusiastic in its support, and about one-third of the literary matter was contributed by Yale men. Amherst also manifested much interest, and of her students Francis A. Walker was a faithful contributor. Harvard gave comparatively little aid, but Mr. Garrison, now of "The Nation," was an efficient representative of the Cambridge college. The average edition of the "Quarterly" consisted of about fourteen hundred copies; and it appears that its pecuniary affairs were settled without loss to its conductors—

a somewhat rare circumstance in the death of a college journal.

Another departure from the usual type of the college journal is represented in the "Harvard Lampoon." The "Lampoon" is a college "Punch," issued fortnightly, of a dozen pages of letter-press and as many cartoons setting forth humorous scenes chiefly in college and social life. At its appearance in the spring of 1876, its pen and pencil were confined to the college, but at the opening of the academic year of 1877-78, it enlarged its sphere; and for a year its purpose has been "to reproduce to the life the 'quips and cranks and wanton wiles' of the free-born American citizen as well as those of the typical student, so that wretches who never heard of Harvard will be able to smile at his jests and weep over his pathos. Whenever in future any question of such general concern as the natural depravity of the Spitz dog or the sanitary efficacy of azure glass is endangering the relations of parents and children throughout the land; if the mayor of Boston becomes desirous of having the horse-cars as well as the ferries free; or the ladies of Washington seek to restrain Mehemet Ali Pacha from drinking ice-water when he accepts the hospitalities of the nation,—Lampy will have his little say on the subject, and his pen and pencil will not be idle." The success that has attended "Lampy's" effort, in view of the usual fate of American humorous journals, is good evidence of the excellence of its work. Many of its *bon mots* and verses have been exceedingly clever, and some of its cartoons are worthy of Dumaurier. It has been, as a whole, remarkably free from objection in point of moral taste; and by the general, as well as the college, press it has been constantly received with much favor.

The purposes which the college paper accomplishes in American college life are numerous and important. It is, in the first place, a mirror of undergraduate sentiment, and is either scholarly or vulgar, frivolous or dignified, as are the students who edit and publish it. A father, therefore, debating where to educate his son, would get a clearer idea of the type of moral and intellectual character which a college forms in her students from a year's file of their fortnightly paper, than from her annual catalogue or the private letters of her professors. To the college officers, also, it is an indicator of the pulse of college opinion. The discussion of all questions regarding the varied inter-

ests of the college—the dissatisfaction with Professor A——'s method of conducting recitations, or with the librarian's new code, or with the advance in the annual price of college rooms—is sure to voice itself in the college paper. Indeed, the spirit of rebellion among college men often flows out into ink, when, if they had no paper in which to relate their grievances, it would—as it now too often does—manifest itself in boyish mobs and "gunpowder plots." The college journal is, indeed, as a distinguished professor recently said of the paper of his college, "the outstanding member of the college faculty."

But the paper reflects the moral and intellectual condition of its college, not only for the officers and patrons of its own college, but also for the members of other colleges. The Harvard papers, for instance, represent Harvard life to other colleges, just as American newspapers represent American life to Europeans. Each paper has a list of some fifty or sixty "exchanges," which, after being examined by the "exchange editor," are usually placed in the public reading-room for the use of the students. It is also the custom, to a considerable and growing extent, for the best journals to devote at least a page to news from other colleges. These items of news are usually culled from the "exchanges," but in some cases they are directly furnished by correspondents engaged for the purpose. The influence of college papers in thus promoting inter-collegiate friendship, and in exhibiting the methods of instruction and government, is of great service to the cause of higher education.

Another important purpose which the college journal fulfills is in informing the graduate of the changes through which his *alma mater* passes; it is a fortnightly letter from his college home. Its alumni column notes the chief events in the lives of all graduates; and the whole paper helps to keep the college memories green. About half of the list of subscribers to most of the journals is made up of the names of graduates, and graduates not infrequently contribute articles, especially upon athletic topics.

The college paper also serves as an admirable training school for professional journalists. Quickness of thought and action, coolness of judgment and purpose, and impartiality, which Mr. Hudson, in his "History of Journalism," suggests as the essentials of a good journalist, receive excellent discipline on the college editorial board. The college journal is the best school of

journalism, outside of its own curriculum, which the college affords. The merit of their editorial work in college has won for not a few students, on their graduation, a position on the staff of a New York or Boston paper.

The character of much of the writing in the best college papers is most praiseworthy. The topics are usually of immediate interest to the college world, and are treated with directness, perspicuity and considerable energy of style. Written, as many of the articles are, under the pressure of college work, they indicate a clearness of thought and a facility of execution worthy, in certain cases, of experienced journalists. But in the college magazines, which are published quarterly or monthly, these excellences are not as marked as in the fortnightly or weekly journal. The subjects of the leading articles in the magazines seldom possess immediate interest, and the style is often labored and oratorical. In topic and treatment they are not dissimilar to the forensics and theses which a senior writes for his professor of rhetoric. But the editorial paragraphs in the quarterlies are clear, pointed and interesting.

The wit and humor, also, that abound in the college journals are of a most commendable and genuine character. College life, it is needless to say, is fertile, in comparison with business or professional life, in the ludicrous; and many of the witticisms that appear in the college papers are reports of the table-talk of an eating club, or of the happy retorts of a professor to a jesting student. Not a few humorous verses, also, bright and rollicking, have come from college pens. One of the earliest, as well as one of the best, parodies ever published in this country appeared in the "Harvard Lyceum," in the first years of college journalism. Joel Barlow's "Columbiad" was the object of its pleasantry; and, written by Edward Everett in 1810, it has both a literary and an historic interest. The following extract describes "the vexations of a person who finds, in the midst of a dance, that his hose are swinging from their moorings:"

"And while he dances in vivacious glee
He feels his stockings loosening from his knee;
The slippery silk in mind-benumbing rounds
Descends in folds at all his nimble bounds.

* * * * *
Thy partner wonders at the change. No more
She sees thee bound elastic from the floor;
No more she sees thee thine easy, graceful air;—
Each step is measured with exactest care."

Of the many bright verses that have of late years appeared in the college papers, the following, from the "Harvard Advocate" of May, 1870, are pre-eminent. They were written by Mr. Charles A. Prince, of Boston, when a Harvard student, and are addressed "To Pupils in Elocution:"

"The human lungs reverberate sometimes with
great velocity
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity,
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times
a minute,
And push and punch the diaphragm as though the
deuce were in it.

CHORUS.

The pharynx now goes up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a note
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm."

But, although the humorous side of college life is thus developed in the best of the papers, their moral character and influence are excellent. They are remarkably free from vulgarity. Slang, though not infrequent in college conversation, seldom creeps into their columns. Their hatred of every species of sham and deceit is most marked. Their love for whatever they regard as their own honor or that of their college is genuine; and the respect which, as a class, they constantly manifest for religion is a fit model for the imitation of certain daily journals. The college paper is, therefore, in respect to moral character, usually rather above than below the level of college sentiment, and its moral influence is therefore elevating.

But to these excellent purposes and characteristics of the college paper are joined two evils which must be weighed in forming any just estimate of its worth and usefulness. The first evil is that the student's editorial duties are likely to exhaust his energies, and thus to unfit him for his regular college work. Every college intends to provide her men with sufficient work to monopolize their time and strength; if, therefore, the paper absorbs much of the student-editor's attention, he is compelled to neglect his Greek and mathematics. The evil of this course is obvious. It is the well-nigh universal experience that the continued neglect of the regular college studies for the sake of the college paper is seldom helpful, and is often disastrous, to scholarship and intellectual discipline. A college editorship is an excellent avocation, but a very bad vocation.

The other danger to which the young editor is exposed is that of forming a faulty style. The rapid writing which he is sometimes compelled to do cultivates superficiality of thought, and the necessity under which he often labors, of "filling up space," fosters bombast, slovenliness, and looseness of expression. He is frequently placed in emergencies most opposed to the cultivation of that patient and painstaking habit of composition which it is the especial duty of a young writer to cherish. But neither this evil nor that of a neglect of college work is necessarily inherent in college journalism; a wise discretion can avoid them.

The college paper is essentially an American production. The German universities

have no publication of the sort, and the English universities of Oxford and Cambridge have no journal that precisely corresponds to the American college paper. The "Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal" is devoted to the interests of the Oxford and Cambridge students, containing sketches of sermons preached in their pulpits, and reports of their scholastic and athletic affairs; but it is both edited and published by those not connected with the universities. A few papers are, however, issued by the English students. Their sphere is usually more restricted to the institution whose name they bear than are the American college journals; but in other respects they are not dissimilar.

MISS EDITH BECOMES NEIGHBORLY.

"OH, you're the girl lives on the corner? Come in—if you want to—come, quick! There's no one but me in the house and the cook—but she's only a stick. Don't try the front way, but come over the fence—through the window—that's how. Don't mind the big dog—he wont bite you—just see him obey me!—there now!

"What's your name? 'Mary Ellen?' How funny! Mine's Edith—it's nicer, you see, But yours does for you, for you're plainer, though may be you're gooder than me. For Jack says I'm sometimes a devil, but Jack, of all folks, needn't talk, For he once called our seamstress an 'angel'—no wonder Ma said she must walk!

"Come in. It's quite dark in the parlor, and sister *will* keep the blinds down, Just because her complexion is awful—like yours—though it isn't so brown. But Jack says that isn't the reason: she likes to sit here with Jim More. Do you think that he meant that she kissed him? Would you—if your lips wasn't sore?

"If you like, you can try our piano. 'Taint ours. A man left it here To rent by the month, but Mamma says he hasn't been paid in a year. Sister plays. Oh, such fine variations! Why, I once heard a gentleman say She didn't mind *that* for the notes; dear! it only was just in her way!

"Aint I funny? And yet it's the queerest of all, that whatever I say One-half of the folks die a-laughing, and the rest they all look t'other way. And some say 'That child!' Do they ever say that to such people as you? Though may be *you're* naturally silly, and that makes your eyes so askew!

"Now hush! Don't you dare to be crying! Just as sure as you live, if you do I'll call up my big dog to bite you, and I'll make my papa kill you too! And then where'll you be? So play pretty. There's my doll and a nice piece of cake. You don't want it?—you think it is poison! Then *I'll* eat it, just for your sake!"

A TRIP WITH LINCOLN, CHASE AND STANTON.

THE alternate clouds and sunshine that followed each other in such quick succession in the atmosphere of the national capital during the progress of the civil war brought upon those at the head of affairs an intense mental strain which few among the people realized at the time. The hopes that were born of victory were rapidly replaced by the despair that came with defeat, until the hearts of those whose faith was the firmest grew faint amid the dread uncertainties of the future.

One of those dark periods was that which followed the conviction that the "change of base" had failed to accomplish the magnificent results that were so enthusiastically anticipated. At this emergency it was decided in cabinet council that the President, the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury should proceed to the seat of active operations on the Peninsula in order to gain from personal observation a better knowledge of the situation.

For obvious reasons the departure of the President from Washington at such a moment and for such a purpose was kept a profound secret; and when, without any previous intimation, I was requested by the Secretary of War, late in the afternoon of the 4th of May, 1862, to meet him within an hour at the Navy-yard, with the somewhat mysterious caution to speak to no one of my movements, I had no conception whatever of the purpose or intention of the meeting. It was quite dark when I arrived there simultaneously with the Secretary, who, after exchanging a few words with me, led the way through the inclosure to the wharf on the Potomac, to which a steamer was moored that proved to be the revenue cutter *Miami*. We went on board and proceeded at once to the cabin, where, to my surprise, I found the President and Mr. Chase, who had preceded us. The vessel immediately got under way and steamed down the Potomac. The *Miami* was one of the finest models and most neatly appointed vessels ever owned by the government, and was of about five hundred tons burden. She was originally an English yacht, named the *Lady Murchard*, built for his own use by a wealthy gentleman who came out in her to Canada, and afterward sold her to the Treasury Department for a revenue

cutter, her name being changed by the Secretary. Her armament was four brass howitzers, two on each side, and a pivot rifled gun in the bow, besides which the sailors were all armed with carbines and cutlasses. The cabin was neat and cozy. A center table, buffet and wash-stand, with four berths, two on each side, and some comfortable chairs, constituted its chief appointments. A shaded lamp suspended from the ceiling threw a cheerful light over the table, upon which a tempting supper was spread. Mr. Chase was the host. He had brought with him his own butler, a most accomplished man in his vocation. Throughout the trip Mr. Chase displayed that thorough knowledge of the *convenances* of life, and of those social amenities for which he was at all times, and under all circumstances, eminently distinguished. He seemed to feel that we were his guests, as the steamer belonged to the Treasury Department, and he treated us as if we were in his own house. Had he been more cordial he would have been less dignified, and had he been more dignified he would have been less cordial.

After supper the table was cleared, and the remainder of the evening was spent in a general review of the situation which lasted long into the night. The positions of the different armies in the field, the last reports from their several commanders, the probabilities and possibilities as they appeared to each member of the group, together with many other topics, relevant and irrelevant, were discussed, interspersed with the usual number of anecdotes from the never-failing supply with which the President's mind was stored. It was a most interesting study to see these men relieved for the moment from the surroundings of their onerous official duties. The President, of course, was the center of the group,—kind, genial, thoughtful, tender-hearted, magnanimous Abraham Lincoln! It was difficult to know him without knowing him intimately, for he was as guileless and single-hearted as a child; and no man ever knew him intimately who did not recognize and admire his great abilities, both natural and acquired, his large-heartedness and sincerity of purpose. With a mind well stored with the grandest and most beautiful in English literature, and

a memory so wonderful that he could repeat, almost word for word, whatever he had read, he would sit for hours during the trip repeating the finest passages of Shakspeare's best plays, page after page of Browning and whole cantos of Byron. He was as familiar with *belles lettres* as many men who make much more pretension to "culture." His inexhaustible stock of anecdotes gave to superficial minds the impression that he was not a thoughtful and reflecting man, whereas the fact was directly the reverse. These anecdotes formed no more a part of Mr. Lincoln's mind than a smile forms a part of the face. They came unbidden and like a forced smile were often employed to conceal a depth of anxiety in his own heart and to dissipate the care that weighed upon the minds of his associates. Both Mr. Chase and Mr. Stanton were under great depression of spirits when we started, and Mr. Chase remarked with a good deal of seriousness that he had forgotten to write a very important letter before leaving. It was too late to remedy the omission, and Mr. Lincoln at once drove the thought of it from his mind by telling him that a man was sometimes lucky in forgetting to write a letter, for he seldom knew what it contained until it appeared again some day to confront him with an indiscreet word or expression; and then he told a humorous story of a sad catastrophe that happened in a family, which was ascribed to something that came in a letter,—a catastrophe so far beyond the region of possibility that it set us all laughing, and Mr. Chase lost his anxious look. That reminded Mr. Stanton of the dilemma he had been placed in just before leaving, by the receipt of a telegram from General Mitchell, who was in Northern Alabama. The telegram was indistinct and could not be clearly understood; there was no time to ask for further explanation, and yet an immediate answer was required; so the Secretary took the chances and answered back: "All right; go ahead." "Now, Mr. President," said he, "if I have made a mistake I must ask you to countermand my instruction." "I suppose you meant," said Mr. Lincoln, "that it was all right if it was good for him, and all wrong if it was not. That reminds me," said he, "of a story about a horse that was sold at the cross-roads near where I once lived. The horse was supposed to be fast, and quite a number of people were present at the time appointed for the sale. A small boy was employed to ride the horse backward and forward to exhibit his

points. One of the would-be buyers followed the boy down the road and asked him confidentially if the horse had a splint. 'Well, mister,' said the boy, 'if it's good for him he has got it, but if it isn't good for him he hasn't.' And that's the position," said the President, "you seem to have left General Mitchell in. Well, Stanton, I guess he'll come out right; but at any rate you can't help him now."

In marked contrast to the bonhomie and frankness of the President was the reserve of Mr. Chase. Not more firm, perhaps, in his convictions than Mr. Lincoln, he was more decided in his expression of them. At the same time, he was so well poised in his whole organization that it was only in times of absolute emergency that the true force of his character exhibited itself. He was pre-eminently an "intellectual observer," and never lost an opportunity to store his mind, from a close observation of current events, with the great truths that affect the interests of humanity. This made him a radical in politics and a leader in public affairs. It was difficult for him to follow the lead of anybody. Looking into the future with its possible complications, he was always in advance of public opinion, and so was not always understood.

The Secretary of War was, unlike either Mr. Lincoln or Mr. Chase, remarkably compact in both his physical and mental organization, reticent to an extreme degree, accepting responsibilities with unhesitating confidence, and executing the dictates of instantaneous impressions with a boldness and a vigor that amazed the timid and astonished his most trusted confidants. He courted antagonism with a spirit of uncompromising defiance, and outwardly seemed callous to every emotion of sympathy or tenderness. Yet no man ever lived whose heart was more sensitive or more gentle in its impulses. It must be said, however, of Mr. Stanton that he was a man of unusually strong prejudices. It was very evident at this time that he had conceived an absolute and unconquerable aversion to General McClellan. This feeling had been encouraged and fostered in the mind of the Secretary by persons of equal, if not greater, prejudices, until it had become one of real bitterness, and he disliked even to hear McClellan's name mentioned pleasantly. The feeling was not shared by either the President or Mr. Chase; nevertheless, it was plain that the Secretary had determined upon a course of action that boded no good results to the commander

of the Army of the Potomac, and subsequent events soon confirmed this impression.

Shortly after our departure a drizzling rain set in, and we had not proceeded many miles down the river when the night became so thick and dark that the pilot found great difficulty in discerning the proper course, and the captain decided that it would be most prudent to come to an anchor, and wait for the weather to clear. The driving rain outside only served to make our little cabin seem more cozy, and the small hours of morning came before there was any disposition to retire. Before going to bed, one matter was decided upon which the sequel proved to be of very great importance. The conversation had naturally turned upon our destination and the objects of this official expedition. Neither the President nor either of the Secretaries had ever been at Fortress Monroe, and the conceptions they had formed of its location and topographical surroundings were quite inaccurate. While we were examining the maps of Virginia, I pointed out what I regarded as a feasible route to the rear of Norfolk from a point near Linn Haven Bay, opposite Fortress Monroe. I had been anxious that we should attempt this route while our expedition to Port Royal was lying rather listlessly at Hampton Roads in 1861, awaiting the completion of some minor details. We had nearly 20,000 men on board the transports at that time, destined for a descent on the Southern coast, and we could have readily struck the blow and re-embarked during the time we were lying there idle in the ships. In war, as in commerce, it is always best to turn your capital rapidly, before your stock spoils on your hands, and this *coup de guerre* would have been most excellent practice for our troops, while, the force being an overwhelming one, success was assured in advance. It was not so decided, however; but I had not lost sight of what appeared to me to be a weak point in the defense of Norfolk. Mr. Chase, whose comprehensive mind was as fully alive to the military situation as it was assiduous in the administration of the national finances, was particularly impressed with the points that were presented, and through his urgency the President and the Secretary of War decided that, if there were troops at Fortress Monroe that could be spared, the movement should be made; and with that conclusion it was further decided to go to bed. The President's berth was on the same side of the cabin with mine, and he suggested that, as I had more room than

I required and he had not enough, a movable partition would have been a great convenience; recommended that Mr. Chase should provide some arrangement of this kind, in case we took another such trip. General Scott, who was also very tall, suffered from the same inconvenience on shipboard; and when he went to Vera Cruz, during the Mexican war, he had two state-rooms thrown into one, in order to lengthen his berth. Mr. Lincoln always had a pleasant word to say the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. He was always the first one to awake, although not the first to rise.

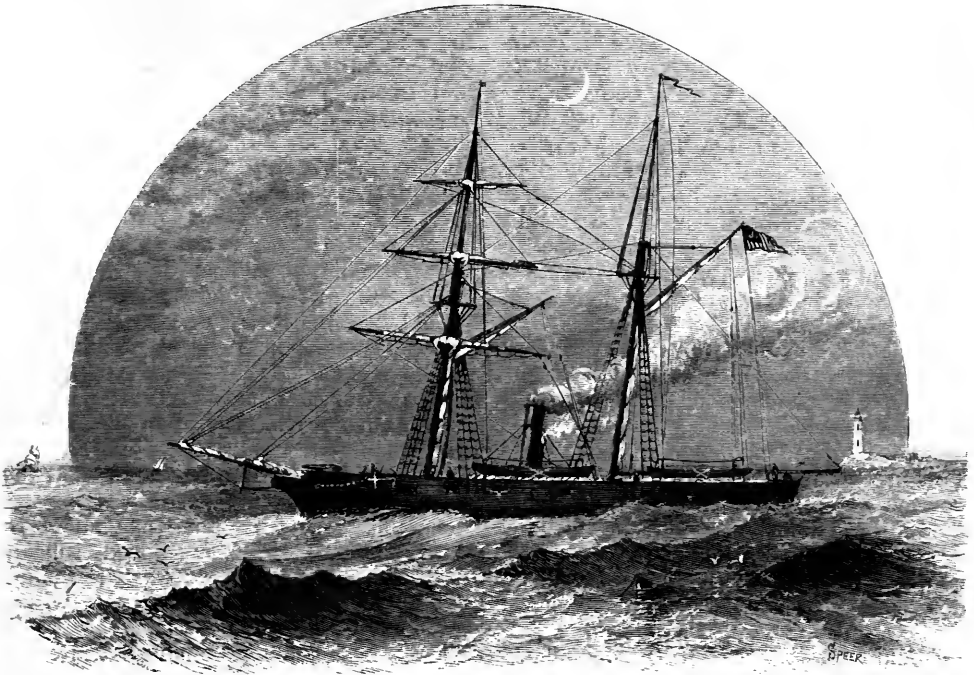
The day-time was spent principally upon the quarter-deck, and the President entertained us with numerous anecdotes and incidents of his life, of the most interesting character. Speaking of the practice that grew up in the beginning of the war, for everybody that found himself in command at a cross-roads—or any other place, no matter how insignificant—to issue a grandiloquent proclamation to the inhabitants, defining the position of the government, and more particularly expressing his own views upon the situation, etc., Mr. Lincoln remarked that he had been so much annoyed by these manifestoes that he had determined to put a stop to them. The first occasion that offered itself was when Burnside and Goldsborough appeared at the Executive Mansion to receive their final instructions in regard to the joint military and naval expedition to North Carolina. He called their attention to this subject, expressing very decided opinions in the matter. "Would you believe it?" said Mr. Lincoln; "when I spoke of proclamations, each pulled one out of his pocket that had been prepared in advance, without consultation. I had no idea of catching them in the very act!"

Few were aware of the physical strength possessed by Mr. Lincoln. In muscular power he was one in a thousand. One morning, while we were sitting on deck, he saw an ax in a socket on the bulwarks, and taking it up, held it at arm's length at the extremity of the helve with his thumb and forefinger, continuing to hold it there for a number of minutes. The most powerful sailors on board tried in vain to imitate him. Mr. Lincoln said he could do this when he was eighteen years of age, and had never seen a day since that time when he could not. It occurred to me, when reading the details of the plot that terminated in the death of the President, that his abduction, which was at one time proposed

by the conspirators, would have resulted very disastrously to those who should have the temerity to undertake it. The plan proposed was to waylay the President at night during one of his frequent visits to the War Department, where he was in the habit of going to read the telegraphic dispatches during the time of important military movements, and where he would often remain until a very late hour, returning alone through the grounds of the White House. A half-dozen men were to seize and carry him off; but, had they attempted it, they would probably have found that they had met their match, for he had the strength of a giant. Judge Swett, of Chicago, who was an intimate friend of his, says that he has seen him dash into a crowd where two powerful men were fighting, and, taking each by the collar, hold them out at arm's length, in the most helpless and ridiculous position. Lincoln's familiar campaign *soubriquet* of "Rail-splitter" was undoubtedly well earned in his youth, and in this athletic occupation he probably had no rivals. The necessities of his early life imbued him with that self-reliance that became a part of his very nature, and exhibited itself on all occasions. He never liked to be waited upon, or to ask any one to do anything for him that he could possibly do himself. This showed itself on one occasion, when, being struck with an amusing rhyme which I showed to him in a number of "Harper's Weekly," instead of requesting me to cut it out for him, he borrowed my knife, and, extending himself at half length on the deck, spread the paper before him and cut the piece out, remarking at the same time that it was not precisely the attitude for the President of the United States to assume, but it was a good position for a man who merely wanted to cut a piece out of a newspaper. This little scrap amused him exceedingly. It was a very absurd idea, absurdly expressed; but there was something about it that pleased his fancy, and he was not satisfied until he had read it to each one of the party, appearing to enjoy it the more the oftener he read it. He even called up the captain of the cutter and read it to him. This friendly spirit on the part of the President made the captain think that he ought to reciprocate the courtesy; so on one occasion, when we were all sitting on the quarter-deck, the captain undertook to contribute some rather uninteresting personal reminiscences, that had no point whatever to them,—in fact, they

merely related to the various positions he had held in the mercantile marine, and the amount of wages he had received from the different parties that had employed him, with various other insignificant items of information of no interest except to himself,—when the President, who, in spite of his uniform good-nature, began to feel extremely bored, suggested by way of checking the captain's loquacity, that he, too, had been something of a sailor, and would give a little of his experience in that capacity. Whereupon he gave us his own version of an incident in his life that I have since heard repeated with a very different significance.

"When I was a young man," said Mr. Lincoln, "about eighteen years of age, I was living in Kentucky, and, like everybody else in that part of the country at that time, I was obliged to struggle pretty hard for a living. I had been at work all winter helping a man distill a quantity of whisky, and as there was little or no money in the country, I was obliged to take the pay for my winter's services in whisky." Turning to Mr. Chase with a quizzical look, he added: "You were not around in those days, Chase, with your greenback printing-machine. Whisky," he continued, "was more plentiful than almost anything else, and I determined, if possible, to find a market for my share in some other locality, so as to get the largest amount possible for my winter's work. Hearing that a man living a short distance up the Ohio River was building a flat-boat to send to New Orleans as soon as the water in the river was at a proper stage, I paid him a visit and made an agreement with him that if he would take my whisky to that city I would go with him and work my passage. Before the boat was completed and ready to start, I made up my mind that I should find a good deal of whisky in New Orleans when I arrived there, and having found a man who had a lot of tobacco that he was sending to market, I made a trade with him for half of my whisky, so that if whisky should be down when I got there, tobacco might be up, or *vice versa*; at any rate, I should not have all my eggs in the same basket. The boat was ready at the proper time, and stopped at our landing for me and my whisky and tobacco. My short experience as a sailor began from that moment. Our voyage down the river was not attended by much excitement or any catastrophe. Floating with the current during the day, we always tied up to a tree on the bank of the river



UNITED STATES REVENUE STEAMER "MIAMI," 1862.

at night. One evening, just after we had tied up the flat-boat, two men came down to the shore and asked me what I would charge them to row them out in the small-boat that we had with us into the middle of the river to meet a steamboat that was coming up the river, and on which they wanted to take passage. I told them I thought it would be worth a shilling apiece, and the bargain was made. I pulled out into the stream and delivered them safe on board the steamer, and, to my astonishment, received for my services a dollar. It was the first money I had had for some time. On my way back to the flat-boat, I made a calculation to myself that I had been gone about an hour, and that if I could earn a dollar every hour and live long enough, I would be a rich man before I died." Here Mr. Lincoln's story ended. The captain, whose curiosity had been somewhat excited, inquired how the whisky and tobacco sold in New Orleans; but the President, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, replied: "Captain, I was only relating to you my experience as a marine, not as a merchant," which hint the captain had the good sense to understand. Lincoln did not refer to the subject again, and I never knew the result

of his rather shrewd commercial venture. In the admirable oration on the life of Lincoln, delivered by Mr. Bancroft before the two houses of Congress, he alluded to this incident as the beginning of the President's career,—“commencing life as a flat-boatman on the Mississippi,” etc.; but I think Mr. Bancroft was somewhat in error in his conclusions. Mr. Lincoln was never a “flat-boatman.” Flat-boatmen are a peculiar class in the West,—rough, uncouth, almost uncivilized, they are unlike any other class of laborers, and lead a reckless, “devil-may-care” sort of existence. I went up the Mississippi on one occasion when a lot of men from the Wabash were returning home from a flat-boat service down the river, and although I have been four years among the Indian tribes, I never saw or heard anything more like savage life than these young fellows exhibited. Mr. Lincoln was not like one of these; and to compare a man of earnest purpose working his way from a youth of privation and penury to the head of a great nation, making the means that presented themselves secure the ends he sought, adapting himself to the situation with a skill akin to genius,—to compare such a man with a class of mere physical toilers is a great error.

Physically, as every one knows, Mr. Lincoln was not a prepossessing man, with scarcely a redeeming feature, save his benignant eye, which was the very symbol of human kindness. "If I have one vice," he said to me one morning,—“and I can call it nothing else,—it is not to be able to say no! Thank God,” he continued, “for not making me a woman, but if He had, I suppose He would have made me just as ugly as He did, and no one would ever have tempted me. It was only the other day, a poor parson whom I knew some years ago in Joliet, came to the White House with a sad story of his poverty and his large family,—poor parsons seem always to have large families,—and he wanted me to do something for him. I knew very well that I could do nothing for him, and yet I couldn't bear to tell him so, and so I said I would see what I could do. The very next day the man came back for the office which he said that I had promised him,—which was not true, but he seemed really to believe it. Of course there was nothing left for me to do except to get him a place through one of the Secretaries. But if I had done my duty, I should have said ‘no’ in the beginning.”

It was late in the evening when we arrived at Fortress Monroe. The outlines of the grand old fortress were dimly visible along the horizon as we approached, and around and about it in the adjacent waters was a cordon of floating videttes, whose thousand lights glimmered like stars in the mirrored surface. Ocean steamers, river steamers, sloops, transports, brigs, canal-boats, harbor tugs, men-of-war, gun-boats, monitors, iron-plated batteries, with countless smaller craft of almost every description, were congregated here, evidently for some great purpose, and towering above them all was the *Vanderbilt*, that leviathan of ocean steamers, a million-dollar gift by the owner to the government.

Answering the hail of the guard-boats we made a landing, and the Secretary of War immediately dispatched a messenger for General Wool, the commander of the fort; on whose arrival it was decided to consult at once with Admiral Goldsborough, the commander of the fleet, whose flag-ship, the *Minnesota*, a superb model of naval architecture, lay a short distance off the shore. The result of this conference was a plan to get up an engagement the next day between the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, so that during the fight, the *Vanderbilt*, which had been immensely strengthened for the purpose, might put on all steam and run her down.

Accordingly the next morning, the President and party went over to the Rip Raps to see the naval combat. The *Merrimac* moved out of the mouth of the Elizabeth River, quietly and steadily, just as she had come out only a few weeks before when she had sunk the *Congress*. She wore an air of defiance and determination even at that distance. The *Monitor* moved up and waited for her. All the other vessels got out of the way to give the *Vanderbilt* and the *Minnesota* room to bear down upon the rebel terror in their might, as soon as she should clear the coast line. It was a calm Sabbath morning and the air was still and tranquil. Suddenly the stillness was broken by the cannon from the vessels and the great guns from the Rip Raps that filled the air with sulphurous smoke and a terrific noise that reverberated from the fortress and the opposite shore like thunder. The firing was maintained for several hours, but all to no purpose; the *Merrimac* moved sullenly back to her position. It was determined that night that on the following day vigorous offensive operations should be undertaken. The whole available naval force was to bombard Sewall's Point, and under cover of the bombardment, the available troops from Fortress Monroe were to be landed at that point and march on Norfolk. Accordingly, the next morning, a tremendous cannonading of Sewall's Point took place. The wooden sheds at that place were set on fire and the battery was silenced. The *Merrimac*, coated with mail and lying low in the water, looked on but took no part. Night came and the cannonading ceased. It was so evident that the *Merrimac* intended to act only on the defensive, and that so long as she remained where she was, no troops could be landed in that vicinity, that they were ordered to disembark, somewhat like the King of Yvetot who—

“called his fighting-men,
And marched a league from home, and then
Marched back again.”

It may here be remarked that all this fiasco had been clearly foreseen by more than one of our party. But the proposition to make a landing at Pleasure Point, discussed on the *Miami* on our way down, had been met by the assertion from at least two of General Wool's staff-officers that such a thing was utterly impossible. One of them had said there was no such place, and the other had asserted positively of his own knowledge that the water was shoal for more than a mile

from shore, being but between three and five feet deep, that troops could not possibly be landed there, and that any attempt to do so would prove an utter failure. For these reasons, so decidedly and authoritatively put forth, the plan which had been determined upon the first evening of our trip had been set aside for the one that had thus been brought to a most ridiculous termination.

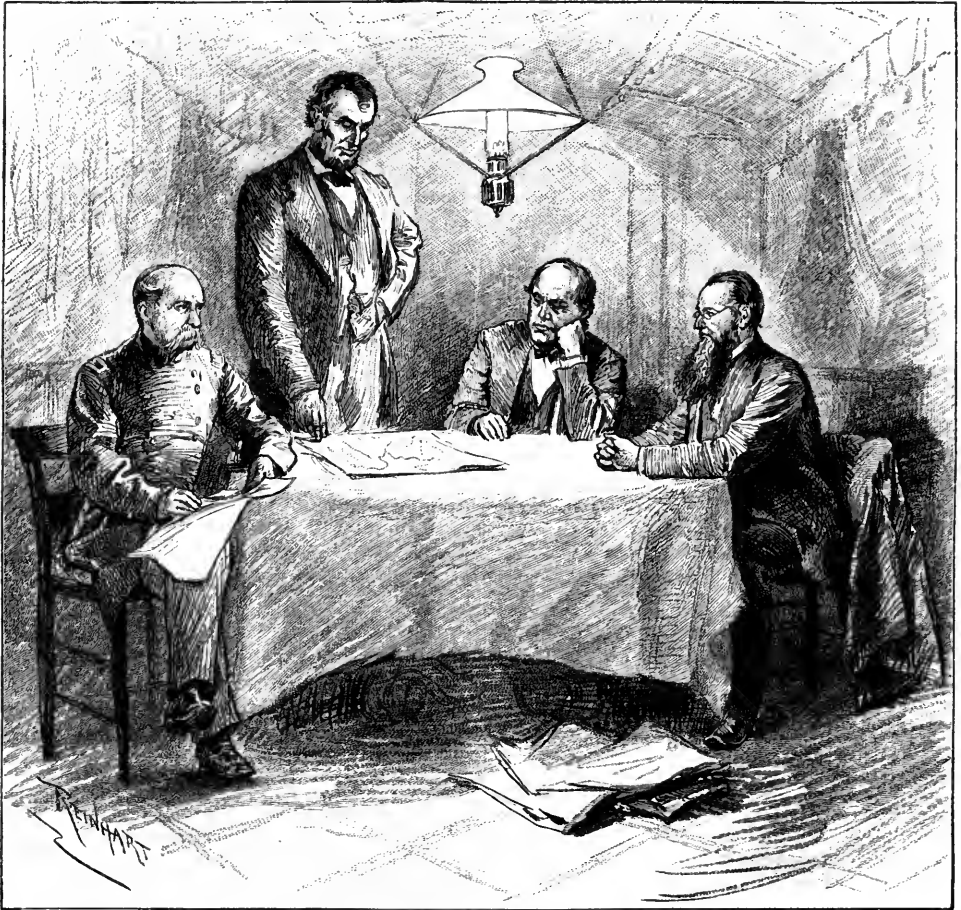
The failure of the proposed attack upon Sewall's Point and the disembarkation of the troops that had been hastily crowded into everything in the way of a transport that could be made available was not a very inspiring spectacle, and no one felt the mortification of the occasion so much as Secretary Chase. He was so keenly alive to the necessities of the hour, and so sensitive to the least thing that savored of defeat that he fairly chafed under a sense of disappointment as he saw the disembarking troops. Turning to me, he said, "Let us take our *man-of-war* (the *Miami*) and reconnoiter the place you suggested for a landing." Of course I was gratified at the proposition, and we started at once. General Wool was sitting at the door of his quarters as we passed, and learning our design, volunteered to accompany us, and sent his orderly for the very officer (Colonel Cram) who had pronounced the plan impracticable. The *Miami* was soon under way, accompanied by a small tug. As Colonel Cram still insisted upon it that we would get aground if we attempted to approach the shore in so large a vessel, we anchored in six fathoms of water and betook ourselves to the tug, which was in its turn anchored at quite a distance from the shore. A row-boat was quickly manned with armed sailors, and in this Colonel Cram, with another officer, undertook a closer reconnoissance, but returned in great haste before they were half way to the land, with a breathless account of a large body of men on shore. While they were recounting their narrow escape, Mr. Chase was watching the shore with a powerful field-glass, with the hope of discovering the force that had so alarmed the reconnoitering officer. Instead of defiant warriors he saw some people waving a white sheet as a flag of truce; a longer scrutiny revealed a white woman, a negress and child and a dog, as the sole cause of the colonel's terror, and he was therefore instructed to return to the shore with the crew, while Mr. Chase and myself followed in another boat. The result of all this was the demonstration that this

was not only an available, but a most admirable, landing-place, with depth of water sufficient for the largest transport to approach to within a few feet of the shore; yet these officers had been stationed at Fortress Monroe a whole year! On our return Secretary Chase reported the result of our reconnoissance to the President, who was so much astonished that he insisted upon going in person that very night to verify the fact. Accordingly, with the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Treasury, he went over on the *Miami* to the Virginia shore, and by the light of the moon landed on the beach and walked up and down a considerable distance to assure himself that there could be no mistake in the matter. How little the Confederacy dreamed what a visitor it had that night to the "sacred soil"!

No time was lost on the following morning in re-embarking the troops for the purpose of marching on Norfolk by the rear. At the last moment General Wool, with much emotion, begged the Secretary to allow him to command the troops. The Secretary had decided to relieve him of the command of the expedition on account of his advanced age, but finally reversed his decision with the remark that he could not inflict sorrow upon gray hairs. And here I must let Mr. Chase tell the story in one of his printed letters:

"The next morning (yesterday) I was up early. We breakfasted at six o'clock, and got away as promptly as possible. When we reached the place selected for the landing, we found that a considerable body of troops had already gone forward. I then took the tug and went along the shore to the point where the President's boat had attempted to land the evening before, and found it only about three-quarters of a mile distant. I then returned to the *Miami* and found that the General had gone ashore. I followed, and on the shore met General Viele. He asked me if I would like a horse. I said that I would; and he directed one to be brought to me, and I was soon mounted. I then proposed to ride up to the place where the pickets had been seen the night before. General Viele agreed, and we were not long in getting up as far as I had been with the tug, and even some distance beyond. We found a shed where a picket had stayed the night before, and found fresh horse-tracks in many places, showing plainly that the enemy had withdrawn but a few hours previously. Returning, I made report to General Wool. Meantime, Mr. Stanton had come, and he asked me to go on with the expedition, which I finally determined to do. I accordingly asked General Wool for a squad of dragoons, and for permission to ride on with General Viele ahead of him, following the advance which had already been gone some three or four hours. He acceded to both requests, and we went on; that is, General Viele, myself, and a half-dozen dragoons."

Starting at once to the front with our escort, we had not gone very far before it



A COUNCIL IN THE CABIN OF THE "MIAMI."

became evident that a great deal of confusion existed in the command,—in fact, that there was no organization, and an utter absence of definite instructions or orders of any kind. Overtaking a regiment that was scattered along the road,—most of the men lying down wherever any shade could be found, as the day was intensely warm,—Mr. Chase inquired of the colonel to whose command he belonged and what his orders were. He replied that he had no idea who was his commander; that some said Weber and some said Mansfield. He had received no orders, except that when he landed he was told to take a certain road, and he thought he would wait to see what was to be done next. Overtaking another regiment, a mile or two beyond, the Secretary received the same answers. Going on still further, we came upon General Mansfield and his staff, who had dismounted in the shade, near a spring of

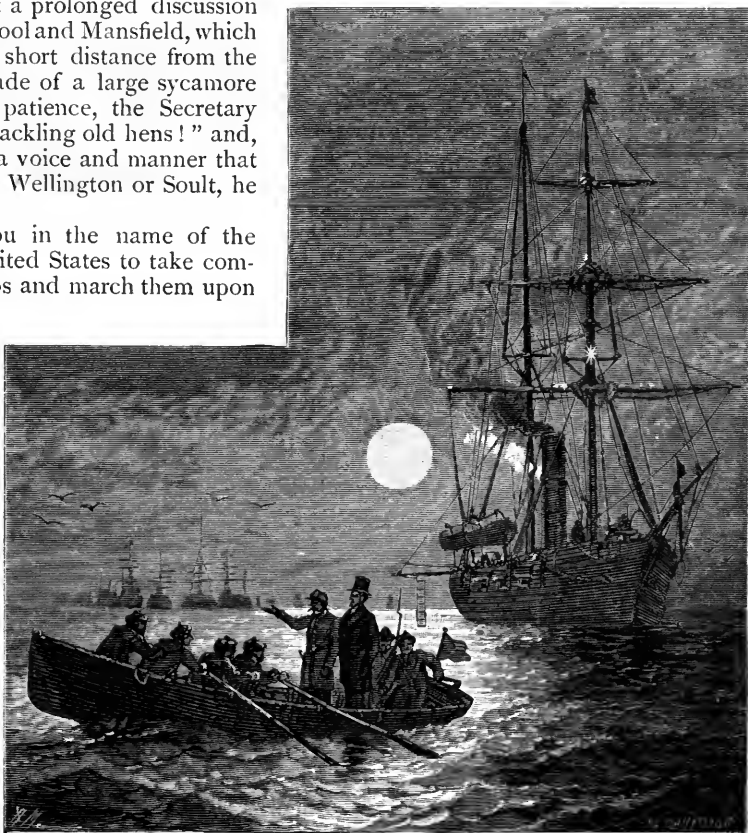
cool water. Further still, another straggling regiment was found; yet no one had any orders or instructions. Suddenly the booming of cannon was heard immediately in front, and, as no artillery had been landed by us, it was evident that the firing proceeded from the enemy. Straggling soldiers now came running toward us, with exaggerated rumors of the enemy being in force, burning the bridges and contesting with artillery the passage of the streams that crossed the road. The ridiculousness of the situation would have been amusing, if it had not been for the serious aspect that it was gradually assuming. Two regiments of cavalry had been embarked, and two batteries of artillery; yet not a horse or a gun had been sent to the front. Four regiments of infantry were marching along, uncertain what road to take, and unassigned to any brigade; two brigadier-generals and their

staffs, without orders and without commands, were sitting by the road-side, waiting for something to turn up. This was the situation, with the enemy firing in front. Secretary Chase took it all in at a glance, and rose at once to the necessities of the occasion. Tearing some leaves from his memorandum-book, he directed me to send one of our escort back to General Wool with a written requisition for artillery and cavalry. This brought the general to the front with two pieces of artillery and some mounted troops. As he rode up, Mr. Chase expressed to him in very strong language his astonishment at the condition of things. General Wool replied by saying that he presumed General Mansfield had felt some delicacy in assuming command over General Weber, and that General Weber had hesitated to act while General Mansfield was so near. "Talk of delicacy," exclaimed the Secretary, "with the enemy firing in front! What absurdity! Let General Mansfield go to the rear and bring up re-enforcements, and that will settle all questions of delicacy." This brought about a prolonged discussion between Generals Wool and Mansfield, which was carried on at a short distance from the road, under the shade of a large sycamore tree. Losing all patience, the Secretary exclaimed: "Two cackling old hens!" and, turning to me with a voice and manner that would have become Wellington or Soult, he said:

"Sir! I order you in the name of the President of the United States to take command of these troops and march them upon Norfolk."

An infantry regiment was deployed at double quick, as skirmishers in advance, and the other regiments were soon moving rapidly down the Norfolk road. They had proceeded some distance before General Wool was aware of the movement. He was not long in overtaking us, however, and on his demand for an explanation from me Mr. Chase as-

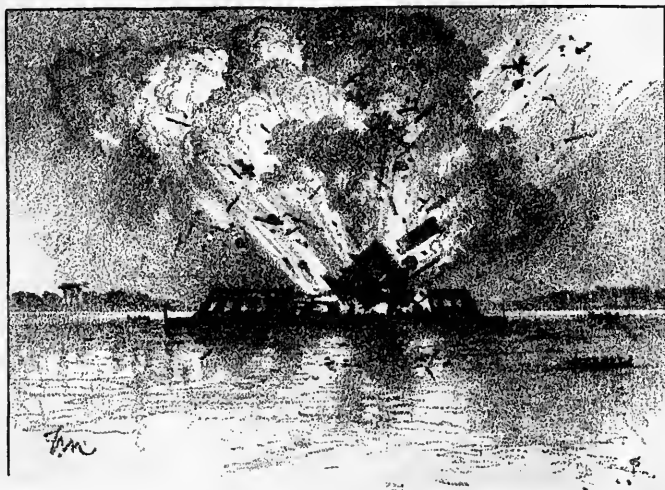
sumed the responsibility, after which we proceeded harmoniously toward our destination. At the extreme limits of the city, and before the formidable line of intrenched works was reached, a large deputation, headed by the mayor and municipal councils, made its appearance with a flag of truce and performed a most skillful ruse to gain time for the Confederates to secure their retreat from the city. The mayor, with all the formality of a mediæval warden, appeared with a bunch of rusty keys and a formidable roll of papers, which he proceeded to read with the utmost deliberation previous to delivering the "keys of the city." The reading of the documents—which embraced a large portion of the history of Virginia, the causes that led to the war, the peculiar position of the good citizens of Norfolk, and in short a little of everything that could have the remotest bearing upon the subject and exhaust the longest possible space of time in reading—was protracted until nearly dark. In the



THE PRESIDENT'S RECONNOISSANCE.

meanwhile the Confederates were hurrying with their artillery and stores over the ferry to Portsmouth, cutting the water-pipes and flooding the public buildings, setting fire to the navy yard, and having their own way generally, while our General was listening in the most innocent and complacent manner to the long rigmarole so ingeniously prepared by the mayor and skillfully interlarded with fulsome personal eulogium upon himself. Losing all patience, Mr. Chase at last interposed and suggested that any further parley was unnecessary, and that we should proceed to the city. And now another well-devised plan presented itself in the shape of a number of carriages which the mayor particularly desired should be used by the officers in taking possession of the city, the troops in the meanwhile to remain where they were. Falling readily into this second little trap, the General accepted, and we were driven to the city hall, where some more rusty keys were produced and more formal speeches were made. A collection of several thousand people, some of them in butternut and gray, assembled in front of the building. While the General and the mayor were going through their high formalities, Mr. Chase asked for a pen and a piece of paper, and wrote an order assigning the command of the city to myself as military governor, which General Wool signed at his direction. Then, bidding me good-bye, he took the General by the arm and departed, leaving me the solitary occupant of the city hall, without a soldier within two miles, and with not even an aide-de-camp to assist me. The situation

appeared somewhat critical. A noisy mob surrounded the building, some of the more excitable exhibiting a sort of bravado by firing pistols in the air. It was fast growing dark, although the surrounding heavens reflected the glare from the burning navy-yard. The probable return of the *Merrimac* to a position off the city would certainly complicate matters most disagreeably, so that it became a question of no little moment to occupy with troops, as speedily as possible, the opposite side of the river, to prevent supplies from going to the *Merrimac*, and also to save the navy-yard from total destruction. Fortunately, an enterprising newspaper correspondent had followed the carriages on foot, and him I appointed an aide and dispatched for the troops. By the time the troops arrived the moon had risen, and by its light they were placed in position. A regiment dispatched to the navy-yard was too late to rescue it from almost complete destruction, but it cut off the *Merrimac* from any supplies from either side of the river. It was long after midnight before the final disposition of the troops was made, and this had hardly been accomplished when, with a shock that shook the city, and with an ominous sound that could not be mistaken, the magazine of the *Merrimac* was exploded, the vessel having been cut off from supplies and deserted by the crew, and thus this most formidable engine of destruction that had so long been a terror, not only to Hampton Roads, but to the Atlantic coast, went to her doom, a tragic and glorious finale to the trip of the *Miami*.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "MERRIMAC."

A PARABLE.

LIKE great St. Paul, "I knew a man,"
One of the common mold and state,
To whom it was vouchsafed to scan
A glimpse through heaven's gate.

These many seasons lapse and rise;
And still he journeys unconsolated,
For longing of the paradise
That on his sight unrolled.

And they who see him come and pass,
And look into his brooding face,
Catch sometimes darkly, through a glass,
A faint, reflected grace.

No awful splendor smote his eye
Of blazing amethyst and gold;
Upon his ear no symphony
Nor pealing anthem rolled.

But all was only white and still,
So white and still his heart would cease,
And with an eager faintness fill
For hunger of such peace.

Such peace and purity, a light
Pellucid, speechlessly serene,
An outpoured, molten chrysolite
No dewy morn hath seen!

He cannot tell; he cannot tell:
He only knows it broke his heart
To turn from that sweet miracle
And take the common part.

He could not dare to enter in,
Though bitter to resign as death:
In that rare atmosphere no sin
Might draw a single breath.

He sadly walks the common range,
But not with pining or lament:
Few the drear wakings he would change
For any man's content.

He laughs and lightly speaks; and yet,—
And yet, though slow years intervene,
His heart can never long forget
The dear grace it hath seen.

And still he comes and lingers where
His eyes were blest that far-off day,
And purges with a sweet despair
The dross of this rude clay.

FALCONBERG.*

BY HJALMAR HJORTH BOYESEN.



"THE CHAIR COULD NOT SUPPRESS A FROWN AT THIS UNPARLIAMENTARY INTERRUPTION."

CHAPTER VI.

THE RAVEN'S NEST.

WHILE marching along under the young trees in the cool dusk of the summer evening the doctor delivered himself of a harangue abundantly sprinkled with philosophical maxims and observations. It was well, he thought, that his friend should know something of the foibles and peculiarities of

Mrs. Raven, with whom he would, no doubt, during the coming years be intimately associated. And therefore, with the very friendliest intentions, the doctor set out to analyze the poor old lady's character, and naturally delighting in his own sagacity, continued his work of dissection until in the end he had to look back with half-amused horror upon the havoc he had accomplished.

"She is really a very good and kind-hearted woman," he concluded with saying;

"only, as I remarked, a little giddy for one so old, a little irascible and terribly sore about her dignity. But *sat sapienti*, you may judge for yourself."

"Yes, that is to say, after having been first told by you how to do it," responded Einar with a gay laugh.

They halted at the gate of a small, white-painted frame house, with the gable fronting the street—a typical specimen of that barren utilitarian architecture which is so deplorably prevalent in our western towns and cities. A small but luxuriant flower-garden surrounded the cottage and a large, umbrageous hop-vine clambered over the front porch. Having rung the door-bell, they were admitted into the hall by a fresh-looking young maiden of unmistakably Norse aspect, whom the doctor addressed as Annie Lisbeth and honored with a few jocose remarks in her own mother-tongue. In an aside to Einar he explained that she was a former pupil of his and a daughter of old Magnus, the fisherman.

In the small uncarpeted parlor which they now entered the fading daylight was still further obscured by mosquito nets and thick lace curtains; as for blinds, Mrs. Raven looked upon them as a pernicious Yankee invention, and, although admitting their usefulness, was determined to exclude them from her dwelling. The whole appearance of the room was as un-American as could well be imagined. The painted floor, the long rows of glazed earthen flower-pots in the windows, the small rugs scattered here and there in front of the divan and the easy-chairs, the large round mahogany table placed before the ponderous sofa in the corner, the severely angular style of the horse-hair-covered furniture—all betrayed a scrupulous exclusion of our aggressive national life and an obstinate adherence to that which tradition had made dear and familiar. It was as Van Flint remarked, the old story of Mrs. Partington and the Atlantic Ocean.

Presently a pair of folding doors were pushed aside and Mrs. Raven advanced toward the doctor with a rapid and almost unnaturally youthful step. She was a tall, spare woman with a small, bird-like head surmounted by a lace cap with floating cap-strings. She shook the doctor's hand and made the stiffest imaginable bow to Einar, whom his friend took the liberty to introduce after his own elaborate fashion with numerous commendations; but his eloquence for once seemed to produce but a slight impression; for the old lady listened with an

air of severe indulgence, as if to say that he might practice his tricks upon the credulous, but she was not so easily imposed upon.

"My daughter misses your lessons sadly, Doctor," said she, pointing to the seat at her side on the sofa; "you know you are the only one of your whole barbaric race from whom we have ever consented to accept a favor, to whom we do not fear to remain in an eternal debt of gratitude."

"Your humble servant, madam," responded the gallant doctor. "As I have frequently told you, it is I who am your debtor. Miss Raven is a pupil whom a man of my pedagogic instincts would willingly pay a high price for the privilege of instructing."

"You are pleased to jest, Doctor," answered the lady with a perceptible relaxation in the rigidity of her high-pitched voice. "You will forgive me if I approach once more our forbidden topic; but if it were not for your very marked accent, I should certainly, in spite of your own assertion to the contrary, believe you to be a Norwegian. By what freak of Providence did a man of your refinement and scholarly tastes happen to be born among this shop-keeping and office-hunting people?"

"Pardon me, madam. You know from long experience that I claim myself the privilege of abusing my countrymen; but for all that I feel bound to defend them against your reproaches. You judge of America as a blind man would judge of a painting, the description of which had been read to him from an imperfect catalogue. The grocer, Jones, and Hopkins, the county clerk, with whom you have come in contact, are but a small and very insignificant fraction of the American people, and to judge the whole nation by two or a dozen such imperfect specimens is about as just as it would be to take the literary acquirements of old Magnus Fisherman as the educational standard among the Norwegians."

Mrs. Raven and the doctor were now fairly started upon the topic into which they invariably drifted after five minutes' conversation, in spite of their mutual agreement to the contrary. Van Flint made several appeals to Einar, in the course of the discussion, but the hostess remained rigidly irresponsive and seemed determined to ignore the presence of the unwelcome guest. The doctor had difficulty in suppressing his irritation, as he naturally regarded her impoliteness to his friend as

an emphatic, though evidently unintentional, slight to himself. He therefore rose abruptly and cut the controversy short by inquiring whether Miss Raven was at home and would give him the honor of her presence.

"She was here a moment ago," declared the mother, with a touch of petulance in her voice. "That young Norderud came and I believe you will find them both out on the back piazza."

Mrs. Raven, this dry and angular piece of humanity whose icy presence had sent a chill of discomfort through our warm-blooded hero, and who, to an indifferent eye, appeared as uninteresting a phenomenon as was ever clothed in human form, had nevertheless a pathetic chapter in her life's history, which has its claim upon the reader's sympathy. If her own word could be trusted in such a matter, she had once been very beautiful, a fact of which the extraordinary beauty of her only surviving child might be taken as inferential evidence. As a young girl she had married a man somewhat above herself in station, and had, after the transient happiness of a brief honeymoon, meekly borne injustice and neglect, being always profoundly impressed by her own good luck in having secured a husband whose position and social accomplishments were so eminently superior to her own. Mr. Raven had been a dashing and brilliant man whose restless, full-blooded youth could but imperfectly adapt itself to the steady and measured pace of the matrimonial tread-mill. After having spent several years in the diplomatic service as *attaché* of a foreign legation, he had accepted an inferior appointment in one of the government departments, and had advanced rapidly from one position to another, when death suddenly cut short his career. It is true, he had never been a very good husband, but his wife still tenderly cherished his memory, dwelling only on his fine qualities, of which, indeed, he had many, until at length she persuaded herself that he had been the ideal of a consort, and her own life with him a stainless record of unalloyed bliss. He had been a sanguine man who always hoped for better things to come, and had found much difficulty in adapting his habits to his scanty means; and his debts had weighed heavily on his widow until, the year before her emigration, a charitable relative had taken pity on her and paid the remaining amount. Beside his debts Mr. Raven had also at his death left two children, of whom Gustav, the son, promised fair to follow in

his father's footsteps. His mother had done her best to spoil him; had constantly appealed to his vanity by telling him of the admiration he excited by his handsome appearance, and had reproached Providence when in the end she reaped the fruits of her own doings.

Gustav Raven grew up a brilliant and reckless youth, and soon acquired the unenviable reputation of being the greatest *roué* in the capital. During his various futile efforts to enter the military academy he became entangled in several disgraceful scrapes, each of which his mother readily condoned, being always firmly convinced that he had "such an excellent heart." At last, however, his relatives prevailed upon her to save the family honor by sending him to sea, which concession nearly broke her heart. But Gustav's career as a sailor was of brief duration. At the first opportunity which presented itself, he deserted, because the discipline disagreed with him, and after many adventures on sea and land he finally reached the settlement of Hardanger, where Norderud received him in his house, and, after many a hard fight, really succeeded in making something of a man of him. In Hardanger there was at that time positively no chance for dissipation, and this, in connection with Norderud's guardianship and wakeful supervision, proved Gustav Raven's salvation. The sturdy farmer, with his blunt manner and uncompromising integrity, accomplished what no amount of cajoling and soft speeches could ever have done; the young man, for the first time in his life seriously roused from his moral lethargy, made a manly effort to mend the error of his ways, and Norderud, seeing that he was in earnest, furnished the necessary capital and established him in business with his own son, Amund. The fond mother, heedless of her own future and even of that of her daughter, as soon as she received the joyful tidings, immediately embarked for America and hastened to her prodigal son in his western wilderness. Gustav's "excellent heart," in which she had always believed, had triumphed at last, and during the first year even the privations of pioneer life failed to subdue her ardor and quench the glow of her maternal joy. But when that brief year was at an end, the great civil war broke out, and Gustav, with all those of Norderud's sons who were of man's estate, enlisted in the army; and when the rebellion was quelled, there was sorrow both in the farmer's and in the widow's

house; they had both paid the price of victory by the loss of what was dearest to them. Of Norderud's three sons, two returned; but Gustav Raven never retraced his steps to the settlement of Hardanger, where he had found a harbor for his shipwrecked life. The dry goods firm in the main street, however, still remained "Raven & Norderud," and, I believe, remains so till this day.

Mrs. Raven, having no means to return to Norway, now lived with her daughter in a small cottage belonging to Norderud, and managed to support her threadbare gentility by means of her son's pension and a small widow's legacy which she received from the Norwegian government. Norderud, for whom, for some reason or other, she had conceived a strong dislike, gave her the rent of the cottage, but was delicate enough to make her believe that she received it, not as a charity, but as the interest on her son's share in the dry goods business. It was very galling to Mrs. Raven that she should be in any way dependent upon a man like Norderud, who was "nothing but a peasant," and, accordingly, so infinitely inferior to herself both in rank and intelligence. And Norderud, whose native bluntness was outbalanced by an equal amount of native delicacy, had become so accustomed to humor her wishes, that he never offered to help her openly, but bestowed his gifts clandestinely through the medium of the pastor, who was a man "of gentle birth," and from whose hand it was, therefore, less humiliating to accept assistance. Of late, however, Mr. Falconberg's disagreement with his principal parishioner had made matters inconveniently complicated, and had induced the latter to consider seriously whether it was not a piece of folly on his part to indulge the whims of a pretentious old lady who, in spite of her dependence upon him, persisted in treating him with proud disregard or with lofty condescension.

Such was the situation when Einar's arrival and Norderud's support of his candidacy for the organist's place, *versus* the pastor in behalf of Miss Raven, blew the smoldering hostility into full blaze. The Reverend Marcus Falconberg had that very morning called on Mrs. Raven, and, in the heat of their indignation, they had agreed that Einar was a brand of discord in the parish, and, in all probability, a dangerous character, whose presence ought not to be tolerated outside of Norderud's immediate circle. That Dr. Van Flint had taken him up was also attributed to some deep-laid

scheme of Norderud's, but the pastor and Mrs. Raven were not going to be outwitted in that way, but would soon prove that they were fully his match. Mr. Falconberg, who prided himself on being a wily Ulysses, had further fortified his position in the eyes of his admiring friend, by quoting the passage from Scripture about being "wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

Einar and the doctor made their exit through the front door and walked round the house to the back piazza, where Helga and Amund Norderud were having their *lête-à-lête*. They found Miss Raven sitting in a rocking-chair, leaning backward in an easy attitude and busy with some kind of feminine handiwork, while her companion was reclining on the steps at her feet and gazing up into her face with an air of silent, beseeching admiration. There came a quick flash of pleasure into her eyes as she caught sight of the doctor, and she greeted him with a certain quiet cordiality, as if he knew her too well to need any demonstrative assurance of her good will.

"Miss Helga," said the doctor, seizing Einar by the arm, "this is Mr. Einar Finnsen, a countryman of yours, a much-traveled Viking, who has seen many nations and become acquainted with their manners. You know that I am an unselfish man, and that whenever anything good has befallen me, it has always been my first impulse to share it with you. This is my reason for bringing you Mr. Finnsen."

"No, really, Doctor," cried Einar, laughing, while he bowed and shook the hand Helga had offered him, "if we are to remain on a friendly footing, you must endeavor to restrain your poetic fancy. What place do you suppose I shall occupy in Miss Raven's estimation if, as will surely happen, I shall fail to fulfill the golden promise with which you have so recklessly saddled me? Miss Raven," he added, turning his bright face toward the young girl, "I hope you are sufficiently well acquainted with Dr. Van Flint's mental habits to know that his estimate of his friends, whether they be men of to-day or Vikings of a thousand years ago, is apt to be somewhat exaggerated."

"My dear fellow," broke in the doctor, with a pleasant laugh, "you open up a charming prospect for me as an author, if that is to be the general opinion of my capacity for moral judgment."

"You may be perfectly at your ease, Mr. Finnsen," said Helga, in her rich, melo-

dious undertone; "I know very well when to accept the doctor's verdicts and when to question them. If you were a Viking, outlawed for murder or some other interesting crime, he would be sure to make a hero of you, and I should naturally employ what little influence I may have over him to beguile him away from your dangerous companionship; but since you come here in the unromantic guise of a modern gentleman, I think my solicitude for my teacher's welfare need not prompt me to interfere."

Helga had unknowingly touched the unhealed wound. Einar felt the blood mounting to his face and he clenched his teeth firmly together, as if by some physical effort to stay the tide of painful memories. Was he not an outlaw whose companionship might perhaps bring disaster to those who trusted in him? But Helga was happily at that moment engaged in finding a comfortable seat for the doctor, and the doctor was equally busy in making remonstrance against her friendly exertions in his behalf. And to fill up the gap in the conversation and detract attention from himself, Einar turned abruptly to Amund Norderud, whom of course he had known since the day of his arrival in the settlement, and asked him almost fiercely concerning his mother's health. Amund was a blue-eyed and raw-boned young giant of about thirty, with large good-natured features, broad brow and an abundant pate of light-brown hair. His clothes had somehow a meretricious look of having been bought ready-made, and gathering in ample folds over his shoulders, and indeed everywhere, utterly refused to adapt themselves to the angularities of his body. He had been an ardent admirer of Helga, since the time she was a school-girl, and had followed her about with the unreflecting devotion of an ill-favored dog who accepts kicks and caresses from his mistress with the same patient equanimity. As the partner and faithful friend of her deceased son, Mrs. Raven was inclined to regard him as less objectionable than the other members of his plebeian family,—perhaps with the exception of the daughter Ingrid, whose girlish affection for Helga claimed some recognition on her part.

Now Amund was sitting on the steps of the piazza and listening, not without a vague sense of jealousy (for even dumb animals are not exempt from this troublesome emotion), to Helga's animated conversation with the doctor and the Norwegian visitor. She made an occasional appeal to him, evidently

prompted by pity, in order not to leave him altogether out in the cold, and he answered in his own awkward fashion, but still failed to catch the drift of the discussion. It was already growing dark, but the red glow along the horizon's rim was like a faint echo by which the retiring day still made its presence remotely felt; it had only gone to rest for a brief hour, while its warm gaze was yet watching them from over the ridge of the western hills. The superb contour of Helga's head with its rippling abundance of golden hair and the beauty of her figure were still visible in the dusk, and the mellow cadence of her voice fell upon Amund's ear like a siren's song against which he had for many a year been endeavoring to close the ears of his soul, but always with the same miserable result.

"How I envy you men," he heard Helga saying, "the faculty to compel your lives to shape themselves in accordance with some ruling idea. To a woman everything is destiny; she can do little or nothing toward fashioning her own fate, and if she has anything worth living for, a hundred obstinate circumstances invariably combine to frustrate her endeavors."

Einar, who was then more sensitive than usually, detected in this remark a covert allusion to her late defeat in the musical contest, although that event was at the moment very far from Helga's mind. The charitable darkness hid his excitement, and he answered with as much composure as he could summon:

"If I am a fair representative of my sex (which I hardly claim to be) and if I dare judge from my own experience, I should say that fate is as inexorable a fact in a man's life as in that of a woman. A man may act from the most generous motives, and still find himself placed in situations where he has only the choice between two mean and ungenerous deeds. Circumstances, in the making of which he has himself no hand, wind day by day their dense net-work about him and, before he knows it, his alternative is no longer between good and bad but only between the greater and the lesser evil."

Einar had a distinct case in his mind as he spoke, and the last sentences were hurried from his lips with a good deal of impetuous feeling. There was a pause before any one undertook to reply; the doctor leaned forward and rested his chin meditatively on the head of his cane and Amund

observed that the mosquitoes were getting very troublesome. At last, Helga's voice, which seemed to have gathered force from the silence, came clear and soft out of the darkness :

"The man who could find himself in the situation you have described, Mr. Finnson, would hardly be a man after my heart. I confess that I have sometimes wished that I were myself a man, because here in Hardanger a woman is nothing but a needed appendage to a man's life. And I should like so much to be something by myself, not merely in my own estimation, but also in the estimation of those among whom I have to live. There, for instance, is the doctor, who loves your old Norse history and literature and who has chosen for himself the glorious task of enlightening the world on a subject of which the world knows next to nothing. It is such a life I should like to live, but as I cannot do it as a woman, I have wished that I were something else."

The implied reproach in her words touched Einar to the quick and their *naïve* straightforwardness moved him deeply.

"It is very fortunate, Miss Helga," said Van Flint with his quiet chuckle, "that I have a sufficiently poor opinion of myself to counterbalance your immoderate praise. To have a handsome young lady like yourself avow such exalted notions about one's pursuits might well turn the head of even a less conceited fellow than myself and bring all his latent vanity to the surface."

"Ah, Doctor," retorted the girl, shaking her head, "I shall not question your sincerity, but I dare say that if I possessed your accomplishments I should be less modest than you are."

It must be admitted that it is never very agreeable to be made aware of one's own deficiencies, even if the gainer by the implied comparison is one's bosom friend ; and Einar, whose feelings during the whole of this interview had been moving on in a steady *crescendo*, had by this time reached a most painful *fortissimo*. He rose abruptly, and, with the impetuosity peculiar to generous and full-blooded youth, made his way through the open window into the back parlor where he found Mrs. Raven engaged in knitting by the light of a green-shaded kerosene lamp. She looked up, frowning as she saw him advancing toward her, then bent again with increased assiduity over her knitting.

"I come," began Einar, with the excite-

ment still quivering in his voice, "to ask your forgiveness because I have unknowingly caused you disappointment by gaining, in a worthless contest, a position which justly belonged to your daughter. If you would allow me to resign it at once in her favor, you would make me very happy. I know that this offer must appear extraordinary to you, coming, as it does, from one who is a stranger to you, but if you could see my motives, you would find it in no way humiliating to yield to my wish."

Mrs. Raven showed her wrinkled face once more against the lamp-light, frowned with less severity than before but remained silent. There was something very engaging in the young man's manner ; moreover, his appearance had that indefinable air of distinction which never failed of its effect upon her aristocratic heart, and the ardor of his speech imparted to him a certain reckless grace which recalled vividly to her mind her own lamented son.

"Mr. Finnson," she said at last, while the suddenly awakened memory softened the sternness of her voice, "do you not understand that my position, as the widow of a royal Norwegian official, prevents me from accepting a favor from a stranger like yourself, of whom nothing is known here, except that he is the protégé of a man of whom the less said, the better."

Einar, although by no means discouraged, was for the moment quite staggered by this singular allusion to Norderud. Could it be possible that his fair name had been stained and that his hospitality to new-comers was only a shrewd device for gaining adherents ? Never ! The very face of the man made such a suspicion appear preposterous.

"Well," resumed the old lady, with a half-feigned impatience, for the handsome young face of her visitor had by this time quite conquered her ill-will. "Is there anything more ?"

"Only this, with your permission. I can very well see the force of your objections. But I cannot consent to leave you without having obtained your promise that you will at some future time, when even the appearance of conferring or accepting a favor must have vanished, allow me to retire in favor of one who deserves my present position so much better than I do."

"Never mind the position, sir," retorted Mrs. Raven, this time failing utterly in her attempt to be severe. "But if you wish to come here and discuss with an old lady like

me anything else you may choose to talk about, I shall not shut my door in your face."

With this not over cordial invitation to return, our Norseman withdrew and once more joined the group on the piazza. He had now eased his heart, and in the warm after-glow of the excitement talked with a beautiful naturalness and animation which gradually roused Helga from the apathetic attitude she had at the outset assumed toward him. When, an hour later, she entered the parlor where her mother was still engaged with her knitting, she was, however, no nearer to a definite judgment concerning her visitor than when he first arrived. And Helga's mind inclined strongly toward decisive judgments; her proud and impetuous nature found rest only in extremes and was never satisfied with the golden mean. She liked men of positive character and had even more patience with large vices than with pusillanimous mediocrity. Einar appeared to her a very complex phenomenon,—a smooth, well-bred and agreeable man, but without any very positive coloring. And still there was an air of sincerity about him and a refinement of speech and manner which at once commanded her attention and made her originally indifferent attitude toward him as difficult to maintain as one of positive dislike. It was, therefore, with a hesitation quite unusual with her that she answered her mother's question, how her new acquaintance had impressed her.

"He seems to be so terribly well-bred," she said, "that I hardly know what to make of him. I wonder how the doctor could become so intimate with him. They are so very unlike. I only know that I shall never like Mr. Finnson as well as I like the doctor. These social graces, I think, are often the mere covering of moral weakness, and I could never admire a weak man."

"Ah, don't be too sure of that, my dear," said Mrs. Raven, and nodded knowingly.

"A deuced fine woman," remarked the doctor, when, after a long silence, he slammed his garden gate behind him with a good deal of needless energy. In this rudely expressive phrase it was his wont to vent all the conflicting emotions with which Helga inspired him, whenever a fresh visit had roused them from their well-guarded slumber. Einar heartily coincided in this opinion, but for some reason or other he found it unwise, just then, to say so. He was in so exalted a mood that words seemed

superfluous, if not a profanation. In his holy of holies, a man preserves a sacred silence.

CHAPTER VII.

"THE HARDANGER CITIZEN."

ONE day early in the month of December, about five months after Einar Finnson's arrival in Hardanger, there was a meeting of some twelve or more gentlemen, all solid capitalists and land-owners, in Norderud's front parlor. The meeting was but a semi-official one, but for the sake of preserving a parliamentary appearance, the host had, by common consent, taken the chair, and was jotting down on a piece of paper (and with a blissful disregard of English orthography) some memoranda, while his neighbor, Nichols, with his hands on his back and his eyes steadily fixed on the floor, was combating the opinions expressed by the last honored speaker. Farmer Nichols, although he had always sustained the most amicable relations to the Norderuds personally, had a notion that the essential object of parliamentary gatherings was universal dissent, and, adhering to this principle, he had persistently opposed everybody who had spoken and everything which had been proposed since the beginning of the present meeting.

"I don't see," he said, "that a paper of the sort the gentleman thar" (with a side-ward inclination of the head toward the chair) "has proposed is going to help the farmers' interests in this here county. I have always taken the 'Weekly Tribune' (pronounced Trybune) myself iver since we have had a post-office in the village, and my wife reads the agricult'ral stuff thar iver blessed week, and she kept a-botherin' me until I had to buy a subsoil plow and a sort of new-fashioned reaper. But I niver saw that it made much difference with the potato-bugs and the frost whether you plowed one way or another, and as I have said to the gentleman thar, I don't take much stock in newspapers."

The speaker here produced a brass tobacco-box from the depth of his trowsers pocket, spat with deliberate aim at the stove, and resumed his seat. Norderud, probably ignorant of the restrictions which parliamentary tradition imposes upon presiding officers, now rose for the fifth or sixth time to refute his neighbor's argument against newspapers. He spoke in his usual calm, unpretentious manner, and in tolerably

correct English, although with a perceptibly foreign accent and with an occasional violation of syntactic rules.

"It was never my intention," he began, "to have nothing in the paper except agriculture. There are other ways of helping the farmer than by telling him how to sow and how to reap his crops. The world, you know, is a pretty big affair, and a great many things are going on which it is well for a man to know, and here in our own state and in our own county, there are some things happening which we, here in Hardanger, ought to have something to say about. There are the county and the state elections, not to speak of our own village affairs, which are now governed entirely by the caucuses, in which we Norwegians have hardly a voice. And still we are pretty nearly a majority in the county. This, I dare say, is not as it ought to be; and what I propose to do is to establish a paper, which shall speak out boldly for the interests of our village, not only for the interests of the Norwegians but for all right-minded citizens, who want good republican government."

There was nothing very profound in these remarks of Mr. Norderud's, but upon those members of the assembly who claimed Viking descent they made a deep impression. Three or four of them who had been sitting in stooping attitudes, with their right hand up to the corresponding ear, now rose with characteristic Norse deliberateness and simultaneously demanded the floor. The chair, after some hesitation, accorded the right of speech to Nils Nyhus, an old settler in Hardanger, who, by dint of industry and native shrewdness, had gained what, for a Norwegian, seemed a very respectable fortune. But Nils Nyhus was a stanch conservative, who had an inborn repugnance to ostentatious change either in dress or in politics. His present republicanism was of a decidedly Norse-royalistic complexion, and his clothes still retained an indefinitely Norse cut and an all-pervading odor of the stable.

"Nils Norderud," said Nyhus, scratching himself meditatively behind his ear and grinning with a kind of apologetic mien, half-way between a smile and a frown, "excuse me, Mr. Chairman. I meant no harm, nohow. But if you are going to talk politics, then don't you think that you can shut me out, because it aint no use to try, I tell ye." Nyhus here raised his voice into a fiercely combative pitch and shook his fist with slow emphasis at Norderud, as if implying that the latter had been

harboring the darkest schemes for shutting him out from the exercise of his political rights. "No, sir," he went on, visibly emboldened by the success of his stratagem; "you had better not try it. For if ye are going to talk politics, I mean to have my say about it, and that in spite of all of ye, too. Now, there is the bridge acrost the creek that runs by my farm, and there is a big hole in it, big enough to put your head comfortably through it. Now, I should like to know what sort of gover'ment that is that ye have in 'Vashington,' if it lets things run on like that, right under its nose. There is my big sorrel, him as you called Lincol', Nils Norderud, though I thought Socks was just as good a name for him, he broke his leg clean off on that d——d bridge, so I had to shoot him the next day, and he bled all night like a bull, and no turpentine would stop it, and no bandaging neither."

Here a few of the members present began to show signs of impatience, and Norderud, with a good-natured shake of his head at Nyhus, motioned to him to resume his seat. But Nyhus was one of those unhappy individuals whose eloquence is rather of an unmanageable kind, and like all ponderous bodies, experiences an equal difficulty in getting started and in arresting its course, when once fairly under way. He had long borne a serious grudge against our grand republic, as a whole, and against the Johnsonian administration in particular, for the loss of his valuable sorrel, and this seemed to him as favorable an opportunity, as any he was likely to find, for giving vent to his just wrath.

"No, Nils Norderud," he continued, in a still higher pitch and waving his hand in appeal to the company, "you shan't try to take the word out of my mouth,—that you shan't try. I ask these gentlemen here if it is a fair thing for you to take the word out of my mouth. No, sir, it aint. And as I was a-sayin', I have paid my taxes regular every year since I built my house and broke up my clearing, and if I have done right by the gover'ment, the gover'ment should do right by me too. I should like to ask these gentlemen here if that aint good Christianity? And as for my sorrel, him as you called Lincol'——"

"The devil take your sorrel, whom I called Lincoln," broke in the chair, in a voice of mingled amusement and despair; "one might almost think you were as big a blockhead as ever lived, Nils, by the way you talk, and not a shrewd and well-informed

man, as you really are. Don't you understand that we have come here not to talk what you call politics, but to agree upon some plan for establishing a republican newspaper?"

"Yes, Nils Norderud," resumed the indefatigable Nyhus, who had been standing with his mouth open, ready to avail himself of the first pause, "I understand that quite well, and that was what I was jest now a-comin' to. If you can get up a better government with your paper, that will look after roads and bridges, then I am ready to pay down six hundred dollars for it, and whenever you want the money, you can call on me, and you shall have every cent of it, as sure as my name is Nils Anderson Nyhus."

The irrepressible speaker having "said his say" and explained his patriarchal theory of government, now willingly yielded the floor to Norderud's oldest son, a blonde, large-featured and broad-shouldered man, and a good representative of the pervading family type. He spoke in a low, modest voice, as if he did not think what he said of much account, and glanced up now and then, blushing with a timidity quite out of keeping with his athletic frame; he offered some suggestions very much to the point regarding the nature of the proposed paper, and ended with declaring his readiness to contribute eight hundred or, perhaps, a thousand dollars. Thorarin Norderud, the second son, then broke the silence, and with the proud, approving eyes of his father resting on him, delivered a little speech on the expediency of forming a stock company on the spot, and offered to take the same number of shares as his brother should take.

At this point of the proceedings Mrs. Norderud, matronly, mild and radiant as ever, with quiet, unobtrusive happiness, made her appearance in the door, followed by Ingrid, with her long, yellow braids down her back. The mother carried in her hands a large tray, upon which stood little pyramids of coffee-cups and a shining copper kettle, and the daughter supported a smaller burden of sugar-bowls and cream-pitchers. The chair could not suppress a frown at this unparliamentary interruption, not because he objected to the coffee, which was excellent, but because he was, perhaps, secretly ashamed of this kind of Old-World hospitality in the presence of his American neighbors, who would, no doubt, think it very unrepugnant. Norderud, you are aware, had just now reached that stage in

the process of his Americanization when he began to suspect that his Norse national habits were perhaps a little bit primitive, and that it would do no harm quietly to suppress them, even if this necessity should involve a small sacrifice of comfort. He, therefore, turned with a clouded brow to his wife, and, addressing her in her native tongue, said: "Isn't this rather a superfluous thing, Karen? These gentlemen, you know, have only come to see me on business." And the wife, with genuine Norwegian simplicity, responded: "Why, Nils, it certainly would be a shame if we were to refuse wayfaring men a cup of coffee and something to bite in. I never heard you say such an unreasonable thing before."

This colloquy took place in an undertone, at the presidential table, and at a sufficient distance from the guests to prevent their hearing anything not intended for their ears. Norderud wound up his remonstrance with a surrendering grunt, and Ingrid distributed napkins and cleared the papers off the table. The hostess now found time to shake hands with her two large sons, to inquire for their wives, and to scold them gently for not having brought them with them; and the sons, in their turn, rehearsed their oft-repeated apologies for their oft-repeated negligence. Knut, the oldest, explained that Birgit, his wife, had just set up a new loom, which absorbed all her spare moments, and Thorarin's youngest baby had had an attack of croup, which, with God's help, would not prove very dangerous, but which was still sufficient to drive all thoughts of visiting out of the mother's head. If, he ventured to suggest, Ingrid would go home with him and stay with his Elsie for a couple of weeks, he certainly would regard it as a great favor. But, he added, with a side glance at his sister's fair face and neat toilet, Ingrid was getting to look so much like a fine lady, that he was almost ashamed to ask her to put up with the country fare and country manners which he must offer her out at Lumber Creek. The young girl, who since the first time we met her had made a greater advance toward womanhood than the brief time seemed to warrant, was immediately summoned, and with some little embarrassment and hesitation, declared that she was now so well started in her French and German studies with Mr. Finnson, that it would be very inconvenient for her to break off just then, and that she would at least wait until the holidays were over. From the

gentle and indulgent Ingrid, to whom a visit to Lumber Creek and her brother's babies had hitherto appeared one of the most desirable things in the world, a refusal to so friendly a proposition had hardly been anticipated, and for a moment caused mother and son to exchange wondering glances; and Ingrid, a little frightened at her own boldness, tried ineffectually to hide her blushes by an increased activity at the coffee-table.

The gentlemen, in the meanwhile, relaxed from the unwonted restraints of parliamentary discipline, discussed with informal ease the journalistic problem over their fragrant coffee cups. Mrs. Norderud, whose coffee, according to the universal verdict, possessed a virtue of its own, had unconsciously smoothed the way for her husband's ambitious projects, and the animating brown fluid, enriched by the sweet yellow cream, imperceptibly mellowed the combative temperaments and stimulated the latent generosity of the indolent. Farmer Nichols was no longer confident that newspapers were one of the devil's chief agencies for the demoralization of mankind and Nils Nyhus was even ready to admit that, if they had had a good journal in the county at an earlier period, his lamented sorrel might not have come to such an untimely end. Presently a paper, which the prudent Norderud had drawn up, began to pass from hand to hand; a couple of pens, already dipped, were fumbled and minutely examined by stiff and deliberate fingers, and one autograph, of characteristic angularities, was pensively added to another, until at last the stock company was duly formed, and the required number of shares subscribed. When the main business of the day was finished and the afternoon already far advanced, Mrs. Norderud (this time without any remonstrance from her husband) took the liberty to invite the stockholders to a frugal supper, at which everybody took pains to display the brilliant and amiable sides of his nature, and where accordingly a Babylonian confusion of Norse and American mirth prevailed. Thus "The Hardanger Citizen" was launched upon the world under auspices which even a pessimist would have pronounced favorable.

During the following weeks Nyhus, Nichols and other reluctant sponsors of "The Citizen" gradually worked themselves up to a fever heat of enthusiasm quite unusual with men of their slow and conservative habits. The former especially displayed

the most laudable zeal and almost dogged Norderud's footsteps, persecuting him with wild suggestions regarding the future management of "The Citizen." He had even a vague notion that he had himself fathered this magnificent journalistic project, and persisted in sharing with his neighbor the honor of representing it before the public. Meetings and conferences were held almost daily, except on the great holidays, and the size, type and political color of the paper were thoroughly discussed. In point of fact, it was Norderud who, single-handed, managed the whole affair, but, shrewd and clear-headed as he was, he cared more for the reality of power than its appearance and consequently allowed his associates unlimited freedom of discussion. He had taken his stand firmly from the beginning that the paper should be written in English with the exception of the weekly leader and the column of Scandinavian news, which were to appear both in English and in Norwegian versions. He was far-sighted enough to see that as long as his countrymen remained a separate and exclusive caste in the state, they never could exert the political power to which their numerical strength and their intelligence entitled them, and he hoped by this little device gradually to familiarize them with the English language and thus break up the clannishness which they had inherited along with their blonde hair, their blue eyes and their stubborn self-dependence. It caused something of a sensation, although less opposition than might have been expected, when in a meeting of the board he proposed to offer the editorship to Doctor Van Flint with Mr. Einar Finnson as chief assistant. It was, however, a serious disappointment to Norderud, when the popular doctor persisted in reversing this order and assuming himself merely an unsalaried position as adviser and general superintendent, with Finnson as managing editor. But as every one was aware that the doctor's services were absolutely indispensable, if the paper was to be a success, there was no alternative but to accept his proposition. Einar was of course ignorant of the concatenation of circumstances which led to his own appointment, and, after having silenced by his friend's help his conscientious scruples in regard to youth, inexperience, etc., he cheerfully accepted.

During the last months Einar had led rather a scholarly existence, and the doctor's genial example had begun to exert a sooth-

ing influence over his restless self. Van Flint's daily life was full of quietly absorbing events, such as the discovery of a new authority, corroborative of an old favorite theory, or the detection of an unpardonable error in an author whose judgment on Icelandic subjects had hitherto been accepted as unimpeachable, or, what was the most exciting of all, the recognition of some Northern myth that had strayed away from its home and domesticated itself in some foreign literature. When discoveries of this kind had for the moment disturbed his mental equilibrium, the doctor would call out to Einar, who would perhaps be giving a French or German lesson in the next room, and during the rest of the day he would walk up and down the floor rubbing his hands and throwing about him absent-minded glances of radiant contentment. Einar, who had at first looked upon these spasmodic outbursts of feeling as one of his friend's amiable eccentricities, was now himself infected by the scholarly contagion and could discourse as excitedly on a misinterpreted Saga text and laugh over the mistakes of a journal of high repute with as much zest as the learned doctor himself. It was singular to notice with what fierceness Van Flint, who was in all other things even tender-hearted enough to approach Cowper's ideal of a friend (for he certainly would not "needlessly set foot upon a worm"), could attack a fellow-savant whose verdict regarding Snorre's* chronology or the Norse discovery of America differed from his own. The abstraction of a million dollars from the state treasury or the robbery of a national bank was to him a venial offense compared to the enormity of such a crime as, for instance, questioning the Saga record of the Norse cruises to Vineland.

Since Einar began to regale the ear of rural Hardanger with his fantastic interludes and impromptus, the doctor had been very regular in his attendance upon the preaching of the Rev. Marcus Falconberg; and the Rev. Mr. Falconberg, who was far from suspecting the cause of his sudden religious zeal, was already beginning to flatter himself with the prospect of gaining a pecuniarily valuable soul for the pure and undiluted Evangelical faith. The doctor, however, met all the pastor's innuendoes on this matter with vaguely conciliatory smiles or with evasive discourses on the historical aspect of the

period of the Reformation, and learned criticism of Luther, Melancthon and his fellow reformers, for whose iconoclastic zeal he confessed he could summon very little sympathy; but the pastor, whose native combativeness had been strongly developed during his American sojourn, was nothing daunted by these attacks and frequently pursued his prospective convert even beyond the church to his own garden gate. Of Einar, who invariably accompanied them on these promenades, he took very little notice, only greeting him with a careless nod and perhaps asking him how he was getting on with his pupils.

The journalistic excitement which during the Christmas week had taken a vigorous hold on the popular imagination of Hardanger could naturally not leave the pastor unaffected. Norderud had, without consulting Mr. Falconberg, had a notice posted on all the street corners in which he defined the political platform of "The Citizen" and further announced that "all the news was to be had for two dollars," and that the best intellectual forces in the state had been secured for the new enterprise. In return for this merely nominal sum the public were to be treated to "a display of wit, wisdom and erudition hitherto unexampled in the history of journalism." It was a chance that came only "once in a century," and it was the obvious duty of every sane and patriotic man who had an eye to his own interest and that of his country to avail himself of this generous offer and at once send in his subscription to "The Hardanger Citizen," P. O. Box 12. This flaming announcement caught the pastor's eye one morning in the holiday week as he strode along the dilapidated sidewalks on his way to church; he stopped and read it carefully through to the end, then took out his note-book and made some memoranda. The thought that all this political scheming had been going on in his own congregation without his knowledge drove the blood to his head and hastened his footsteps; and when, at the hour of worship, he mounted the pulpit he startled his parishioners first by making a mistake in the Lord's Prayer, and secondly by an impetuous tirade against political schemers, who forget the Lord's kingdom and its righteousness, who vainly try to smother the ill odor of their inward rottenness by a display of external magnificence, whose voices are like sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal, and who, having enjoyed

* Snorre Sturlason, the author of the Icelandic *Heimskringla*.

all the good things of this life, are hereafter to be consigned to that place where the worm dieth not and the fire is not quenched. And to make his allusions still more pointed, the preacher brought in quite aptly some quotations from the platform of "The Citizen," to show to what depths of depravity human nature could sink and to what lengths political lying could be carried.

Norderud, in the meanwhile, sitting with his wife and daughter in his front pew, listened with great composure to the heated eloquence of his pastor, and never stirred or winced under the wrathful glances which now and then were flung at him from the elevated pulpit. When the sermon was finished and the inevitable chorus of nose-blowing, hawking and coughing announced that the minister was descending from his sacerdotal throne, he joined in that unmelodious performance with the zest of long habit, and afterward lent his voice to the exaltation of God, when the strong organ tone gathered under its shield of melody the unmusical outpourings of four or five hundred rustic throats. Norderud, like many another sturdy Philistine, although quite destitute of voice in the musical sense, still labored under the delusion that he could sing, and could never refrain from chiming in with a hearty discord, whenever he heard anything resembling sacred or profane song. I doubt if even Nilsson or Patti could have daunted him or quelled his musical ardor. Now he chanted the old-fashioned hymns with a sturdy disregard of time and key, but with an earnestness which no doubt, in the eyes of his Maker, compensated for his failings in point of melodiousness. The Rev. Marcus Falconberg, however, did not take pains to penetrate to the laudable emotions which prompted the deed, and to his ears Norderud's stubborn discords had a peculiarly defiant and irreligious ring which disturbed his own devotions and was at variance with the sanctity of the worship. And to increase the pastor's grievances, this same irrepressible parishioner had retained the Norwegian custom of reading the gospel and the epistle half aloud with the minister, which, to the latter, had very much the appearance of an attempt to correct and control him.

It gave the pastor a most irritating sense of his own powerlessness, that Norderud, even on a day like this, when he had administered so pointed a rebuke to him, could calmly persist in all his unpleasant

habits, and not even by an uneasy glance or motion betray that the blow had taken effect. As the worship came to a close, Mr. Falconberg was firmly resolved to address a note to the culprit, demanding in authoritative language, as became a clergyman, that he should at once desist from his political intrigues or sever his connection with the congregation. But unfortunately he knew the independent spirit of his parishioner too well to suppose that such a move would frighten him, and after having ruminated over his dinner on the worldly and pecuniary aspect of the case, he concluded that it was his duty, for the sake of his church, to remain passive, until he could muster a force of opposition strong enough to defeat the enemy.

Among those who had listened with a feeling of mingled surprise and displeasure to the pastor's arraignment of Norderud was Helga Raven. Her keen ear had at once detected a little shrill note of personal spite, amid the sonorous blasts of denunciation, and she could not suppress the thought that he had stooped below the dignity of his office when he made it subservient to his own paltry concerns. To her, the minister before the altar or in the pulpit was quite a different being from the minister in private life. When he preached or performed the sacred offices of the church, he stood before her in exalted abstraction, and was raised high above the possibility of criticism. Whether he had a squeaky or a full-sounding voice, whether he was eloquent or not, whether he took snuff, etc., were matters which her native womanly reverence forbade her to inquire into. She was not American enough as yet, you see, to look upon the church as an institution which stood in need of her patronage and support, and the minister as a prosy or interesting fellow-mortal, toward whose salary she paid her share, and whom she had, therefore, the privilege to censure and to inflict herself upon, at pleasure.

As Helga followed the crowd down the aisle and with the heedlessness of one conscious of a strong emotion, pushed her way toward the door, she found the front vestibule thronged with Sunday-clad farmers who, with the deliberate gestures and the slowly kindling excitement peculiar to Norsemen, were discussing what all felt to be the great event of the day. Outside, the snow was falling noiselessly in large, white flakes, and softened with its billowy curves the naked anger of the leafless trees. The

snow-sparrows were having a chirping little squabble up in the branches of the maple outside the church-door, and shook the crisp snow in a drizzling spray down upon the bonnets of the departing women. Helga, quite forgetful of the new white plume upon her own hat, gathered up her skirts daintily and was about to launch out into the snow when two umbrellas were simultaneously lifted above her head from two opposite sides. She looked up and nodded with indiscriminating friendliness to Einar and Amund Norderud, who seemed each equally unwilling to yield to the other the privilege of protecting her against the storm.

"I think my umbrella has the right of priority," said Einar, with that well-bred assumption of protectorship which seldom fails to impress a woman. "I think, Mr. Norderud, that you will have to recognize my claim."

"No," replied Amund, with his usual blunt directness, "I am pretty sure that my umbrella was ahead of yours. But I do not mean to force my company upon Helga, if she does not want me. She will have to decide between us."

Helga remained standing on the steps, and looked with a half-dazed expression from one to the other, as if she did not quite comprehend what she was to decide.

After the strong agitation she had experienced, this petty altercation seemed so insignificant that she had difficulty in bringing her mind down to it. A second glance at Amund's face showed her that he too was laboring under a dumb excitement, and that he must have felt deeply the injustice of the pastor's attack upon his father. And with that instinctive leaning toward martyrdom which is an inborn trait of womanhood, her heart went forward with a sudden tenderness toward her uncouth and hitherto unfavored adorer.

"I can make no choice, Mr. Finnson," said she, as she took Amund's arm, "but Amund is nearest to my right arm, and I will allow chance to decide."

A swift flash of color sprang to Einar's cheeks, and as he stood pondering on his humiliation, his pride rose in self-defense, and he made an impotent effort to despise both Helga for her choice and Amund for his undeserved good fortune.

Since that day the pastor's influence over Helga, which had once been great, was irretrievably lost. She felt as if he had inflicted a personal hurt upon her, a great injury which could never be healed. But, such is the strange complexity of human affairs, the very event which dethroned the arrogant pastor, raised the humble Amund into the sudden sunshine of her favor.

(To be continued.)

TO THE KATYDID.

SHRILL oracle! proclaiming night by night
 The antique riddle man may never guess,
 But which by thy fond forgetfulness
 Thrills all the dark with music—thy delight,
 Whatever Katy did, is to recite
 The act's occurrence with such ceaseless stress
 Of triple chirp as thy small powers possess,
 The traveler's listening fancy to excite.
 Oh! what immortal secret, strange and dear,
 Should hold thy faithful memory so long?—
 What deathless deed which thou must still withhold—
 Which autumn after autumn, year by year,
 Yea, century after century, thy song
 Reiterates, yet ever leaves untold?

A COMPANY OF ACTORS.

THAT the stage is in a better condition in France to-day than in any other country is hardly matter of dispute; and Paris is France, as far, at least, as the stage is concerned. It is not perhaps that there are more good actors in the French language than in English or German, but the good English-speaking actors are scattered broadcast over Great Britain and greater Britain, and the good German actors are divided here and there among the countless court theaters of the fatherland. The best of French actors are gathered into the half dozen best theaters of Paris; and the first company of Paris is incomparably the finest company in the world. This company is the "Comédie Française," sometimes called simply the "Théâtre Français."

When Jean Baptiste Poquelin de Molière came to Paris in 1658, at the head of the company of comedians who had been perfecting their playing during provincial wanderings for twelve years, and received from the king, Louis the Fourteenth, the title of "*troupe du roi*" and the promise of a pension of seven thousand livres a year, — a promise never kept, for the pension was never paid, — he found already installed in the city two other companies of actors. One was the *troupe du Marais*; the other occupied the Hôtel de Bourgogne, which it had derived in 1588 from the old fraternities of the Passion who had erected it in 1548 for the performance of the mysteries and farces which were then the only form of drama. Molière's company established at the Palais Royal quickly surpassed in popular favor the *troupe du Marais*; but between it and the Hôtel de Bourgogne there was bitter rivalry. The latter contained the best tragic actors; it was the elder, and it was the *troupe royale*. Molière's company was only the *troupe du roi* and although it excelled easily in comedy, there seems now to be but little doubt that the elder theater was generally considered the better. After Molière's death, in 1673, the *troupe du Marais* united with his companions and the rivalry continued — to the great disadvantage of the newly combined companies. Molière's company had of course acted all his comedies, and the *troupe du Marais* had produced most of Corneille's; but, in spite of this record, the Hôtel de Bourgogne, headed by Mlle. Champsmélé, who had

acted the heroines of most of Racine's tragedies, seemed likely to run its rival out of the field. But some internal dissension caused the secession of Mlle. Champsmélé and her husband, who joined the combined company of Molière's companions and the actors of the *Marais*. Shortly afterward, in 1680, the king arbitrarily decreed the union of the survivors of all three companies into one, and created thus by a simple royal decree the Théâtre Français, which still flourishes after a life of nearly two centuries. It is almost the only institution of royal France which survived the Revolution. Since it came into existence it has had no real rivals; it has been always first in tragedy and first in comedy. Upon its boards nine out of ten of the great actors and actresses of the past two hundred years have played their parts. Upon its stage most of the best specimens of French dramatic literature have seen the light of the lamps for the first time.

Its influence upon the art of acting has been healthy, for although it has again and again contained actors of extraordinary merit, its aim has always been to present a play well performed throughout and never to sacrifice the whole to a part, however brilliant the part might be. It has always been — to use the theatrical terms of to-day — a stock company, but a stock company generally having among its members half a dozen stars, and stars sometimes of extraordinary brilliancy. Adrienne Lecouvreur (whose career has since been taken as the basis of a play produced at this very theater, with an actress quite her equal in the heroine's part); Lekain, the friend of Garrick; Talma, the friend of Kemble and the familiar of the great Napoleon; Made-moiselle Mars, the heroine of the earlier plays of Victor Hugo and Alexander Dumas, and last but not least, Mademoiselle Rachel, whose rapid rise to the height of theatrical success and whose fatal visit to this country are well remembered — all these were members of the Théâtre Français. It was the last of these, Rachel, who played, as only she could play, the touching story of the first of them, Adrienne Lecouvreur. But not all great actors have belonged to it, nor have they always, if they have formed a connection with it, succeeded in making a place for themselves. Fréd-

éric Lemaître, in many ways the greatest actor of this century, failed to hold his own at the Français. He was not scholarly enough and he was not well enough schooled. Nor did Mme. Dorval, who had acted with him again and again at the Porte St. Martin, stay at the Français long, although the one great part she had she played with great effect. There was something wanting in both of them. The Théâtre Français required a classic refinement, which they, accustomed to melodramatic surroundings, failed entirely to convey. The theater did not suit them and they did not suit the theater. But although a few of the bright lights of the French stage of to-day do not shine within its walls, never at any time in its history has the theater had a stronger company than it has now. Never has it been able to present tragedy or comedy, or even farce, with fuller effect than it can to-day.

Not only in actors but in authors also has the Théâtre Français been pre-eminent. From the three companies whose union called it into existence it inherited the traditions of the original performers in the great works of the classic period of French literature—the comedies and tragedies of Corneille, Molière and Racine. In the next century it brought out the principal plays of Voltaire and of his rivals, and it gave a hearing to the two comedies of Beaumarchais, the “Barber of Seville” and the “Marriage of Figaro.” During the Revolution and under the Empire, dramatic literature slumbered and indeed caused the few spectators to slumber also. But with the Revolution of 1830 came the romantic revival which brought to the Théâtre Français many of the best dramas of Victor Hugo, of the elder Dumas, of Casimir Delavigne and of Alfred de Vigny, from whose fine novel “Cinq Mars” Lord Lytton derived parts of his play of “Richelieu.” Within the past thirty years the comedies of Alfred de Musset, of Eugène Scribe, of Ernest Legouvé, of the younger Dumas and of Émile Augier, the hardest and healthiest of all modern dramatists, have in great part been first shown to the public by the Comédie Française or have been appropriated permanently by it after having been successful elsewhere. It is a principle with it to take to itself any good play or any good player who seems likely to suit its stage, wherever he or she or it may be. Many a play after a successful run at the Odéon Théâtre or the Gymnase Dra-

matique has been revived at the Français with renewed triumph. Many a time has an actor who was making the fortune of another theater been taken away to itself by the long arm of the Comédie Française, aided by the might of its ancient privileges and prerogatives.

The laws which govern the Théâtre Français are not to be found clearly stated anywhere. It is, in fact, a commonwealth—an association of actors governing itself, with a Lord Protector, as the manager may be called, appointed by the national authorities. As the nation owns the building of the Théâtre, which it gives rent free, together with an annual subsidy of about fifty thousand dollars, it is no wonder that it claims some jurisdiction. Under the Bourbon monarchies it claimed even more. The gentlemen of the royal household exercised supervision over the royal theater, and managed at various times to do a deal of petty mischief. In 1757 the rules governing the theater were codified in forty articles, which defined the rights and duties of the associated actors toward each other, and toward the authors, attachés, and all persons with whom they were connected in business. Napoleon reconstructed the society in a famous decree, signed—characteristically enough—in 1812, in Moscow! Other decrees, notably those of 1850 and 1859, have modified this code, and in fact, the Comédie Française is now governed much as we are,—by the common law; by a host of old customs universally respected. The associated actors are sharers in the profits—a custom which obtained in the time of Shakspeare and of Molière, and which is not without its effect in keeping down professional jealousy, and in preventing attempts at professional monopoly. A committee of their number forms a sort of cabinet or advisory council for the director. Just what are the powers of the director or of the committee, if they should clash, it is impossible to say. In general the director, if he is shrewd, and especially if he is successful, does about what he pleases. The present manager, M. Perrin, has been very successful, and he is in consequence allowed to carry things with a high hand. But an unsuccessful or unpopular director would probably find his movements so hampered by the committee and by the other associates, that his resignation would be the only way out of the difficulty.

When an associate becomes too old for work, he is retired on an ample pension. There are nearly always half a dozen valetudi-

narian actors living calmly and comfortably on the pension paid them by their younger comrades, as they themselves had once earned pensions for their elders. The associates, who now number twenty-two, fill the vacancies in their ranks caused by retirement or death, by election. The fair sex has here equal rights; the ladies vote, and are voted for; more than once has a majority of the associates been ladies. Besides the associates, there is a certain number of salaried actors, most of whom are looking forward to a future election to the associateship. Many of them are recent graduates from the Conservatory,—the great national training-school for the theater and the opera,—who either get tired of the minor parts they must of necessity play in a company where there are over twenty leading actors, and therefore leave this theater for another; or show capability for playing certain lines of parts not already held, and evince qualities likely to win for them in time the honors of an election. There is still a third class of salaried actors: as it is a rule—although it is not without exceptions—that no actor shall be elected an associate who has not been on trial for a longer or shorter time as a salaried performer, actors who have achieved a position elsewhere often accept a temporary engagement here in the hope of fitting a vacant place and gaining a speedy election.

It remains now to consider in turn the leading members of the company, as it is now constituted. In this task great assistance has been derived from a series of critical biographies recently published under the general title of "*Comédiens et Comédiennes*," and written by M. Francisque Sarcey, the gentleman who contributes the regular weekly dramatic criticisms to the able Paris newspaper, "*Le Temps*," and who is a critic of wide experience, thorough training, great acuteness, and uncompromising honesty.

The personality which to the majority of strangers would probably now be the most interesting in the company of the *Théâtre Français* is Mademoiselle Croizette. She it was who gave to the death-scene of M. Octave Feuillet's most unpleasant play so realistic a flavor, the fame of which crossed the Atlantic and made the name of the actress familiar in America. Mlle. Sophie Croizette is a child of the stage; her grandfather was dramatic author and actor and manager; his daughter (her mother) was a dancer. Her father was a Russian, and she was born in St. Petersburg about thirty years ago. She shows in her acting

a certain strange savor of her Slav ancestry as well as an airy coquetry truly Parisian. Her mother, who had in all three daughters, did not wish any of them to go on the stage; she has received two-thirds of her wish,—one of her daughters has quietly married a merchant, another is the wife of M. Carolus Duran, the artist; and only the third went on the stage, where she has won a remarkable success. She was carefully educated as a governess, passing with honors the government examinations and gaining a knowledge of music and a mastery of the piano which have been of great service to her since. The severity of the examinations broke down her health and she had a long sickness. Even after this she still looked too young and too slight to be trusted with the important work of teaching. She could find nothing to do. Her two sisters married and she was left alone restless at her uselessness. An intimate friend of her mother's, a retired actress, constantly talking about the stage, awakened what speedily became an irresistible desire, and at last by the aid of M. Bressant, then the leading actor of the *Théâtre Français*, but now retired, she was admitted to the Conservatory. In France no one thinks of taking to the stage hastily and acting in "*The Hunchback*" or "*Romeo and Juliet*" after half a dozen lessons. The difficulties of the art of acting are better appreciated there, and the preparatory work of a pupil at the Conservatory is long and toilsome. Mlle. Croizette remained there two years, being graduated at last with the first prize—which opened to her the doors of the *Théâtre Français*. Just at this time "*Frou-frou*" was seeking an actress for its heroine, and the authors and the manager of the *Gymnase Dramatique*, where it was to be produced, thought they saw in Mlle. Croizette the actress that the part required. But the *Comédie Française* conquered; Mlle. Croizette was engaged at an annual salary of eighteen hundred francs, which was raised to three thousand four hundred the night of her first appearance. "*Frou-frou*" found a finer interpreter than the raw novice could then have been, in the late Mlle. Desclée, by far the greatest actress of the last ten years, whose early death is deeply to be deplored by all lovers of the dramatic art. For two years Mlle. Croizette played various parts in the regular repertory—the thirty or forty or even at times more plays, some of which are acted two or three nights a week to give relief to the monotony of the current

novelty. In January, 1873, she was elected an associate, and in July came her first opportunity and she made the most of it. The play was but one single little act long, but this was enough. It was the "Été de la St. Martin" of MM. Meilhac and Halévy, the authors of "Frou-frou," who had compounded for her a part of singular and seductive grace. The first performance was a decided success.

After a rather more important part in M. Augier's drama made from the fine novel, "Jean de Thommeray," of his friend M. Jules Sandeau (using with most picturesque effect the Franco-Prussian war as a background), a part in which she was again successful, Mlle. Croizette was intrusted with the leading part in M. Octave Feuillet's peculiar play, the "Sphinx." The part was identical with the rather romantic heroine of any other of M. Feuillet's plays, but Mlle. Croizette endowed it with a nameless fascination, a subtle and almost barbaric color, serving as a fit preface for the curious catastrophe. The motto of Mlle. Croizette is *à outrance*—to the death, to the bitter end; and the style in which she treated the final scene of M. Feuillet's play, shows how she acted up to her motto. The plot required that she should die by poison, and the author intended no undue dying struggle, but a quiet and simple death. Mlle. Croizette elaborated the situation into a "sensation" which made a pecuniary success for the play, although it degraded the play-house by turning it for a time into a chamber of horrors. There was in the theater a general feeling of disgust at the spectacle, and one sharp hiss was heard, but, as has been said, the death-scene was the "sensation" of the piece, which it saved from dying of inanition. It was town-talk, and it gave to the actress a notoriety which has attracted to her and to her subsequent parts an attention which her merits, real and remarkable as they are, would never have sufficed to attract. Since the "Sphinx," Mlle. Croizette has appeared in several old plays and in one new part, the *Duchess* in M. Dumas's "Étrangère." In this she has eschewed sensational devices; she embroiders it with no clap-trap and catch-penny tricks; relying for success purely on her undoubted histrionic powers, she has gained another triumph not as loud-sounding as its predecessor, but more worthy and probably more appreciated by the actress herself.

When Edwin Forrest was in Europe in 1834 and 1835, he was called upon by the

manager of a Paris theater to give his opinion of an actor of whom the manager had great hopes. Forrest attended the performance and told the manager afterward that the actor could never rise above respectable mediocrity. "But that Jewish-looking girl," he added, "that little bag of bones with the marble face and the flaming eyes,—there is demoniacal power in her. If she lives, and does not burn out too soon, she will become something wonderful." The prediction was fulfilled, for the Jewish-looking girl, the little bag of bones, was afterward known to the whole world as Rachel. For years after the death of Mlle. Rachel, there was no one to take her place at the Théâtre Français; there was no one to breathe into the hollow masks of French tragedy the breath of life, and to animate them into existence by the might of her genius. For years her place was vacant. But of late an aspirant has presented herself, whose claim for the honor is allowed by many of the most enlightened critics. The new-comer is also a little bag of bones, and has a Jewish-looking face. Like Rachel, Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is a Jewess. Her mother was of Dutch birth; her father was a Frenchman. She was educated in a convent, whence she was four times expelled for the trifles there regarded as mortal sins. It was only the tears and the singular charm of the child which conquered the hearts of the gentle sisters and opened to her again and again the doors of the convent, from which she finally was graduated with many a prize. Once outside its walls and able to think of her future, she declared passionately her intention of being a nun,—“unless,” she added, after a second's pause, “unless I am an actress.” They sent her to the Conservatory. In due course of time she was graduated, and was engaged at the Théâtre Français. Here it was the usual story: there were but few parts for the beginner to make any impression on the public. Added to which, the impression made on the players by this reckless and restless personality was not altogether favorable; and when at last, for some good reason or other, she slapped the face of an associate,—and an associate, too, of the fair and unforgiving sex,—it was high time for her to leave the Comédie Française, and she left it. After wandering here and there, even playing for a while in a spectacular play at the Porte St. Martin Theatre, she at last made an engagement at the Odéon Theatre, an establishment fostered by the government,

partly as a nursery for the Théâtre Français. There she first appeared in 1867, and there she remained, playing parts of increasing importance, until, in 1872, she was again engaged at the Théâtre Français, to which she returned surrounded by a halo of eccentricity, and the heroine of a thousand anecdotes. She entered the theater under protest, as it

Mlle. Bernhardt played suffering and forgiving virtue; and, in the eyes of the best judges, the real triumph of the evening was hers. The noisy clamor was for Mlle. Croizette; the artistic success was Mlle. Bernhardt's. Her reputation began to grow rapidly. The fortunate revival of various tragedies, notably the "Zaire" of Voltaire,



SOPHIE CROIZETTE (FROM THE PAINTING BY CAROLUS DURAN, FORMERLY AT THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION).

were, and at first failed. She had against her the regular supporters of the theater, who regarded her eccentricities as but devices for notoriety, and she had few friends behind the curtain. But she fought her own battles, acting up to her motto—"*Quand-même.*" Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt, like Rachel consumed by an inward fire, like Rachel again, believed in herself. And in time her turn came. In the "Sphinx," in which Mlle. Croizette played the vicious heroine, and made the judicious grieve,

gave her opportunities of which she made the best. She gave to tragedy a fire and a fervor to which it has been unused since Rachel had doffed the mantle of Melpomene. At last she dared even the memory of her great predecessor, and, as the "Phèdre" of Racine,—perhaps the greatest of Rachel's great parts,—she won her greatest triumph. It is a hard and trying part; doubly hard for so feeble an organization, debilitated by constant sickness. Dominating her weak body by sheer force of will,

although she may spit blood and faint after each act, as she has done again and again, she never gives in. After "Phèdre" and "Zaire" came two new tragedies, "La Fille de Roland," and "Rome Vaincue," in each of which she bore off the honors. And in M. Dumas' "Étrangère" she again found herself face to face with Mlle. Croizette, and again bore off the crown of victory. But it is in tragedy that she is most remarkable. In the flowing and floating draperies of the mediæval or antique heroines, her long, thin figure gains dignity—for she is very thin; so thin, indeed, that the wits of the papers say she once escaped from robbers by hiding behind her riding-whip. It is in tragedy, too, that the marvelous and crystalline purity of her voice is most apparent. The unconscious beauty of her silver tones lend to the rhyming Alexandrines of French tragedy a value which they themselves do not always deserve. "You cannot praise her for reciting poetry well," says M. Théodore de Banville, a poet learned in meters and rhythms; "she is the Muse of Poetry itself. A secret instinct moves her. She recites verse as the nightingale sings, as the wind sighs, and as the water murmurs."

When she left the convent she hesitated between being a nun or an actress. When she was at last an actress, and perhaps the foremost in France, she suddenly felt that she had missed her vocation, and that she was really intended for a sculptor. She called for modeling-clay and the tools of the trade; she took a few lessons, and a year or two ago the annual Exhibition was enriched by a colossal group of hers,—a mother with a dead child in her arms, tragic and severe in its poetry. She passes all her days in her studio when she is not rehearsing or riding rapidly on horseback; but already, in spite of her success as a sculptor, has she turned her ever restless intellect to the sister art of painting. Hers is the poetic spirit, from which much more may reasonably be expected than from the realistic instinct of her rival, Mlle. Croizette.

The coming of Mlles. Bernhardt and Croizette has had the effect of pushing somewhat into the background Mlle. Favart, who for ten years or more had worthily held the head of the company. Time will not wait or go more slowly even for the leading lady of the leading theater of the world, and Mlle. Favart is beginning to discover that youth is even better than experience. Was it not Mrs. Siddons who said that no woman ever knew enough to play

"Juliet" until long after she was too old to look it? Mlle. Favart is an actress of consummate art, but she is no longer young enough to look the juvenile heroines she is otherwise so competent to act; and, wiser in her generation than Mlle. Mars,—who held on with a grip of iron to the girlish parts she had played for forty years until at last some heartless ruffian threw a wreath of immortelles upon the stage at her feet,—Mlle. Favart is of late beginning to accept the inevitable. She is therefore taking up parts in which her skill and experience will tell—parts like the mother in Mme. de Girardin's touching little play, "La Joie fait Peur" (Irished for us by Mr. Boucicault as "Kerry; or, Night and Morning"). Mlle. Favart has thus passed from the playing of the heroines to the playing of the hero's mother, a step which Mlle. Mars, as has been said, could never be induced to take.

Among the other ladies of the Comédie Française are Mlle. Jouassain, who plays comic old women, and Mlle. Madeleine Brohan, daughter and sister of actresses like her, charming, beautiful and witty, having indeed her full share of the well-known wit of the family, and bearing as proudly as they the family motto, "*Brohan suis*." As the old Rohan declared, "*Roi ne puis; Prince ne daigne; Rohan suis*," so, paraphrasing this, Mlle. Brohan said at her first appearance, "*Mars ne puis; Plessy ne daigne; Brohan suis*." Plessy and Mars, it may be noted, were the leading actresses of the Théâtre Français in Mlle. Brohan's younger days.

Besides these elderly ladies there is a bevy of younger beauties,—not all of them beauties either, but nearly all graduates of the Conservatory, with native talent, good training, and high hopes. Chief among them is Mlle. Suzanne Reichemberg, the leading *ingénue*, if a French word may be used which has no exact English equivalent. An *ingénue* is the fresh and innocent young girl unawakened as yet to the wickedness of the world,—a character French authors are fond of drawing, and therefore frequent in French dramatic literature from Molière's day to ours. Mlle. Baretta plays the same line of parts, but she lacks the largeness of style which characterizes Mlle. Reichemberg's acting in the classic comedies. Nor is Mlle. Reichemberg confined to the old plays; her greatest success has been as *Suzel* in the "Friend Fritz" of MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, a part which her Alsatian ancestry may have helped her to fill satisfactorily. Mlle. Baretta's dainty and delicate ways, which



SARAH BERNHARDT.

lend a charm to pretty little plays of our day, are at fault in the fuller and freer outlines of the older plays, and in these Mlle. Reichemberg is easily the superior.

Having thus, as in duty bound, made way for the ladies, it remains to speak of the gentlemen. Certain of them do not call for elaborate mention,—M. Maubant, for instance, who plays with stately dignity the kings of lordly and loud-sounding tragedy; and M. Frédéric Febvre, who, since his success in “Friend Fritz,” has, in the “Étrangère” of M. Dumas, given a vigorous and vivid portrait of the American, who is the *deus ex machina* of that melodramatic comedy, a portrait flattering to American vanity. Perhaps even M. Mounet-Sully, the very remarkable young man who plays the fiery and impassioned heroes of drama and tragedy, is really not as deserving of detailed description as M. Febvre, who may be—indeed is—the truer artist. And besides, M. Mounet-Sully, though less of an artist than M. Febvre, has greater natural gifts. He is the born actor, not the made actor, and certainly not the actor who is both

born with great genius and strengthened by study and skill. He can act merely as he feels, and his feelings change from day to day. He rarely plays the same part twice alike, and this is a sure sign of imperfect art; for when an actor has once found the proper emphasis, the proper tone, and the proper gesture for a phrase, he should always seek to give the phrase just that emphasis, just that tone, and accompany it by just that gesture. At one time he may be able to do it more effectively than another, but he should always try to do this. To this fundamental principle of the art of acting, which all great actors have complied with, M. Mounet-Sully cannot conform. He cannot think out a part in all its details and gain a mechanical mastery over them, leaving his mind free to the full effect of his emotion. He is only good when the part exactly suits his oriental and barbaric, and somewhat ferocious, temperament. In modern comedy, in the drama of every-day life, he would be insupportable. M. Émile Augier gave him the leading part in his “Jean de Thommeray,” and had great difficulty in drilling him in the necessary action of the part. What he acquired to-day he lost to-morrow. “Great heavens!” cried the exasperated author at last, “try to have a little less genius and a little more talent!”

It is hardly possible to imagine a greater contrast to the impulsive M. Mounet-Sully



SARAH BERNHARDT (SKETCHED BY HERSELF).



MARIA FAVART, IN "PAUL FORESTIER."

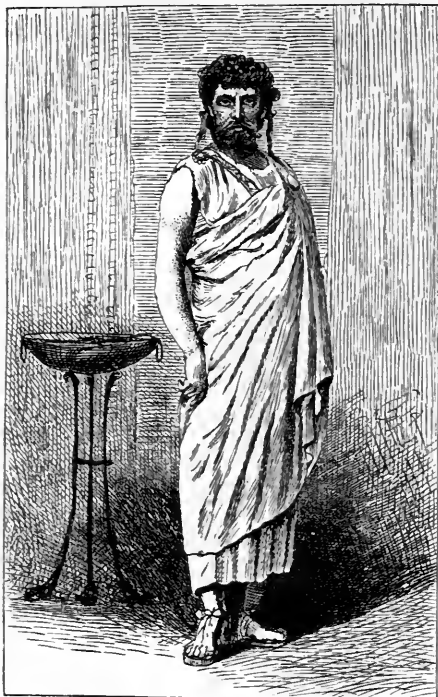
than the tender and poetic M. Delaunay. It is the contrast of art and nature. And, on the stage, what is needed is not nature, raw and fresh, but art; that is to say, nature artistically revealed and presented. A more perfect artist than M. Delaunay it would be hard to find. He plays the young lovers, the Orlandos who hang sonnets on trees, and breathe tender messages of love to the whispering winds. He has a beautiful, clear, silvery voice, which he uses with great effect. He is good-looking, and he is young-looking. Although a little over fifty, no one who saw him for the first time in a youthful part would ever credit him with more years than the part called for. But he himself knows his advancing age, and he has already turned his attention to heavier parts, for which his skill and his natural gifts fit him, and which he would before have taken up had there been any one to replace him as the lighter lovers. There is no danger that he will ever be hissed for appearing in a part for which he was incapacitated by senility, no danger that the shrill sound will make him come to the foot-lights as once it did Mlle. Mars, to say in self-defense "Messieurs,

Mlle. Marie"—her part in the play—"is but sixteen years old. Mlle. Mars, alas! is sixty!" M. Delaunay is seen at his best in the elegant and light-headed lovers, like the hero of Molière's "Etourdi," or in the quick-witted and lying lovers, like the hero of Corneille's "Menteur,"—a hero, this last, whom we have had preserved for us here by Mr. Lester Wallack's clear-cut performance in Mr. Charles Matthews's reduction of Foote's "Liar." It is in these richly endowed and poetically imagined characters that he is most at ease, and this suggests the other side of the medal. He is always ideal, and rarely real in the sense of to-day. He is best in the graceful mantle of classic comedy. He is even almost ill at ease in the frock coat and trowsers of hard and complex modern comedy. Indeed, he is not modern. Even in a comedy of the nineteenth century he cannot rid himself of the grace and the charm and the amplitude of the comedy of the seventeenth century.

And in this respect, he is in complete contrast with M. Got, who is the first comic actor of the Théâtre Français. M. Got seizes on the modernness of a part, accentuates it, and gives you a palpitating actual-



FEEVRE IN "L'AMI FRITZ."



MOUNET-SULLY, IN "ANDROMAQUE."

ity, as the French call it, meaning thereby a pertinence to the things of to-day. But when the part is not modern, when it is a figment of the imagination, a fantastic fashioning, M. Got gives full play to his own abundant fantasy, and revels in the rich humor and the rioting farce. When he has to copy reality, he copies it with an exactness and a relief simply astonishing. And it is in parts of this class that he has made his greatest successes. The authority over the public which he now exerts was not gained without toil and weary waiting. He was a charity scholar, taking prizes by hard work, until an insult from a coarse superior made him give up his studies, and, at the age of eighteen, take to journalism. Then he went to the Conservatory, winning a prize with an annual allowance, which stopped when he was graduated with the highest honors. For a time he supported himself as a book-seller's hack, until he drew a bad number in the conscription and fell into the ranks, a private in the army. Eight months later he was a sergeant. This not satisfying his ambition, he applied for permission to make a first appearance as the Comédie Française, to which his prize at the Conservatory entitled him. His first

appearance was a bad failure. Two days later, he read in a paper a slashing article on his acting, and by accident the same night he met the writer of it, one Charles Maurice, a clever free lance, or freebooter rather, whose weapon was ever for sale.

"Well, young man," said he to Got, "why have you not been to see me? In France it is customary for an artist to call on a writer, to thank him for kindly criticism."

"In fact, sir," said Got, "I am poor and I have no money to pay the *claque*." (The *claque* is the French term for the body of hired applauders which are regularly employed in all French theaters—even the Théâtre Français, though it has recently been reported that this theater is ridding itself of this disgrace.) The venomous journalist never forgave the actor; he was Got's bitterest enemy—to Got's great profit, for, as he told M. Sarcy, "Maurice had a marvelous skill in finding weak places and an incomparable meanness in railing at them. I corrected myself of many a fault by reading his criticism, and it cost me nothing. It was all clear gain." This shows just what stuff the actor was made of; he criticised himself, he toiled, he studied, he improved; and



DELAUNAY, IN "LE MENTEUR."



GOT, IN "MAÎTRE PATHELIN."

when M. Augier wrote his "Effrontés," M. Got, who had in the meantime met with not a few successes, attained an overwhelming triumph. From philosophic comedy to the most extravagant farce is a wide range, but M. Got takes it all in. No more thoughtful, contemplative actor exists anywhere, but in farce he carries absurdity to the very climax of extravagance without once losing his grip of himself or his audience. One of the best of his parts of this kind is in "Maître Pathelin," the oldest specimen of French dramatic literature, which with a few modifications has been set again on the stage. An earlier version was adapted for English use in the last century, under the title of "The Village Lawyer," and a modification of this holds the American stage to-day as "The Great Mutton Trial." It is from this old, old farce that we get our familiar quotation "*Revenons à nos moutons.*"

The actor who shares with M. Got the more comic parts is M. Coquelin. It is hard to say which is the greater. M. Got is the elder soldier and has therefore been first considered. M. Coquelin has greater natural advantages. For one thing he has a voice of extraordinary strength and brilliancy—he plays each of his parts in a

different key, a different color, as it were, and when he has once begun he gives it no further thought, so thoroughly has training made it obedient to his will. M. Coquelin has youth—he is not forty; he has fire and fervor; he has a quick intelligence and great ambition; he has studied hard and in the best school; but the quality which strikes one at first hearing him is his ringing and sonorous voice, reveling in trumpet notes and rolling out a long speech with unbroken felicity.

The technical name of one line of parts which Coquelin fills with a rushing gayety, is the *valets de Molière*, the serving men of Molière's plays. After Coquelin, who was the son of a baker, had been graduated from the Conservatory and had entered the Français, he was assigned a part in a new play. His delight was but short, for the author, to oblige an old actor, Provost, gave it to Provost's son. To console Coquelin for his disappointment, the manager gave him, novice as he was, the choice of a part. He chose *Figaro*, a valet, in the "Marriage of Figaro," and for four acts he was so frightened that everything failed him; but in the fifth act he recovered himself and



COQUELIN AÎNÉ, IN "LES FACHEUX."

conquered his audience, and from that time to this no one has disputed his title to the whole line of valets. Nor must it be thought that the valets are not esteemed; indeed it has been well said that at the Théâtre Français the valets are masters,—for the actor who plays the comic servants in Molière's comedies is acting the very parts that great dramatist wrote for his own acting. In many other parts in Molière's plays and others, Coquelin has been successful, imprinting on each a definite individuality.

Of late, M. Coquelin has chosen to try for tears as well as laughter. They lie perilously close together. But the actor knew his powers and won new laurels in a new field. Some of the best of his later parts mingle tears and smiles,—notably "Tabarin." In the play he is represented as married, and he and his wife belong to a company of mountebanks. The great scene of the piece shows us the stage of the strolling company, with *Tabarin* playing the part of a deceived and abandoned husband. While he is amusing the crowd with his droll grief he discovers that his wife actually has eloped. His feeling breaks at once through the paint of the clown, and he weeps real tears, but the silly crowd applaud only the more, and cannot see the breaking heart beneath. It may be imagined what opportunity such a part affords to an actor, and what advantage M. Coquelin takes of it. But his ambition grows apace, and he does not confine himself to any one line of characters; he recently drafted a drama for himself in which he was to act a young and self-sacrificing hero. "Jean Dacier," a play of the French revolution devised by the actor, but written by M. Charles Lomon, showed him making love and dying for love; and in it the actor-author carried off a double victory. In M. Dumas' "Étranger" he is shown in still another class of character: here he is a villain of the deepest dye. But perhaps he is seen at his best in the rich comic characters of Molière's noble comedies, in the inventive valet of the "Etourdi," the timid servant of "Don Juan," or in the three or four different parts he chooses to play in "Les Facheux." Upon him more than upon any one other rests the future of classic comedy at the Théâtre Français.

Finally, mention must be made of Reg-

nier, not so much for the services he has rendered during a long life devoted to his profession, as for the services he still performs in fitting actors for the stage. Regnier is a professor of the art, and a kind of jurisconsult in the republic of the drama. Both Got and Coquelin have been his pupils, and few novices attempt to face an audience without lessons or at least advice from the veteran actor. Regnier retired with high



REGNIER, IN "LA JOIE FAIT PEUR."

honors a few years ago, after an active connection with the Théâtre Français of thirty-seven years. Poorly gifted by nature, he supplied the lack of voice and expressiveness of feature by hard work; hence he has a weakness for those of his pupils whose persons have not been favored by Providence, but who are endowed with intelligence and perseverance. His reputation was won as an actor of comic parts; his *début*, in 1835, at the Français, was as *Figaro*; but later in life he aspired to more serious characters and made his mark as a pathetic actor.

HOW UNCLE GABE SAVED THE LEVEE.



UNCLE GABE TELLS THE STORY.

"'Fo' de lord, disher is jist outdacious," said old Uncle Gabe, as with a notched cypress-stick tightly held between his thumb and forefinger he slowly stumbled along the levee toward a group of men who stood upon it, gazing silently and disconsolately at the waste of waters before them. The River, never more worthy than now of being written with a capital R, was at extreme flood height, and the frail line of the levee, which had apparently dwindled to a mere thread, seemed a most pitiful and ineffectual barrier for the protection of the broad fields, already plowed and planted, against the expanse of waters that literally overhung them. The scene was one of sublimity and beauty. The great stream, silent in irresistible strength, swept rapidly by in its perpetual march to the sea; a gentle breeze ruffled its surface with thousands of tiny wavelets, which as far as the eye could reach flashed back the sunlight, partially disguising the reddish hue that the Arkansas imparted to the usual dirty, yellow-brown of the Mississippi; for the Arkansas was "booming" and had added the vast volume of its floods to the already surcharged channels of the mighty river. The opposite banks showed the tender green of the dense

cotton-wood copse growing on the sand-bar, or "tow-head,"—so called in the vernacular of that amphibious region,—fringing the shore, and relieving the deeper hues of the primeval forest beyond. Far up the river was visible a large steamboat, whose motion, noiseless at that distance, was marked only by the regular jets of white steam,—the respiration of what might be likened to a huge living and sentient being. Still beyond, and above the heavy line of forest that cut off the view, the pure blue of the sky was stained by black columns of smoke rising further and further, as the steamers which emitted them climbed steadily up the strong current. Here and there, on the broad bosom of the river, were scattered several flat-boats and from one of them proceeded the faint tones of a fiddle with which some musical boatman was trying to beguile the dismal tedium of the long voyage.

"Jist outdacious!" repeated Uncle Gabe with emphasis. "I'se be'n in disher disolute country nigh 'pon five an' thirty year,—eber sence dey brung me yere from ole Limestun County in de Yallabam,—an' I knows de ole ribber like a book, but I aint neber seed no sich doin's afore now. Disher missible ole ribber done riz inch an' a half,

plumb water, sence I put out dis mark las' night, when de elenyards done sot.* *Neber seed* de like sence I be'n born, an' I done be'n yere all through de forty-fours, an' de fifties, an' de fifty-eights, an' all dem high-water years. *Neber seed* de like. Done got as high as eber she kin to save her life, an' *den* rise inch an' a half, plumb water, sence de elenyards done sot. Dere aint no coun-tin' on no sich missible ribber as disher, no how you kin fix it." And Uncle Gabe cast upon the Mississippi a look of ineffable disgust, without however any appreciable effect, for the great river, affluent with the tribute of a thousand flooded streams might well disdain the disapproval of the old African.

"When did you set out the mark, Uncle Gabe?" asked Mr. Fanshawe, in no little mystification, taking the stick from the hand of the old man and gazing earnestly at it, as if that would mend the matter.

"When de elenyards done sot," repeated Uncle Gabe.

As this reply evidently failed to enlighten, another of the negroes explained in this wise:

"Yah—yah!—Dat ar ole fool niggah can't tell de time o' night by de watch like folks, Mr. Fanshawe; he go by de stars,—tinks he know 'bout de stars! Yah! I seed him set out dat mark las' night, an' it was half-past eight o'clock by my watch," and Ben ostentatiously produced one of those cheap silver watches, so favorite an investment with the colored population during the first few years after the war.

"Fool niggah yo'se'f!" retorted Uncle Gabe in some heat. "I knowed de time o' night by de elenyards, an' de Job's coffin, an' sich like, 'fore you eber seed a watch. Fool niggah like you, soon as he done sot free, buy tin watch f'om Jew peddler, an' steal hoss-pistol f'om somebody or nuther, an' den think he done sot up for ebermo'. Dunno inside o' watch f'om outside—all Dutch to him. Yah! Yah!"

"Oh, stop that nonsense!" impatiently interposed Mr. King, who, with his partner, Tom Fanshawe, assisted at this improvised council of war. "You'd better get your spades and barrows and go to work on this levee right now, or you'll raise a derned sight more cat-fish than cotton bales this year."

* By this phrase Uncle Gabe means "since the setting of the 'Eli and Yard,'" which is the popular name of a portion of the constellation Orion—viz., the three stars in the belt and the row in the sword—so called because the two rows have the same relative proportion that those measures bear to each other. "Eli and Yard" is pronounced "Elenyards" by astronomers of African descent.

"Sunday!" sulkily remarked Ben, Uncle Gabe's antagonist. "I aint a-gwine to wuck on no levee o' Sunday fur nobody nor nuthin."

"If you don't," sharply rejoined King, "this plantation will be under water before sunset." He looked with no little anxiety into the objecting countenances of the other negroes who evidently participated in Ben's views of the Sabbath question. It was of the greatest importance to convert them from this theory, for they were the principal sub-tenants of the plantation,—the representative men of the numerous laborers who cultivated it,—in effect the physical force to be relied upon in the impending battle with the Mississippi River.

"Boys," coaxingly began Mr. King, in a tone utterly different from that in which he had just closed the horological and astronomical controversy—"Boys, I'll tell you what it is; we've got to fix up this Willow Slough piece of levee right now, or we go under world without end. Now, boys,"—most affectionately,—"*you* get up all the hands and spades and we'll put it through in six hours. We'll have plenty of whisky. I got a barrel off the packet when she landed last night."

He had struck the key-note of the controversy. There was no more to be said.

"Dat's de talk, Mr. King," broke in Uncle Gabe in cheerful accents. "We'll put her through as shore as shootin'—bound ter do it. Gora'mighty! I don't keer fur no sich water as dish yere. I tell you I'se seed de forty-fours, an' de fifties, an' de fifty-eights. *Dey* was high waters fur true; an' Sunday or no Sunday, I aint a-gwine ter stan' back fur no sich water as dish yere." And Uncle Gabe glanced with as much contempt on the great river as if the coming whisky had cast not its shadow but its substance before it into his capacious gullet. The other negroes acceded to the proposition with scarcely less alacrity, but Ben put in a sort of private protest by saying to Mr. Fanshawe as he turned to leave the levee:

"I tell ye what it is, I don't like dis Sunday wuck; it'll fetch bad luck, shore's you're bawn. Dat ar ole fool niggah," he continued, pointing at Uncle Gabe, who was hurrying toward the quarters with unwonted speed,—"*dat* ar ole fool niggah would go to hell an' back ag'in fur a drink o' whisky; an' ef he'd wuck half as much as he talks we'd hab a levee here higher 'n dem ar cypress-trees. I tell ye, Boss, *I'se* de feller fur de wuck; *dat* ar ole fool aint fit fur nothin' but gab."

And Ben with his comrades followed his ancient rival, leaving the two white men still standing on the levee.

The little colored community of the Gracie plantation suffered all the evils of a divided sovereignty and was rent with dissension. The old residents who had formed part of the "force" before the war, and from habit, interest, or inertia, had remained upon it after emancipation, being of conservative tendencies, found a suitable leader in Uncle Gabe; while the new-comers, a medley from all points of the compass, gradually fell under the control of the more progressive Ben. On this occasion, however, the factions were united, less, perhaps, by the imminence of the danger than by the cohesive power of whisky. When therefore the alarm notes of the great plantation bell (a relic of *ante-bellum* days) rang out upon the air, the laborers responded to the summons and to the exhortations of their respective leaders and straggled to the scene of their Sunday work.

These were anxious days in ——— Bend, and indeed through the whole swamp country of the Mississippi. That unique region was now in the very agonies of one of its annual crises. Everybody knows that when the spring floods of the great valley have aggregated into the immense "inland sea" of the lower Mississippi, the fertile plateau on each side of the river is only rendered tillable, and indeed habitable, by the levee. But everybody does not know the peculiar perils which environ the agriculturist in this region. In their best estate these levees, varying from three to twenty feet perpendicular height, were inadequate, although they had been gradually and annually improved, until all public works as well as private enterprises were suspended by the war. Peace found the country in a most disorganized condition, and among other misfortunes the levees had been broken and washed away to such an extent as to render cotton planting an extremely hazardous adventure. Much of the land remained uncultivated for several years, and in the most eligible localities it was evidence of immense financial nerve for any capitalist to invest his money even in a hopeful and well-considered enterprise of this character. So large, however, were the possible profits—the lands being the very cream of the cotton belt and a full crop at the high prices then current representing a great deal of money—that, notwithstanding the extra hazards, many plantations were cultivated

on a scale commensurate with their former operations. The risk was in most cases divided. The capitalist furnished the money for the necessary outfit and expenses, the expert his time and experience, and the laborers their work, hoping to share the large profits of a propitious season. The dangers to be encountered before success could be attained were very exceptional. Besides the hazards incident to all agricultural operations, the chance of overflow in the spring and early summer was a contingency which might well bring the most sanguine to a thoughtful pause. An overflow is generally conclusive of the question of profit; the water in such case covers the whole of the lands for weeks and often for months, and when it finally retires the season is too far advanced for the plantations to produce a crop worthy of the name. The worst point is that whenever the country is threatened by a "water" of unusual magnitude, the imperfect condition of the levee and the inability of the people to add materially to their protection by work upon it, render them almost passive subjects of the contingencies of the season, and they can only "patch" a little here and there and watch and wait the fate which the river and the chapter of accidents may have in store for them. The perils menacing the levee are manifold: the weight of the water; the waves raised by wind-storms or even caused by the paddles of passing steamers; the frequent leaks, especially those produced by the craw-fish,—an indefatigable sapper and miner whose tiny tunnels, if not promptly closed, speedily enlarge into a crevasse; and sometimes, as if these forces of nature are not enough, is to be added the malignity of human enemies, who, actuated by personal hostility or general malice, purposely cut the levee and overwhelm whole counties in undistinguished ruin.

The Gracie plantation, which was large and well furnished with buildings, fences etc., was under the control of two men who had leased it for a term of years. One of these, Mr. Fanshawe,—a new-comer in the country,—had been smitten after the close of the war with "cotton on the brain," a disease very prevalent in those days, and had embarked all the money he could command in the undertaking. His partner, Ned King, who was thoroughly familiar with cotton culture and with river life generally in its various phases, had to a much smaller pecuniary investment added his knowledge and experience. Up to this

time they had been very fortunate; they had secured an excellent corps of laborers, their lands were all planted in good season and condition, and but for the high water they would have been jubilant in the assurance of success. As it was, they stood grimly enough on the levee watching in silence the great river which, visibly swollen and elevated in the center of the channel, gave unmistakable promise of rising yet higher. Besides the obvious dangers, they were oppressed by a consciousness that they had also to contend with human, or, as they considered it, diabolical, malignity, having received information that on the preceding night at the Gasper plantation, five miles below, an attempt had been made to cut the levee. It had been thwarted by a prompt discovery, and the outlaw had made his escape in a canoe, not, however, before he had been shot at and had had the "infernal impudence," as Fanshawe expressed it, to return the fire.

The still rising water and the sodden, leaking, and almost melting levee caused them grave solicitude, but as the weather was fine and the air still, they had good hope that they might escape from the legitimate dangers of their position. They feared, however, almost to the degree of panic, the nameless unknown foe who could select his point of attack anywhere for miles and miles up and down the river, and in the dead of night, with a few strokes of a spade cut a ditch that in ten minutes would become a crevasse through which the water, roaring like a cataract, would sweep, submerging plantations by scores and hundreds, destroying property by millions of dollars and reducing to enforced idleness the population of fertile and productive counties.

While the partners were silently meditating on the perils of the situation, the laborers had been collected and after not a little delay and vociferation had set fairly to work knee-deep in the slush at the base of the Willow Slough levee. As Fanshawe and King joined the party they were assailed with a general shout, "Whar's dat whisky?" A messenger was at once dispatched for that indispensable sinew of the war they were waging and upon its arrival the work went bravely on till even in King's critical judgment the Willow Slough levee was safe. "For the present, at least," he added.

The repairs had been commenced about nine o'clock in the morning, and, as the setting sun shed its broad glare over the

waste of waters, the troop of laborers, having received a final "jigger" of whisky, wended their way homeward in high spirits, oblivious of Sunday, and waking the echoes with their rude minstrelsy:

"Big black bull come down de meadow,
Hooshum Johnny—Hooshay!
Shake his tail he jar de ribber,
Hooshum Johnny—Hooshay!"

Night came on moonless but clear; the light breeze had utterly died away and the broad river reflected the stars without a dimple. The serenity of the evening found however no counterpart in the minds of the two planters, for night brought neither relief from anxiety nor cessation from labor. The usual guard on the levee, allowed by the commissioner and paid out of the levee fund, was re-enforced by King and Fanshawe in person and by half a dozen of their most trusty men who had been induced to add the night watch to the day's work. Among these, bearing a shot-gun and a spade, was Uncle Gabe, who was assigned to his post of duty, and, after receiving sundry special admonitions from King, walked slowly down the levee.

Now, Uncle Gabe believed strongly in himself, relying in no small degree upon his experience of five and thirty years in the country, and claiming the veneration due to the oldest inhabitant. He was a soliloquist, extremely addicted to communing with himself; and thus he spoke as he trudged along:

"Pears to me like white folks is mighty cur'ous. Dey's de grudgin'est people in dis worl'. Dey grudge black folks mos' eberyting, 'specially whisky. How'd Mr. King know I had any tickler o' whisky in my pocket? Had, shore nuff—but how he know it? Smelt it, I reckon, but Lord knows dere's be'n whisky 'nuff drunk yere to-day to smell it anywhar—walked inter his bar'l good fashion dis time, shore. Yah, yah! Grudge de whisky, and tell me I mus'n't drink a drap, nor bat my eye, an' watch fur dis, an' watch fur dat, an' what not, ez if I didn't know nuthin. I'se done be'n yere five an' thirty year, an' watched de levee 'fore he was knee-high to a duck. An' den he tell me long yarn 'bout how de water drowned de mules ober dar in Chicot, an' washed away de black folkses houses in Louisiany, an' 'bout de feller dat rode hundred miles down de bayou a-straddle de comb o' his house, an' all dat. Pack o' lies! I knowed disher Ned King 'fore de

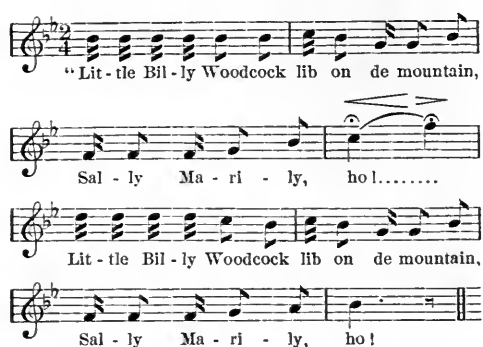
war; he run de ribber in dem days, was mud-clerk on de ole 'Bellair,' an' useter come ashore to medjer de wood when I wucked at de wood-yard down yander at de p'int. He warn't much more'n a boy den, but peart an' sassy for true. He's drunk a heap o' Mis'sippi Ribber water in his time, an' dat's what make him tell me sich a pack o' unaccountable lies. I hearn it fur a fack ever since I be'n in disher country, an' 'fore I come too, dat any man what drink Mis'sippi Ribber water neber tell de truf no mo' 'z long 'z he lib. An' I believes it. Dat's what make me drink whisky. When I can't git whisky, an' is jist *bleeged* ter drink water, I gits it out'n de cistern or de rain bar'l, or de ditch. I don't neber drink out'n disher ribber—neber! An' he talk like he war de on'y man what care 'bout de overflow. I seed overflow 'fore terday. Pretty bad, shore! Overflowed plantation aint wuth shucks. I'd ruther have a little farm in ole Limestun County in de Yallabam dan disher big plantation, ef 'twas under water; belly deep to a mule 'twould be in de shallerest place ef dis levee was ter break. An' den what ud we do fur rations? Nobody can't make no crap in de water, nohow you kin fix it. An' ef we can't make no crap, how'se we gwine ter git our rations? Can't git no rations 'thout makin' our crap. Nobody aint got no use fur no niggah what can't make no crap. Dat's sure thing. I'se been hearing 'bout deeshere swamp-lands eber sence I be'n yere, an' fore I come, too, in de Yallabam. My ole marster an' all de white folks in de ole slavery times useter brag 'bout de swamp-lands jist astonishin'. Hear 'em tell, a body'd think all you had ter do was ter plant one cotton seed an' turn 'round two or three times, an' den—pick out bale o' cotton. But ye has ter wuck yere like ye does anywhar else—ef ye don't, ye wont git no cotton. An' ye can't make no cotton in de water; an' ef ye don't keep de water out 'taint no use tryin'. An' he talk to me like I didn't know nuthin, an' say I mustn't set down to rest my bones not a minute, fur I'd be sure to go to sleep. Shucks! I'se wide awake myself, an' knows what I'm about; an' ef dat levee-cuttin' feller come prowling 'round yere, I'll shot him, shore."

In this frame of mind Uncle Gabe took up his position, and for several hours traversed the space assigned to him with most commendable diligence, re-enforcing his spirits from time to time with liberal pulls at his bottle.

Midnight came and went, and still no sound was heard save the croak of innumerable frogs—the inhabitants of the Willow Slough and similar localities. Uncle Gabe's tickler was nearly exhausted, he was growing exceedingly lonesome and tired. The monotonous voices of the night were soporific in the extreme, and in an evil moment his eye fell upon a pile of barrows and a broad plank, lying on the side of the levee, left there after the day's work had been done. It was not a very inviting bed, certainly, but Uncle Gabe was not particular.

"I'se gwine ter lay down on dat ar plank 'bout one minute, ef it kills me," said he.

To Uncle Gabe's infinite amazement, he was suddenly standing in a splendid hall, of great width and almost immeasurable length, the paneled walls of which, painted china-white, were relieved by numerous pilasters and profuse moldings, ornamented with scarlet and gold—the whole resembled the gorgeous cabin of a first-class steamboat, immensely magnified. This similitude was rendered more striking by the gentle undulatory motion of the floor, which imparted itself to the numerous chandeliers, swaying to and fro, and throwing a brilliant light upon the scene. The air was filled with the most delicious music, proceeding from right and left, from above and below; but Uncle Gabe could discern no musician, nor indeed any other living being. "Mighty cur'ous, shore's you're born," quoth Uncle Gabe, perplexed in the extreme, and not a little frightened. But he stood still and listened. Like all of his race, he had great love for music, and the melody of the unseen performers fell upon most appreciative ears, but in his confusion he could not at first recognize the instruments. It was—yes, it was indeed the resonant vibration so familiar in old "Souf Ca'lina," where he was born; in the "Yallabam," where his youth was spent; and here, the home of his age. It was the banjo, or rather innumerable banjos, played in perfect accord and with unearthly skill, thrilling every nerve of his anatomy. "'Fo' de Lord," said Uncle Gabe, "whoever dey is, dey picks de banjer to kill." He listened entranced, as one after another resounded many melodies he had loved from childhood to hoary age; but when an old, old, and dear South Carolina tune of colonial origin burst upon the air, he could no longer restrain his enthusiasm, and broke into song.



"Hab a mighty buildin' right on de mountain,
Sally, Marily, ho!
Hab a mighty buildin' right on," etc.

"Red-bird, red-bird, same as de soger-man,
Sally, Marily, ho!
Red-bird, red-bird, same as de soger-man,
Sally, Marily, ho!"

"'Fo' de Lord, how dat do 'mind me of
ole Aunt Chaney! 'Pears like I kin see her
now!" exclaimed Uncle Gabe, in a fervor
of reminiscence.

"Owl, owl, same as de preacher-man,
Sally, Marily, ho!
Owl, owl," etc.

"Jay-bird, jay-bird, same as de lawyer,
Sally, Marily, ho!
Jay-bird, jay-bird," etc.

"Dat's de way to tell it," interpolated
Uncle Gabe, with the liveliest demonstra-
tions of delight.

"Black-bird, black-bird, same as de doctor,
Sally, Marily, ho!
Black-bird, black-bird, same as de doctor,
Sally, Marily, ho!"

At this point, Uncle Gabe became con-
scious that he was not alone. A being was
present whose proximity froze his blood and
congealed the music which was bubbling from
his lips. He could not see the apparition
distinctly, for it stood a little behind him,
on his left hand, and he could only catch a
glimpse out of the corner of his eye; then,
as he turned, it receded so that he could not
obtain a full view. What he did see, how-
ever, was sufficient to satisfy Uncle Gabe
of the character of his companion. As he
afterward solemnly asseverated, the stranger
wore horns—and hoofs—and had fiery blaz-
ing eyes—and a long barbed tail! in short,
was, to use Uncle Gabe's words, "de berry
ole debbil hisself!"

In a solemn voice the Fiend spoke:

"Cut this levee for me and you shall hear
this music all the rest of your days."

"Aint a-gwine ter cut no levee fur nuthin
an' nobody," replied Uncle Gabe, with a
courage that surprised him.

The Devil laughed scornfully.

"We'll see," he said. But Uncle Gabe
felt in some indefinable way that he had
successfully resisted, and that the Fiend was
gone.

The music continued, growing more en-
trancing every moment, and at length a
strain resounded that no African with the
soul of man in him can resist. Unable to
control his emotion, Uncle Gabe threw him-
self into the appropriate attitude and smiting
his thighs in accord with the air, he broke
into the well-known refrain:

"Oh! Juba! Oh! Juba!
Juba dis an' Juba dat,
An' Juba round de kettle o' fat—
Oh! Juba! Oh! Juba!"

The music waxed faster and faster, the
song louder and louder, and Uncle Gabe
flatted "Juba" with more and more unction
until utterly exhausted he sank upon the
floor, the room swam around and around
him, and the banjos ceased to sound.

When Uncle Gabe revived, he rose to his
feet, prepared for further marvels; for, by
this time, it was vaguely borne upon him
that he was dead, and that these were the
wonders of another sphere of existence. He
was ready to be astonished—and he was.
He had scarcely regained his feet before he
saw the further end of the hall open noise-
lessly, and there came into view a procession
of little tables which glided rapidly and
smoothly by without any visible means of
locomotion. On each table was a green,
willow-pattern dish, and, in each dish, was
a fine, fat, roasted 'possum, swimming in
gravy, and held in each 'possum's forepaws
was a big yam potato, oozing with sweet-
ness. Uncle Gabe's mouth watered, as he
looked; for, if he had a human weakness, it
was for roast 'possum. He glanced out of
the left corner of his eyes, but saw nothing;
then out of the right—the shape was there.
As before, the Devil spoke in a deep, sepul-
chral voice:

"Cut this levee for me, and you shall live
on these rations for ever."

Uncle Gabe had now waxed bold, for
we have it on high authority, that familiarity
breeds contempt; so he answered manfully:

"Mighty good rations, but I aint a-gwine
to cut no levee, an' I'se a-gwine to have my

'possum supper, too, 'thout cuttin' no levee, needer."

The Devil again laughed sardonically.

"We'll see," he said, and once more disappeared.

Table after table sped swiftly past Uncle Gabe.

"I'll cotch de nex' one, shore," he exclaimed, confidently and accordingly he plunged forward as it advanced. It swerved from its course, went rapidly by, and the 'possum winked knowingly at Uncle Gabe.

"'Fo' de' Lord!" he ejaculated. "Wha' sort o' comical 'possum dat ar?—wunk at me jist like folks. I'll make you squeal, ole feller, 'f ever I gits hold o' you."

He made a dive at the next table, with the like result; it too dodged, the 'possum winked and glided rapidly out of Uncle Gabe's longing sight.

"I aint a-gwine ter be beat out'n my 'possum supper disher sort o' fashion," said Uncle Gabe, resolutely, and as each table passed, he lunged toward it and failed to secure it, and each 'possum winked with demoniac glee, and Uncle Gabe grew more and more "'possum hongry" as he expressed it, and the more 'possum hongry he became, the less prospect of 'possum there seemed to be; for, although he plunged and grabbed with more and more fervor it was with the same invariable result, until at length he fell exhausted on the floor. The tables still moved rapidly by, each 'possum, as he passed, crawling up and peering over the side of the dish at the prostrate and baffled epicure, and not merely winking but grinning at him, and not only grinning, which, by the way, is the natural expression of that amiable animal, but laughing outright in such an elfish and unearthly manner that Uncle Gabe was at last fairly frightened and closed his eyes to keep out of view "dem debblish 'possums." When he again ventured to look up, the procession had passed; the tables, and the green willow-pattern dishes, and the roasted 'possums, and the luscious potatoes were all gone forever, and Uncle Gabe got no 'possum that night.

He rose to his feet, disconsolate and dismayed, and as he gazed wildly around him he became conscious of a new wonder; a strange change was taking place in the vast hall. With dumb amazement he beheld the walls gradually sink until the ornate capitals of the pilasters had disappeared and the transformation was complete. Behind the lines where each of the walls had stood was a highly varnished counter, and behind that

was another wall garnished with superb mirrors, with shelves loaded with decanters of every variety of liquors, and glasses, and oranges, and bananas, and boxes of cigars, and bottles of champagne and liqueurs, and every sort of fancy eatables and drinkables in endless profusion. There were visible also barrels of whisky of the true Cincinnati brands, the style of fluid which Uncle Gabe chiefly affected. All this magnificence was but the counterfeit presentment, infinitely magnified, of the splendid bars which Uncle Gabe had often seen on the fine boats on the river.

He gloated enraptured upon this profusion of liquid treasures and, already oblivious of his recent disappointment, was confident that he would surely get a drink out of this abundance. He was surprised that no bartender appeared behind the lustrous counter, but he approached and called. There was dead silence—no sound nor sign of living creatures or of any guardianship of all this wealth. Uncle Gabe called again and again, then growing bolder he reached over for a bottle; but his arm was too short, he could not touch it. Forgetful of the proprieties, he strove to climb over the counter, but that mysterious piece of furniture rose as he attempted to scale it. He fell back discomfited, and as he did so the counter receded to its pristine dimensions. "Gora-'mighty!" exclaimed Uncle Gabe. "Wha' sort o' rheumatics disher I got?—can't climb ober little counter fur ter git some whisky,—aint wuth shucks—gittin' ole fur true. Boun' I gits up dis time. 'Fo' de Lord, must have some dat ar whisky, shore." But notwithstanding his desperate struggles every attempt was as futile as the first, and he stood before the magic counter mopping his brow and gazing in bewilderment at the mysterious bar and the unattainable liquor. Suddenly he heard the same mocking laugh, and turning, saw from the corner of his eye the shape of the Fiend. Turning still further he beheld in the center of the vast hall a gigantic barrel, as large, Uncle Gabe afterward asseverated, as a steamboat. It was decorated, as was the style of Cincinnati whisky-barrels in those days, with a flaming red head, and from its spigot a stream of whisky, diffusing that odor so delicious to thirsty souls, flowed into a long trough which lay almost at Uncle Gabe's feet.

The Fiend spoke in the same weird and solemn tones:

"Cut this levee and this whisky shall flow for you forever more."

"Dunno nuthin 'bout cuttin' no levee," returned Uncle Gabe, evasively; "but I'se a-gwine ter hab a drink o' disher whisky ef it kills me," and suiting the action to the word, he threw himself on his hands and knees and with feverish haste thrust his face into the liquid. In an instant all was dark, the brilliant hall disappeared amid peals of demoniac laughter, and Uncle Gabe found himself sprawling on the ground with his head immersed in a very muddy rivulet which cascaded down the levee into the seep-water ditch at its base. "Ugh!" he spluttered. "Gora'mighty! wha' all disher water come f'om! Mis'sippi Ribber water, shore's yer born. 'Fo' de Lord, de levee done cut; debbil do it hisse'f!" and Uncle Gabe seized his gun and spade and scrambled to the top of the levee with an agility hardly to be expected from a man of his years. He saw a canoe or "dug-out," about forty or fifty yards from the land.

"Who dat?" he called out. "What you doin' yere, round disher levee?"

"Good-bye! Take care of yourself, old Stick-in-the-mud," was the jeering reply.

Uncle Gabe was now fully awake, and comprehending the situation he replied in great wrath, "I'll shot ye one time shore, ye derved sneakin' yalligator!" And with this compliment he fired at the retreating stranger, who promptly responded in kind, the ball whistling so close to Uncle Gabe's head that he sank down in fright, his feet slipped and he fell prostrate into the little ditch which had just been cut across the levee.

Meantime Mr. King, who had been standing about three hundred yards above, was startled by the report of a gun, then of a second; then came a dead silence followed by the heavy echo of the shots returning in a deep roar from up the river and down the river, and from across, and again from the heavy forests in the rear of the plantation. He hurried down with all possible speed and found, to his infinite amazement, the levee cut and Uncle Gabe sitting in the ditch, forming a very tolerable break-water and restraining for the present the eager impetuosity of the river.

"What's the matter, Uncle Gabe?" he asked with vehement expletives which may well be imagined.

"Debbil cut de levee his own se'f an' den went a-scootin' down de ribber in a dug-out."

"What devil, you old idiot?" asked King, still with superfluous phraseology.

"De shore nuff debbil. I seed him—had horns an' tail—shore nuff debbil—shore's yer born!"

As Mr. King examined the situation, a new and wild hope sprang up in him. By the light of the lantern he perceived that Uncle Gabe fitted into the ditch so perfectly that he served, for the time being, the purpose of closing the crevasse. He fervently exhorted the animated break-water to remain quite still till the hands could build a levee out in the water and permanently close the ditch.

"All right," replied Uncle Gabe, who, as he afterward stoutly averred, had comprehended the situation before Mr. King's arrival. "All right. I plug disher ditch wid myself, but you must git me out o' dis 'fore shortly, caze it's wet an' cold, fur true, an' I want some whisky *right now*."

When Fanshawe and half a dozen of the levee-watch arrived at the scene of the disaster, a short but very excited and vociferous consultation, enlivened by many profane ejaculations, was held touching the best mode of securing the levee. It was a very critical operation, because the excessive looseness of the soil caused it to give way on each side of Uncle Gabe, forming a little channel which, if not promptly closed, would soon grow into uncontrollable dimensions. As soon as Mr. King perceived this danger he threw off his overcoat and thrust it in on one side, calling to one of the hands for the means of securing the other:

"Bob, give me your blanket—quick!"

"Look yere, Mr. King, gwine pay me fur dat ar blanket?" asked Bob, reluctantly tendering the article.

"I'll pay you for forty blankets," replied King, as he impatiently seized it and converted it into a barrier against the water which was fast melting the levee by Uncle Gabe's side. Another blanket and three or four hats sufficed to insure the existing status until the arrival of the gunny-bags, which had been promptly sent for, should enable the working party to proceed *secundum artem* to close the crevasse.

The interval of waiting for those indispensable munitions seemed to both the planters utterly interminable, but at length the welcome alarm notes of the plantation bell broke upon the air in a rapid and very inartistic clang, for the messenger had been, of course, instructed to call the whole force of the place to the rescue. With the gunny-bags came therefore the entire available population of the quarters,—many more

hands indeed than could be employed in so restricted a space. Torches and watch-fires were hastily lit and shed an uncertain and variable light upon the scene, sufficing, however, with the aid of many lanterns, to enable the men to see what they were doing; and through it all was still heard the resounding clang of the great bell as if the ringer had forgotten to leave off or was convinced that he was by his tintinnabulation doing yeoman service.

The party at the levee worked like beavers, often knee-deep in mud and water, stimulated by the frantic appeals of the partners, who not only exhorted them to diligence by the most unsparing eloquence and reckless promises of money and whisky, but led the way in person with almost superhuman energy.

The night had grown darker. A mist brooded upon the waters, obscuring alike the stars and the glinting points of light which had been reflected on the swift current. It masked the familiar landmarks; the opposite banks were gone; the towering cypress-forest near at hand was but a dim shadow; the great river, vast and vague in the flickering gleams from the shore, flowed calmly on as if unconscious of the mischief it was threatening. The fires and torches of the toilers on the levee, showing in a sullen red glare against the darkness, were the only lights visible, until suddenly in the haze far down the river appeared a red and a blue gleam in close proximity, then at intervals a flash as of furnace fires. Beyond all question it was a steamer, heading directly for Gracie Landing.

"Ef dat ar steamboat come close in shore," said Bob, "her waves 'll run clean ober de top o' dis levee an' break it, whedder or no."

"Shucks!" retorted Ben. "Steamboat run across de bend in high water—ebery fool know dat."

"Mebbe she gwine land somewhar," suggested the alarmist.

"Mebbe she aint," said Ben.

"Never mind the steamboat and go on with your work," shouted Mr. Fanshawe, impatient of these conjectures but extremely nervous as to the course the steamer might take and ever and anon glancing at her lights, still directly approaching Gracie Landing. The moments sped by. She held her course steadily.

"Damn her!" exclaimed Fanshawe. "She is—yes—no, she isn't; she is shearing off to the crossing," and as he spoke the

boat began slowly to show her side-lights as her course was changed to cross to Paroli Point.

Fanshawe breathed a heavy sigh of relief and turned again to the work in hand. For a long time the issue was doubtful; so soaked, sodden, and leaky was the levee, that wherever the water could find a crevice through which it could trickle, the earth would melt like sugar and the hope of ultimate success would almost fade into despair. The gunny-bags were filled with earth and deposited outside the ditch, but their contents dissolved so rapidly, that it required an almost incredible number of bags to make any appreciable impression. At length, however, and as the first rays of the new day gilded the waters of the great river, the work was finished; it was apparent that the Mississippi, or as much of it as was engaged in this raid upon Gracie plantation, was fairly conquered and the levee saved.

During the whole time that the contest lasted, Uncle Gabe had remained in the ditch, cold and wet, but plucky, sustained alike by the consciousness of duty well performed, and repeated and heavy draughts of whisky administered with unsparing liberality by Mr. King, who held that liquid in as high estimation as did Uncle Gabe himself, although with rather less direct personal application.

When the victory had become absolutely certain, Uncle Gabe was very cautiously released; but, either from his constrained position, or the excitement of the occasion, or the whisky, or all combined, was utterly unable to walk, and was borne insensible by his jubilant comrades to his own home and put to bed. It was not until late in the afternoon that he was able to give any intelligible exposition of the marvels of his night-watch. His narrative, detailed in the quarter-yard, created the greatest sensation that had ever agitated the inhabitants of "Old Gracie," and was received with open-mouthed wonder and implicit credence without a single gainsayer,—not even the envious Ben. At a later day, however, the wonderful story became a little trite and familiar, and when the ineffectual shot at Uncle Gabe was declared to have been fired by the Devil in proper person, Ben signified his dissent in this wise:

"Debbil neber shot at him in dis worl'; when debbil shoot at dat dar ole rabbit, he'll git him, shore; debbil neber miss no sich ole fool as dat ar. He neber seed no debbil in his life-time, but he'll see him some o' dese

days, shore's shootin'. Ole fool got drunk an' went to sleep an' dreamt all dat nonsense 'bout whisky an' truck, an' somebody cut de levee while he 'sleep. While he was a-sittin' in de ditch, we orter a-buried him in de levee,—he make mighty good levee while he las'; all he good fur—ole fool!"

These views met with no acceptance what-

ever,—not even from the most earnest and devoted of Ben's adherents; and that personage was, as a popular leader, utterly eclipsed by the glories which Uncle Gabe had acquired by his interview with the Prince of Darkness, his resistance to temptation, his heroism in the duello, and his opportune and unique method of saving the levee.

MISS CALDERON'S GERMAN.



I.

HE first appearance of Mr. Alexander Dwight Braisted Hicks to Miss Louisa Calderon was upon the occasion of the delivery of his great oration on "The Causes of Decay in Nations." Could nations generally have been acquainted with this admirable document, there is no telling what favorable consequences might have made themselves felt both in our own times and in

the future. As it was, his name and the title of his piece were simply misrepresented in a general press article under the head of "The Commencement Season."

He skipped easily around the world and through the ages, from ancient Assyria to the Argentine Republic. The Phœnicians, Greece at the date of the Amphictyonic League, Carthage, the Low Countries, Montaigne, Machiavelli, and Macaulay's New Zealander, all came in for a fair representation. "What do we everywhere find? Is not the lesson ever the same? And thirdly: * * * and again: * * * But may we not look for the dawning of a brighter day? Oh yes; bid me not in the language of despair to doubt of the glorious future which awaits humanity."

The attention of Miss Calderon was not unwaveringly fastened upon this discourse in spite of the solicitude of her brother (James Borden Calderon of the catalogue), who especially desired it to be so.

He sent her from time to time meaning glances, which said plainly, "Aha! that sort of thing. Did I tell you, or didn't I?" She returned him faint, sympathetic smiles,

which might have meant critical coincidence of opinion, or simply a sisterly interest.

It appeared that the orator was one of those prodigies whom our institutions of learning do not fail to supply, and whom their devotees never have done talking about in the vacations. It is no place here to summarize perfections which would require solid quartos; but his judgment! his quickness! his memory! his eloquence! He had even a mechanical turn, and had invented an anchor which the vessel-men at Bell Dock looked upon with the highest favor.

Miss Calderon had not been as much impressed by these accounts as was desirable. There is a natural perversity attaching to some young women at the school-girl age which does not respect the highest or the holiest. She had mocked at his superabundance of middle names, and inquired in her letters after the "extraordinary Mr. Hicks."

Naturally disgusted, * anybody would be at levity like this, what more could be done than to await some personal meeting between the two, when its insensate folly would be made apparent. Such an opportunity had now arrived, and the decay of nations was in magnificent train to produce the desired conviction.

Locusts rattled sultrily in the arching elm-trees outside, and the warm atmosphere within was full of a mesmeric flicker of fans exhaling an odor of sandal-wood. There was in the neighborhood the coincidence of a hat with almost parallel trimming to her own. It could hardly fail to suggest the recurring speculation whether the ruffled bows might not have been better after all. A more important distraction from the continuity of the argument was an elderly, agreeable gentleman who had made her acquaintance earlier in the exercises, and still addressed to her comments and remarks leaning over the back of his seat in front.

One could hardly have taken this person for anything but a business man. His dress was neither good nor bad, his speech neither elegant nor coarse. His hair stood up a little in a spikey manner. An air of being ready to date an acceptance ahead for a round lot, or to throw off an extra five per cent. for cash, was not kept in abeyance even in his time of relaxation. He spoke to the young girl with the freedom of his superior age and an assured standing.

"You don't remember me, of course,—I suppose not," said he; "but I know you very well. You must excuse me. I have been looking at you for some time. I know John Calderon's daughter."

"My father?" said Miss Lou, elevating her eyebrows.

"Why, certainly; John Calderon. Our stores were alongside of each other for years. After he went out of trade I kind of lost sight of him. I have trotted you on my knee many a time. I could hardly do that now with such a pretty girl, old foggy as I am."

"Oh!" said the young girl, thinking him very eccentric.

Miss Annie Valentine, her companion, whose guest she was for the few days of these festivities, sat by with an amused look.

"Yes, my name is Charybdis," continued the stranger; "you may possibly have heard of me. I have a boy here; that is why I am on hand. He doesn't seem to come on and show off among the geniuses. Well, we can't all be geniuses. We'll have to make a merchant of him. Let's see; you had a brother. He ought to be pretty well along now too."

"Oh yes; he is one of the graduates."

"I want to know if John Calderon has a son far enough along to be a graduate. I must see to this. I must look you up. He and my boy ought to be friends."

If the orator of the day descended, adjusting his wrist-bands with a calm consciousness of intellectual power and of desert in the plaudits lavishly bestowed upon him, he did not transgress established precedents. Nothing occurred to mar so desirable a state of mind till the evening, which was devoted to the university ball.

At this entertainment he established himself in a favorable position, and found material in the shifting, parti-colored crowd for thought. He did not dance. If any imputed to him as a fault the omission from his repertoire of this light accomplishment, they were not persons whose opinions he found entitled to the least degree of weight.

The truth about his dancing was—if a digression upon so slight a matter may be pardoned—that his ignorance was the result of a youthful caprice. He had entertained the impression that both music and dancing were effeminate arts, by no means fitted to form part of the occupation of the Spartan-like being whom he figured the ideal boy to be.

"Yes, you want to make a girl of me," he had replied with withering severity to efforts in this direction. "You will want me to sew next. I won't dance!" he had persisted heroically. "I won't dance with a girl, any way."

Mr. Charybdis was also present at the university ball. During the day he had conversed with the president and calculated the profits of a removal of the institution to the suburbs, with a sale of its present site. He seemed to recognize his presence among the young fry as a sort of grim joke. Being there, he bethought himself how it might best be turned to account. His children would have their own canoes to paddle in the world. If they could conciliate to themselves friends in prosperous circumstances so much the better. Mr. Charybdis had a large family, which for economy he kept in a suburban town near the metropolis. He certainly intended their best good, but he consulted it often in a way that seemed to them intolerable tyranny. In spite of his formidable air, he had not had success in his affairs. He had been through one bankruptcy, and there were rumors at the time — but when are there not rumors? Besides, is a man with the pressure of a family upon him to be amenable to all the petty scruples so easily observed by people whose affairs go swimmingly?

"It seems to me," said he, among other advice to his son at the university ball, "that if I was a young fellow, I should make up to that girl of Calderon's. She will have fifty thousand dollars from her father's estate, and may be more."

To Calderon, when he had renewed the old acquaintance he claimed with him, his manner was the perfection of brusque hospitality. He pressed him to visit them.

"Any friend of my son's," he exclaimed cordially. "This must be kept up—this thing must be cultivated. As long as we have a crust in the house, any friend of my boy's can have 'most all of it."

Calderon was hurrying, when detained by this interview, to find the extraordinary Hicks for presentation to his sister. He hoped Hicks, although not a dancing man, would not object. He desired her to have

the benefit of his acquaintance. Mr. Hicks magnanimously did not object.

Miss Calderon made him a profound curtsy. She sank down with a willowy droop; she rose with a touch of *hauteur*. He made the observation,—unwonted for him,—during the moment in which her bright eyes were lowered and the lashes lay upon a complexion which was fresh and healthful but without decided color, that she was very pretty. Her mouth was somewhat large and opened to laugh, upon slight provocation, displaying white teeth. A vain and worldly dot of court-plaster was posed near one corner of it. Her round arms were bare. Above a delicate line undulating about the shoulders, the diaphanous muslin which covered them took a warm ivory tinge.

"I think very highly of your brother," said he, when he had given her his arm for a promenade.

"How patronizing!" was her internal comment; and she set to work at once to devise uncomfortable responses. When he touched upon the exercises of the day, "If he thinks I am going to congratulate him upon his pompous old oration," she thought, "he is very much mistaken."

If he chose light topics, she accused him of making concessions to her inferior mental caliber; if graver, of pedantry. It was strange how poorly they got along. In despair, for the mere purpose of keeping up the talk, he turned to the Townsend prize essays, the award of which had been recently made. The style of treatment adopted by Smith, of Pomfret, in his discussion of the suffrage as a natural right, seemed to him especially admirable. The suffrage was not altogether—as it were—a natural right. It was a gift of society upon a certain definite —

"I suppose you are very fond of dancing," said Miss Calderon, with a languid air.

"Well, no,—hem—no," replied Mr. Hicks, "I do not—exactly—dance."

"Oh, *don't* you?" she exclaimed, with an extreme rising inflection. "I think it is anybody's Christian duty to dance."

A ripping sound was audible. Confused by a transition from the masterly treatment of Smith of Pomfret to the new topic, so sudden that it made his head swim, he had inadvertently trod upon a lady's train which was pulsing gracefully along in front of them.

"I hope it is not irreparably injured," said he, with concern to his partner.

"Oh no, such matters are easily repaired. It is different from the decay of nations."

There seemed to be a slight nibbling of the exquisite under lip. It was not possible that she was laughing at him. That would have been, indeed, a novelty for Alexander Dwight Braisted Hicks. Still, he was thoroughly uncomfortable. He would have been glad that the interview ended, except for the manner of it. Mr. Charybdis appeared, putting forward his son with a hearty air.

"I want to see you making friends with this nice girl of mine, that I have discovered in my travels," said he loudly. "What sort of taste have you got? If I was a young fellow, I should have my name down in her day-book there, half a page or so. You are a dancing-jack, aren't you? You understand this whirligig business, don't you?"

"He must not be scolded," said she; "he has done his duty. We have an engagement, and it seems to me it is the very next one."

"Oh, you know him, do you? Well, he isn't a spokesman, like our friend Hicks, here. He probably won't ever set any rivers on fire. Still, you could take him along, I suppose, couldn't you, as a favor to his family, if there was nobody else to be had?"

Far from being the backward youth depicted by his father, the younger Charybdis, when removed from the shadow of his domineering, was shrewd, quick, and even cynically humorous,—quite likely in time to do credit to the head of the house.

"Isn't he an incorrigible old barbarian?"

"No," said Miss Lou, pleased with the broad compliments and fatherly kindness—so sadly unwonted to her—of the old gentleman; "I think he is as jolly and nice as he can be."

It was a most irrational thing; yet, strange to say, Mr. Hicks found himself incommoded by bare observation of Miss Calderon's conduct after that. She chatted with such fellows as Smallgood and the callowest of under-classmen, who scarcely knew the difference between Agamemnon and Sergeant Bates, and made pretenses of assaulting them with her fan. The cool unconcern with which they encircled her waist and whirled her away in the dance, was calculated to excite pessimistic views of the future of any country in which such things were possible.

He did not draw back, however, from calling upon her, in company with her brother, the following evening, at Miss Valentine's. In the calmer circle of private life his exceptional powers would have an opportunity to display themselves to their proper advantage.

It is painful to have to record that this interview was scarcely more successful than

the first. The intellectual gifts of Mr. Hicks seemed to be under a strange eclipse. Miss Calderon held a pretty Maltese kitten in her lap, and interpolated cooings and adjurations to it into the conversation.

Her brother looked stern reproach at her across the parlor. She affected not to understand, and wrinkled her forehead in puzzled inquiry. Other callers arrived, and she bestowed her attention upon them. Mr. Hicks was discouraged into silence. Seeing this, she included presently in some discursive remark, "Mr. Hicks, who seldom talks."

"You hardly appreciate how much I improve my mind by listening," said he, with all the irony he dared indulge.

She gave him for the first time a glance in which there was a trace of favor. Was she possibly a sort of slender Brunhilda, only to be won by an exhibition of rude mastery? He arose to take his leave.

"Must you go?" said the tantalizing girl, who had paid him no sort of consideration.

"I fear I must," returned Mr. Hicks, bowing gravely over his hat.

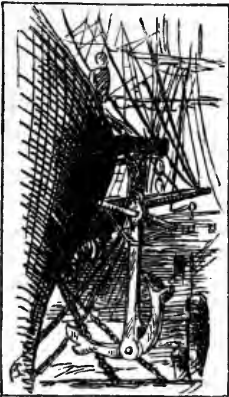
When he last saw her, the kitten on her shoulder was endeavoring to play with her shining hair, and she was avoiding its paw, in a laughing panic.

It will hardly be credited that so sage an inquirer into the evolutions of nations returned to his distant home, and there instituted complaints upon the score of his inability in dancing.

"But, my son," replied his mother, "I did everything in this world —"

"I know," he said impatiently, "but all the same, why did you not make me?"

II.



CALDERON paid his visit to the Charybdises at Woodside, and it was returned with interest. Young Charybdis made a bold push to carry out his practical parent's views with reference to the wealthy young lady. It was not noticeable that he made more decided headway than other admirers, who were

numerous. Still, she was but eighteen, and her property rights did not begin until

she was twenty-one. There was no reason for despair.

Charybdis acquired a business education in the counting-room, and in course of time, with a partner who furnished the capital,—his own equivalent being his knowledge of affairs and acquaintance in the locality,—became a banker at Woodside. Much attention was directed to this point at that time. It was thought that investments could hardly be made more advantageously than in its fast appreciating improvements. Even the elder Charybdis, by placing mortgages liberally upon his scanty possessions, was enabled to become a considerable holder in the Woodside Land and Loan Company.

Calderon chose for his pursuit in life medicine.

The gifted Hicks naturally went into law. The second year he came to the metropolis to complete his studies. He brought with him a graphic memory of the capricious Miss Calderon. Men not being supposed to have any particular looks, the falling in love of women is probably more a matter of time for inspection of character and inward qualities. It must have happened to Hicks, as it has to other men, to have fallen in love with comely feminine looks alone, since he had seen so little else of Miss Calderon by which his feeling could be accounted for. He longed for the perpetual companionship of this charming girl, as he might for that of a vase, a jewel, a lovely flower, to which it was no disparagement that he saw it for the first time. This he was too much of a theorist to admit, but constructed for her an ideal nature in keeping with the fair appearance that won him. He pleased himself to imagine through her waywardness a generous soul and an interest in the nobler part of life. And indeed in this he was not so far wrong. Her faults were largely those of the too lax government of a maiden aunt who had succeeded to the direction of the Calderon household when it was, years before, bereft by death of both parents.

He ascertained that Calderon had gone to Vienna for superior advantages. This rendered the re-opening of the acquaintance more difficult. His early rebuffs were by no means forgotten. Still he believed that he had learned much in the meantime, and that he was ready, if an opening occurred, to laugh with her at the recollection of their unpropitious beginning.

"We have the advice from some quar-

ter," he began with easy confidence, "that if you make a good impression the first time, you had better stay away, not to spoil it. I have determined, you see, to try if the reverse is not the case also. Our first meeting, I fancy, did not quite come up to expectation on either side. I thought you were a little rude, and you thought I was a little stupid, perhaps. Is it not so?"

"I can hardly be expected to answer for your impression; but that was not far from mine."

"You are frank."

"It was you who began it. Did you not say I was rude?"

"I—ah—that is—it was an unfortunate expression. Allow me to withdraw it. I will say rather that I thought extremely charming and—a—amiable."

"Perhaps you mean to imply that you do not think so *now*?"

"Truly," said the badgered young man, with a burst of honest conviction, "I think you are perfectly ferocious."

She threw back her head and laughed musically. He frowned a moment and then could not refrain from following her example.

After this there was a better understanding between them. As he had surrendered there was no longer need of her attitude of perpetual menace. But having surrendered he could not expect to escape some of the inconveniences of a prisoner of war. Not being a dancing man, among other things, so far from progressing toward the dazzlingly favored position to which his ambition aspired, he was not even admitted to the select and inner coterie of intimates. He staid about growing more and more fond of her, but went away at last without saying anything to her of his passion, fancying it would be useless.

Shortly after she joined her brother in Europe.

Hicks fumed about his office for the practice of the law, when he had one, in a temper far from exemplary. There were substantial reasons why he could not press his suit even if he had encouragement. He had a fortune in his education, as the saying is; but then that was all he had. This at one time had not given him any concern. Used to what might be called the black-board and text-book point of view, and hardly aware of the existence of any other, he had expected to step out into the world and claim the welcome which it extends to the man of education as a matter of course. The man of ability needs no friends.

He began to discover that there is a respectable amount of ability already afloat, and that during the adaptation of the expensively prepared citizen to its practical requirements, the world gets along very comfortably with the citizen prepared for his place by his quick wits and hard knocks. The student should have internal resources, to compensate him for his slower material progress. This is the philosophy of it. But it is astonishing how cavalierly very good philosophy may be treated by a young man who would like to be able to marry at once.

Of matters that had interested him in the past, he took out, about this time, the manuscript on the decay of nations, which had been ambitiously reserved for printing, and tossed it into the fire. In his abundant leisure he tinkered wistfully from time to time at the patent anchor which the navigators of Bell Dock had thought so well of. He could see no fault in it, yet he knew how often the later discovery of some slight oversight vitiates the result of the most painful labors. He recalled the sudden fortunes one reads of every day in such matters.

"Ah, I am no such Aladdin fellow as to have anything of that sort happen to me!" he sighed.

This invention claimed increased holding power, quick tripping, and ease of carting and storage, by virtue of pivoting the flukes upon the shank, and also exemption from the fouling of the cable—all substantially as described. It was unceremoniously laid away to rest when the patentee obtained employment in an important bank case. He acquitted himself so well in this as to secure quite a little run of business.

The Calderons returned from abroad,—the young lady with a supply of Paris toilettes, which were not needed to bring her old admirers speedily about her,—the doctor, with his diplomas, and the intent, which he immediately carried into effect, of establishing his office in an eligible location. To establish a practice was quite a different matter. As, according to report, a soldier is only killed in battle at an expense of a ton of lead, so every patient secured by the doctor cost him a small fortune in time and money. And even when the patient was secured, an over-anxiety of attention, naively betraying his inexperience, was apt to lose him. With the best intentions in the world he had not, in short, "the art of getting along." He was of a frank and confiding nature, an uncertainty of judgment, and a quickness

of temper, which increased rather than diminished his liability to be imposed upon.

Hicks managed to be present to welcome the Calderons back. For a year, thereafter, he used as many pretexts for visits to the metropolis as his ingenuity could devise. His affection covered with a halo everything connected with her. If he did not find her or her brother he listened to the quite ordinary talk of the maiden aunt with ardent interest.

At last he proposed to her. It was very inadvertently done, though nothing else had been in his heart and almost on his lips ever since her return. His affairs were much improved, but by no means in a condition to correspond with his romantic view that in marriage the man should bestow, and not receive. The weakening influence of these reflections no doubt had its effect upon the result.

There was sent home, while he was calling upon her, a package of photographs, which she had had taken some days before. She graciously allowed him to keep one of these portraits. Emboldened by this mark of favor, he rashly broached the idea of his inconceivable happiness if he might be allowed at some time to hope to claim the dear original.

She rejected him, of course. Who ever heard of being snapped up like that, all in a minute? It was enough to take one's breath away. And there was certainly nothing very novel about the manner of it.

He renewed his applications from time to time. It got to be a kind of quaint controversy between them.

"I tell you *no*," she said at one time. "I may like you well enough, but I am not in love with you. You have gray eyes, for one thing, and you know you have often heard me say I couldn't bear them."

"They are not gray—exactly—besides—why, what a reason that is!" he complained harassingly.

"It does not make any difference what the reason is. That is not the reason—but I don't wish to hear any more about it."

He did not make a confidant of the doctor in his trouble, though often upon the point of doing so. The latter was very much occupied in his own affairs, and, it must be admitted, having seen more of the world, had considerably abated the extreme reverence in which he had once held his former friend.

In the unfavorable condition of the doctor's practice, he was fond of taking counsel.

Hicks had nothing more practical to recommend than perseverance. It was only Charybdis who—not at first, but after a while, as if by a sudden fortunate inspiration—came forward with a definite suggestion.

"I will tell you frankly," said he, biting his cigar tight, and throwing back his hands over his head, in the doctor's comfortable office, "that it seems to me you are not in the right thing. It is not worth while to make a man feel more uncomfortable than he naturally is; therefore I never cared to say much about it. But your thoroughness, your habit of detail, your theoretical notions of economy, are all pretty much thrown away in this; and besides, it is so much overcrowded. Your talent is more of the business order. There, it is out now; but it is hard for me to be anything but square and flat upon what I really think."

"No?" said Calderon, pleased to have so formidable a list of talents laid to his credit. "Why, I don't know half the time the right window to go to to get my checks cashed."

"Oh, the details are nothing when one has the head. In some such line as mine, now, I should not wonder if you made the biggest kind of a strike," said Charybdis, with a final air.

This was not a merely random conversation. By a singular coincidence, it appeared soon after that Charybdis's partner, Billhead, was anxious to dispose of his interest. He wished to get out,—to have an opportunity to travel, and that sort of thing. He was an eccentric fellow, who let no sacrifice stand in his way when he had once made up his mind to do a thing. Here, therefore, was a half-interest in an established, profitable concern—everything first-class, large and rapidly increasing custom, gilt-edged names, shares of the Crooked Air Line and Woodside Land and Loan Company—to be had for less than the original investment. It was such a chance as might not occur again in—one could not tell how long. Charybdis, senior, was much interested in the idea when, as it appeared, he heard of it for the first time. It seemed to him the very thing. How fitting that an old friendship should be thus cemented by a close business connection. And then the unhesitating confidence they would have in each other! As to Tom, there, he knew he would trust his friend with untold millions.

"You are right, I would," said the generous Tom.

Absurd as it seemed to himself in the

beginning, Calderon became a banker. Half of the purchase money paid to Billhead—a singular formality—was given to Charybdis; it almost looked like a commission. Billhead retired to his opportunities for travel with a small shred of his original capital; but even this he appeared to accept with considerable content. He had the—perhaps erroneous—idea that the bank was upon the brink of dissolution, and that he was well out of it at any price.

Woodside continued to improve as a field for investments. The capital of the bank was increased, and all of Calderon's funds by degrees transferred thither. It was natural too that, her own brother being a banker, the money of Miss Calderon should be deposited with Charybdis & Calderon.

The new arrangement caused a close intimacy between the two families. Miss Calderon visited the Charybdises. Their home had a somewhat needy air; they drove a ramshackle conveyance, and the numerous small children were somewhat unkempt. But nothing could exceed the fatherly goodness to her of the old gentleman. She petted the boisterous little children, and reflected that kind hearts, and not imposing appearances, are the chief treasures of life.

Calderon acquired the glib method of counting bills and became his own teller. The New York residence was disposed of, and he settled with his family at Woodside.

Long before this, Hicks had dropped off and was rarely heard from. A man puts up with a good deal, but the conviction was forced upon him that the heart for whose sympathy and affection he so longed was hopelessly hard toward him.

His rôle when he retired to Blankburg was at first one of sullen moodiness. Then his resentment accomplished what all other combined motives had not been able to, he became a dancing man and threw himself into the gayest company. This was not long in being followed—as the custom is—by reports of especial devotion here and there. These reached Miss Calderon, and she characterized such fickle and faithless conduct as it deserved. On his side, some accounts of her, to which he did not lend a willing ear, came to him through the Braisteds of Woodside, a family with whom he was connected by one of his middle names. An engagement to Charybdis, her brother's partner, was even spoken of—a most natural incident.

At the end of five years from his first presentation, if Alexander Dwight Braisted

Hicks was still a prig, it was not for want of hard knocks and acquaintance with some new phases of life. His elusive dream of happiness and the sharp regrets by which its disappointment was followed, by degrees lost their vividness. He relaxed his spasmodic gayety and settled back into something like his normal self. The patent anchor had never been fully abandoned by him as a speculative source of fortune. In the vacation which he allowed himself this year, he had the fancy to have one cast upon a large scale, and set about procuring a quantity of miniature models, to be distributed among manufacturers. If it did no good, it could do no harm at any rate.

In the midst of it he was summoned to draw some confidential papers for the Braisteds of Woodside. He put his models in his pocket and took the train.

III.

Hicks would very much have preferred not to go to Woodside, which was the focus to him of so painful a memory. But his business was a matter of a few hours only, and it was far from likely that he should meet her. He found one of the younger Braisteds awaiting him, the junior of a firm upon the main street, which, according to the gold inscription upon the blue shades of the plate-glass windows, dealt in real estate and commercial paper. The principal had not come down. While awaiting his arrival they talked a little of the business in hand and then of general matters—among the rest the patent. The models were being exhibited to Braisted when a pony phaeton containing two ladies drew up at the sidewalk. One of them was Miss Calderon. A small attendant in livery was dismounting from a perch behind to enter with a message, but the young Mr. Braisted anticipated him and hurried out to meet them.

"We want you for to-morrow evening," said Miss Calderon. "It is a little German, for Annie,—very unpremeditated,—I am seeing everybody myself. She insists upon going away, when I thought she was going to make me such a nice long visit. Tell her how bad she is."

He looked at her companion, who was Miss Valentine, and she smiled from under her parasol in deprecation of her badness.

"What is that?" inquired Miss Calderon noticing the little shining anchor he held in his hand from the interrupted examination.

"It is a patent," he replied, transferring it from his forefinger and thumb to hers. "And by the way Mr. Hicks—you know him. We were just looking at it together."

"Oh, is Mr. Hicks *here*?"

She darted a glance at the window and doubtless saw him there regarding her with a gloomy and contemplative air.

"Mr. Hicks will possibly favor us, too."

It would give Mr. Braisted pleasure to go and ask him. He returned with Hicks, now quite in control of the painful emotions which her sudden apparition had caused him.

"How do you do?" she began. "Isn't it a lovely day?" One would have thought they had only parted yesterday on the most ordinary terms. "A little company, you know—to-morrow evening. It is so fortunate you are here. You do not care for dancing, I believe, but we will try to amuse you in some way. My brother does not either, any longer. He is getting to be such an inveterate man of business. We have been admiring your patent. Isn't it pretty? They would make such nice favors for my German."

"Possibly they could not be put to better use," said the young man, feeling a growing inability to cherish resentment in her presence. "They are spoiled in casting by the omission of the name and date; I shall have to get a new lot. They are quite at your service if you wish them."

"Really? Can you spare them?"

"Oh yes, perfectly," and he drew a handful from his pocket and placed them in her lap.

"They will be such a novelty. There must be pink—no—blue ribbons run through the rings and formed into little rosettes. I shall not fail to give you all the credit. You will see what a success they will be."

"I fear I shall not be able to," said he, regretting already the concession he had made and foreseeing sore consequences of bitterness and repining from this contact, brief as it was. "I am here but for a few hours. I was not intending to remain."

"But you could if you wished to; and you might come on James's account," she said as she abandoned him with an appearance of reluctance.

"It doesn't look hardly right," said Braisted, as they turned back to the office. "She is a nice girl and all that, but it seems as if it would be a little more decent for them to try to get along without Germans at a time like this."

"Time like this? What sort of a time is

it that people who can afford to should not give parties if they wish?"

"You haven't heard then—but how should you?—about Charybdis and Calderon's bank?"

"What!" in sharp surprise. "No, what is the matter with it?"

"Oh, they are going all to pieces. It is hardly a secret, at least from us; we are in somewhat the same line and have a chance to get points. They are loaded down, I understand, with all sorts of trash—a good deal of it old Charybdis's paper, Land and Loan Company stock, and so on. I should not be surprised to hear of their going up at any moment. I doubt whether creditors will be pleased to recall these goings-on so close to the smash—that's all."

"Then you will not go?"

"Oh yes, I shall. I think I can stand it if they can."

"But is it certain that Miss Calderon knows of this?"

"It is possible, now I think of it, that that simpleton of a brother, who has probably lost her money with the rest, may have been afraid to tell her yet. I would not care to be in his place. He won't be able to support himself when he is out, much less her."

"But she is engaged to Charybdis, is she not? He will be better able to provide for her."

"There was talk of that at one time, but there has been little appearance of it lately. That is one of the bad signs. Charybdis knows better than anybody else what the advantages of marrying her are. I like the fellow, in a sort of a way—he is good company; but I believe he is capable of throwing a girl over in a minute, if he thought he could better himself."

The intelligence he had heard filled Hicks with profound sorrow. He changed his purpose and determined to remain to the ill-fated entertainment. A gleam of promise, possibly the lambent flicker of a will-o'-the-wisp, but possibly too a ray from a far-off, friendly window, shone to him in the darkness in which he had so long been walking.

He sought out Calderon, and had the miserable story from him almost at once. The bankrupt made a faint attempt at facetiousness.

"It is your first visit," said he. "If you had delayed longer, you would have been too late. We are going to put the shutters up."

"Is it so bad as that?"

"It is worse than you can possibly imagine. I have not a dollar in the world, Hicks. And poor Lou! I care little for myself, but what shall I say to her?"

"What! Hers too?"

"Every dollar of it—every penny of it."

"And what has become of it?"

"That I cannot tell you. Ask Charybdis. Everything was in his hands. I almost suspect him of being a swindling

you," said the unhappy young man, manifesting an almost imbecile suspicion now when nothing was at stake. "Oh, forgive me! I cannot feel that I have a friend in the world."

He brought his accounts with helpless docility, and scanned the face of his friend, as he made his computations, with painful interest. The inquiry but served to confirm the worst suspicions. These confiding young people had been shamelessly robbed,



"ALL ADVANCED WITH A GENTLY BALANCING MOVEMENT."

scoundrel, Hicks. Oh, why am I so ensnared and plundered, when I have tried so hard to make an honorable position in the world?"

"Let me ask one thing more. Does Miss Calderon know of this?"

"No, I have not yet told her, and I have not the heart to until this festivity of hers is over and her friend is gone. She shall have one more happy day. That is the limit to which my notable capacity for affairs extends," said he, bitterly.

Hicks had had among his first cases one, the study of which had given him an acquaintance with details of fraudulent banking which might be useful now. He proposed that they should begin at once, while everything lay open to them, an examination of the books.

"If I could trust you—if I could trust

under the cloak of the most sacred sentiments, romantic and generous friendship, hospitality, and pretended fatherly care. It extended far into the night, and was resumed at day-break. Hicks was still bending over the ledgers when Charybdis arrived.

"To what may we attribute this kind interest in our affairs?" said the senior partner, turning pale.

"Permit me to refer you to Mr. Calderon," said Hicks, who, philosopher as he was, could have choked the perjured rascal with a relish.

It was under these circumstances—the sword of Damocles snapping its last retaining filament above it—that the dainty and light-hearted diversion of Miss Calderon's German took place.

It was a multitude of charming plays,

such as might have been those of the shepherds in a Watteau's "Arcadia." They gave each other the names of flowers. They raised a May-pole with colored streamers, and a tapestry, over which partners were chosen by taking hands at random. A lady rejected suitors who were brought behind her and reflected in a mirror, until her caprice was pleased. They decorated each other according to the varying opportunities of the dance with stars, crosses, rosettes, butterflies for the hair, scarfs jingling with silver bells. They gave each other bonbons and roses. Sometimes a motley group appeared, dancing in caps and garments of tissue paper issuing from gilt mottoes which opened with an explosion. There were labyrinths, phalanxes, enchainments; flight and chase, captivity and escape. Through all breathed unceasingly the soft and engaging measure of the waltz, to which the combinations constantly recurred, as if it were a refrain declaring that definite schemes are vain and the only good is in a joyous whirl. A zest of the unforeseen and unpremeditated pervaded the whole; so those who especially desired to have it so pleased themselves in their sudden fortuitous meetings with fancies of a special interposition in their behalf.

The departing guest received the regrets of her friends in raiment of pink, as soft and pleasing as the amiable manners which she displayed. The young hostess was radiant in some warm, cream-tinted robe of silk, which shot slight sparkles through a covering of lace, as ripples shine upon the water in a shifting mist.

A number of elderly persons were present. They regarded the dancing for a while, and then dispersed to their own amusements. A party found entertainment at whist, and audible laughter and controversy from time to time showed that they gave it no languid interest. A slender couple overlooked their hands now and then and passed on, exchanging glances of quizzical amusement at the continued enjoyment in life of people whom so much of the world had gone over.

Among them was the senior Charybdis, whose invitation could not have been countermanded by Calderon without exciting suspicion, and who presented himself by way of showing that he could not be supposed to know more about the affairs of any one banking institution than another. He sat by the wall and conversed with Mr. Boltwood—a wealthy ex-ship-owner, who

had some time since retired to Woodside to live at ease—upon governmental reform.

"The suffrage needs purification," said Charybdis; "there's the point. I would make any tampering with it the worst offense on the statute-book. I would hang the fellow that did it as high as Haman, or imprison him for life. It is our only safeguard. To tamper with the suffrage is to poison the only remedy upon which a republic has to rely."

"Sound," said Mr. Boltwood; "double up the penalties. After that we want to find some better way of getting at thieving rascals in private life. The laws do not reach half of them as they are fixed at present."

This was not at all a personal remark, yet it caused Mr. Charybdis to wince a little.

A very young girl, blonde and smiling,—Boltwood's daughter,—approached them and gave her father a little anchor of curious construction which had fallen to her in the allotment of Hicks's contribution of "favors."

"I have brought something to amuse you, papa; it is in your line," said she; "please keep it for me."

He took it carelessly, and, with some pleasant admonition, dismissed her to her merry-making, and continued the talk upon the reform of society with Charybdis.

Hicks leaned upon a door-jamb, and the varied changes of the dance swept by him. He regarded this reveling upon the brink of ruin with a gloomy eye. His glance constantly sought its bright central figure. The tenderness with which he now regarded her was mingled with foreboding and compassion. An ineffectual circle of projects to save her revolved in his brain.

As he meditated, he saw her driven toward him, with two companions, by a gentleman who managed the team with whip and silken reins. A lady was gathering a similar team of gentlemen. She came and threw the ribbon over him. He protested, but without avail, and all advanced with a gently balancing movement, keeping time to the music. Each lady was the partner of him to whom she found herself opposite when they closed.

The slightest involuntary shade of vexation crossed the fair countenance of Miss Calderon when she saw into whose hands she was falling. How stupid of him to allow himself to be involved in these matters when he knew nothing of them! Never-

theless, she held out her arms to be taken with graceful resignation. She could make some pretext, after a semblance of a turn or two, to avoid embarrassment in the public gaze. To her surprise his step melted into hers without a jar, and they glided away together in a harmony as perfect as that of the enchanting music. Never had she been more lightly and firmly supported; never had she danced with more delicious ease. She could have wished that the measure might never stop. He revolved her, turning slowly, to her place. She placed her hand upon her side, panting a little with the pleasant exercise.

"How did you come to learn?" she asked, with a vivacious interest.

He could not refrain from a slight revenge.

"The fascinations of our Blankburg ladies were too much; I had to yield," he said.

"Oh! Well, I suppose you think you have done something very wonderful."

"No, not in the least wonderful."

He felt his spirits a little elated by this episode, and allowed the thought of the morrow to be a little mazed in the joyous brightness and movement. So good a partner did not lack further invitations. Miss Calderon observed his affable acceptance of them, and his graceful carriage, with a peculiar air.

At midnight the young men brought to their partners, who folded over the skirts of their silken garments and spread napkins upon their laps, salads, fruits and ices. A number bestowed themselves with merry chattering upon the stairs. Professor Rayberg, a handsome man of thirty, with a short, pointed beard, narrated to them the story of Leo, the McMurray's mastiff, who had come stalking gravely into the house with a ham, stolen nobody knew how or where.

"Good for Leo!" was the comment; "that is a dog worth having. He might be trained to keep the house supplied with provisions free of cost."

"This teaches us never to resist temptation," said one by way of moral.

"For my part," said the professor resuming his salad, "it is the only thing I cannot resist."

"Is there somebody who would like to bring me a hydrant punch?" called a young lady from an upper stair. It was her accomplished way of asking for a glass of water.

In the music-room a young man said to a young woman, swinging upon the pianostool, "Play something, Miss Maud."

"I only play a little for my own *amazement*," she replied.

The constant lover found means to be employed as the servitor of Miss Calderon. The bustle retired from about them, and he found himself alone with her.

The altered relation of their affairs, the calamity which was impending over her, gave him a sudden courage to declare his passion, which he had never before possessed.

"I never half dared to talk to you," he was saying, before she had had an opportunity to make a word of comment. "I was troubled about my affairs. It was like looking in at the window of a candy shop without money to buy. It seems to me, if they had been anything as they are now, I should have carried you by storm, somehow."

"Well, I must say—If that isn't the most extraordinary——" Her eyes closed infinitesimally, and she speculated perhaps upon what his processes of carrying her by storm might have been,—“Well, I can tell you, sir, you wouldn't,” she replied.

"I am looking for the young man that had the head on his shoulders to get up this idea," said a sonorous voice close by. The comfortable figure of Mr. Boltwood appeared before them, dangling the little anchor by its bit of ribbon. Hicks, in his vexation, could have wished him tied to a specimen of the largest size and sunk in deep sea soundings.

"A moment," he apologized to the intruder; and then turning back said to the sweet girl, in a low, caressing tone, "Do not answer now. Only think of it. Think of it if—any misfortune should happen."

"It seems to me that you have a good thing here, young man," said Mr. Boltwood.

"Yes, quite likely, possibly," said Hicks, inclined to take him for a garrulous old gentleman, and nothing more.

"I should not wonder if it was so good a thing that it might pay the right parties to make it up," he continued. "I know a thing of this kind when I see it. It is in my line, you see. I am both an old sailor and a ship-owner. I have probably fitted out in my time vessels enough to fill the navy-yard."

It may be imagined that the inventor speedily laid aside his querulousness. The result of the interview was an appointment. Mr. Boltwood desired to meet the young man again after he had taken a square look at the improvement.

It was a week, during most of which Hicks

was laboriously occupied in the affairs of her brother, before he returned to Miss Calderon. The bankruptcy had come and gone. She had taken the shock of it and was looking into the future despondently but with some calmness. He had to announce to her the surprising success of his patent. It appeared that Boltwood, tired of his unfamiliar idleness, was sighing to embark again in some active enterprise. He found this invention, the value of which his experienced eye recognized, suited to his purpose. They were to push it with a liberal capital and go on at once to erect buildings for its manufacture. There was no telling what they should make in the very first year. When you think of the number of ships and the indispensable use it will be to them, any moderate estimate seemed paltry.

It was very agreeable of course for him ; but Miss Calderon could hardly be expected to indulge much enthusiasm for the good fortune of others with her own affairs in such unhappy condition. Was it delicate in him to dwell upon it at a time like this ? She was already in correspondence with a view to teaching. Still she congratulated him faintly.

He turned suddenly to a new subject, assuming in this a far more diffident tone.

"I have come to receive my answer," said he.

She had hardly thought, after what had

happened, that he would come back. If he had, it was doubtless in pursuance of a fancied sense of duty. Yet he had spoken of a misfortune ; could it be possible that he had known of these calamities in advance ? But then even if it were so, and his offer had contemplated her present situation, ought she to accept the sacrifice,—for sacrifice it was ? Were there not innumerable girls superior to her in every way, and with fortunes too who would be glad to marry him ?

"No," said she, twisting her hands slightly in her lap, with a nervous motion, "I have concluded not to—accept."

"Oh, don't say so, darling," he appealed, bending toward her.

"Yes, you think just because I have lost"—she began with a faint reminiscence of her old manner.

"No, I don't think anything of the kind. I know you had just as lief refuse me now as not. You are capable of it. But it cannot be put upon that ground. If you give Germans, and introduce people's patents and make their fortunes, I suppose you are entitled to some of the proceeds. You are as wealthy as anybody. Any other agent would take the whole."

"But your fascinating Blankburg young ladies, of whom you think so much?" said she, retreating to her last position.

"Nonsense! there is not one of them worth mentioning in the same century with you."

RECALLINGS FROM A PUBLIC LIFE.—II.

TEXAS AND THE PEACE OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO.

OUR policy, as a nation, toward the African and Indian races has been indefensible, as the conduct of the strong toward the weak in this world usually is. But aside from these blots on our history, I think we have reason to rejoice that our country, in her relations to foreign nations, has been habitually just, moderate, forbearing.

She has not escaped blame ; who does in this captious, partisan age ? She was bitterly reproached by a minority of her own citizens because of the measures which brought about the annexation of Texas and the war with Mexico. I, myself, an actor throughout the entire period, cognizant alike of the details and of the motives which

underlay the national policy, and now looking back (after thirty years' interval for dispassionate thought) on these busy and exciting scenes, fail to detect, in the action of our government toward a neighboring republic, aught of undue ambition, aggression or injustice. Now that these events are matters of history, not of party eulogy or party cavil, it may interest those who would think well of their country to have the main facts, and the international law bearing on the case, here very briefly brought to their remembrance.

Texas, originally included in our purchase of Louisiana from France in 1803, and ceded by us to Spain as part consideration

in the purchase of Florida in 1819, was wrested from Spain by Mexico in virtue of the revolutionary war of 1822. In 1824 Mexico adopted a federal constitution, and Texas (including Coahuila) was erected into one of the "constituent and sovereign states of the Mexican confederacy." But when, six years later, she applied for a state constitution, her petition was treated with contempt and her commissioner cast into prison. Finally, in 1834, Santa Anna usurped supreme power. The states resisted unavailingly this abrogation of the federal compact. The legislature of Texas was dissolved at the point of the bayonet. It was the last straw. Texas, like the colonies in 1776, finding her "repeated petitions answered only by repeated injury," declared, as they did, for independence, and backed the declaration, as they backed it, by the sword. A year later the Texans literally annihilated Santa Anna's army, took the general himself prisoner, and he and four thousand miserable survivors, utterly at the mercy of the conquerors, were suffered to depart unharmed only after signature of a treaty acknowledging the independence of Texas. It was the last serious effort made by Mexico to recover her lost province.

Several months after this decisive battle, to wit, in the autumn of 1836, Andrew Jackson being President, Texas formally applied for admission into our confederacy. The overture was rejected. "A too early movement," said Jackson, "might subject us to the charge of seeking to establish the claims of our neighbor's territory with a view to its subsequent acquisition by ourselves." To the same overture, renewed a year later to Martin Van Buren, that President made a similar reply. Then eight years more were suffered to elapse, Texas the while maintaining her separate independence, undisturbed on the part of Mexico, save by a slumbering war of paper menaces, backed by no effort more respectable than the brief raids of three several marauding parties made at long intervals into her western border, marked by rapine and massacre, but neither of which had been able to maintain its footing on Texan soil for more than eight days.* It was under these circumstances, and only

in 1845, that Texas was at last annexed to the United States.

Seven or eight years previous to this we had acknowledged the independence of Texas, not only *de facto*, as during the first year, but *de jure* also. One of our statesmen, equally eminent and conservative, Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, writing in July, 1842, to the Mexican minister, Bocanegra, had said :

"M. de Bocanegra appears to forget that, while the United States are at peace with Mexico, they are also at peace with Texas; that both stand on the same footing; and that since 1837 the United States have regarded Texas as an independent sovereignty."

Yet, despite the actual state of the case, indorsed by such unimpeachable authority, prominent Whig leaders and newspapers of the day brought railing accusation against the advocates of annexation. The respectable "National Intelligencer" scrupled not to assail them as a band of land-robbers bent on filching from Mexico, without color of title, two hundred million acres of her territory. Winthrop, Congressman from Massachusetts, able and influential, characterized the proposal as a scheme "monstrous beyond all power of expression," as a project "contrary to the law of nations, and in violation of the good faith of our own country." Caleb Smith, afterward Lincoln's Secretary of the Interior, declared that it was a flagrant attempt "to rob Mexico of a part of her territory;" and many others followed in the same strain. Some of our Western politicians adopted a still more intemperate tone, as witness the noted Whig orator, Corwin, rejoicing in the sobriquet of the "wagon-boy of Ohio." Said he: "Some of our political opponents seem to think that the Mexicans ought to hail our advent into their distracted country with joy. Were I a citizen of Mexico, I would welcome such intruders with bloody hands to hospitable graves."

I regard it to this day as a marvel that men of standing and journals of repute should have risked their reputations by such a notorious perversion of the law and the facts. For there is not a principle of the international law more firmly established or better known to every well-read statesman than this: that territory obtained by conquest and securely held, without probable hope of recovery, becomes the lawful property of the possessor.

Mexico, of all countries, had the least

* I verified all these facts carefully at the time, adducing my authorities when speaking on the subject. Mr. Webster, in his dispatch to the Mexican Government of June 22d, 1842, had truly said, "The war is not only useless but hopeless without attainable object."

right to question this international rule. She held her own provinces by the right of revolution. In truth, at the time she established her federal union, namely in 1824, she held these provinces far less securely as against Spain than did the Texans hold Texas in 1845 as against Mexico. For in 1824 the Spaniards still occupied one of Mexico's strongest castles, that of San Juan de Ulua; and five years later, to wit in July, 1829, Spain had sent against Mexico a force of thirteen ships of war and five thousand land troops, landing these troops at the mouth of the Tampico without opposition, and maintaining during two months, albeit unsuccessfully, a war of reconquest.

Mexico, as may readily be imagined, was greatly encouraged by the abuse which our government thus met at the hands of the opposition. At first she contented herself by seeking assurance that Texas should not fall to us; and to this intent she made to her, in the summer of 1844, while the question of annexation was pending, a formal offer to recognize her independence on condition that she would not annex herself to any other power. This project defeated, she fell back on her original claim, and the manner in which she did so is one of the curiosities of diplomacy. It happened in this wise. In annexing Texas, Congress had left open, for adjustment by treaty, the western boundary question, as between the line of the Nueces and that of the Rio Grande. President Polk, seconding the conciliatory design of Congress, had acted with great moderation. Overlooking alike the abrupt departure and war-like threats of Almonte (then Mexican minister at Washington), the breach of faith of one Mexican administration, and the insulting charges preferred by another, he had sought, again and again, to open a friendly negotiation with Mexico. Disappointed in our overtures to Herreda, we still proffered peace to Paredes. Repulsed by Paredes, we tendered the olive-branch to Santa Anna. In vain; their claim was nothing less than the restitution of Texas, east to the Sabine.

The curious and noteworthy point in the case is not that Mexico, taking courage from the dissensions in our own ranks, should have reiterated a visionary claim; it is her unabashed mendacity in selecting a basis whereon to erect that claim. Unwilling to stultify herself before the world by denying what every publicist of repute declares,—that conquest, followed by years of undisturbed possession, gives territorial right;

accepting that rule, she takes the other horn of the dilemma, preferring to ignore a matter of history as notorious as her own revolution and her own independence.

This is what the Mexican Minister for Foreign Affairs, Castillo y Lanzas, wrote to Mr. Slidell at the time the Mexican government refused to receive that gentleman as minister, namely in March, 1846: "Civilized nations have beheld with amazement * * * a powerful state, availing itself of the internal dissensions of a neighboring nation; * * * alternately plying intrigue and violence, and seizing a moment to despoil her of a precious part of her territory regardless of the incontrovertible rights of the most unquestionable ownership and the most uninterrupted possession."*

We are in doubt whether to imagine that this Mexican Rip Van Winkle had been slumbering for nine years past in some of the old halls of the Montezumas, of which, in those days, we heard so much, or whether the modern world had been dreaming strange things throughout that period. We had been accustomed to believe that, in April of 1836, a certain battle of San Jacinto had been fought and won; that thereupon the Mexicans were driven forth from Texas, and a civil government established there; that presidents were chosen, judges installed, a legislature elected, laws enacted, a new republic built up; that, under the shelter of its constitution, a young nation quietly pursued its chosen course, and successfully maintained, 'year' after year, its independence. We had been wont to credit these as historical truths. But, suddenly from Mexico's diplomatic bureau, there comes to us a voice declaring all this to be wild imagination only, and informing us, with all the gravity befitting an official dispatch, that we had been wholly mistaken; that Texas had never passed from under Mexican rule, and that, from the time Santa Anna and Houston fought, ten years before, even to the day on which the dispatch was dated, the mother country had held her department of Texas, as she had held the rest of her departments, in complete, unquestionable—nay, in uninterrupted—possession!

Mexico's theory of title was fair and specious. The small difficulty was that all the facts were against it. "*Tant pis pour les*

* Dispatch of March 12th, 1846. House Doc. 106, 29th Cong., 1st Sess., p. 58.

faits," exclaimed a French controversialist, when placed in a similar predicament.

If the subject had been less grave, we might have passed by a puerile falsehood like that as a bit of national pleasantry. But, as things stood, it was an insult to the common sense of mankind.

There remains, of course, the question of policy. We had the right; but was it wise, in the exercise of that right, to accept a young republic as addition to our Union? As my object here is chiefly to vindicate our government in her foreign relations, I shall treat this domestic question very briefly.

From early days, Texas had been held to be a desirable acquisition. A year after we had ceded her to Spain (namely in 1820), Henry Clay emphatically expressed his conviction that in so doing, we had acted very unwisely.* In 1827, President Adams sought to purchase Texas from Mexico, authorizing Henry Clay, then Secretary of State, to offer for her a million of dollars. In 1829, General Jackson made a formal proposal to give for Texas and five degrees of latitude on the Pacific coast, five millions. Both proposals were declined.

A chief motive prompting these negotiations seems to have been that our southwestern boundary, the Sabine, was thought to be too close to one of our great commercial centers, New Orleans. And, in truth, had Texas been a foreign country (especially if under the British protectorate)† during the war of the Rebellion, it is difficult to estimate the evils that might thence have resulted.

In annexing Texas, we added a large slave state to the Union, in itself an undesirable thing. Yet if, in 1845, we had rejected an otherwise desirable accession of territory on that ground alone, under what plea could we have asked, or expected, in 1848, Southern votes to aid us in acquiring our magnificent Pacific possessions?

Then there was the risk. Mexico, how wrongfully soever, might force a war upon us. Undoubtedly, while we occupy a station among the nations of the earth, we remain subject to national contingencies,

among them to the ordeal of battle. A man endowed with self-respect will not be dragged into a disreputable brawl. A nation impressed with a decent regard for the opinions of mankind will not suffer its rulers to plunge it into an unjust war. But neither men nor nations can say that a quarrel shall not be wrongfully forced upon them. It is enough, and indeed all that is possible, if we avoid just cause of quarrel. And a country may forfeit the national honor, not only by causeless aggression on her own part, but also by tamely suffering herself to be coerced by the causeless aggressions of her neighbors.

There is an old historical document, little known or remembered now, upon which I chanced in studying up this subject, and which materially influenced my own action in the matter.

In the summer of the year 1819, four months after the signature of the Florida treaty, the Texans, then numbering over ten thousand free whites, formally protested against that cession of their country to Spain. Their protest will be found in "Niles' Weekly Register" for 1819 (vol. v.—p. 31), there appearing under the form of "A Declaration issued June 23d, 1819, by the Supreme Council of the Republic of Texas." After stating their hope, long indulged, to remain included within the limits of the Union, the Council add:

"The recent treaty between Spain and the United States * * has roused the citizens of Texas from the torpor into which a fancied security had lulled them. They have seen themselves, by a convention to which they were no party, abandoned to the dominion of the crown of Spain, and left a prey to all those exactions which Spanish rapacity is fertile in devising."

To a full understanding of the force and justice of this protest, we must turn to the text of the treaty (of April 30, 1803) under which we first acquired Texas. One of its articles reads thus:

"Art. 3. The inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be incorporated in the Union of the United States and admitted, as soon as possible, according to the principles of the Federal Constitution, to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages and immunities of citizens of the United States; and, in the meantime, they shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and the religion which they profess."

For sixteen years we held to our pledge.

* Speech of April 3d, 1820, reported in the "National Intelligencer" of April 11th, same year.

† In February, 1844, ex-President Jackson wrote, from the Hermitage, a letter to a member of our House, who showed it to me; and in that letter I found expressed this opinion: "If the present golden moment to obtain Texas be lost, she will, from necessity, be thrown into the arms of England, and thus be forever lost to the United States."

Then, in violation alike of moral and legal obligation, we basely broke faith with these people, transferring them, like so many Russian serfs, to the tender mercies of a country certainly not famed for her justice and humanity.

It was a stain on the national honor, and we owed it to ourselves and to our country's good name to remedy, so soon as we properly might, this crying injustice done to a helpless people. It is very true that while Texas remained part of Mexico, we could not justly, taking advantage of our own wrong, *claim* Texas, as against our own cession. But neither were we released from obligation to *receive* her, as soon as circumstances lawfully and honorably permitted, and she herself desired, re-annexation.

Actuated by these considerations, especially by the last, I early took ground in Congress in favor of annexation, opening the debate on that subject in May, 1844, and condensing into a one-hour speech the law and the facts in the case. It was severely censured by the opposition, particularly by the abolition members; but it had unlooked-for success.* It was not until next session, however, and after long and excited discussion, that the measure finally passed.

The war with Mexico, as every one knows, ensued. Yet it was a war not brought about by any lache or trespass, or any act tainted with illegality, on our part. We were in our right. Mexico was the aggressor. It was a war, on her part, of invasion, not of reconquest, a war wrongful and forbidden by the law and custom of nations. It resulted vastly to our advantage, but if conciliation could have averted it, it would never have been undertaken.

The history of the important diplomatic efforts which finally brought to a close this contest between two neighboring republics, is a remarkable one, and, as its details are little known, and have never, so far as I know, been carefully embodied in narrative form, I propose here to supply the deficiency. In so doing, I shall have occasion to speak of a dear, highly valued, life-long friend of mine—Nicholas I. Trist, of Virginia. He was a grandson-in-law of Thomas Jefferson,

having married Thomas Mann Randolph's eldest daughter, and for many years he was his grandfather's private secretary. Later, he acted as private secretary to President Jackson during Major Donelson's absence. While thus employed, in 1831, an incident occurred which he afterward related to me; and, as it is very characteristic of the old General and his noted readiness to "take the responsibility," I give it here.

It is well known that Jackson, on his accession as President, appointed Martin Van Buren Secretary of State, and that Mr. Van Buren, in April, 1831, resigned that office. Thereupon President Jackson appointed him minister to England, and it became necessary to supply his place in the cabinet.

At that time there was in the United States Senate, from Louisiana, Edward Livingston, a gentleman who had already won an enviable reputation as author of the code which still bears his name,—a work which has had its influence on the jurisprudence of succeeding times. Livingston at that time stood very high, not only as jurist, but as statesman; his name had come up, along with many others, and he had been spoken of as one eminently fitted for Secretary of State. It so happened, also, that the Senate was then nearly equally divided between the two existing parties, Whig and Democratic; it need hardly be added that the President had been elected by the latter party.

Now, when rumors became rife that Livingston might be finally selected by Jackson as cabinet officer, a small deputation of the Democratic leaders and personal friends of the President, unwilling to face the General directly, called on Mr. Trist to talk the matter over with him. They began by advertising to the fact that barely a Democratic majority of two could at that time be safely counted on in the Senate; that if Livingston, an influential Democrat, was appointed Secretary of State, one of these votes would be lost; and that if (as was probable in the then state of parties in Louisiana) a Whig was appointed to take his place, it would result in a tie. They represented that such a contingency would very seriously embarrass the President, perhaps in the way of thwarting his policy, more certainly by endangering the confirmation of his appointments. And they finally begged Mr. Trist to take an early opportunity of expressing to the General their earnest desire, both for his own sake and for that of the party, that he would give to such considerations their

* Within three days after it was made, the members of the House, acting in their individual capacity, subscribed for thirty-seven thousand copies of it in pamphlet form, and, within a week, these were sent all over the country.

due weight before calling Livingston from his place in the Senate.

Mr. Trist at first demurred to the undertaking of this task, alleging his belief that it would be fruitless; but was finally persuaded to reconsider his refusal. Accordingly, one evening when Jackson, after a hard day's work, was seated in his arm-chair, his head sunk on his breast and his attitude betokening repose and reflection, Trist—with great reluctance, however, and after suitable apology—laid before him the fears and the wishes of his friends. At the first broaching of the subject (so Trist informed me), the old man drew himself bolt upright, according to his military wont, fixed his thoroughly awakened eyes full on the speaker; and, as the latter went on with his report, the flash from those stern eyes sufficiently indicated in advance—to one so familiar with his manner as his secretary was—the probable result.

He listened patiently, however, until the conclusion. Then, after a pause, all he said, in his usual brief and unflinching manner, was: "Mr. Trist, my friends ought to know that no considerations of that kind can influence my choice of a Secretary of State. It is my duty to select for that important office the man best fitted to fill it, and to leave the rest to God. Tell these gentlemen so." And the very next day Livingston was appointed to the vacant chair in the cabinet.

Jackson has often been blamed, not without reason, for the numerous removals from office which followed his election. But the above anecdote, of which the authenticity is indisputable, may suffice in proof that, on great occasions at least, he acted upon the principle which underlies civil service reform.

One of the results, as anticipated by his friends, probably vexed the President not a little: the rejection, namely, by the Senate, in December, 1831, of his nomination of Mr. Van Buren as minister to the court of St. James.

Yet, in the main, there was not factious opposition. The Senate, in those days, was a distinguished body, graced by names of eminence—men in whose minds patriotism took precedence of party. Nor do I believe that there was a more dignified legislative assembly in the world. Often have I since sat, admiring their demeanor, as contrasted with that of our turbulent House. And this recalls to me another anecdote told me by my friend Trist.

While Trist was acting as secretary, Jackson gave him in charge a deputation of

Indian chiefs, to whom he (the President) had just granted audience, instructing Trist to show them what was most notable and most likely to interest them in Washington. The secretary took them first to the House of Representatives, then, as it happened, in one of its boisterous moods;—a wearisome speaker up, and no one attending to him; some members walking about the House, others reading newspapers, or chatting and laughing with their neighbors. The Indians remained quite silent, fixing an impassive gaze on the noisy and disorderly scene, and not one of their faces indicated, by the slightest change of muscle, any effect which it produced on them. After a time, Trist took them over to the Senate, where some noted statesman had the floor. Every Senator was in his place; all eyes were on the speaker, and not a sound disturbed the quiet of the session. The principal chief watched the debate for some time in silence; then, turning suddenly to Trist and stretching his right arm toward the Senate, "Men! men!" he exclaimed, in his deep, guttural tones; then, with a contemptuous backward pointing of the thumb over his shoulder toward the assembly they had just left, "Those were boys!"

But my object in introducing Mr. Trist to the reader was to supply, from half-forgotten Congressional documents and other materials kindly furnished to me by that gentleman's family, an authentic narrative of one of the most important diplomatic agreements ever entered into by these United States, namely:

THE TREATY OF GUADALUPE HIDALGO.

In the month of April, 1847, pending the Mexican war, news having reached Washington of the capture, by General Scott, of the city of Vera Cruz and of the castle of San Juan de Ulua, President Polk deemed it a fitting moment to make overtures for peace. But as, during the previous autumn, such overtures had been proffered by us and rejected by Mexico, it was thought best not to name public commissioners but to appoint a confidential diplomatic agent, unannounced except by a private letter to the general commanding, and another accrediting him to the Mexican Government.

In Secretary Buchanan's letter of April 15th, appointing as such agent Mr. Nicholas Trist, then the officer second in rank in the State Department, Mr. Trist was clothed with powers to conclude a treaty of peace with Mexico,

and was instructed to procure, according to a *projet* of treaty intrusted to him, the line of the Rio Grande as the western boundary of Texas, and the cession from Mexico, by purchase, of Upper and (if possible) of Lower California: the acquisition of New Mexico and Upper California being made a *sine qua non* of any treaty: and for them he was authorized to offer not exceeding twenty millions of dollars; while, for Lower California, which however was not made an ultimatum, five millions more might be added. His letter of credence was to be forwarded by General Scott to the Mexican Minister of Foreign Affairs: and, on the conclusion of the treaty, of which Trist was to give notice to Scott, there was to be suspension of hostilities. Strangely enough, this last provision, as will be seen, came very near defeating the purpose of the mission. Three days after Trist's appointment the battle of Cerro Gordo was fought; and the next day the city of Jalapa was captured. To General Scott, at that place, Mr. Trist, when he first reached Vera Cruz, sent* his letter of credence, and an outline of his instructions as diplomatic agent. This proved to be an unlucky move; for it brought on a quarrel of the gravest character between two men, both upright, earnest, patriotic, humane, but both, also, self-willed, hasty, outspoken, and both, withal, but especially General Scott, haughty and impatient under offense. Happily for the country, both acted far more wisely than they wrote; and, if they were prompt to take offense, they were as quick to forgive and forget it.

The General took fire at Trist's dispatch, and instantly wrote him back: "The Secretary of War proposes to degrade me by requiring that I, the Commander of the Army, shall defer to you, the Chief Clerk of the Department of State, the question of continuing or discontinuing hostilities." And he added, in regard to the dispatch to the Mexican Government that, considering the violence of some late decrees of their Congress he doubted "whether he could so far commit the honor of our Government as to take any direct agency in forwarding it."

Trist, to whom Scott's reply was handed on the way, retorted hotly. A ready and practiced writer, he was given to prolixity, which is always injudicious and often dangerous. A single page of letter-paper would

have sufficed to remind the General, simply and dispassionately, that he (Trist) had but communicated instructions emanating from the President, Commander-in-Chief of our Army and Navy; and that aside from this, the discontinuing of hostilities, when a treaty of peace was signed, is a common international usage, dictated by humanity. Instead of this, he diluted these self-evident propositions through thirty manuscript pages,* containing a mass of irrelevant and ill-judged matter; much of it in a taunting tone, certain to irritate and wound the vanity of the officer to whom it was addressed. He spoke of General Scott's letter as a "tirade against our Government, fit only to adorn the columns of some reckless partisan press." He suggested that better selections than himself might doubtless have been made as diplomatic agent; and that "the best of all, perhaps, would have been the present commander of our land forces in Mexico;" and he wound up his letter thus: "The Government has not fallen into so egregious a blunder as to make the transmission and delivery of the dispatch, of which I am bearer, depend upon the amiable affability and condescension of General Winfield Scott."

Scott, thoroughly exasperated, sent a brief reply,† of which the temper may be gathered from this extract: "The Jacobin Convention of France never sent, to one of its armies in the field, a more amiable and accomplished instrument. If you were armed with an ambulating guillotine, you would be the personification of Danton, Marat, and St. Just, all in one."

Such a "personal feud," as Secretary Buchanan called it, threatening the very object to effect which Trist had been appointed, seemed hopeless of appeasement. Yet within a single month after the above letters were penned, the storm had blown over and peace was restored. Under date of July 25th, General Scott wrote to the Secretary of War: "A happy change has occurred in my relations, both official and private, with Mr. Trist. Since the 26th ultimo, our intercourse has been frequent and cordial. I have found him able, discreet, courteous and amiable. * * * So far as I am concerned, I am perfectly willing that all I have heretofore written to the department about Mr. Trist be suppressed."

Mr. Trist, on his part, wrote to Mr. Bu-

* Under date May 6th, 1847.

* Letters of May 9th and May 20th.

† May 29th.

chanan, under date of July 23d: "Justice to a gentleman and a public servant whose character I had entirely misconceived, demands that I should take this early opportunity to say that his whole conduct, in connection with our intercourse, has been characterized by the purest public spirit, and a fidelity and devotion which could not be surpassed, to the views of the Government in regard to the restoration of peace. * * * It would be a cause of serious regret on my part if the correspondence between us soon after my arrival in this country should be in any way brought to the notice of the public. It would be highly gratifying to me to be permitted to withdraw it from the files of the department."

§ The reconciliation between these two generous adversaries was complete and lasting; their after friendship enduring through life. By a letter from Trist of August 14, we find that he was then Scott's guest. I should regret that the wishes of both parties in regard to the suppression of the angry correspondence which had passed between them has been disregarded, and that the whole has been officially spread on the Congressional records, were it not that it furnishes a shining example of the great truth that the best means to disabuse of personal prejudice those who are good at heart is to bring them together on familiar terms. Half the preconceptions and heart-burnings which now hold worthy men apart in feeling would be dissipated at once, if they would but agree to meet, as Scott and Trist finally did, in the spirit of the text: "Come, now, and let us reason together." Years after these events Trist expressed to me, in the warmest terms, not only his high appreciation of the social qualities of Scott, but his admiration for him as a military leader, resolute, clear-sighted, full of resource; equable in success and in reverses, and never hesitating when called upon in any emergency for instant decision. But one preliminary difficulty thus cleared away, other seemingly insurmountable obstacles to a treaty of peace presented themselves.

On the 11th of June, Scott and Trist being then still at variance, the latter had succeeded, by private means, in conveying to the Mexican authorities, through the intervention of Mr. Bankhead, the British Minister to Mexico, the dispatch of which he was the bearer. Santa Anna then held the Presidency *ad interim*, and was in possession of all its functions. This man was notoriously wily, selfish, wholly untrustworthy, except so

far as it served his personal interests to keep faith. But his conduct seemed to prove that he judged it to be for his interests to terminate the war. At risk of increasing his unpopularity, he issued a "manifesto to the nation," asserting the international obligation to listen to overtures of peace. But as, for the time, he took no steps toward inviting such propositions, Scott, after waiting at Puebla some weeks for re-enforcements to an army reduced by casualties and sickness to little over five thousand eight hundred effective men, pushed vigorously forward toward the Mexican capital; and, on August 20, by a series of brilliant successes, after two days' stubborn fighting, carried Contreras and Churubusco; the latter a village only little more than three miles from the city of Mexico. There, in sight of the capital, and in furtherance of a policy equally wise and humane, the same man who, not three months before, had denounced the American commissioner as an interloping emissary of the State Department, and had taken offense at instructions to suspend hostilities in case a treaty of peace was concluded, now magnanimously paused in his path of victory; and, to afford that same commissioner an opportunity to negotiate for peace, proffered Mexico* an armistice: all this at his own instance and without even a suggestion from Mr. Trist. It was at once accepted by Santa Anna, who, a few days later, appointed four commissioners, all men of high standing and two of them avowed friends of peace, but empowered only "to receive and transmit to him" such propositions as might be submitted to them. They met August 27th. After several days' discussion the Mexican ministers submitted a counter *projet* of treaty, prepared by Santa Anna, as an ultimatum. It proposed the River Nueces as western boundary of Texas, and a sale, to the United States, of so much only of Upper California as lies north of latitude thirty-seven; and it demanded payment to Mexican citizens for all losses by action of our troops. This proposition Mr. Trist rejected the next day as utterly inadmissible. The Mexican commissioners terminated the communication in which they announced to their Minister of Foreign Affairs the failure of their mission thus: "In all relations with Mr. Trist, we found ample motive to appreciate his noble character; and if, at any time, the work of peace is consummated, it will be by nego-

* August 21st.

tiators adorned with the same estimable gifts which, in our judgment, distinguish this minister."

In truth, aside from the tendency to tedious diffuseness, and to reprehensible irrelevancies which break out in his correspondence, not only with Scott, but with the department, Trist was eminently fitted for the post he held. Familiar with the Spanish language, urbane and courteous of manner in the best sense of these terms, he was yet firm of purpose and tenacious of principle. His final dispatch to the commissioners, under date September 7th, while conciliatory in tone, was, at the same time, terse, vigorous and logical, condensing into seven pages a luminous and comprehensive statement of our policy toward the Mexican nation.

His earnest desire for peace betrayed him at this time into what I deem an error of judgment, in agreeing (as he did) to refer to his Government a proposition that the strip of territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande should remain neutral ground. On receipt of this at the department, Trist was recalled.*

Meanwhile Scott terminated the armistice; five days later stormed and carried the strong fortress of Chapultepec; and the next day, September 14th, entered the city of Mexico, there taking up his head-quarters.

Trist prepared to depart, but was detained several weeks, communication with Vera Cruz being interrupted. On December 4th, Scott wrote to the department: "Mr. Trist will start by the next train." On that same day, however, a strange thing came to pass. The prospect of the American commissioner's departure had saddened and depressed the friends of peace in Mexico, and it added to their discouragement when an urgent recommendation sent on by Trist that a successor be appointed, clothed with powers similar to his own, was disregarded; the President having decided to make no further overtures for peace, and contenting himself with instructing General Scott to receive and forward to Washington any proposals which Mexico might volunteer. Add to this that throughout the month of November the governmental changes in Mexico were all in favor of the peace party. Herrera had first become President *ad interim*, and had appointed Mora y Villamil (known among his countrymen as the "Apostle of Peace") his Secretary of War.

After a time the Mexican Congress, having a peace majority, had elected General Anaya provisional President; and a few days after his election, he had caused Mr. Trist to be notified that he had named commissioners authorized to conclude with him a treaty of peace. Mr. Trist had replied* that his powers had been revoked; that he must depart without delay; and he concluded by expressing "the hope that the signature of the treaty which had been reserved for other hand than his might take place at an early day." There seemed no prospect other than an indefinite prolongation of the war, with all its incidents of lives lost and treasure expended. Repeated entreaties informally conveyed to Trist by the leading advocates of peace in Mexico, not to desert them, though they awoke in him deep regrets, had failed to shake his intention. As late as December 4th he was still preparing for immediate departure; when, on that very day, moved by one of those sudden inspirations which come only to men of sympathetic nature and sanguine temperament, and which, at times, decide alike the fate of the individual and the destinies of nations, all his previous intentions were at once upset, and he conceived and carried out a resolve fraught, as it proved, with momentous consequences.

A confidential letter written, on the spur of the moment, to a trusted friend at Queretaro, the temporary seat of the Mexican Government, discloses his motives:

"Until a few hours ago" (he writes) "I have never, for an instant, wavered in the determination expressed in my reply to your letter" (namely, to return home at once). * * "Nevertheless, that determination now stands reversed. * * I am resolved, and committed, to carry home with me a treaty of peace if the Mexican Government feel strong enough to venture upon making one substantially on the basis, as regards boundary, of the *projet* originally presented by me." He adds: "The question which your letter had raised has brought itself home to me. Knowing, as I do, that peace is the earnest wish of both nations, *can* it be my duty to allow the last chance for that peace to be lost? I have come to the conclusion that my duty is to pursue the opposite course."

Such an incident is without precedent, so far as my reading and experience go, in diplomatic history. We do not find, among

* October 6th.

* November 24th.

diplomats, men willing to sacrifice themselves, like Regulus, for the good of their country. And it needed rare moral courage to adventure, as Trist did, the signature of a solemn treaty without law and in the face of adverse instructions. That he did so with eyes open to the censure and reproach to which he was exposing himself is sufficiently proved, if corroborative proof were needed, by the fact that, pending the negotiations which ensued, he sent to the President, through Mrs. Trist, his resignation of the office which he held in the State Department.*

A strange point in the case is, that the Mexican Government, after being officially notified by Trist that his powers had been revoked, was still willing to treat with him. This could hardly have occurred except in a disturbed and half-governed country like Mexico, where forms of law were wont to be postponed to the necessities of the hour; nor would it have happened even there, perhaps, had not the American commissioner's high character won entire confidence during his previous negotiations.

The necessities of the hour were great; the moment was critical. Before he agreed to remain, Trist had conferred informally with some members of the Mexican peace party, and had urged them either to send immediately, through General Scott, such propositions as they had to make, or else to dispatch one or more commissioners to Washington with him. But they had convinced him that to adopt either plan would have the effect of breaking down the existing government, and that the only possible way of obtaining a treaty was to have the work done now, on the spot; negotiation and confirmation to take place at one dash.† What the result might be of indefinite postponement, no human wit could predict.

So to work they went, as soon as Trist consented. Even then, however, great were the difficulties and tedious the negotiations, extending through seven or eight weeks. Finally, on the 2d of February, 1848, the treaty was signed, and instantly dispatched to Washington for ratification.

* In a letter written by Trist to the State Department, under date December 5th, 1847, he says: "I have been brought to a resolve fraught with responsibility to myself; whilst, on the other hand, the circumstances under which it is undertaken are such as to leave the Government at perfect liberty to disavow my proceeding, should it seem disadvantageous to our country."

† Letter of Trist to Buchanan, of November 27th.

It was communicated to the Senate by President Polk, in a message dated February 23d, in which he says that, notwithstanding "the extraneous circumstances attending its conclusion and signature, which might be objected to," he deemed it his duty (as it conformed substantially to the terms Mr. Trist was authorized to offer) to submit it for ratification; recommending, however, that the tenth article, relating to Mexican land-grants, be stricken out, and certain other unimportant amendments made.

In the Senate a somewhat stormy debate ensued, during which Senator Houston, of Texas, sought by resolution to denounce Mr. Trist's action as contumacious, and evincing flagrant disregard of his country's institutions. But the treaty, amended substantially as the President recommended, was nevertheless, on March 4th, ratified by a vote of 38 yeas to 14 nays, Senators Benton, Douglas, and Webster voting against it. The final ratifications were interchanged in the city of Mexico, nearly three months later.*

It is scarcely possible to overestimate the importance to our country of the treaty thus strangely concluded. Aside from the fact that Mexico abandoned her groundless claim to Texas, she ceded to us, for less than twenty millions of dollars, a territory which President Polk, in his message on the subject,† justly characterizes as "constituting a country large enough for a great empire." Stretching along the Pacific coast, from latitude 32° 20' to the southern boundary of Oregon, in latitude 42°, it extends east from the same coast to an average width of full nine hundred miles; ‡ thus adding six hundred thousand square miles, or fully one-fourth, to the area of these United States. We thereby obtained dominion over a country five times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, or nearly three times as large as France; a country, too, as it has proved, of unrivaled mineral riches, the full value of which we are even now quite unable to estimate. Finally, it is a country salubrious, in part fertile, and giving us command of valuable ports on the Pacific coast.

In concluding the Guadalupe Hidalgo Treaty, Mexico ceded to us more than one-

* By Mr. Attorney-General Clifford and Senator Sevier, appointed commissioners, with the rank of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, for that purpose.

† Message of July 22d, 1848.

‡ "A mean distance of nearly one thousand miles," is President Polk's estimate. See same message.

third of her territory.* To this the Mexican peace party would never have agreed, had they not clearly seen, after the loss of their capital, that the alternative was either the cession of New Mexico and Upper California, or else the risk of losing their national independence by conquest or annexation to the United States. To this last contingency, indeed, many of the war party in Mexico—the *Puros*—looked forward as, under the circumstances, the most desirable issue.

The negotiator of a treaty which made so vast an addition to the extent and the resources of our country, not only lost the high position which he held, together with all after chance of further promotion to office, but was denied, as a public offender, the remuneration for services and expenses at the rate usually granted to a *chargé d'affaires*, which had been assigned to him in his letter of appointment. Twenty-five years later, at the close of an arduous life, an act of tardy justice by Congress made up to him this loss—too late, however, to be a benefit, except to his widow.

His bold resolve had two aspects: one, its illegality, and consequent danger as a precedent; the other, its magnanimity, and the forfeiture it entailed of position and popularity, for the public good. But there is small chance that so self-denying an example will ever be imitated. Republics, it is asserted, are not wont to be grateful; least

* Reducing her area from about 1,600,000 to 1,000,000 square miles.

of all, perhaps, for quiet acts of devotion. Brilliant martial deeds are blazoned abroad; but in the latest edition of "Appleton's Cyclopædia" there is not even a brief biographical notice of Nicholas Trist.

In the spring of 1847, having occasion to visit the President on business, I found him busily poring over a large map of Mexico.

"Sit down, Mr. Owen," he said; "I am glad to see you. I want your opinion on a matter that has been occupying much of my thoughts lately."

"It regards Mexico?"

"Yes. What is it just to demand, and safe for us to purchase, or accept, in the way of acquiring territory from her?"

"I think it safe to acquire territory that is uninhabited, or only sparsely peopled; we are accustomed to that. I think it would be dangerous to purchase or annex any portion of the Mexican states proper, with their parti-colored population, wedded to a law-established religion and speaking a foreign language."

"You are right. I shall never agree to that, even if Mexico could be brought to consent."

I was very glad to find the President so decided on this point. I think it would have been a national calamity if the final result of a protracted war—happily averted by the peace of Guadalupe Hidalgo—had been the annexation of Mexico to the United States.

A DESIRE.

LET me not lay the lightest feather's weight

Of duty upon love. Let not, my own,

The breath of one reluctant kiss be blown

Between our hearts. I would not be the gate

That bars, like some inexorable fate,

The portals of thy life; that says, "Alone

Through me shall any joy to thee be known;"

Rather the window, fragrant early and late

With thy sweet, clinging thoughts, that grow and twine

Around me, like some bright and blooming vine:

Through which the sun shall shed his wealth on thee

In golden showers; through which thou may'st look out

Exulting in all beauty, without doubt,

Or fear, or shadow of regret from me.

LEO MARINUS, THE SEA-KING.

FELIS LEO, from time immemorial, by reason of his aspect, size, strength and ferocity, has been called the "king of beasts"; but this title should be abridged, or at least qualified, by terming him the "land-king"; for the subject of our sketch rules without fear or favor over the multitudes of amphibian brute life—a kingdom fully rivaling that of the terrestrial monarch in population and in power. The perfect adaptation of the sea-lion to its physical surroundings, and its courage, strength and power,—comparative on land and pre-eminent in water,—entitle it to the proud appellation of "sea-king." With singular elasticity of organization, it seems to be equally well satisfied with the ice-fields of the Kamtchatkan Sea and the polished boulders on the coast of California. The northern sea-lion (*Eumetopias Stelleri*), when it appears upon its accustomed breeding-grounds of the North Pacific, early in May of every year, is an animal that commands, by its imposing presence and sonorous voice, the undivided attention and admiration of the observer; with head, neck, and chest reared erect, it stands up on its powerful fore-arms over six feet in height, while its deep bass roar drowns the booming of the surf that thunders on the rocks at its flanks.

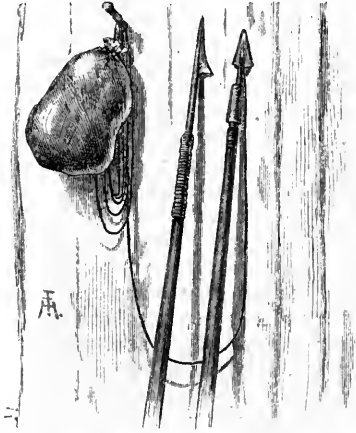
The size and strength of an adult sea-lion will be better appreciated when it is said that one of the males has a length of between ten and eleven feet, with an enormous girth around the chest and shoulders of eight to nine. But while the anterior parts of the frame are as perfect and powerful on land as in the sea, those posterior are ridiculously impotent when the huge beast leaves its favorite element; still, when, hauled up beyond the reach of the brawling surf, it rears itself, shaking the spray from its tawny chest and bristling mane, it has a marked leonine appearance and bearing, greatly enhanced as the season advances by the rich, golden rufous color of its coat, the ferocity of its expression, its sinister muzzle, and the savage cast of its eye, which is not large, round, and full, but, like that of the bull-dog, small, and clearly showing under its heavy lids the white, or sclerotic coat, with a light-brown iris. Its teeth gleam and glisten in pearly whiteness against the dark tongue and shadowy re-

cesses of its wide, deep mouth. The long, sharp, broad-based eye-dentition, when bared by the wrathful snarling of the gristled lips, glitters more wickedly than the keenest sword. With these teeth alone, backed by the enormous muscular power of a mighty neck and broad shoulders, the sea-lion fights its battles with terrible energy and heedless, persistent courage. No animals in combat present a more savage or more cruelly fascinating sight than do a brace of old sea-lions when they meet upon the breeding-grounds in prime condition. Then, surrounded by their meek, polygamous families, the latent fires of hate and jealousy seem to burst forth and consume the angry rivals. Opening with a long, loud, vocal prelude, they gradually come together with averted heads, one playing against the other for an unguarded moment in which to assume the initiative by striking its fangs into the thick skin, clenching its jaws, not to be shaken off until the struggles of its furious opponent have literally torn them out, leaving an ugly, gaping wound,—for the sharp canines cut out a deep gutter in the skin and flesh, or shred the flippers into ribbon strips. Fired into almost supernatural rage, the injured lion retaliates in kind; the hair flies in the air; blood streams down in torrents; while, high above the booming of the breaking waves and the deafening screams of myriads of water-fowl overhead, rises the hoarse, resonant roaring of the desperate combatants.

The males of the North Pacific come out from the sea early in May and locate on the narrow, rocky belts of breeding-ground, preferred and occupied by them for years previously, two and three weeks in advance of the arrival of their families. This time is spent in fighting among themselves and in confident anticipation; the females make their appearance from about the 1st to the 10th of June, but they are not subjected to that intense jealous supervision so characteristic of the fur-seal harem. The female is not quite half the size of the male, and is as timid as a doe; she measures from seven to eight feet in length, and weighs from four to five hundred pounds, while the male weighs not less than a thousand. The proportion of females to males on a sea-lion rookery is as fifteen to one.

The females in landing seem to be in-

fluenced by no preference for any one male above another, but are actuated solely by the desire to come ashore at a suitable place



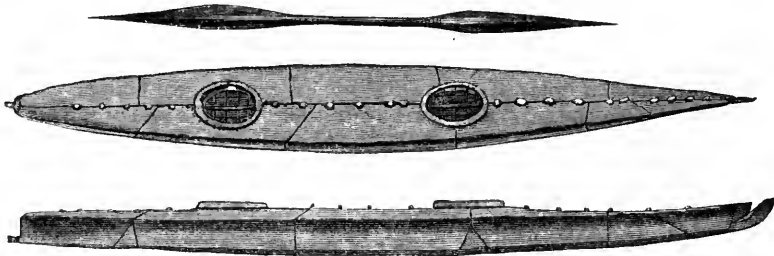
SEA-LION HUNTING-SPEARS; TWO-BLADDER BUOY.

where soon after landing they are to bring forth their young. The cubs are by no means helpless when born, like their African namesakes. When they first come into the world their eyes are promptly opened, wide and clear; they stand up quite free and strong upon their odd flipper feet, and commence at once in their frequent intervals of wakefulness to crawl up and over bowlders, to paddle in the surf and to roar huskily and shrilly at their parents. They are fed upon the richest of rich milk at irregular and somewhat lengthy periods. Regaled in this manner, the young sea-lion grows with surprising rapidity, so much so that its weight of nine or twelve pounds at birth is increased to seventy-five or ninety in less than four months; by this time also it has shed its milk coat and teeth, grown a strong mustache and become a facile swimmer and fisherman, though it was at first one of the

most clumsy. The liquid pearly blue eye of the little fellow is soon changed into the sinister expression of adolescence already alluded to; he appears to grow up unnoticed by his grim-looking father, while the maternal attention is scant indeed when contrasted with the love evinced by cat or dog for its offspring.

At the east end of St. George's Island, Behring's Sea, is one of the finest sea-lion rookeries in that region, or, perhaps, in the world; it lies at the base of a frowning wall of precipitous cliffs, lofty and overhanging the sea, on a rocky stretch of beach, some thirty or forty feet wide at high water. Here, thickly stowed side by side, end to end and crosswise, for a distance of half a mile, are four or five thousand sea-lions of all sizes and both sexes; and here they will be found every summer, secure from the approach of enemies by land; for, as they lie there under the cliffs, they cannot be approached and driven by man, as their kind are, on their breeding haunts at St. Paul's Island.

By paying due attention to the direction of the wind, we can descend at intervals from the heights above, unheeded and unsuspected, to within a stone's throw of them, where we may observe their thousand and one unconstrained and peculiar maneuvers, which would be interrupted at once by a tumultuous and general rush for the water were we to make ourselves known. We are impressed first by their excessive restlessness; they are ever twisting and turning, coiling and uncoiling themselves over the rocks,—now stretched out prone in slumber, the next minute up and moving; the roar of one is instantly caught up by another, so that the aggregate sound arising from the rookery at irregular, though close, intervals can only be compared to the hoarse sound of a tempest as it howls through the rigging of a ship, or through the branches of a forest



BIDARKIE AND PADDLE.



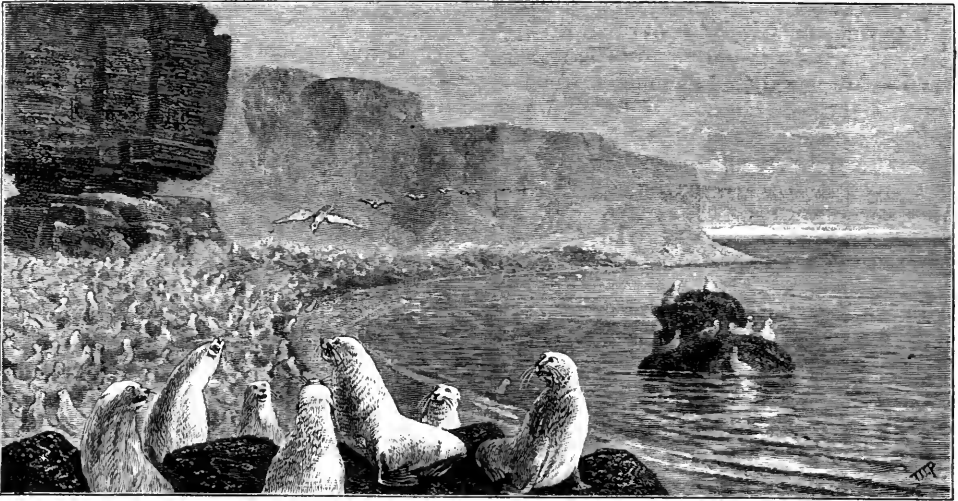
A FIGHT BETWEEN RIVALS.

grove; the voice of the northern sea-lion (*Eumetopias*) is confined to either a deep, resonant roar or a low, muttering growl; that of the southern sea-lion (*Zalophus*), for example, those so numerous at San Francisco, is quite different, being a barking, or "honk-honk" howl.

We see an incessant tide of these animals traveling to the water, and a steady stream coming out. When they first issue from the surf they are dark and glistening, but as their coats dry off the color becomes an iron-gray or a bright golden rufous. After getting entirely dry, they seem to grow exceedingly uneasy, and act as though oppressed by heat, until they plunge back into the sea; the females and young males frolic in and out of water,

one with another incessantly like puppies, and when weary, stretch out in any attitude that will fit the character of the rock or the shingle upon which they may be resting; their supple spines and ball-and-socket leg attachments permit of the most extraordinary contortions of the body and limbs, all of which they seem actually to relish; while the old battle-scarred lords of the harem stand or lie at their posts, day and night, without leaving them, until the end of the season.

When swimming, the sea-lion only lifts its head above the surface long enough to take a quick breath, then drops down a few feet and propels itself for ten to fifteen minutes, like a cigar steamer, at the rate of six



BREEDING ROOKERY OF SEA-LIONS, NOVASTOSHNA, ST. GEORGE.

or seven knots if undisturbed; but if chased, it fairly seems to fly under the water, and can easily attain and maintain for a long time the speed of fourteen or fifteen miles per hour. The propulsion is the work entirely of the powerful fore flippers, which are simultaneously struck out and back against the water, while the hind flippers are used as a rudder in deflecting the ever-varying, swift and abrupt course of the animal. On land the hind flippers are used just as a dog does his feet in scratching fleas; they have several species of vermin that annoy them to a great extent and cause them to enjoy a protracted scratching.

The stronger and wilder the surf, the

greater the joy and animation of these animals; they delight in riding on the crests of the dissolving breaker up to the moment when it fairly foams on the iron-bound rocks; on that instant they disappear beneath the creamy surge, re-appearing on the crown of another mighty wave. When landing, they always ride right in, so to speak, through the surf to the objective point, and it is wonderful to see with what remarkable agility they will worm themselves up steep, rocky landings having an inclination greater than 45° . The young ones are very fond of playing with one another over the surface of some water-washed rock, from which they push one after another off.

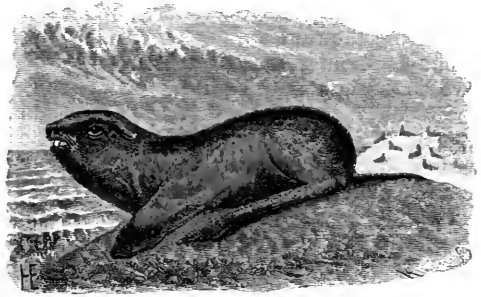
In addition to the noise that continually rises from these breeding-places, there is a peculiarly strong, stale odor, that is to most persons remarkably offensive, and when the wind blows off shore, warning has frequently been carried out to vessels through thick fog by means of this smell and flavor. The sound of a sea-lion rookery, a little distance at sea, is precisely like that of breakers on a long reach of unbroken sand beach, but on coming up nearer the difference is speedily observed.

The sea-lion has little or no commercial value, except for the service of the natives themselves, who, all along the north-west coast, Alaska, Kamtchatka and the Kuriles, set great store by it, make use for various purposes of the hide, mustaches, flesh, fat, sinews and intestines. They have abundant reason to treasure its skin highly, for it is the covering to their unique "bidarkies"



THE WATER-PROOF "KAM LAY KIE."

and "bidarrahs," the former being the small kyack, while the latter is a boat-of-all-work,—exploration and transportation. These skins, when deftly sewed and cunningly stretched over a light keel and frame-work of wood, make a perfectly water-tight boat that will withstand the softening influence of water for a day or two at a time if properly oiled. After usage during the day, the boats are always drawn out on the beach, turned bottom side up and dried during the night, in this way made ready for employment again on the morrow. A peculiar value is attached to the intestines of the sea-lion, which after



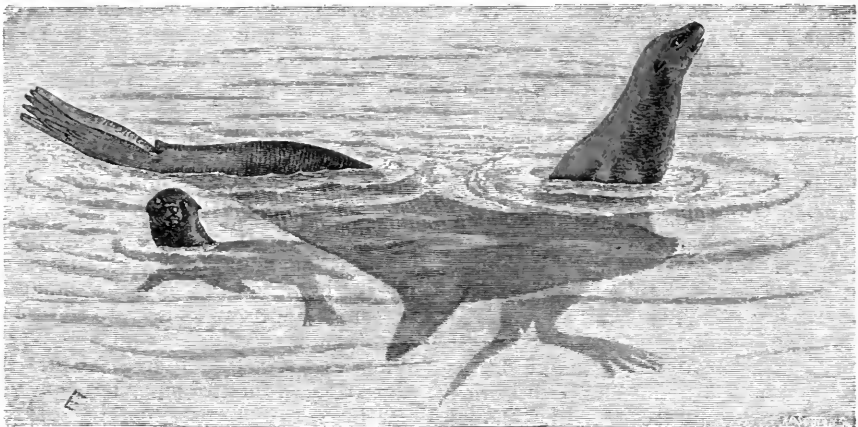
BABY SEA-LION.



SEA-LION BOOTS.

cleaning are distended with air and allowed to dry in that shape, and then are cut into ribbons and sewed strongly together into the most characteristic water-proof garment in the world, known as the "*Kam lay kie*," which, while being as fully water-proof as India rubber, has far greater strength when wet, and is almost transparent in its fitting

over dark clothes. The sea-lion gullets are served in a similar manner and made into boot-tops, which are in turn soled with the tough, thick palms of that animal's flippers. Around the native huts constantly appear curious objects that resemble overgrown gourds; an examination proves them to be the dried stomach-walls of the sea-lion filled with its oil, which is distilled clear and inodorous when fresh from the blubber. The flesh of an old sea-lion, while not very palatable, is yet dry and tasteless, but the meat of a yearling is very much like veal, and, when properly cooked, just as good. The carcass of the sea-lion, after it is stripped of its hide and disemboweled, is hung up in cool weather by its hind flippers on a rude wooden frame exposed to the open air, and kept almost any length of time in winter for use. The natives, as do our old duck and deer hunters, prefer to have the meat tainted rather than fresh, saying that it is most tender and toothsome when decidedly "loud." The tough elastic mustache bristles are objects of great commercial activity among the Chinese, who prize them highly as pickers for their opium pipes; the natives



SEA-LIONS SWIMMING.

carefully pluck them out and get their full value from the traders.

The sea-lion is undoubtedly a fish-eater, pure and simple, though he occasionally varies his diet by consuming a limited amount of juicy sea-weed fronds; but he hunts no animal whatever for food, nor does he ever molest the mocking sea-fowl that incessantly hover over his head or sit in flocks without fear on the surface of the

of this topography, the natives of St. Paul's Island secure every season hundreds of sea-lions, with but a tithe of the labor and exposure by which their capture is attended at other places. Eleven miles north-east from the village on St. Paul's Island is a point upon which a large number of sea-lions annually repair for the purposes of breeding, etc., but as this animal is timid, and sure to take to water when brought



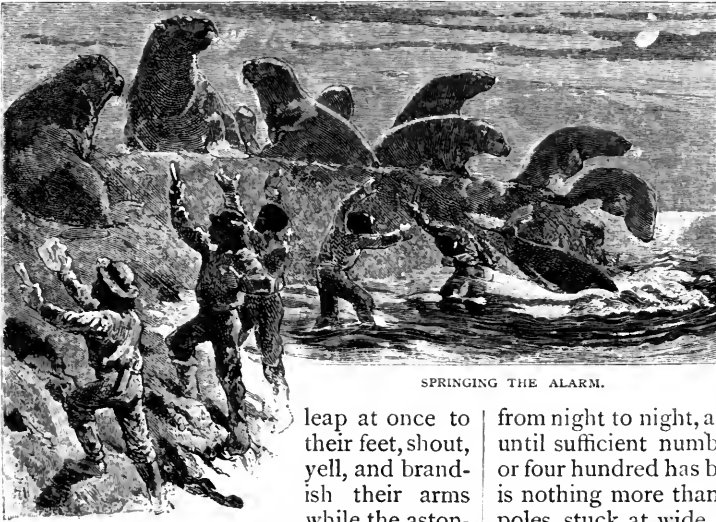
STALKING THE HERD.

waters around him. He is without question a mighty fisherman, familiar with every submarine haunt of his prey. Of those fish which have hard, horny mouths filled with teeth or bony plates, he invariably bites the head off at the nape and rejects it; frequently the writer has seen winnows of the dog-fish heads, bitten by sea-lions, cast up by the surf after a heavy south-east gale on St. George's Island.

The capture of the sea-lion is a labor of great care and industry for its dusky hunters, who, except in one or two localities, have to spear or shoot it by stealth as it sleeps on the rocks or at sea. Its vitality is simply wonderful; when shot, unless the bullet pierces the brain, the beast will escape, though mortally wounded.

A singular method is annually employed by the natives of St. Paul's Island, Alaska, for the capture of the sea-lion. Here is an island which, instead of presenting an almost unbroken line of bold, abrupt cliffs to the sea, like its fellows in the North Pacific, offers to the landing seals a low, though gradually rising ground. Taking advantage

into the presence of man, its capture requires much discretion and boldness on the part of its captors, who are chosen every season from the village people, with especial reference to their physical qualification for the work. The "sea-richie," as the natives name them, cannot be approached successfully by daylight; so the hunters, ten or twelve in number, rendezvous in a hut near by until a favorable night comes on, when the moon is partially obscured by drifting clouds and the wind blows in from the rookery. Then they step down to the beach, at low water, and proceed to creep flat on all fours over the surf-beaten sand and bowlders up to the dozing herd and between them and the water; in this way a small body of men crawling along in Indian file may pass unnoticed by the sea-lion sentries which doubtless in the uncertain light confound the forms of their human enemies with those of seals. When the creeping natives have all reached the strip of beach which is left bare by ebb tide between the water and the unsuspecting animals, at a given signal, the hunters



SPRINGING THE ALARM.

leap at once to their feet, shout, yell, and brandish their arms while the astonished and terrified lions roar and flounder in all directions. If, at the moment of surprise, the brutes are sleeping with their heads pointed toward the water, they charge straight on in that way, directly over the men; but if their heads have been resting pointed landward, they follow that course just as desperately, and nothing will turn them, at first, either one way or the other. Those who charge for the water are lost, of course, but the natives promptly follow up the land leaders with a rare combination of horrible noises and demoniacal gesticulations until the first frenzied spurt and exertions of the terrified animals completely exhaust them, and then, panting, gasping, prone upon the earth, they are

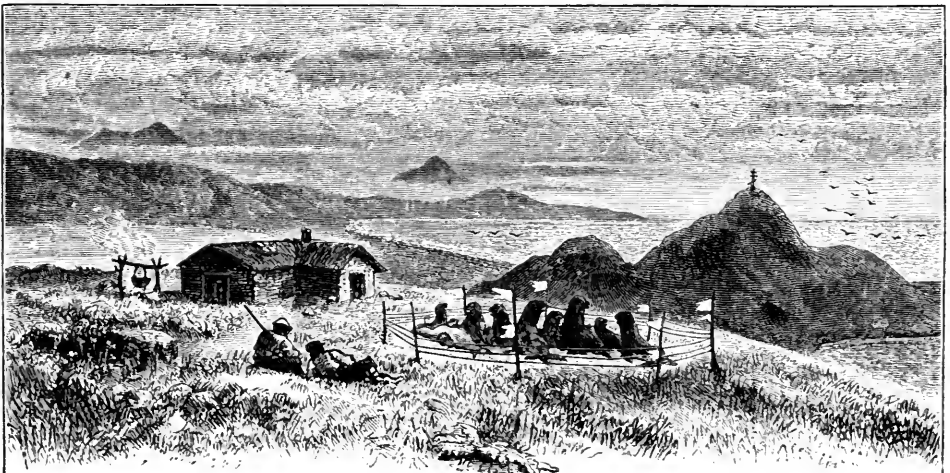
extended at the mercy of their cunning captors, who gently urge them along up to the hut in which they have been keeping watch during several days past, for the night in which to make this effort. Here the natives have what they call their pen or cage, in which the lion-like seals, as they are captured

from night to night, are collected and retained until sufficient numbers or a drove of three or four hundred has been secured. This cage is nothing more than a succession of small poles stuck at wide intervals over a circle,



A FRIEND OF THE SEA-LION.

in the ground; these poles are decked with fluttering strips of white cotton cloth, and light ropes are loosely stretched from one to the other. Within this flimsy circle the sea-lions are securely imprisoned, and though inces-

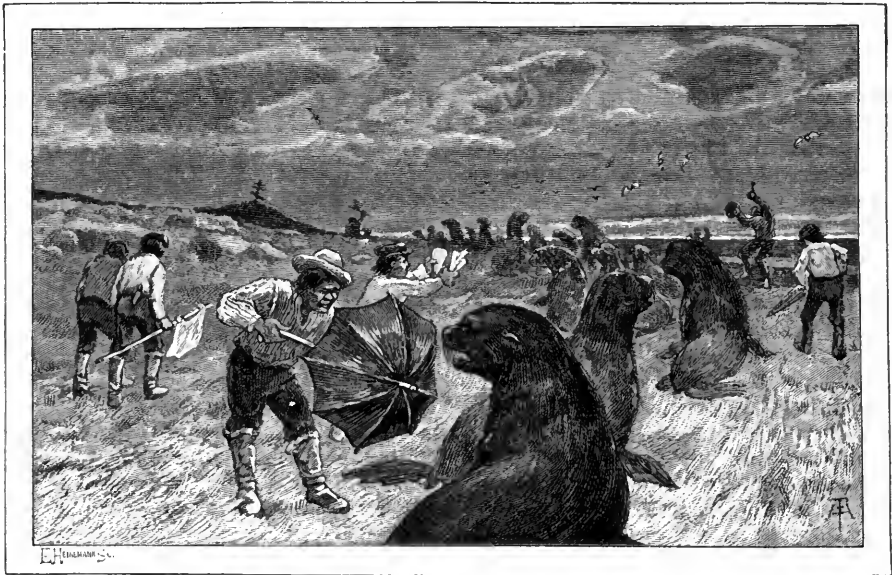


SEA-LION CAGE AT NORTH-EAST POINT.

santly watched by two or three men, they scarcely make an effort to escape, but their roaring is almost deafening, while they constantly writhe and twist over and against one another like a handful of angle-worms in a saucer.

In this way, after the lapse of several weeks, by catching at different nights squads of from ten to fifty lions, between three and four hundred are secured, and the natives prepare to drive their herd down over the grassy and mossy uplands to the village—eleven miles—making each sea-lion in this way carry its own skin and blubber over this distance. If the weather is normally cold

balance and swing their long, heavy necks to and fro like camels, hitching up behind their impotent posteriors, which are seldom raised from the ground, but drawn up, after every right and left step forward. This rear half of the animal's body literally drags over the grass, sand, or rocks; and, as the beasts pause they sullenly survey the field and savagely show their wicked teeth at the men, who have to exercise every art and ingenuity to arouse them to fresh efforts, by clapping bones and boards, burning fusees, waving flags; of late the "blue gingham" umbrella, rapidly opened and closed in the face of an ugly old bull, has been more



A SEA-LION DRIVE.

and wet, the herd can be driven there in five or six days; but should it be dry and clear, three weeks will be necessary for the successful prosecution of the task.

When the drove is started, the natives gather around the herd on all sides, except in the direction in which they wish the animals to travel, and in this manner they accompany the lions during the journey. The young ones and females, being much lighter and less laden with blubber, strike out far in advance of the old bulls, which, by reason of their great weight, are incapable of moving ahead more than a few rods at a time, when they are compelled to stop by loss of breath. In this way the herd is stretched out in extended file or caravan over the line of march. The lions in traveling

effectual than all the other known artifices or savage expedients of the natives: It is an amusing coincidence that while lions are hunted under umbrellas in Africa their marine cousins are chased with them in Alaska.

The procession of sea-lions moving on in this strange manner, day and night for a week, is finally brought to rest within a stone's throw of the village, which is most pleasurably excited by its long-anticipated appearance. The men get out their old rifles and large, sea-lion lances, and sharpen up their knives, while the women look well to their oil-pouches and repair to the field of slaughter with meat-baskets on their heads. No attempt is made, even by the boldest, to destroy an old bull by spearing; the enraged and powerful beast would seize the

lance between its jaws and shake it from the hands of the stoutest man in an instant. Recourse is had to the rifle. The "cows," or females, are destroyed afterward by the spears of the natives, who surround them *en masse*. It is an unparalleled spectacle, cruel and bloody.

As the sea-lion has no fur, only a coat of thick, coarse hair, its large skin has no value outside of the region it inhabits in the north. The hair is short, longest over the nape, straight and rather stiff, varying in color greatly as the different seasons of the year

come and go. The sea-lion in no respect whatever manifests the intelligence and sagacity of the fur-seal; but he is a real cosmopolitan, and in strength and size a giant, when compared with his more intelligent and valuable cousin. In this country he delights the population of a great city as he disports himself on the rocks at the entrance to the Golden Gate, and his hardy constitution enables him to travel with show-men from Maine to Mexico; but he is never seen in the full pride of his might except in the secure solitudes of the circumpolar seas.

SOCIALISM.

SOCIALISM is the latest effort to deal with a problem which is as old as the human race, and which will last as long as the race. Human beings tend to multiply beyond the power of a limited area of land to support life, under a given stage of the arts, and a given standard of living. While the population is meager in proportion to the amount of land at its disposal the struggle for existence is easy, the average status high, the population nearly all on the average and nearly all equal; the competition of man with man is lax, the penalties of individual error and vice are light and uncertain, and the rewards of painstaking exertion are not proportionate to those of less careful effort; there is little poverty and misery and no "social problem." When the population is dense the struggle for self-preservation becomes intense for each one, the competition of life becomes severe, every advantage weighs heavily, the average status is low, but it is made up of wide extremes and great inequality of condition, the penalties of vice and error are heavy and certain and the rewards of peculiar talent, skill and energy are very high. In this state of society there are great poverty and misery and the social problem is presented. Classes are more distinctly marked off and more widely separated from each other. Hereditary virtue and vice have far higher importance, for it is far more difficult to pass from one social condition to another, and the starting-point, as regards health, mental vigor, talent, early training, traditions and capital, which the father fixes for the son, becomes a matter of far higher importance. If, then, there be complete liberty,

that is, if every individual head of a family be left to employ his energies for the preservation and development of himself and his children, and be secured the exclusive use of his products for that purpose, it follows that each finds just that position of superiority or inferiority, relatively to others, to which his comparative energy, talent, industry and self-denial assign him. The notions of property, liberty and justice here involved are those to which the human race has been led as the highest results, so far, of its experience on earth.

The human race has also moved forward through numberless experiments, to monogamy and the family nurture of children as the institutions, for the relation of the sexes and generations, which are most conducive to the welfare of the race as a whole in its effort to expand and develop human life against the obstacles of nature. It is by the devotion and sacrifice of parents to children that the race moves forward from generation to generation in the conquest of nature, and it is by force of the same sentiment, more than anything else, that each generation is held up to the virtues of industry, temperance and self-denial which conduce to the physical and moral welfare of man. The institutions of property and the family together give rise to the institutions of bequest and inheritance.

It follows then that, in an advancing society, in which population is becoming more and more dense, the virtues of industry and self-denial are becoming more and more influential, and that, in the competition of life, poverty and misery are made the more direct and inevitable penalties of shift-

lessness, laziness, extravagance, intemperance and imprudence. Poverty and misery will, therefore, exist in human society just so long as the industrial vices exist in human nature; and it is fixed in the order of nature, not by any decree of governments, congresses, or academies, that the man of industry and self-denial shall possess great advantages over the man of idleness and improvidence, which shall increase as time goes on. The instrument of this advantage is capital. All this holds true, whatever doctrine of final causes one may adopt.

There is no possibility of understanding human life without observing this connection of penalties and rewards for time ill spent or time well spent, but when the time is gone and it only remains to deal with the consequences, it is of little use to expose the true relations of things to those who are under the penalties, if they see any means of relieving themselves at the expense of those who have been wiser. Here comes in the function of government, that is, of society, with its coercive force and its conceptions of right and justice, to secure liberty and property.

The facts which have thus far been enumerated are by some considered harsh and cruel, and there have never been wanting sentimental philosophers to preach the cheap virtues of pity, sympathy, humanity and love, and to decry industry and self-denial. The sentimental philosophy starts from the grand doctrine that nothing is true which is disagreeable, and if it is honest and well-informed enough to appreciate the impregnable evidence of facts, it has recourse to imagination, cuts loose from this world which is, and builds itself another to its fancy in the realms of fiction where all things disagreeable may be eliminated. It would no doubt be pleasant to live in a world where two and two could make five, for there we could feed two men and three women with four loaves of bread, or keep five men employed with two shovels and two pickaxes. It might be pleasant to live in a world where action and reaction were not equal, for then we could invent a perpetual motion and do away with labor, or a nation could get rich by taxing itself. These speculations may be entertaining; they are not profitable.

The various organizations of society which have existed—slavery, serfage, villanage, feudalism, castes—are all traceable to an instinctive effort of mankind to adjust itself to the conditions of human life. At

various times old institutions have outlasted their usefulness, or a revolution in trade and industry has produced a social crisis, or some new combination of forces has violently burst through old traditions, or population has increased beyond the resources of the land at disposal on the existing stage of the arts. Down to the last century the struggles and changes which have resulted have all tended, under countless wars, errors and reactions, toward greater success in the struggle with nature, and they have issued in individualism, liberty, property, monogamy, protection for women, family nurture of children, and inheritance. Socialism is an outgrowth of a new effort, the effort to control—not the struggle of man with nature, but the competition of life, or the rivalry of man with man. It springs from an observation of the fact already mentioned that some men succeed better than others in the struggle with nature. Its root principle is envy. The state of things which exists is declared to be wrong and unjust, and it is so considered because it is unequal. The aim of socialism is to create a state of things in which all shall be equal in effort and enjoyment, to break up the inequality of ability which exists in nature, and to distribute arbitrarily an equality of enjoyment. As no man, nor all men, can add one grain to the productive ability of any one (save by education or other form of labor) the equality sought can be reached only by reducing the ability of all to the ability of the one *least* efficient and energetic. As the criteria of enjoyment lie in personal taste and choice, there cannot possibly be any equality of enjoyment. The idea of it does not exist; it is only a hollow phrase. The effort to realize the socialistic idea, therefore, involves the destruction, first, of natural differences of ability by destroying all abilities above the lowest, and thus securing universal poverty; second, the destruction of love for wife and children, or the strongest passions of human nature; third, the removal of all differences of taste in the estimate of what brings happiness. In this form socialism passes over into communism, which cannot be defined satisfactorily because it is absurd and contradictory both to the facts of nature and to itself. It aims practically at equal division of property now existing and of products hereafter to be made, which is no sense, and which if attempted would by no means produce equality of condition and enjoyment for an hour, so that the project is sim-

ply one of spoliation. To this project it is necessary to sacrifice hereditary property, and, as this cannot be effectually done by abolishing bequest,—because parents would endow children during their own lives,—the abolition of the family nurture of children enters into the scheme. Finally the family nurture of children cannot be abolished so long as marriage takes place on the basis of affection and is a permanent and exclusive union based on preference. Every notion here involved—the organization of the family by a distribution of functions between husband and wife, the necessary predominance of one will, and that the man's, in case of difference of opinion, the “inequality” suggested by the preference of one above all others of his or her sex, the restraint on self-will and caprice by a permanent union, the “exclusiveness” of private family life, are all hateful to the communistic temper. All the more readily, therefore, is monogamy sacrificed when it is found a stumbling-block to spoliation.

The means proposed are political. Universal suffrage is now virtually established throughout the civilized world. The socialists propose, assuming that those who have not are more numerous than those who have, that the former shall use their political power to despoil the latter. This is social democracy. The communists propose to destroy the state and all social institutions, and by the control of some committee to reconstruct society, after it has been resolved into its original elements, under such forms and regulations as they may consider suitable to create their ideal state of things. This is anarchy.

Modern socialism took its rise in the middle of the last century, but, like every other great social phenomenon, it had its roots in a past so remote that we can never direct our attention to its point of beginning. Plato's republic has exerted a great influence over all social philosophers of modern times. Plato's scheme seems borrowed to some extent from the constitution of Sparta, ascribed to Lycurgus. Like that constitution it aimed to produce a select class of men who should be trained to physical perfection. Manual labor was despised and was to be carried on by slaves. The relations of the sexes were to be regulated by mechanical rules. Children were to be trained under the supervision of the state. The system was designed to produce a select class, all equal, supported by slave producers, and living in idleness and trained to athletic superiority.

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Christianity taught the equality of men in the sight of God and in destiny. It rescued productive labor from the contempt in which it was held and taught voluntary effort to relieve misery, even though the sufferer was such as a penalty for his vices. It also taught self-sacrifice for the good of others. Under obvious exaggerations and misconstructions of these doctrines, it has been and is taught, in the name of Christianity, that labor is ennobling, that alms-giving and self-abnegation are meritorious in themselves, that relief of misery may be made compulsory, and that men are or ought to be equal here and now, more especially in the enjoyment they get out of life.

The ascetic communities of the middle ages grew out of these notions and were aided, too, by the desire to flee from the problem which could not be solved. These communities held goods in common by adopting celibacy, that is, destroying the family. As a scheme for reforming the human race these communities reduced the “social problem” to this solution: the race can solve the problem of misery in human life by committing suicide.

After the Reformation numerous sects sprang up in which the desire to realize Christian brotherhood and human equality in respect to earthly enjoyment was very great. The Moravians and Anabaptists, under the influence of religious enthusiasm, realized this to a considerable extent and for a certain period of time.* After a time, however, it was found that here was a chance for the lazy to live on the products of the industrious, at the expense only of hypocrisy. The religious enthusiasm died out. The increasing numbers and the new relations of later generations broke up the communistic systems. The followers of John of Leyden took the only alternative: polygamy, promiscuity, spoliation, bloodshed and despotism.

More's “Utopia,” put forward by its author apparently as a query or poetic speculation, never was regarded in any other light in England, but on the Continent it was regarded as a programme of social reform, by certain social philosophers. More's ideal state presented community of goods for freemen and slavery for producers. Marriage was retained, but the children were to be kept equal in families by distributing

* Alfred Sudre: “Histoire du Communisme.” Paris: 1850.

the large numbers in some to those which had fewer. Campanella, of Stilo in Calabria (died 1639), wrote a Utopia called the "City of the Sun." He was a radical communist and conspirator. He advocated community of goods, promiscuity and despotism, and proposed to substitute the principle of devotion and sacrifice for self-interest or self-preservation.

All these writings had great effect upon the socialistic philosophers of the eighteenth century.* Mably published his "Public Law of Europe" at Geneva in 1748. He taught that inequality arose first of all from property, and that with the abolition of property all would return to "a state of nature." All would then live on spontaneous fruits, the chase and fishing. This view, it will be perceived, does not do away with poverty and misery but only with *inequality*, by making all miserable alike and together. Mably proposed to bring about the state of things which he approved by taxing all things not necessary and all inheritances, then by abolishing commerce and credit, and then by closing all museums, galleries and universities. Education was to be simple, universal, and controlled by the state. There was to be one religion controlled by law, and no one was to be allowed to discuss its tenets.

Rousseau published, in 1753, his "Discourse on the Origin and Grounds of Inequality amongst Men." He was not a communist in his propositions, but a socialist. He attributed the evils of modern society to wheat and iron as the symbols of agriculture and the division of labor. Like Mably he dreamed of a state of nature in which there was equality and no misery. He conceived of the state of nature as something like the life of our American Indians. This was erroneous in two points of view. The status of the American Indian is high civilization compared with that of some other human beings. The "state of nature" is a pure fiction. We cannot tell what was the primitive state of the race, nor define what grade of life we mean by that phrase. Rousseau's notion of the life of the American Indian scarcely resembled the facts. Rousseau is the father of the notion that men are now unequal but that they were not so originally. Here he stopped. He recommended those who could do so to return to the state of nature, but declared that he

was corrupted by society and could not do so. Like many other socialistic philosophers he was only a dilettante litterateur who spread false and mischievous notions without responsibility for the harm he did and chiefly to show his own cleverness. It is estimated that a human being on the hunting stage needs one and three-fourths square miles of land for his support. This amount of land now supports 21 persons in the United States, 469 in Great Britain, 805 in Belgium. Hence, twenty out of every twenty-one must die in the United States, 468 out of every 469 in Great Britain, and 804 out of every 805 in Belgium, in order that the remainder may enjoy the state of nature.

Morelly published a Utopia in 1753, called "The Floating Islands, or the Basilad," and followed it up, in 1755, with the "Code of Nature." The doctrines are those of More and Campanella, with an attempt to support them by a sort of mystical philosophy. Morelly insisted on the doctrine that man is good by nature, that his instincts and appetites furnish him with true guides, that evil comes from repression by tradition, that labor is attractive, or would be so when pursued in a community. He, however, retained monogamy.

In 1780, Brissot de Warville published a work called "Philosophical Investigations in Regard to Property and Robbery." He advocated extreme license in the relations of the sexes, and cited animals as well as savages to prove the authority of passion. He first declared that property is robbery.

During the Revolution, the extremists went on from one point to another of socialistic endeavor, by laws of maximum wealth, taxes on the rich and on luxuries, forced loans, legal-tender laws for assignats, confiscation of gold and silver, etc., etc. The chief figure in this period is Babeuf,* who organized an insurrection to realize the communistic state. His project was reduced to the most definite form. The mob were to enter into possession of the houses and goods of the rich as soon as the revolution was accomplished. The articles in the Mont de Piété were to be distributed to their former owners. Tasks were to be apportioned equally. Disagreeable ones were to be taken in turn. All products were to be collected in warehouses and dis-

* Louis Reybaud: "Études sur les Réformateurs." Paris: 1849.

* Ph. Buonarroti: "Conspiration pour l'Égalité dite de Babeuf." London: 1828. The author was one of the conspirators.

tributed in equal rations. No pre-eminence was to be allowed to intellectual labor, or talent, or genius. Education was to be limited to reading, writing, simple arithmetic and some knowledge of the laws, geography and statistics of the republic. This was his standard of "equality." Babeuf's conspiracy was discovered, and he committed suicide to escape execution, in 1797.

St. Simon* (died 1825) and Fourier (died 1837) attempted the regeneration of society by establishing communities to serve as models or nuclei. Cabet took up again the series of the Utopia-writers. In his "*Voyage in Icaria*" (1842), he brings forward all the old notions, with public workshops, equal wages, and public spirit as a motive, instead of self-interest. Louis Blanc taught that not the individual is to blame for his faults, but society, and he advocated public workshops. These were tried in France in 1790, 1830, and 1848 with disastrous results. The "right to labor" has no meaning. On discussion, it resolves itself into the right to wages, and then into the right to existence. If any one has a right to existence, he belongs to Plato's class of equal freemen, and those who give him his existence are his slaves. Prudhon castigated the socialists and communists more pitilessly than any one else has ever done it; but, by teaching that property is robbery, he did as much as, or more than, any one else to spread vague socialistic yearnings. His style of obscure sophistry and paradox has heightened this influence by the fascination which it exerts on a certain order of minds.

Such is the list of leading philosophers who have handed down the socialistic tradition in France for the last 175 years. Within the last quarter of a century the socialistic agitation has been transferred to Germany. The most prominent figure in it is Lasalle.† He was born in 1825, of Jewish descent, and had a very successful academical career. He intended to become a university professor, but was drawn into the affairs of the Countess Hatzfeldt, and spent eight years, between the ages of twenty and thirty, in prosecuting her suit for divorce. In 1848 he was involved in the revolution in Germany, having imbibed so-

cialistic notions in Paris. When the Countess won her divorce suit, Lasalle obtained a pension out of her allowance, in accordance with a previous contract contingent on success. This, with his inheritance, gave him an income of some \$3,500. He never did five minutes' "labor" in his life. He had now lost the chance of a university career, but he was one of those men of extraordinary ambition and vanity, who must play a great rôle of some sort in their generation. After some years of dissipated life, the chance offered. In 1862, he was asked for his advice about a general congress of laborers, by the Central Committee of the General German Labor Union. His reply became the platform of the movement, and he its leader. He expected to become at once the leader of an immense army of laborers, who were to organize themselves. He was disappointed, and found it necessary to become a vulgar agitator and demagogue. In two years he seems to have become very sick of the movement. He was killed in a duel, about a refusal which he received to a marriage proposal, in 1864. His followers have honored him with hymns and discourses, in which they outdo the old adoration of the saints. He taught them to demand government aid for co-operative societies of laborers, and to agitate for universal suffrage. In his philosophical works, he advocated doctrines subversive of the institution of property, but he did not teach these doctrines popularly.

In the same period (1863-4) the International Society* was taking form. It arose from the meetings of artisans who visited the Exposition at London in 1862. Marx was the leader of this society. He, also, is of Jewish descent. He had been one of the French communists of 1847. He has given to the International Society its organization and its doctrines. In his work on "Capital," he undertakes to carry the war into the arena of scientific political economy. The International is communistic and anarchical. It aims to organize a class, the "proletariat," as it chooses to be called, the world over, abolishing nationalities and states. In the statutes which have been elaborated at its annual congresses, it has declared its "principles," its demands, or its wishes, in general terms, about nearly all the disagreeable things on earth. This society has taken strong root

* A. J. Booth: "Saint-Simon and Saint-Simonism." London: 1871.

† Franz Mehring: "Die Deutsche Social Demokratie." Bremen: 1877. Eugen Jäger: "Der Moderne Socialismus." Berlin: 1873. Ludwig Bamberger: "Deutschland und der Socialismus." Leipzig: 1878.

* "History of the International, from the French of Villetard." Translated by Susan M. Day. New-haven: 1874.

in Germany. The whole social, industrial, and political life of that country has been thrown into a ferment by the events of the last fifteen years, and this has greatly favored socialistic and communistic notions. One has but to notice the groping feebleness of the "socialistic professors," in dealing with social questions, to see how far the existing and temporary circumstances of the country have disturbed the judgment of all classes. The change from the military to the industrial organization of society necessarily produces great commotion. The socialistic followers of Lasalle have therefore gravitated more and more toward the communism of the International. In 1875, at Gotha, a formal union was established. As yet, attacks on marriage and the family have been repressed, but another organization, led by Bakunin, a Russian resident in Switzerland, maintains full, consistent and extreme doctrines on this as on all the other points of communism. To this extreme the movement must inevitably come.

The "social problem," therefore, still remains, and its features may be perceived in the history of attempts to deal with it. Reduced to its lowest terms, it is: How can two men live on the same loaf of bread? Or, how can a man who has not produced a loaf of bread, and therefore has none, be as well off in this world as he who has produced one, and therefore has it to enjoy? Or, more generally: How can the correlation between vice and misery be broken? To this form all the sentimental discussions about labor, wages, and the social problem come, upon analysis. Many modern writers of the sentimental school talk about "the weak," and "the poor," as if these were terms of exact definition, and elements of scientific discussion. They dilate upon social woe, on poverty and misery, and when our minds are aroused, as they easily may be, to the terrible penalties which attend the industrial vices, the relation of effect to cause being carefully left out of view, we are invited to join in any movement which only says of itself that it proposes to "deal with the problem."

Only two answers ever have been or can be given to the social problem. One is: If you have no loaf of bread, and you see another man enjoy one, go to work, in the nearest and best way open to you, to produce one. The other is: If you have no loaf, and another man has one, steal it, or at least half of it. Socialism and communism are nothing but the latter answer in a

more or less elaborate cloak of fine phrases. They find in their way history, religion, and the state, and they falsify the first and propose to destroy the two others. They find that, in a highly organized society sustaining a large population, the man who has nothing must begin by rendering services to him who has, for wages, and they propose to destroy the wages system, as if that would do anything but lead to the consumption of capital and the lowering of population through the death first of the poorest. They find the strongest obstacle of all in marriage and the family, on behalf of which some of the strongest sentiments and passions of human nature are enlisted. To this they oppose either celibacy or promiscuity. The former is the suicide of the race, the latter would lead to over-population and universal misery. There would then be equality,—the equality of swine,—and no other equality is realizable in the material circumstances of man on earth.

The projects of the socialists are based on the dogmas that man is born free and good, when he is, in fact, born helpless, and good or bad, as he works out his destiny; that the responsibility for vice and crime is on society, when, in truth, it is in the individual; that nature meets men at the outset with gratuitous bounty, which some appropriate to the exclusion of others, when, in fact, nature holds back every thing, and surrenders only to force and labor; that man is born endowed with "natural rights," when, in truth, nothing can be affirmed universally of the state of man by nature save that he is born to struggle for his own preservation, with nothing but the family to help him, and nothing but liberty, or the security of using his own energies for his own welfare, as a fair claim upon his fellow-men; that work is pleasant, or, under some circumstances, might be so, when, in truth, work is irksome; that men universally may be made, by some conventional agreement or sentimental impulse, to work for others to enjoy the product, or to save in order to give away; that they may be led universally to lay aside talents, health, and other advantages; that we can increase consumption and lessen production, yet have more; that all have an equal right to the product of some; that talents are the result of chance, which intelligence ought to correct, when, in truth, talents are the reward, from generation to generation, of industry, temperance, and prudence; that the passions need no control, and that self-

denial is a vice. This is the socialistic creed, and from it it follows that a man has a "natural right" to whatever he needs; that his wishes are the measure of his claims on his fellow-men; that, if he is in distress, somebody is bound to get him out; that somebody ought to decide what work every one should do, regardless of aptitude; to distribute the products equally, regardless of merit, and to determine consumption, regardless of taste or preference. As this "some one" must be a pure despot, or, in fact, a god, all socialistic schemes annihilate liberty. Most of them are atheistic, and reject any other god than the master of society.

It has been well said that the socialists never get beyond the preamble of their measures. They reiterate and refine their general theories and elaborate their dogmas, but they never provide practical measures for realizing anything. This is the characteristic of the schools of philosophers who want a consistent, well-rounded, and simple system, under which to bring social and political institutions. The inevitable tendency of socialistic schemes, therefore, is toward extremes, and toward a more and more reckless dogmatism in which the facts of life are more and more flagrantly contradicted. The socialists propose nothing practical but revolution and destruction, and declare that they will draw the programme of reconstruction when all is in ruins. It is in the United States alone that, with less philosophy, they turn away from schemes for making everybody happy, to put in action practical measures which, so far as they go, will alter the distribution of property,—usury laws, paper money, protective tariffs, violent interruptions of industry, stay laws and property laws, subsidies and special legislation. The abuses committed by the capitalist and those committed by the non-capitalist intertwine and support each other, springing from the same principle.

Socialism, as a movement, does not

move by discussion. Its programme is violence. Its tone is: No argument; let us have our way, or beware! Modern violence consists largely in voting, and when this kind is available and sufficient, the social democracy asks no more. If it is not available, the proposition is plain and loud to use weapons and the torch. If, however, voting is not to be controlled, in the long run, by intelligence, reason, argument, and discussion, then the civilized world has been building for a century upon faith in certain doctrines which are about to give way and to expose society to a terrible convulsion. All our inherited institutions of civil liberty face toward the executive, as if from that organ alone danger could come. The power has now been transferred to popular majorities, under the assumption that they would never abuse it to enrich themselves at the expense of producers, as monarchs and aristocracies have done. The new task is to devise institutions which shall protect civil liberty against popular majorities, since it appears that this assumption is not beyond question. That task lies next before us in the development of the art of government, and it appears that the great civilized nations will have to execute it before the end of this century, if they do not intend to give up all that has been won in five thousand years of history.

Socialists are fond of asking whether we think that all progress is at an end, and that a finished social state has been reached. We are by no means bound to answer in the affirmative. It is to be hoped that men will understand better how to live in this world a century hence than they do now; but we are confident that, if they do, they will feel their way forward by the slow, patient, and laborious conquest of small obstacles, and by steadily and carefully modifying institutions, not by uprooting society from its lowest depths and trying to reconstruct it on the model furnished by any social philosopher.

OCTOBER.

OH, LOOSELY swings the purpling vine,
 The yellow maples flame before,
 The golden-tawny ash-trees stand
 Hard by our cottage door;
 October glows on every cheek,
 October shines in every eye,
 While up the hill and down the dale
 Her crimson banners fly.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Premier at a Premium.

It is quite evident that Lord Beaconsfield understands the British people better than any other man living. He succeeded in leading them, or forcing them against their will, into a warlike position, that he might have an army at his back while he should deal with the "Eastern question." He did this against the advice and the influence of England's best men—her men of progress, of humanity, of ideas. If he had ordered the results and the accompaniments of the Turko-Russian war, they could not have seemed to conspire more wonderfully to further his schemes. Just when he needed a great Russian victory and advance, they came. Just when it was necessary for the Russian army to menace Constantinople, in order to rouse all the jealousy of the British people, there it stood. Every event helped the policy of the premier, and stole away the power of his enemies, until the latter were compelled to eat their words and undo their deeds, and in Parliament to vote the supplies of war that he demanded. Never elsewhere in modern history has a single man, working against popular prejudice and the calm judgment of a nation's best men, been able, while indulging his own ambition, so to appeal to the ambition of a nation as absolutely to change its front and reverse its policy. As a personal victory, we can remember nothing that equals it.

For it must be remembered that all this was done without "showing his hand,"—without revealing to the public or the Parliamentary eye the game he was playing. This, of course, he could not do and win; but the Congress came which he had all the time determined to have, and there he won by diplomacy the prizes which have rejoiced the universal British heart, and made him the most popular man in England. It is but a few months since he, almost single-handed, was struggling for the means to do what he has done, and to-day,—or at the time of this writing, for no man knows what may happen to this phenomenal premier within a month,—he appears nowhere without a popular ovation, and walks everywhere on flowers. If his enemies are not in disgrace, they are silent. It is in vain that Lord Derby points out the intrigues which drove him from the cabinet. It is in vain that criticism reveals the fact that the premier's ends have been reached by means which are at variance with the British nation and character. The glitter and glamour that hang about his achievements; the brilliant show of personal power that he has made; the revival of England's old prestige in the treatment of continental affairs—a prestige for many years lost under a different policy;—all these have tended to lift the Hebrew chief into the position of the principal political figure of his time. For that is precisely what Lord Beaconsfield is. There

is no lord or commoner on the face of the earth who holds the power and prestige of this bold, gifted, crafty prime minister of the British queen, whom he—be it remembered—first tickled with the title of "Empress of India."

We began by saying that the premier understands the British nation better than any other man living. Perhaps Britain does not differ materially from other nations, but we have been in the habit of attributing to her a measure of loyalty to certain ideas of religion and progress. We must rate England among the Christian powers of the world; yet we find her pitting herself against Christian Russia in her traditional struggle with the Mussulman. It can hardly be denied that the struggle of Russia with Turkey has been, so far as the Russian people are concerned, a religious war—a war of Christianity upon Mohammedanism, often roused to its highest fury by the terrible barbarities inflicted upon the Christian populations of Turkey, with the authority or connivance of the Turkish government. Not one sympathy has the government of England had for Russia in this struggle. Certainly the Israelitish premier would not naturally be expected to care very much as to which of the two religions should conquer. So the Englishman's religion did not modify his feeling or his policy, for he consented to be led by a Jew in the interest of the Turk in a crusade against a Christian power. The premier certainly showed a knowledge of the British people in calculating that their religion would not stand in the way of his schemes—or their own.

It has been supposed, too, that England was loyal to certain ideas of progress. She had many years ago abolished slavery throughout her territorial possessions, and had been a sworn foe to the slave-trade until its practical extermination. Great reforms have taken place within her own borders. England is the home of the most prominent reformers and humanitarians of the time. The great liberal ideas that are stirring the world have either originated in England, or found hospitable lodging and entertainment there. It may legitimately be doubted whether England or America is the further advanced in freedom and self-government, and yet, Great Britain does not love her ideas of progress so much as she loves dominion and power. Her prime minister perfectly understood this. He knew that he could sustain one of the most despicable despotisms the world contains,—a despotism that has been the persistent foe of all popular reforms, and a notorious traitor to its pledges of improvement,—provided he should add by a successful show of force, and by trickery and diplomacy, to the power and influence of his government, and the territorial grandeur of England. He has done this, and England rings with his praise, while her best men are silent and powerless. Lord Beaconsfield knows

the people better than they, and he is comforted, and they are tormented.

The premier has accomplished a brilliant feat. Nothing more dramatic has ever occurred in the history of diplomacy. The magnificent way in which the events of his novels occur becomes tame by the side of his conduct of this campaign for the restoration of England's power and prestige in the affairs of the Continent. The people are dazzled and delighted, and it is proved to him—what he presupposed and calculated upon—that more than Christianity and more than Christian progress, England cares for power. The bold, brilliant, theatrical Israelite, leading and governing the mightiest Christian nation in the world, as no Christian ever had the privilege of doing, must smile and rub his hands with self-gratulations, as he contemplates his achievements and his position.

After all, we wonder if there is not a suspicion in the mind of the British people that they have been cheated? That the national prestige has been regained, momentarily, seems evident enough; but when it has been done by no sacrifice of blood or treasure—when it has been done only by the bristling up and show of power, and the diplomacy of an artful man, the basis of the acquisition seems quite incompetent. For ourselves, we do not believe in the English premier, and we do not think that his hold of power is a permanent one. He is already an old man, and his best days are gone. Beyond this we believe that the British people will discover that this man does not represent them at their best, and that he pleases them now only by a successful appeal to that which is base and brutal and unworthy in them. Nothing is more patent to the world outside than that the piece of diplomacy which now attracts the attention of the world does not match harmoniously with the fabric of English history. It has a most decided foreign seeming, as if it were executed by a man of alien blood and alien genius. It is Eastern and not English.

Our Garnered Names.

GREAT genius is of no age or nation. We have made stupendous advances in all possible directions within the last three hundred years, yet Bacon still stands as the proudest name among English philosophers, and Shakspeare is unequaled among English poets. It would be hard to name a living poet—after these centuries of culture—who equals Spenser, yet all the names we have mentioned are laid among the very foundations of English literature. The works associated with them are among the first products of thought and art in the perfected English tongue. There was, of course, a great amount of rubbish produced, which, having suffered the fate of all rubbish, has passed out of existence. But the great books remain, with the great fact that neither science nor art, neither learning nor culture, neither political nor social progress, can do anything to reproduce genius. Nay, it looks as if none of them have the power to assist genius in its development, and in the products of its art. Whenever a

Shakspeare appears, he works with such tools as he finds ready for his hand, and produces that which is immortal. It matters nothing into what period of a nation's literary history he is born, for he does not appear as the ripe product of a great age, but as a special creation of the Almighty.

The death of Mr. Bryant naturally calls the attention of thoughtful Americans to the foundations of our own literature, and leads to speculations as to its future. Certainly the first years of our national life were not very fruitful in a literary way. Very little work produced in the seventeenth century is worth preserving, and we can say hardly more of the product of the eighteenth. We lay the foundations of our houses with rubble up to the level of the earth, and the first products of American literature can hardly be called anything but rubble. They lie in the catalogues an undistinguishable mass. We are simply aware that they are poor and imperfect stuff; but during this unexpired nineteenth century, something worthy and enduring has been done. It looks like a growth. It looks as if the great strides we have taken were the result of long climbing to a high vantage ground. It seems, at first view, as if we may reasonably expect that the twentieth century will as far surpass the present as the present surpasses the past in literary production. We doubt, however, whether we may legitimately come to any such conclusion. The first songs of any nation are usually the freshest. They work up the local material. They have the first opportunity of response to the native influences. There is something in the sturdy freedom of the formative processes of society peculiarly favorable to the development of genius. A great nation, developing itself as it were out of the ground, is a good deal nearer the original fountains of inspiration than it becomes after ages of conventionality and artificial life.

All this is true, and it is quite possible that we have unconsciously and unappreciatingly been living during the most memorable age of American literature. Certainly that age cannot be contemptible which has produced Cooper and Irving, Prescott and Motley and Bancroft, Bryant and Longfellow and Whittier, Holmes and Lowell, Taylor and Stedman and Stoddard, Hawthorne and Ticknor and Emerson, not to mention many eminent names in other departments of letters. The account is made up with half of these. We can expect but little more from some of those who survive, but we have enough in the works of these men to form a body of literature which may legitimately be designated as American, and one which may be regarded by Americans with complacency. It is, at least, pure. Almost all the early literatures of other nations possess a gross, fleshly element, which is entirely lacking, and which would not be tolerated, in ours. It is true that our literature is the product of a branch of English culture. We have not come out from savagery into civilization, with a stock of legends and myths on which to build a characteristic literature, but what Hawthorne and Whittier have done and others have attempted, shows that we possess a mine of quaint, strange history which will be worked

thoroughly hereafter. We have lacked a mellow, hazy past,—a background for our pictures,—and in the necessity of painting our surroundings and drawing our inspiration from the present, we have unconsciously been forming a background for those who are to succeed us. We do not believe the time will ever come when Hawthorne's interpretations of colonial history will cease to be interesting, when Whittier's lyrics will cease to inspire, when Bryant's sweet and solemn voicing of nature's meanings and life's mysteries will fail in their music to the ears of men, when Longfellow's psalms of life will not meet with a response in the souls of the people. The poets who are so new to us, though so much beloved, are to be the old poets by and by, and we suspect that the future critic will come back to these days, revel in their literary glories, and contrast his own degenerate contemporaries with the hearty and homely singers of this blessed early time.

Of one thing we may be reasonably sure, viz., that when the genuine geniuses of this period shall be appreciated at their full value, and the names we have rehearsed have become classic, their countrymen will have ceased discussing Poe and Thoreau and Walt Whitman. Why an age which can produce such a poet as Bryant, who is as healthy and health-giving in every line as the winds that soar over his native hills, can be interested in the crazy products of a crazy mind, so far as to suppose that they have any poetry in them, or any value whatever, except as studies in mental pathology, we cannot imagine. How an age that possesses a Longfellow and an appreciative ear for his melody can tolerate in the slightest degree the abominable dissonances of which Walt Whitman is the author, is one of the unsolved mysteries. There is a morbid love of the eccentric abroad in the country which, let us hope, will die out as the love of nastiness has died out. At present we say but little about our immortals, and give ourselves over to the discussion of claims of which our posterity will never hear, or of which they will only hear to wonder over, or to laugh at.

The Capitalist and the Laborer.

WE had occasion, some months ago, to allude to the examples of immorality furnished by men of money to men of labor, in endeavoring to account, in some measure, for the brutal excesses of the latter. It was a plain case, that hardly needed arguing. The notorious facts, in connection with the moneyed classes for the last ten years, are those which relate to the betrayal of trusts, the watering of stocks, gambling in grain and other necessities of life, the wrecking of insurance companies, the bursting of savings-banks through stealing and reckless management, the running of railroads in the interest of directors rather than in that of stockholders and the public, etc., etc. Poor people have looked on, and felt all the power of this degrading example. The way in which capital has been managed and mismanaged in this country has been utterly demoralizing. The poor have seen capitalists stealing from one another in a thousand ways, and even stealing

their own hard-earned savings. The gambling in stocks, the gambling in grain, the defalcations among men who have been universally trusted, the malversation of persons high in the church, the great "game of grab," played so generally among those supposed to have money and among the great corporations,—all these have tended to break down the public morality; and if the poor have been apt to learn the lessons of life from "the superior classes," they have simply learned to steal. What wonder that trades-unions thrive? What wonder that we have a "commune"? What wonder that we have unreasonable mobs? If stealing is to be the order of the day, the poor want their chance with the rest!

The old saying is that corporations have no souls; and we suspect that, added to the influences we have recounted, tending to fill the poor with discontent and to array them against capital, is the soulless character of corporation life. A corporation combines the capital of a certain number, or an uncertain number, of persons. It is a combination for the simple purpose of making money. It does not take along with it the moralities, the amenities, the sympathies, the benevolences, of the stockholders. As a rule, any individual stockholder has very little influence. He is simply concerned, therefore, to get his regular dividends; and the directors who manage everything are mainly interested in so directing their affairs as to be able to fulfill his expectation. It is not for them to take the morality, the health, the comfort, the competent wages of their employes into account. It is not for them to provide church and school privileges for their operatives, to look after them in sickness, to pension them in old age, to furnish them with reading-rooms and amusements. To a corporation, a workman is a machine, running by vital power, to be supported at the lowest cost, that he may help to pay a dividend. So there never can be, until the policy of the world changes, any affectionate relations between a corporation and its operatives. It is not recognized by its operatives as having a soul. It is nothing toward which they can exercise the sentiment of gratitude, or love, or loyalty. It is simply their task-master and the agency through which they receive their just or unjust wages.

Few people are aware of the overshadowing power of corporations in this country. They have grown with the country's growth, until they control, directly or indirectly, all our industries. The railroad corporations represent enormous capital and enormous power. Mining and manufacturing corporations employ an immense amount of labor. Literally, millions of men are the servants of American corporations, and wherever a mob starts up, it will be found to have some sort of a connection with a corporation. These servants, or operatives, never regard the property of a corporation as they regard the property of a man. To them there seems to be no owner for it who has a better right to it than themselves. They entertain the same feeling toward it that richer men feel toward the government. If they watch Congress, they will find that body voting appropriations for objects which are entirely illegiti-

mate. Every Congress steals from the government in some way or another,—and suffers no compunctions of conscience. The government has no soul. Congress would not vote away an individual's money, but it will vote away the nation's money, and laugh over it as a good joke. Rich and good people are caught smuggling without a thought that they are doing wrong. The wrong consists entirely in being found out. So we say that a great company of ignorant work-people who never see anything in a corporation but its power,—a power without heart,—a power without conscience,—a power of money only,—will not, when excited by real or fancied wrong, respect its property.

It is gravely prophesied in high newspaper quarters that before the time in which this article will see the light shall arrive, there will be an uprising of "the commune," or violence and rioting among workmen in different parts of the country. We trust that the foreboding is groundless, but we may be sure that we shall always be liable to these uprisings until the rich shall set a better example in the management of their trusts and in the conduct of their business, and until something more human and more Christian shall enter into the relations between corporations and the men and women in their employ. There are private manufactories in this country in which an uprising or a strike would be simply impossible,—in which the relations between the employers and the employed are so respectful and affectionate, and in which the interests of the latter are so carefully and conscientiously regarded that no misunderstanding can occur. The work-people feel that their employers are their

friends, and in this friendship their self-respect and their integrity are nourished. There must come, sooner or later, in this country, a change in the principles or policy of corporation management. Corporations must recognize the fact that workmen have souls—that their self-respect must be strengthened, that their minds must be fed, and that they have a moral right to a part of the wealth which their labor, combined with the brains and the money invested, produces. In short, corporations must have souls, and recognize the souls, and the wants of the souls, in their employ. The time is gone by when men can be treated simply as brutes without dangerously arousing the brutal element in them. Men want a chance for their wives and children. They want a chance for better homes, or for privileges which will make their lives more significant. They are short-sighted, and cannot reason it all out. They have worked hard and they have had nothing but bread and poor shelter. They feel as if they ought to have more; so they take the suicidal shortcut, yield to their brutal impulses, and work mischief to themselves and to all society. We speak of them as ignorant, but, after all, they are no more ignorant than the managers of corporations who have not yet learned that a man is a man, and that he cannot be treated simply as an animal or a machine, either economically to themselves or with safety to the country. And the rich everywhere are ignorant if they suppose that they can harmlessly set the poor an example of treachery to trust, of greed without conscience, and of a policy that constantly subverts the golden rule.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Points in the Copyright Discussion.

THE protection accorded to an author's work by statute and by the common law has been fully described and discussed in the comprehensive volumes of the "Law of Literature," by Mr. James Appleton Morgan, in the frequent essays of Mr. E. S. Drone, and in the report which Dr. C. E. Appleton printed in a recent English review. There are, however, still a few stray clues in this legal labyrinth which have not been followed out to the end. There are a few points still in need of investigation and comment.

One curious result of recent rulings deserves especially to be dwelt upon, for it is altogether anomalous. The common law which we imported—with our ancestors—from England, where it had evolved itself out of its own inner consciousness, protects an author's right to his manuscript, just as it protects his right to his pen or his desk. If it is stolen, he can recover it in the same way he can recover his pen or his desk were they stolen. The common law, in short, looks on the manuscript as so much paper and ink, in fact, as so much tangible

property, and it takes the same care of it that it takes of any other tangible property. Only when the author desires to publish does he need to avail himself of the copyright statutes. The common law protects until publication; it knows no limit of time; it takes as good care of the manuscript or any other personal property, fifty or a hundred years after it was written or made, as it does one or ten years. As long as a work remains in manuscript, therefore, its protection is perpetual. Under the copyright law, however, the published book is only protected for at most forty-two years. The period of protection may be less, but it cannot exceed forty-two years, after which time the book becomes public property, free to any one to reprint wholly or in part, to plagiarize from, to mutilate, to disfigure—without fear of legal let or hindrance. The maxim that where there is a wrong there is a remedy does not apply here, for there can be no wrong without a right, and legally the author's right expires at furthest forty-two years after publication. Any book published in these United States before 1836 is today public property. Mr. Bryant's legal right to

the complete edition of his poems issued in 1832 is no better than that of any reader of these lines. Mr. Longfellow's "Ostre Mer," originally published in 1835, is now at the mercy of any unprincipled person who may choose to get out an imperfect or defaced edition, against which, however wretched, the author would have no legal redress whatever. Had Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow seen fit to keep their work in manuscript, unpublished, their control over it would be as absolute now as when it was written. But publication is the only means nowadays whereby an author may get paid for his labor; without it, neither Mr. Bryant nor Mr. Longfellow could have gained money or reaped fame. If, however, there were any way by which the benefits of his labor would accrue to the author without publication, beyond question it would be for his advantage not to publish. Now, there is one class of literature in which publication is not essential to an author's full social and pecuniary enjoyment of his work. It has been held that the performance of a dramatic composition on the stage of a theater is not a dedication to the public in the eye of the law. A play is designed primarily to be played; its being read is altogether a secondary consideration. As the complete benefits of dramatic authorship can be gained without publication and therefore without coming under the operation of the limiting clauses of the copyright statutes, it is obviously for the advantage of the dramatist to refrain from publication, to retain his play in manuscript and thus to deprive those who do not or cannot go to the theater of acquaintance with it. And the result of this state of legislation is, in effect, to put a premium on play-writing,—a premium perhaps too remote and too slight to be of much practical value, but still important enough to be noted and watched.

This, however, is merely of domestic interest; it refers solely to American copyright; it does not bear at all on international protection of an author's right. Many are the shifts to which resort has been had to get around the absence of an international copyright, especially with England; some of them have been successful, others less so. The most common method was a temporary residence under the British flag at the time of publication in England. This offered no great difficulty to American authors resident in Detroit or Buffalo, but for those dwelling many hundred miles further south,—in Florida, for instance, where Mrs. Stowe has her winter home,—this mode of attaining the desired end was extremely inconvenient, not to say practically impossible. A plan which has been before suggested, although never as yet acted on, to the best of our knowledge, seems, however, to be perfectly feasible. It is based on the logical liberality of the French law, which makes no distinction between citizens and aliens,—at least in the matter of copyright. It accords its protection to all who ask it, be they native or not, requiring only the deposit of a certain number of copies of the book and a few slight formalities. In all respects the foreigner stands on the same footing as the Frenchman. There is nothing therefore to prevent any American author from

taking out a French copyright,—although, in itself, protection in France can hardly be of great advantage, as the French read but few foreign books. Of late, however, American authors have been making some little headway; the "*Revue des deux Mondes*," has published frequent condensations of the work of our best story-tellers; Miss Alcott's tales are at once translated; and the leading French juvenile serial, the "*Magasin d'Education et de Récréation*," draws largely upon "*St. Nicholas*." Undoubtedly the appreciation of American literature is growing in France. As yet, however, the French copyright is hardly likely to be of much direct pecuniary benefit. But, if it can be used to secure copyright in England,—and it is believed that it can be so used,—its value can hardly be overestimated. There is an international copyright treaty between England and France (15 and 16 Vic., c. xii.), by the terms of which the holder of a French copyright can secure copyright in England by the fulfillment of a few simple conditions. An American is free to take out a French copyright for his book, and, armed with this, he is in a position to demand copyright in England under the provisions of the international treaty between England and France. No personal appearance is necessary in either country,—all may easily be done by proxy. We are not aware of any case in which advantage has been sought to be taken of this state of affairs; and it is of course impossible to say in advance just what view the English courts would take of the transaction; but, as we have said, the plan seems feasible, and it is at least worth trying.

The publication recently in England of the love-letters written by Keats to Fanny Brawne has called forth abundant criticism. No one has, however, so far as I know, drawn attention to the legal aspects of the case. No one has inquired whether there was any remedy against this wrong. Nor has the general revolt against this unnecessary revelation of a poet's heart brought about as well it might a general discussion of the well-settled law which governs the ownership of all correspondence. A few words here may perhaps not be out of place: for fuller information of the subject with lavish citation of authorities, the reader may be referred to Mr. James Appleton Morgan's comprehensive volumes on the "*Law of Literature*."

In the Keats case, I believe that the parties publishing his letters had no legal right to make them public. That right belonged to the legal representatives of the poet—whichever they may be; and it was within their power to have prevented—by injunction, if necessary—the publication of Keats's letters. In the case of *Folsom v. Marsh* (2 Story's Rep. 111), Judge Story summed up the law in these words: "The author of any letter or letters and his representatives, whether they are literary compositions or familiar letters, or letters of business, possess the sole and exclusive copyright therein; and no persons—neither those to whom they are addressed, nor other persons—have any right or authority to publish the same upon their own account or for their own benefit."

A case very similar to this of Keats is *Thompson v. Stanhope*, (Amb. 737), where the representatives of Lord Chesterfield prevented the publication of the edifying letters of his lordship addressed to his lordship's natural son, which this son's widow had agreed with Dodsley to publish.

But a full investigation of the subject shows that although the rights of the recipient of a letter are limited, still he has rights. He may destroy letters; he may make use of them at any time to clear his character; he may introduce them as evidence

in a court of justice whenever adequate occasion may arise. And the ownership of the letters themselves, of the paper and ink, is the receiver's also. He has a right in them physically; the sender has a right in them mentally. As autographs they belong to the receiver; as literary compositions to the writer.

The representatives of Fanny Brawne have therefore full right to sell these precious relics—as autographs. The representatives of Keats have full right to prevent their publication.

J. BRANDER MATTHEWS.

THE OLD CABINET.

It would be well for any citizen of the United States who is in gloom concerning his country to go out of it for a few weeks in vacation time, and to observe it from the distance of, say, one mile north of the iron posts which mark the boundary line between the United States and the Dominion of Canada. He will be likely to say to himself, at first: "Here is a people to all intents and purposes self-governing. They have an approximation to the admirable parliamentary system of England; they have a competitive civil-service; their laws and their rulers are home-made: except that they fortunately escape the convulsions and corruptions of a presidential election,—there being sent to them now and then from the mother-country, as nominal Governor-General, a better man than they can raise up among themselves—the very flower of old-world chivalry, an officer unsoiled by local prejudices, jealousies, cliques, and untouched by temptations having to do with his own personal advancement, save in so far as his ambitions may relate to other fields of Her Majesty's service. Their part in the grandest empire of the earth lays but a light yoke on their shoulders. With a fertile and magnificent country, a romantic history, a stable government, and a virtual nationality,—why, indeed, should they not be a great and happy nation? why, indeed, should they wish to identify their own with the uncertain fate of the gigantic and overgrown republic below them, where the pure and wise are filled with disgust and apprehension?"

These are likely to be the thoughts of the citizen of the United States during the earlier days of his expatriation. But further knowledge will teach him that political corruption can thrive even where the highest prizes are not at stake; that sordid pettiness of aim may breed some smaller and more contemptible kind of politics; that the absence of great issues means an absence of great men; that the lack of genuine nationality and of true independence has the same depressing effect upon a country and its inhabitants in our own time, as it has had from the foundation of the world.

In the summer of 1856, a brave and accomplished young nobleman went upon a perilous voyage in Arctic waters. In the book he has since published,

he speaks with regret of the "grand old times" of Iceland, now long since departed. The Icelanders, he says, were the first of any European nation to create for themselves a native literature; for three hundred years did the gallant little republic maintain its independence,—three hundred years of unequaled literary and political vigor; but at last its day of doom drew near; in 1261 the island became an appendage of the Norwegian crown (and afterward that of Denmark). Soon, declares the noble author, "the apathy which invariably benumbs the faculties of a people too entirely relieved from the discipline and obligation of self-government, lapped in complete inactivity, moral, political, and intellectual, these once stirring islanders." Since then Icelanders have from time to time produced works of merit, "and the colleges of Copenhagen are adorned by many an illustrious Icelandic scholar; but the glory of the old days has departed, and it is across a wide, desolate flat of ignoble annals, as dull and arid as their own lava plains, that the student has to look upon the glorious drama of Iceland's early history." Doubtless, Lord Dufferin, since called to represent royalty in one of the largest dependencies of the British crown, would say that Canada has not been "too entirely relieved from the discipline and obligation of self-government." Doubtless there are other causes, such as Mr. Parkman has exposed (in the passage quoted in our August book reviews), for the present condition of the Dominion. Yet that a state of political dependency has had to do with it no unprejudiced reader of history will be likely to deny. If citizens of the United States sometimes feel the lack of a compact and definite nationality, how much more keenly must this lack be felt by those who call themselves Canadians. Yet such nationality as we have possessed has sufficed to create for us those tremendous epochs from which great reputations have come forth, to react in turn upon the character of the people and upon the nature of individuals.

"But," some Canadian replies, "we are only at this moment where you were a hundred years ago. We have just joined our Provinces and become one Dominion, one nation. Give us time and we will show you what we can do!" A hundred years ago!

and for Washington they have the intrepid commander who repulsed the Fenian invasion at Pigeon Hill; for Jefferson, a Provincial statesman, supposed to bear a personal resemblance to the author of "Lothair." Canada has had the same hundred years that the States have had,—what single powerful reputation has her century produced—what single authentic voice has made itself heard from Canada during that time? Are they French? The insurrection of the *habitans* in 1837 was but a feeble and emasculate mockery of the revolutions of France. Are they English? The "household poet" of England is an American, to be sure; but he lives in Massachusetts, not in the Queen's "Dominion."

What Lowell says of the provincialism of the Union, in its effect upon statesmanship and literature is doubly true of the Provinces themselves. They have never known "the varied stimulus, the many-sided opportunity of a great metropolis, the inspiring re-enforcement of an undivided national consciousness." One of the phenomena observed by the sojourner from the States is the lack of social unity, which accompanies the lack of political unity. Attend public service in a Presbyterian church in a town on the St. Lawrence, and so far as the facial types are concerned, you might as well be in Aberdeen. The burly English farmer, on the border of the French country, talks glibly with his men in the astonishing patois of the *habitans*; but in the bosom of his family he drops his *h's* like the true Britisher that he is. The *habitant*, easily submitting himself to the tithes of the Church, and afraid to venture forth on the Eve of All Saints, for fear of the candle-lighted pumpkin which the ungodly have placed in the village cemetery,—the true *habitant* of the "western township" of the province of Quebec is perhaps as ignorant of Paris as he is of Washington or of Ottawa. But there is an English resident of Montreal who represents in his naïve migrations the uneasiness of his class. Every five years he sells all his goods and chattels, and goes back with his entire family to the mother-country, only to return quickly once more, restless, disconsolate and homeless, to the Provinces.

It has been said that every nation that would make its entry into the best society of history, must first establish its claim to "the noblesse of the sword." The wars of Canada have all been vicarious. By good luck or good management she avoids even the discipline of fighting her Indians. Suppose that instead of being either a dependency or a separate nation she had joined hands with the other colonies at the time of the American Revolution; or suppose ineffectual that momentous shot which decided the fate not only of Montgomery but of British America. To say nothing of other possible consequences, it is evident that then what would have been the northern tier of States would have enjoyed intellectual sympathy with New England. The lyceum system of the North, for instance, which was such an incalculable force at its prime for the quickening of intellectual and moral consciousness over a wide territory, would not have stopped at the St. Lawrence, as

well as at the Potomac. Imagine Emerson a familiar figure on the lecture platforms of Montreal and Quebec!

But while the citizen of the United States sojourning in Canada will find many things to strengthen his patriotism, he will also make some reflections which may reconcile him in a measure to the non-success of Montgomery's heroic enterprise. He will find a country of endlessly varied and unsurpassable beauty and of inexhaustible fertility. Vast tracts he may have ignorantly supposed uninhabitable, in the North-west, he will find, owing to the vagaries of the isothermal line, to contain some of the most fertile regions of the continent,—regions into which immigration is pouring rapidly and steadily. The various Provinces contain race elements which are destined to amalgamate, and form popular types such as have in the States given meaning to the term "American." When Canadians come to know themselves it may be found that the industrious French population, as full as it is of superstition, and as apathetic, will prove a valuable part of the body politic. It cannot be that all is said in the phrase that declares the "French country" an insuperable barrier to progress. The *habitans* have at least this reason for existence,—that they furnish to the statesmen and patriots of the new Dominion, one of the most serious problems now presented to them for solution,—a problem which may distract their minds for a while from the more sordid questions of protection and retaliation. And who that has watched the resolute and majestic face of the Indian Baptiste, who pilots the steamer down the Lachine Rapids; who that has seen the effect of a strain of Indian blood in certain natures, but will cherish the expectation, romantic though it be, that the traits of those finer types of red men in the North may be preserved by infusion into other races! As for the Scotch and Irish (the latter both Catholic and Protestant), they are here in plenty.

If, as Goldwin Smith believes, annexation is inevitable, the moment for that consummation has been indefinitely postponed. Meantime, whatever clogs have hindered the progress of Canada in the past, she is beginning at last to "feel herself." Some good Canadians may fear that the railroad system, with which they have been binding themselves together physically, in pledge of the new spiritual bonds, has proved too costly a boon, in expenditure of both capital and character. However that may be, it has its effect in bringing the Provinces into communication with each other and with the world; and, although a border Canadian, owning farms on both sides of the line, was told the other day that he could not take his horses a few rods into Vermont, to work his farm there, and then back into his own stables by night, without paying duty; on the other hand, the militia companies of Montreal and St. Albans interchange hospitalities and courtesies on the Queen's birthday and Fourth of July. Canada is not only nearer to the mother-country than she was before the laying of the cable; but recent years have brought Boston and New York, Montreal and Toronto, nearer

together. They are beginning to read American books and magazines in Canada; and the States are becoming more and more interested in (though less covetous of) the Dominion,—in large part through the round-about way of England, and the attractive young literary men she has the fashion of sending to play governor of her American domain. The same talent that laid out the public gardens of Brooklyn and of New York, engineers the splendid drives over the mountain-park of Montreal. Nationality or no nationality, Canada cannot be cut off any longer from the general intellectual activities of the times. Principal Grant, of Kingston, finds no trouble in building up a handsome endowment for the University over which he is called to preside. Local journalism still talks about another "honor to Canada," when news comes that the Queen's daughter is to hold court in Ottawa, and gives circulation to advertisements of "bitters," whose names share the advancing honors of their illustrious and titled namesakes.* Yet local journalism also gives opportunity to local talent—which, it is said, is supplanting in the newspapers that imported from Great Britain. Some

* You may read the following in Montreal papers, where perhaps it excites no more remark (except from the tourist), than it would in the London "Times": "Original D'Israeli's Tonic Bitters! *Now Earl Beaconsfield's!* A superlative tonic, etc., etc., sold in enormous quantities in Scotland, where it has been recommended by the Medical Faculty for upward of twenty years!"

of the Dominion's ablest men find it an inspiring thought that their country is a part of the British empire, "that splendid and beneficent system, the mightiest agency of civilization in the world,—a noble edifice, which they would rather help to uphold than pull to pieces."

A friendly and powerful rival such as Canada is destined to become, will be no bad thing for the Republic. Already she is in advance of the States in her systems of civil service and judiciary, and we shall have much to learn from her by example, criticism, and warning.

It cannot be that the "literary material"—to use the phrase of the profession—which the history and the still existing society and institutions of Canada abundantly afford, will elude adequate artistic expression. Our own West has been too busy with other matters to do much in the way of æsthetics; and the southern States, cut off by the institution of slavery from sympathy with the intellectual life of the North, have produced orators, political leaders, soldiers, but only lately poets and story-writers. It is within a few years that California has found a voice in the writings of Bret Harte, and Creole New Orleans in those of George W. Cable. What Cable has done for the French in New Orleans, some competent romancer is sure to do for the French in the proud and picturesque old town of Quebec.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

The Boys of the Family.—II.

THE BEGINNER IN JOURNALISM.

THE local staff of a city newspaper shows in a measure and in one direction what a beginner's opportunities are. Most of its members are young and ambitious, and while the "city department," as their particular branch of the profession is called, requires a special order of abilities and is not elementary or tentative in its nature, its functions are such that it is very well fitted to give the aspirant a practical view of what is before him, and to enable him to test and develop his talents. The varied knowledge and experience he acquires, the familiarity with men and their arts, the introspection of life and the severe discipline, are of service to him throughout his career, no matter how exalted his position may become,—whether it be that of the autocratic editor-in-chief, or that of the much humbler subordinate.

A reporter need not have more than a common-school education; for, though culture and literary power add to his chances of advancement (and without them he cannot, indeed, attain the best positions), they are not indispensable. The more essential qualifications consist in the prophetic sense of the passing events in which the public will be most interested, extreme simplicity and directness of statement, faithfulness to duty, a temperament that will bear snubbing while an object is to be gained, and

the utmost pertinacity. Short-hand is useful, but except in large meetings, it is by no means so important a part of the equipment as the sense of news or the indefatigable industry which overcomes every rebuff and denial. Of course a certain facility of expression and picturesqueness of phrase are necessary; but a polished style is not. The serviceable reporter is shrewd, practical, active, alert and explicit, rather than profound in thought, critical in manner, or elegant in diction; and if he possesses the former qualities he is sure to succeed in his own department, though (unless he complements them with something more), he cannot rise above it.

The principal morning papers of New York employ from twenty to thirty salaried men in gathering local news, and in addition to these a variable number of others are employed as "special" or "space" men,—that is to say, their services are engaged and paid for at the rate of from seven to ten dollars for each column of matter printed. The "specials" are recognized as members of the staff, and are usually probationers, who, when they have won their spurs, are put on a salary amounting to considerably less than the sum earned under the previous arrangement. In other words, when they show the capacity to do forty dollars' worth of work a week independently, they are reduced to a salary of twenty-five dollars. The "specials" have every disadvantage; they are not assigned to duty until all the salaried men are

disposed of, and the latter are so numerous that in many instances they leave few opportunities for the former, who must either remain idle or discover news in the fortuitous quarters that have not been anticipated by the city editor. To be able to do this successfully implies the possession of tact, pluck, and fertile resources, without which the beginner, amid the crowd of competitors he meets in a metropolitan office, cannot earn his bread and butter. Most of the applicants for employment, who seem to be of the proper sort, are told that they may take their chances with the "special" staff, which, however good their credentials are, and no matter how brilliant their college record may be, is all they can expect. A salary is soon given to those who have the requisite qualities, as we have said, and those who have not linger about the office for a few weeks, and disappear.

The writer remembers a mild-mannered youth who offered himself, without introduction or recommendation, to the city editor of an important New York daily,—a youth who had already seen service in provincial offices, and who was very glad indeed when he was offered a chance on the "special staff." He appeared at the office every morning when the assignments were being made; now and then he was appointed to do some little service, and on one memorable occasion he was commissioned to describe the condition of the markets, in three-quarters of a column. Three-quarters of a column meant seven dollars, and so long an article would give him the opportunity to display his abilities which he desired. The article was written, revised by the editor, and set in type; it was quite acceptable. But at night, when the critical moment came, there was a great excess of matter; the article was cut down to a paragraph, and the paragraph was eventually left out of the paper. Although he gave all his time to the paper, his first week's earnings were less than five dollars. The second week's earnings were about seven dollars, and the third week's were lowest of all; but after that they rose magnificently, and in the fifth week of his novitiate he was put into a regular position.

We have mentioned this incident to show the disheartening circumstances that hedge in a beginner,

and also to enforce the fact that the demonstration of his own capabilities is the best introduction he can possibly have. In a fairly conducted office the graduates of the city department are selected to fill vacancies in the editorial staff, and the proprietors of newspapers in smaller cities often apply to the New York papers for men to take responsible and profitable positions.

The machinery and operations of the metropolitan offices are so much more extensive than any others that we believe the training and experience a young man acquires in them are a great help to him; but, at the same time, he can become an excellent journalist without resorting to New York. Should he obtain a start on such a paper as the "Springfield Republican," the "Cincinnati Commercial," the "Boston Journal," or the "Chicago Tribune," he could qualify himself for all that the profession has to offer, and his chances of advancement would be superior, as the competition out of New York is not as close as it is in that city. There are editors who, like the late Samuel Bowles, take a personal interest in the young and promising members of their staff, and by kindly supervision and suggestion impart to them the fundamental principles of journalism, which are not too commonly understood. Mr. Bowles made his office a practical school, and his graduates reflect credit upon their teacher in the various positions to which they have risen. He once gave the writer a column of matter and told him to condense it; the column was reduced three-fourths, and he then reduced the remaining fourth to a paragraph of a few lines, which retained the pith and sense of the original with remarkable fidelity.

A polite letter, stating the attainments and experience of the sender, will usually meet with a response from the editor to whom it is sent, but it is always desirable for the candidate to present himself in person. A clever, sincere and industrious fellow, who has real talent, will not have to beg for work long, though sometimes his patience may be heavily taxed and his hopes wearily deferred. If his pen is quick and his ideas are fresh, he may land over the heads of the mediocrity, which is the only material that stagnates in a good newspaper office.

W. H. RIDEING.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Emerson's "Fortune of the Republic."*

AMONG the inconveniences of age, Mr. Emerson now finds an infirmity of memory which somewhat interferes with his literary work, though it does not wholly impede it, as is shown by this lecture, delivered last March, at the Old South Church in Boston. Characteristic of the man, his aims and patriotic

hopes, it is also one of the finest and noblest pieces of writing he has published. Standing at the twilight of a long life of literary activity, and himself aware that his faculties are no longer to be fully relied upon, he is yet able to concentrate his thought upon a lofty subject and utter, with the pregnant homeliness of his habitual style, words of comfort to a nation in a time of depression, if not actual distress. How many literary men are there who would not, in this case, introduce themselves into the discussion, and lament in one way or

* Fortune of the Republic. Lecture delivered at the Old South Church, March 30, 1878. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

another the decay of their faculties, the loss of the pleasures of this world? Emerson has no remark to make about himself; he is absorbed in the future of the United States; without a trace of the narrowness or querulousness of an old man, he throws all his energy into the old work which he has pursued so long,—that of giving spiritual comfort to his fellow-countrymen. The lofty enthusiasm that has always marked his career burns just as warm now as ever; it seems to burn even more clear, because in this one of the last utterances of the old poet he calls things by their everyday names, rather than by their symbols, and, in his eagerness to be explicit, has no leisure for those condensed generalizations which have proved a stumbling-block to many, but to those who relished his style an addition to their pleasure in his work.

Emerson is an enthusiast still, but he is still the shrewdest of Yankees. When he soars, his pinions are wide enough to prop him well in the air; where he soars, the ether is always pure and firm beneath his wings. Or, rather than to a bird, he should be likened to a mountain, a peak, let us say, whose head is in the clouds, but whose feet are deep in the solid rock. He takes account of things from tremendous distances, but he also knows quite well what is going on close about him. "In this country," he says, "with our practical understanding, there is, at present, a great sensualism, a headlong devotion to trade and to the conquest of the continent,—to each man as large a share of the same as he can carve for himself,—an extravagant confidence in our own talent and activity, which becomes, whilst successful, a scornful materialism,—but with the fault, of course, that it has no depth, no reserved force whereon to fall back when a reverse comes." Again he says, with how much truth! "That repose which is the ornament and ripeness of man is not American. That repose which indicates a faith in the laws of the universe,—a faith that they will fulfill themselves, and are not to be impeded, transgressed, or accelerated. Our people are too slight and vain. They are easily elated and easily depressed. * * * Our young men lack idealism. A man for success must not be pure idealist, then he will practically fail; but he must have ideas, must obey ideas, or he might as well be the horse he rides on."

On the other hand, Emerson looks from his mountain-top and sees that while the evils are great, the general tendency, the trend of the nation, is healthy. He points out how immovable is the law (and we might use him as another example of it) that progress comes from the ideas of the great men filtering down into the masses. The country is passing through a crisis in its history as necessary as lactation or dentition, or puberty. "The new conditions of mankind in America are really favorable to progress, the removal of absurd restrictions and antique inequalities. The mind is always the better the more it is used, and here it is kept in practice. The humblest is daily challenged to give his opinion on practical questions, and while civil and social freedom exists, nonsense even has a favorable effect. Cant is good to provoke common sense. The Cath-

olic Church, the trance-mediums, the rebel paradoxes, exasperate the common sense." Hence we see that Emerson has the boldness to applaud even universal suffrage, probably encouraged thereto by the advance of education throughout the country, a point on which he dwells more than once. "One hundred years ago the American people attempted to carry out the bill of political rights to an almost ideal perfection. They have made great strides in that direction since. They are now proceeding, instructed by their success, and by their many failures, to carry out not the bill of rights, but the bill of human duties." Then he goes on to trace the revolution in old established ideas of government which that new departure occasions. Ours is a country of poor men; all mankind is in its shirt-sleeves; not grimacing like poor rich men in cities, pretending to be rich, but unmistakably taking off its coat. The end of all political struggle according to Emerson is to establish morality as the basis of all legislation. "We want a state of things in which crime will not pay," he says.

"I wish to see America not like the old powers of the earth, grasping, exclusive, and narrow, but a benefactor such as no country ever was, hospitable to all nations, legislating for all nationalities. Nations were made to help each other as much as families were; and all advancement is by ideas, and not by brute force or mechanic force."

Through the smoke of failure and fogs of corruption he sees the Fortune of the Republic and bids his hearers be of good cheer. He finishes enumerating the short-comings and advantages of the nation and closes his speech with these prophetic words:

"In seeing this felicity without example that has rested on the Union thus far, I find new confidence for the future. I could heartily wish that our will and endeavor were more active parties to the work. But I see in all directions the light breaking. Trade and government will not alone be the favored aims of mankind, but every useful, every elegant art, every exercise of imagination, the height of reason, the noblest affection, the purest religion, will find their home in our institutions, and write our laws for the benefit of men."

Mr. Emerson does not make a set speech, with its introduction, rise and climax. He sticks to his old method of talking somewhat at hap-hazard. There is a thread, a plot in it, but not an evident one. Each sentence seems to have been evolved from a separate fit of brooding. They are like a string of remarks collected from shrewd and taciturn old country-men, who, when they do speak, mean a great deal. This has been called Mr. Emerson's oracular style; but it is a pity there are not more such oracles in the land. It behooves us to remember that he has been an oracle always breathing the purest morality whom no consideration could swerve from utterance of the largest truths.

"H. H.'s" "Bits of Travel at Home."†

THE success of H. H.'s sketches of travel is largely due to their vivacity (here, as elsewhere, often an acceptable substitute for humor) and to their picturesque quality—not the quality of purely imaginative writing, of which there is very little in this volume, but a kind of vivid picturesqueness

from which the "eyes make pictures when they are shut." That these pictures, in the mind of the reader, should be adequate to the original scenes, is the *beau idéal* of this kind of descriptive writing, and of H. H.'s success or failure in this particular only those who have been over the fields here described—and not all of those—are capable of judging.

Considered in their literary bearings, these sketches give evidence of close, rather than wide, observation, and show the author to have what a phrenologist would call a good sense of form. Her sense of color, as displayed in this volume, we cannot rank so high. To our thinking, the least successful of the papers here printed are those in which the author has attempted the most color-drawing. "The Symphony in Yellow and Red" has good qualities; but if it were dependent only upon the author's attempt to adapt to descriptive writing the theory of Mr. Whistler's painting, we suspect it would be found to appeal chiefly to those who affect to see colors in strains of music. Outside of the description of actions, objective writing, even by the best writers, is but approximate, so that, as we have said, it takes a traveler to interpret a traveler. Far more effective is the subjective method, which brings author and reader upon the common ground of emotional experience. Though this is not H. H.'s usual method, she sometimes employs it to much purpose, as in this paragraph concerning the Veta Pass on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad:

"From the mouth of the pass to the summit, is, measured by miles, fourteen miles; measured by hours, three hours; measured by sensations, the length of a dream,—that means a length with which figures and numbers have nothing in common. One dreams sometimes of flying in the air, sometimes of going swiftly down or up endless stair-ways without resting his feet on the steps; my recollection of being lifted up and through the Veta Pass, by steam, are like the recollections of such dreams."

In keeping with this, and in its way fully as good, is Henry King's description in a recent "Lippincott" of a similar experience:

"There is no crash and no jar, and the speed is as regular as though timed by a watch. Mule Shoe Curve is passed presently with fear and trembling, but with perfect safety, and the relief of it is as a forgiveness of sin."

H. H.'s poetry is sufficient evidence that she is not lacking in the capacity of thus intellectualizing her material.

The contents of the volume are divided geographically into sketches of California, of Colorado, and of New England, of which we prefer the second, which, as a class, seem to us to have been written from a more genuine inspiration than the others. The impulse and the spontaneity of frontier life are reflected with great power in "A New Anvil Chorus," in which is described the projection forward into the wilderness of a new mining town. We do not remember anything else by the same writer which has more natural force, while the web of interest which she always succeeds in throwing around the reader is spun swiftly and well. The intensity of the narrative is here collateral with the subject. In reading quieter descriptions, we cannot but wish the author had been as discriminating in her use of

intensity, which is the chief fault of the book. There is too much appeal to the sheer force of the direct impression of phenomenal scenery, and not enough employment of the methods of reflection and contrast. The style is often keyed so high as to become unnatural. A popular and fertile writer, in the effort to make everything interesting, may easily fall into an emphasis of ordinary experiences. But there is a monotony of emphasis as well as of dullness, and in glancing through a large number of her papers, it is easy to see that H. H. has not avoided Scylla in escaping Charybdis.

In minor criticism, we are sorry to find the author once in a while following the feeble style employed by other prominent woman writers, of paraphrasing Scripture, as in this on page 5, of the Pullman car: "We undress as entirely and safely as if we were in the best bedroom of a house not made with wheels," and, on page 32, "Night has come, in which no man can undo a car-window." Indeed, careful editing would have expunged the whole account of the night in the sleeping-car (pages 30-34). Of less importance is the misprint on page 225, where Colorado Springs is stated to be "seventy miles north of Denver;" on page 212 it is correctly located at the same distance "to the south of Denver."

Not the least of the many interesting features of the volume is the suggestive character of such compact and fortunate titles as "Hide-and-seek-Town," "The Miracle Play of 1870 in Bethlehem, N. H.," "The Procession of Flowers," "A New Anvil Chorus," etc.,—each of which is a poem in itself, and each of which has done its part in associating the author in the mind of the public with the regions which she has so happily discovered and described.

Gordon's "Pauline and Other Poems."

PAULINE is the title of a poem by Hanford Lennox Gordon, recently issued by the Putnams. It is a story in verse,—a story of our late war,—with many highly poetic passages, and many dramatic situations. There had been more freedom in the telling, if it had been done in prose; and it is the assumption of the freedom of prose which produces the prominent defect of the work. Verse is not the proper vehicle for dry and minute detail of statement. Detail must be picturesque in itself to bear homely treatment. If it be homely detail, it must be treated picturesquely, or it is out of place in poetry. The failure of the book is exactly here—in the bold and prosaic treatment of its minor details. That the writer has true poetic power and sensibility, his book sufficiently proves, and he ought to find a great number of sympathetic readers.

Maudsley's "Physiology of Mind."*

THIS volume is the third edition of the first half of Maudsley's "Physiology and Pathology of Mind,"—as its full title indicates. The first edition of this work was issued in 1867, and the second in

* The Physiology of Mind. Being the first part of a third edition, revised, enlarged and in great part rewritten, of The Physiology and Pathology of Mind. By Henry Maudsley, M. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

the following year. A new edition of so remarkable a book, and one, moreover, which is now given to the world, "revised, and enlarged, and in great part rewritten," by its author, demands something more at the hands of the critics than a superficial notice.

The subject of the volume is one which has, until very recently, lain quite beyond the narrow circle within which the hopes and fears and interests of ordinary humanity revolve. There has been, of late, a sudden awakening of the public conscience to the importance of such investigations and to the bearing which they are likely to have upon the moral and religious education of the world; as well as upon the individual and the social life. This general interest felt by the intelligent reading public, lends a popular value to books which had previously been handed over to the specialist; and it has even been strong enough, in some cases, to overcome the natural repugnance of the unscientific reader for technical treatment and style.

So far as technicality could be avoided, consistently with accuracy and compactness of statement, it has been done in this volume. A reader, dipping into the book here and there, hoping to gather a defined notion of the subject in this superficial way, would undoubtedly be disappointed of his object, as well as repelled by the many unfamiliar words he finds there; but to one who is willing to read the volume through patiently and thoroughly, no such difficulty occurs, for technical terms are introduced only where they are explained or explain themselves. A quiet dignity marks the style throughout the volume, and this at times rises to a simple beauty of diction which redeems the subject from any suspicion of "dryness." We find ourselves so gently led up to the difficult heights of psychological inquiry that we are scarcely conscious of the ascent.

Dr. Maudsley's religious status it is not quite easy to determine, with no surer clue than that afforded by the present volume. He is an evolutionist, in the strictest sense, evolving not only the physical, but the intellectual and moral nature of man by a natural process; but on the other hand he is neither a rank materialist nor in any sense an atheist. A God he does acknowledge,—but it is a God stripped of the Divine Fatherhood,—a God who is only one link in the awful chain of necessity made up of all things natural and supernatural. There is something terrible in seeing so clear and vigorous an intellect caught and held in the toils of the fearful doctrine of "necessity." Stripped of its theological terms, denuded of the modifications and ameliorations with which the heart of humanity—often so much truer in its spiritual wisdom than the head—has wrapped it round, "necessity" stands confessed as inexorable fatalism: God is a mere force bending, breaking, crushing human hearts and human lives in the exercise of a will which has in it no divine element of tenderness.

Like most physicists who are strong in their own peculiar fields of inquiry, Dr. Maudsley shows himself weak when he undertakes to deal with purely psychological questions. So long as he holds the physical clue and keeps rigidly to the consideration

of such phenomena as are closely connected with physical states and physical changes, he is strong and clear, and eminently suggestive; and his reasoning, founded upon observation and experience, is conclusive, as is illustrated by the chapter upon the motions or affections of mind. But when he lets go this clue and wanders into the region of pure speculation he becomes confused and self-contradictory,—witness the first twenty pages of the chapter on volition.

The main drift of the argument, the thread of purpose upon which the facts of mental physiology are disposed, is, that thought, and feeling, and will, are mere functions of the brain. Thought is made less gross than matter; but it stands beside the other physiological forces and no whit higher, unless complexity shall elevate it.

The known facts of the interaction of man's physical, intellectual, and moral nature, do not necessarily teach materialism. Subjectively the functions of the brain are merely mental operations, and should be treated by the subjective method. "No purely physiological investigation," says Ferrier,—and who shall speak with higher authority?—"can explain the phenomena of consciousness. A knowledge of the peculiar physical conditions of mental phenomena,—of the physical changes which accompany changes of thought, of feeling, of will, though it may not establish the physical and mental,—as cause and effect,—may, nevertheless, throw much light upon the relations which exist between the mind and the body."

The brain is, indisputably, the organ without which mental processes, as we are familiar with them, cannot go on. This is a point allowed by all physiologists, whatever may be their psychology. But what magical power it is which links so indissolubly the subtle molecular changes of the nerve elements of the brain with the phenomena of consciousness, so that as these changes progress there is a co-ordinated progression of emotion or thought, it is impossible to guess. It may perhaps happen, with the daily increasing facilities for investigation and delicate measurement, that the connection shall be accurately established between each molecular alteration which takes place in the brain-cells, and each correlative change, however slight and subtle, which occurs in the mental consciousness. But allowing that this final perfection of knowledge will be attained, will we then be any nearer to a true knowledge of what constitutes sensation, consciousness, thought or feeling? Mental and physical phenomena are not mutually convertible; one cannot be expressed in terms of the other; the two are not identical; and what precision of thought, therefore, is gained by calling the mind, as is done by Bain, "a double-faced unity"? Tyndall comes out with a very frank statement of this difficulty and an equally frank avowal of ignorance. "The relation of physics to consciousness," he says ("Fragments of Science, Scientific Materialism," pp. 119-120), "being thus invariable it follows that given the state of the brain the corresponding thought or feeling might be inferred, or given the thought or

feeling, the corresponding state of the brain might be inferred. But how inferred? It would be at bottom not a case of logical inference at all, but of empirical association. * * * Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously; we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass, by a process of reasoning, from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so strengthened, expanded, and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electrical discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem. * * * the 'WHY?' would remain as unanswerable as before. * * * The utmost he (the materialist) can affirm is the association of two classes of phenomena of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance. The problem of the connection of body and soul is as insoluble in its modern form as it was in the prescientific ages."

In so limited a space it is impossible to touch upon anything but the main subject of this volume. In the noble chapter on "The Emotions or Affections of Mind," there are a number of passages which are fairly illuminating in their earnest and thoughtful beauty. And yet just here one pauses to wonder how this high priest of evolution brings into accord with his system the fact that the culmination, the flower of his philosophy, has long been anticipated; that the noblest truth it inculcates touches only the lower levels of that teaching which was given to an illiterate band of fishermen by a humble carpenter, on the Judean hill, nearly two thousand years ago.

Foreign Art-Journals.

HERE and there, among those of our young Americans who take an interest in the fine arts, there may be some who will be glad to get information about the more important of the journals devoted to this subject which are published in Europe. There are four of these journals: "L'Art," and the "Gazette des Beaux Arts," published in Paris; the "Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst," published in Leipzig, and the "Portfolio," published in London. All these journals are monthlies except "L'Art," which appears in Paris and London every week, and is even supplied weekly to such subscribers here as prefer not to wait for the appearance of the quarterly volume. But the size of the page of "L'Art" makes it difficult to bring the weekly numbers over seas without injury to the full-page etchings, and, practically, therefore, for us Americans, this journal differs from the others we are considering, not by the frequency of its appearance, but by the infrequency, since the most of us get it only once in three months. Of all these publications, "L'Art" is the one most likely to prove attractive to the general public. Its illustrations are not only very nu-

merous, but they are often of high quality, and not a few of them in the course of the year will be found worth the trouble of framing, while the second-hand print-sellers are all the time finding it to their profit to cut the numbers up and sell the plates separately. The high price of the subscription to "L'Art" necessarily limits its audience, but when the value of the material is considered, it will be seen that it could not be afforded for less, and indeed, unless some way had been found of diminishing the cost of illustration, it would be impossible, even at the present rate, to furnish the large number of woodcuts and etchings that crowd its generous pages. Personally, we must regret that so much process-printing is employed in "L'Art." It is, almost all of it, of very poor quality, not through any fault of the publishers, but simply because no process has yet been discovered by which clear copies of woodcuts, copper-plates, etchings, drawings, sketches, etc., etc., can be produced in such a way as to admit of their being printed in the text. The result of this is that while the illustrations in "L'Art" serve their purpose well enough as statements of fact, they are rarely of any great value as objects to delight the eye. This remark does not of course apply to the etchings which make so brilliant a feature of this journal. These are in almost all cases made expressly for its pages, and they are often by the most accomplished hands. Of the text in "L'Art," not much can be said. It is no doubt well enough, but, after all, the strong point of the journal is its illustrations, and the strong point of these is their timeliness. "L'Art" is very little archæological or retrospective. Its province is to-day, and it follows the events in the art-world of our own time with intelligence and without partisanship. When any well-known artist dies, or in his life-time does anything that brings him prominently before the public, the pages of "L'Art" will be crowded with illustrations of his work. Millet, Fromentin, Pils, are brought before us in a lively autobiographic fashion by means of a score of fac-similes of their off-hand sketches and drawings. So, too, when the centenary of Michelangelo is celebrated, or that of Rubens, the quarterly volume of "L'Art" crystallizes a vast amount of information about these men, the unpublished result of studies and observation made by students and critics since the old books were written.

Before "L'Art" appeared, the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" was the leading art-journal of France, and had no rival anywhere. Even now, it fills a place from which it would be difficult to oust it, so well has it earned the confidence of its readers that nothing will be provided for them which is not of the best quality. The sufficient test of this hold on public opinion is the fact that the price for which a complete set of the volumes of the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" from the beginning can be purchased has steadily increased, so that to-day a set bound in half-morocco and in good order cannot be had for less than \$325. For this sum, beyond the reach of all except a few rich people, but a good investment for a public library, there is secured an incomparably

rich record of the art of France for the last thirty years, with illustrations of great variety and beauty; and, beyond and beside this, essays on art in all countries, ancient and modern,—Greece, Egypt, Italy, and the Orient,—articles of permanent value by Lenormant, Charles Blanc, Anatole de Montaiglon, Galichon, Mantz, Burty, and a dozen other names of repute, which, in not a few cases, have been collected into useful books.

The "Gazette" renders the same service in recording contemporary art-history that we have mentioned as being one of the recommendations of "L'Art." For some reason, it did not give us so satisfying an account of Millet and his works as was given by "L'Art," to which we owe several full-page reproductions of Millet's drawings, together with many of the smaller studies of this incomparable master. But in the case of Michelangelo the "Gazette" left "L'Art" far behind, dedicating an entire number—that for January, 1876—to Michelangelo, and illustrating the several essays of which the volume was made up—on Michelangelo as painter, sculptor, and architect—with the best engraved illustrations of his works that have ever appeared in any publication. Among these illustrations were wood-engravings and etchings by Jules Jacquemart, and etchings by Gaillard and Jacquet. The essays themselves were written by Charles Blanc, Eugène Guillaume, Paul Mantz, Charles Garnier, and Anatole de Montaiglon, and are worth reading, being the reports of intelligent, accomplished, and learned men on subjects which deeply interest them.

Of the other two periodicals—the "Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst" and the "Portfolio"—there is not much need to speak at length. The German work is another proof, if any were needed, of how little popular interest in art there is in Germany, since the country can only support this one meager magazine, in a whole year of which there is rarely as much art, whether in text or illustrations, as in many a single number of "L'Art" or the "Gazette des Beaux Arts." The "Zeitschrift" occasionally contains a fine etching, and has brought us acquainted with some of Unger's best performances—single plates often out of his serial publications, and plates etched expressly for this periodical. Some of the best-known German writers on art contribute to the "Zeitschrift." Our criticism upon this work must be that it is too forgetful of Goethe's maxim: "Criticism of a work of art should always be in the presence of the object." Far too few illustrations are given, and—Unger's etchings excepted, with now and then one by some other hand—the illustrations are generally wanting in artistic character; they are as sci-

entific and statistical as the articles they accompany. They are too often in outline, a manner the Germans are unhappily too fond of, and in which many of their cleverest men have buried their talent, or obscured it. The impression made by this style of engraving and by the sparseness of the illustrations is of a certain parsimony in the management, which is in striking contrast with what we find in either of the French journals. Still, with all its deficiencies, the student of contemporary movement in the art-world can hardly afford to do without Dr. von Lützow's "Zeitschrift."

The "Portfolio," published in London and edited by the well-known writer on art and social matters, Philip Gilbert Hamerton, is by this time so well known in America as to be in no need of recommendation at our hands. For those who are really interested in real art, it is the only journal on the subject published in the English language. No doubt it would be helped by a worthy competition, such as would force its editor to give more reading matter (he could not give better) and ampler illustrations, though the illustrations that are provided are in general excellent. Our praise of the "Portfolio" must not be understood as absolute. We could wish for a fuller presentment of what England is doing in the world of art, seeing that no other journal gives us that information, while all that we learn from the "Portfolio" of French and German art is to be found, and easily found, elsewhere. If we wish to see, not only what Millet and Corot, Daubigny and Dubois, are doing, but what Leighton and Burne Jones, Boughton and Whistler, are doing, we must go to the "Gazette des Beaux Arts" or to "L'Art," rather than to the "Portfolio." In fact, by reading the "Portfolio" alone, we should hardly know that there is such a thing as art in England to-day. "L'Art" gave us Leighton's "Athlete Strangling a Python," and Burne Jones's "Enchantment of Merlin," with sketches by Boughton and Orchardson, and letters from England, and even from America, giving account of what is doing in the art-world of those countries. All this with abundant space devoted to the art of an older time,—to the period of the Renaissance and to the Dutch masters of the seventeenth century. Still, we return in ending to what we said of the "Portfolio" in the beginning—that for those who are really interested in real art, there is no other journal on the subject in the English language. What it gives is always valuable and well put, and what it does not give is always in its power to supply when its readers shall seem to demand it.

C. C.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

Portable Railways.

PORTABLE railways, that may be taken up and moved from place to place, are already in use in

this country. The rails, often of wood bound with iron, are joined together in pairs by cross-ties, and in this shape may be easily taken up, moved and

re-laid. Such railways are used in road-building, in constructing railway embankments, and in moving stone and minerals over short distances. They have not yet been very extensively used, nor have they been applied to many uses. A cheap, simple and practical portable railway, that can be laid down quickly on a comparatively rough road-bed, and by unskilled labor, would prove of great value to the farmer, sugar and cotton planter, brick-maker, miner, ice-cutter, lumber-dealer and sawyer, and all manufacturers dealing in heavy or bulky materials. Great progress has been made in this direction by builders of portable railways in France, and at the Paris Exposition are shown two portable railway plants worthy of careful attention. In both the lines exhibited an iron (or steel) T rail, weighing 10 kilos per meter (21 lbs. to 39 7-16 inches), are joined together in pairs at a gauge of 44 centimeters (17½ inches). The ties are flat iron bars, hooked at each end, so as to pass under the rail and clasp the outer edge of the foot or base. These ties may be riveted to the foot of the rail, or fastened with a bolt and nut; or a button may be fastened to the tie just inside the rail, and when the rail is in place and pushed up against the clasps it may be turned over the rail, thus securing it firmly to the tie. At one end of each pair of rails is a tie of extra width, to serve as a support for the next pair of rails. Just above this wide plate is a hole drilled through the side of each rail. At the opposite end of each rail is a fish-plate, riveted to the inner side of the rail, and projecting slightly beyond it, and near the end of this fish plate is a hole corresponding to the hole in the other end of the rail. By this device one pair of rails is joined to another by slipping the fish-plate inside the next pair of rails till the holes come opposite the holes in the rail, when a bolt may be passed through, thus locking the rails together. Two men can easily carry one pair of rails, and as they are stiff and the ties flat, the rails may be laid on any ground smooth and hard enough for ordinary walking. No special preparation of the ground is needed, except to make it equally firm everywhere, and the rails may be laid and bolted together about as fast as they can be unloaded from a team. Ordinary farmlands (except newly plowed land or marsh), grassland, wood-land, old fields and road-ways can be laid with these rails without special preparation except an occasional leveling of rough places. For crossing slight ditches or stony ground, no bridges are needed, as the rails are stiff enough to make a bridge for a third of their length. Switches and curves are also made in the same manner, and may be laid down with equal ease. For short turns, where a curve would be inconvenient, portable turntables are used. These are circular iron platforms laid with rails, and mounted on flat wheels running on a circular track, and kept in place by a pin in the center of the platform. It will be observed that these railways are complete in themselves, and designed for very light traffic. They are intended for horse or manual power only, and may be used for passenger traffic along country roads (in case of fairs, camp-meetings, etc.), for the moving of crops

from field to barn, or to railroad or boat, for moving minerals and stones that may be easily handled, brick, slate, ice, etc., and for aiding in road-building. For loading boats and cars such railways are specially useful, as they may be laid directly on board, the rails serving as gangways. The extreme lightness of the rails, and their great strength, making it easy to load them for removal; and when not in use they can be piled up under cover. The wagons or cars for these railways are shown in great variety at the Paris Exhibition; they are chiefly platform or open cars with loose baskets or boxes, and run on very small wheels. These small cars are intended for manual labor. Larger cars, or longer trains of the small cars, may be moved by horse power, the horse walking beside the track. One style of car is mounted on a single pair of wheels; the forward end of the car being supported by the draw-bar that rests on a plate (secured by a pin as in a carriage), on the rear of the car in front. By this device a train may be taken round sharp curves without serious loss of power. A wheel-barrow, with flanged wheels designed to fit the track, is also shown. While inspecting these exhibits, a section of road, including curves and switches, was laid along one of the paths of the exhibition grounds and was taken up and piled in a heap in less than five minutes. A set of tools used in preparing the road-bed, and securing the pairs of rails together, and in making needed repairs, accompanies each set of rails sold, thus making the entire plant complete in itself, except the rolling stock; and so simple is the apparatus that a railway may be laid by farm laborers assisted by one machinist.

Improved Steam-Engine.

IN making steam motors of all kinds, the tendency has been of late to construct engines with a high piston speed. By a high initial speed in the motor, much of the gearing needed to obtain speed in the machinery that it moves is dispensed with. The steam is more thoroughly employed, and the size and weight of the engine for a given power are reduced. The most important improvement in this direction has sprung from a radical change in the construction of the steam cylinder and its moving parts. The cylinder is increased in length and reduced in diameter, and in place of one, there are two pistons, designed to move in opposite directions. The first piston has a rod passing through the center of the second, and the second piston has two rods, one on each side of the central rod. Each piston has its piston-rod connected with a crank on a three-throw crank-shaft. These cranks are placed opposite each other, the single rod of one piston balancing the two of the other. It will be observed that, by this change in the construction of the engine, the pistons must travel in opposite directions, each making a to-and-fro excursion over half the length of the cylinder. For instance: If the two pistons are each at one end of the cylinder, the steam may be admitted behind them both, and thus drive them together. When they meet at the center, the steam enters at a central

port and drives them apart till they reach their original positions, when the excursion is finished and one revolution of the crank is accomplished. The effect of this disposition of the moving parts is to create a perfect balance in the reciprocating action of the engine. The pull of one piston balances the thrust of the other. It is no longer a series of pulls and thrusts, as in the ordinary engine, but a resulting motion of the combined pull and thrust of the two pistons. The advantages obtained by this balancing of the pistons are found in the reduced length and weight of the connecting-rods and the bed-plate of the engine, steadiness of motion, as there is no pull or thrust on the shaft and its bearings, a higher speed and greatly increased power. As there is no straining between the cylinders and the shaft, the engine rests securely on its bed. As the two pistons travel over only one-half of the length of the cylinder in the same time, and as the area of the piston surface is double that of a single-piston engine, the power is more than doubled for a given speed. The strain caused by the expansion of the steam between the piston and the end of the cylinder, as in the ordinary engine, in the balanced engine is spent on the two ends of the cylinder in one-half of the stroke, and between the two pistons in the other half. In either case the strains are exactly balanced. Thus the engine may run at a high speed without producing a troublesome jarring or shaking of the motor. In marine work it is thought the balanced engine will prove of advantage, as it may be driven at a high speed without shaking the ship, and by giving the engine a higher speed, a screw of more effective pitch may be employed. The only disadvantages found in this form of motor lie in the multiplication of the connecting-rods and stuffing-boxes, but these defects are more than balanced by the steadiness and increased speed and power of the engine.

Desilvering Lead Base Bullion by Electrolysis.

AN improved method of separating the lead from base bullion or from argentiferous lead ores, has been made the subject of recent experiment, upon a scale sufficient to show its practical commercial value. The pigs of metal containing lead, silver, gold, antimony, arsenic, etc., are melted and cast in the form of sheets about three millimeters thick and of a size convenient for handling. These sheets are then placed in bags of muslin, one sheet in a bag, and are then plunged in a vat containing a solution of soluble lead salt, acetate or chloride. The sheets hang vertically in the vat, and between each is hung a sheet of copper, brass, or other metal not affected by the lead solution. Thus suspended, the alternate sheets of bullion and copper become parts of an electric circuit, the bullion representing the anodes, the copper sheets being the cathodes. Proper connections are made between the sheets, and a dynamo-electric machine is attached and set in motion. Immediately electric action is set up, and the lead from the bullion is deposited on the copper sheets in the form of a loosely adhering, crystalline deposit. This fine dust falls off from time to time, and collects as black mud on the bottom of the vat. The silver, gold,

antimony, etc., in the wasting anode is retained by the muslin bag till the sheet is destroyed, when all the metals, except the lead, are found in the bottom of the bag as a loose metallic mud. The final process consists in removing the bags and their contents from the vats, withdrawing the lead solution, and gathering up the deposit collected on the bottom. By means of suitable pressure, the lead may be pressed into a solid form, and it then appears as pure metallic lead. The silver, gold, etc., held in the bags may be separated and made available by any of the processes usually employed in such work. The lead obtained by this desilvering process is porous and in excellent condition for corrosion in making white lead, and is yet sufficiently hard to bear handling and transportation, and is available in any branch of manufacture.

Memoranda.

IMPROVED vise.—An improved vise that may be placed in any position, vertical or horizontal, or any position between these, has been brought out that will prove of value to jewelers and workers in metals. The vise is hung upon a swivel placed at an angle of 45° and by this arrangement its position may be changed by simply turning it round on the swivel, a half turn changing it from horizontal to vertical. The supporting swivel is made true, and the base of the vise fits it exactly, while a nut in the center binds vise and support firmly together. For large vises the swivel is cylindrical and projects into the cup-shaped foot of the vise, and the binding screw is placed below, under the bench. This form of vise is designed to save much of the awkward bending and twisting of the work necessary in fixed vises.

Draw-up presses.—A new style of press for extracting oils, expressing juices from fruits, pressing meats, etc., reverses the usual form of press by changing the power from a pressure to a pull. In place of a frame-work carrying a screw that presses a platten or follower down upon the base of the press, the screw and platten alone are used, the press being practically reversed. To use the press the perforated platten, securely fastened to the end of the screw, is placed under the cover of the press and the screw is passed up through a hole in the center of the cover; a nut with suitable handles is then run down over the screw till it reaches the upper side of the cover, and on applying power, the platten is pulled or screwed up against the cover. The material to be pressed is placed on the platten, and is therefore squeezed or pressed between the platten and cover, the expressed liquor escaping below through the holes in the platten or running out at the sides of the mass under pressure. All the heavy supports of the common press are dispensed with in this form of press, and the only support needed is a bracket to hold the cover and to keep it from turning round, or any light box or cylinder that may be steadied by the hand while the pressure is being applied. This form of press will doubtless prove convenient for druggists and in domestic work.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Boxer.

YES, sir, I own he's a cur,
 As ugly as sinnin':
 That kinky-wire yellerish fur
 Aint worth the skinnin'.
 He's an ornery, crooked-legged cuss,
 Stump-tailed and cross-eyed;
 But, stranger, he's *some* in a fuss,
 An' tougher 'n old hoss-hide.

For all that, I price him above
 A heap of gold ounces;
 He's worth more to me than the love
 Of a woman in flounces;
 That's something as dead-sure to end
 As a mild Injin summer—
 But Boxer—well, he *is* a friend
 As 'll stick by a bummer!

I've tried 'em—the man and the dog,
 And likewise the woman;
 The critter's like bark to a log;
 Desertion is human.
 Man flinched when it come to the test—
 The dog done his duty;
 So, stranger, I vally him best,
 If he isn't a beauty.

Recollect that gay squad of galoots
 Last October? Them fellers
 Toggled out in blue shirts and big boots,
 With plug hats an' umbrellers?
 They wa'n't to be scart by the reds!
 As for buffler—creation!
 They was goin' to take home hides an' heads
 To supply the whole nation!

Well, I froze to that mob for a guide.
 They was brave when we started,
 But, stranger, I reckon you'd cried
 To see how we parted!
 'Twas only a stampede one night,
 (The guards wa'n't worth shootin')
 But there wa'n't no occasion for fright—
 Much less for skootin'.

My mem'ry concernin' that muss,
 It aint very stunnin';
 I was hit in the first of the fuss,
 While stoppin' the runnin'.
 I tumbled, but managed to crawl
 Out of sight of the heathen,
 Though the odds was immense on that call,
 For an end to my breathin'.

Them white-livered dandies stuck out
 Till the horses was saddled,
 And then, coward-like, turned about
 In a drove, and skedaddled.
 They never once stopped to inquire
 Whether I was gone under,
 While the reds sot the wagons afire
 An' made off with the plunder.

That night was a tough one, you bet!
 But the daylight was tougher;
 'Twixt the darkness, the wound, and the wet,
 There was plenty to suffer.
 But it wa'n't not one word to be said
 To the subsequent horror—
 Sun br'ilin', no water, no shade,
 An' no hope for to-morrer!

Then—I reckon 'twas close onto noon—
 There was buzzards a-flyin';
 I just dropped off into a swoon,
 As a short way of dyin'.
 But when I come to, dern my skin!
 There was Boxer a-growlin',
 For the sun was about goin' in
 An' cayotes was howlin'.

Yes, there was the dog! When I called
 How he twisted an' wriggled!
 An', stranger, the first thing, I bawled,
 An' then shouted an' giggled.
 I was wild! There was life, hope, an' aid,
 For the dog had stood by me,
 An' there wa'n't nary buzzard yet made,
 Nor a wolf, could come nigh me!

He stood at his post through the night
 An' at daylight next mornin'
 All at once scampered off out of sight
 Without givin' a warnin'.
 But something was up, *that* I knew,
 An' I waited, contented—
 For the critter had something in view,
 Or else had it scented.

Sure enough, an' it wa'n't very long,
 Back he come—the old snoozer!
 An' close at his heels was Ned Strong,
 An' Dutch Bill, an' Van Doozer.
 They'd been out on a hunt, an' the whelp
 Took their wind, sir, an' follered,
 An' right to the spot come the help
 Good old Boxer had collared!

They knew by his actions, ye see,
 That assistance was needed,
 But they had no idee it was me,
 As they freely conceded.
 As for me—well, it wa'n't a great while
 Before I was feelin'
 Quite smart, and could walk half a mile;
 But the wound was slow healin'.

In fact, I can't say as it's well
 Even yet, and it aint very funny
 (As perhaps you may know it yourself)
 To be sick without money.
 Hi, Boxer, old pardner, get up!
 Let's see you scratch gravel!
 Good fellow! He's only a pup.
 Come, Boxer, let's travel!

C. F. GEORGE.

The Pirate's Doom.

"THE prisoners fetch!" shrieked the captain bold.
A pirate captain full fierce was he
With a big mustache and beard three days old,
For he never would shave when he went to sea.

"Drag forth the crew of that merchant bark,
Throats must be gashed ere the moon grow pale."
The pirate ship in the midnight dark,
Fitfully rocked to the rising gale.

"'S blood!" yelled the captain. "'S blood and
s'd death!

Daggers and gore! am I not obeyed!"
Grinding his fangs as he paused for breath,
He savagely 'round with a handspike laid.

But on never a soul did his wild blows fall,
For the night was dark and he couldn't see;
Besides, on that deck was no one at all.
Why was this thus? Why should such things be?

A horrible laugh o'er the tempest pealed,
O'er the wet waves seething, dark and vexed,
A hideous howl as the pirate reeled,
Clutched by—

(Continued in our next.)

The Lost Watch.

BY JUVENAL.

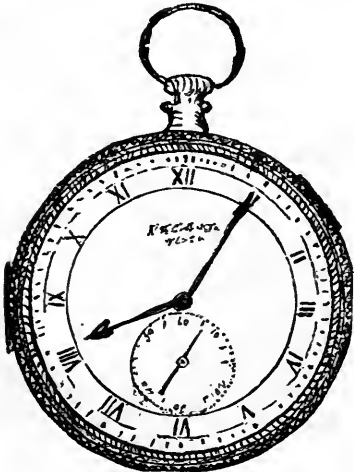
P. B.

MR. EDITOR.—The following most extraordinary incident was related to me by a very worthy man, whose word is as good as his affidavit among all who know him. But in giving it to the public, through your widely circulating Magazine, I have thought it well to accompany it by his sworn affidavit, which will be found below, and also by a couple of pictures to illustrate and confirm it.

SOME ten or fifteen years ago,
But just how long I do not know,
A man, while crossing in a boat
A Western river of some note,

[I have forgotten the man's name—I think it was Pike, but I am not quite sure, nor do I recollect the name of the river—I never was good at remembering names. But I am more sure of the facts; they made too deep an impression on my mind to be so easily forgotten.]

Dropped in the stream, as I was told,
Ah, sad mishap! a watch of gold.
He saw it sink,—'twas new and bright,—
Down, down, and down, quite out of sight.
He made long search, but all in vain;



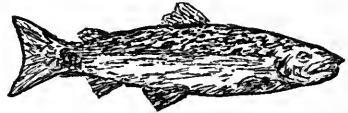
VIEW OF THE WATCH. (LIFE SIZE.)

The watch could not be found again.
Who knows, says he, at last, but what
Some hungry fish, just in that spot,
Has quickly seized it for his prey,
And then as quickly fled away?
So, in despair he leaves the river,
And gives it up as lost forever.

Well, years rolled by, when on a day,
As fortune led him round that way,
And times were dull, he felt inclined
To see, if he some fish could find,
Perchance, in that unlucky stream,
But still, he did not hope or dream
By fishing there, to find the prize
So long concealed from human eyes.
He only hoped, with fair success,
To catch enough for one good mess.

He cast his line,—but needs must wait,
And many times renew his bait,—
The hours passed by. 'Twas getting late—
And not one fish. Such was his fate,
When suddenly, to his delight,
He felt a most uncommon bite,
And hauling in, with skill and care,
Lest from the hook the fish should tear,
Up comes, at length, to greet his eyes,
A salmon-trout of largest size.

[I ought, however, in all honesty to say that I am not quite positive that this was the kind of fish he caught—I only give my impression; I am not versed in piscatorial affairs, never having caught a fish in my life. I have been at considerable trouble to procure an exact likeness of this fish, which is here given, so that the learned reader may be able to decide this question for himself.]



THE SALMON-TROUT. (MINIFIED TO DIAMETERS.)

It was enough. He did not stay
For more, but homeward took his way
With lighter heart; but heavier load,
Than when he traveled that same road,
The day he lost his watch, you know,
Some ten or fifteen years ago.

As through the streets he lugged his prize
It drew the notice of all eyes;
And many wanted much to buy it;
But "No"! says he, "My wife shall fry it.
I'll have, to-night, as rich a treat
As ever lord or king did eat."
Ah, lucky man was he to hold it!
How sad indeed if he had sold it!
But still the thought ne'er crossed his mind,
That in the fish his watch he'd find;
It had been lost so long ago,
Some ten or fifteen years, you know,
Right on he keeps his homeward way,
Arriving just at close of day;
He lays his load upon the table,
And says, "Dear wife, if you are able,
Come dress this fish,—'tis something nice,—
Then cook it well, and in a trice,
The dinner hour is long since past,
I've had a long and weary fast."

So now his wife
Whets up a knife
And straightway goes to dress it.
When lo! indeed!
Need I proceed?
You all, no doubt, will guess it.



CONEY ISLAND: "ALL ASHORE!"

But this I'll state,
At any rate,
'Twill take me but a minute,—
She dressed the fish
As he did wish,
And took out what was in it.

Then with the roe,
—That's good, you know—
Believe it if you will,
She cooked the fish—
They ate the fish.
The watch,—is missing still.

Here follows the affidavit of my informant, above referred

to; but being a diffident man he requests that his name be not printed in full, and I have, in order to please him, given only the initials.

A—G— appeared before me on this the 1st day of April, 1878, and being duly sworn, declared, that the above statement of facts is true in every particular according to his own personal knowledge; and, furthermore, that he is first cousin to Mr—'s wife, and often at his house, and that hearing of his good luck, he happened round there on the very evening the fish was caught, but unfortunately, not till after they had finished their dinner, and so, he got none of the fish; but they kindly gave him a glass of cider, and showed him the head and tail of the fish which the cat was contemplating with great interest. Nothing was said about the watch, and he is morally certain if it had been found his cousin would have told him.

LAMPREY EELS.
J. P.

OSHKOSH, April 1st, 1878.

(36)

1974



ROCKAWAY BEACH: THE COMING STORM.



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